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CLASSIC LITERATURE OF ENGLAND:

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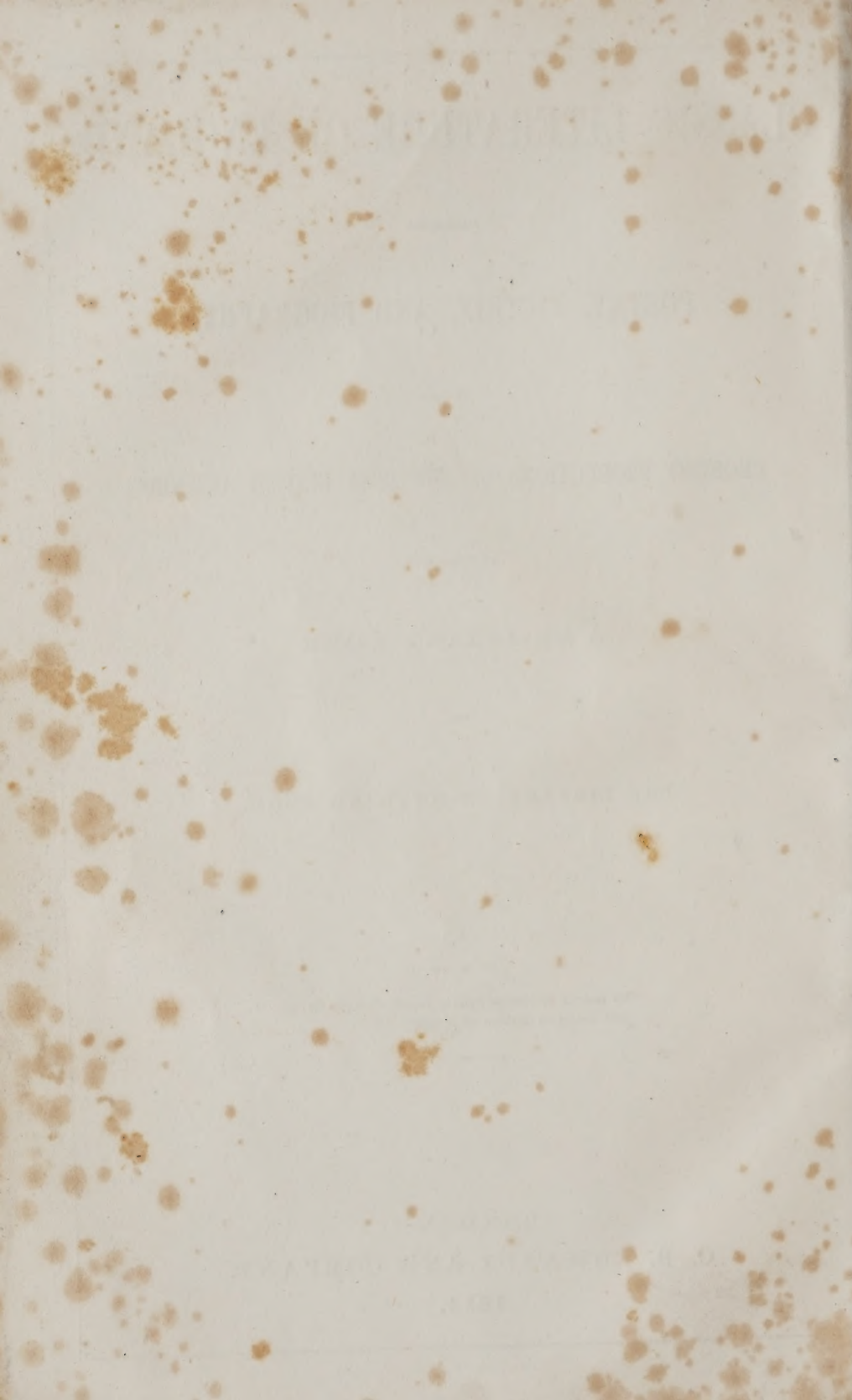
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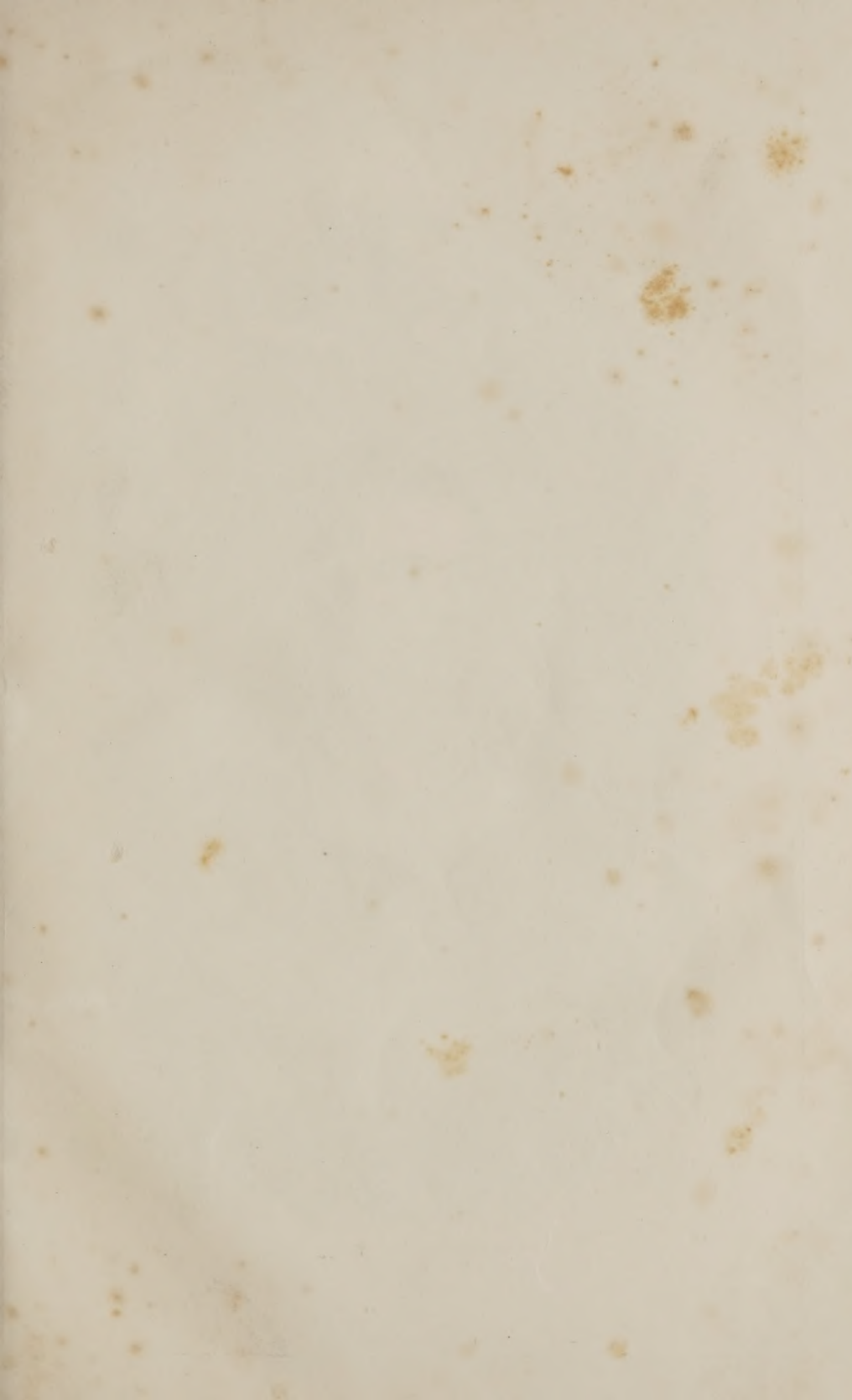
"'Tis heaven to lounge upon a couch, thought Gray,
And con good authors on a weary day."

LONDON:

C. B. EDWARDS AND COMPANY.

1854.







THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT BURNS.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF BURNS.



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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT BURNS.

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PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

BEARING THE IMPRINT, "KILMARNOCK, 1786."

THE following trifles are not the production of the poet who, with all the advantages of learned art, and, perhaps, amid the elegancies and idlenesses of upper life, looks down for a rural theme, with an eye to Theocritus or Virgil. To the Author of this, these, and other celebrated names, their countrymen, are, at least, in their original language, *a fountain shut up, and a book sealed*. Unacquainted with the necessary requisites for commencing poet by rule, he sings the sentiments and manners he felt and saw in himself and his rustic compeers around him, in his and their native language. Though a rhymers from his earliest years, at least from the earliest impulse of the softer passions, it was not till very lately that the applause, perhaps the partiality, of friendship, awakened his vanity so far as to make him think anything of his worth showing; and none of the following works were composed with a view to the press. To amuse himself with the little creations of his own fancy, amid the toil and fatigue of a laborious life; to transcribe the various feelings, the loves, the griefs, the hopes, the fears, in his own breast; to find some kind of counterpoise to the struggles of a world, always an alien scene, a task uncouth to the poetical mind—these were his motives for courting the Muses, and in these he found Poetry to be its own reward. Now that he appears in the public character of an Author, he does it with fear and trembling. So dear is fame to the rhyming tribe, that even he, an obscure, nameless Bard, shrinks aghast at the thought of being branded as—an impertinent block-head, obtruding his nonsense on the world; and because he can make a shift to jingle a few doggerel Scotch rhymes together, looking upon himself as a poet of no small consequence forsooth! It is an observation of that celebrated poet, Shenstone, whose divine Elegies do honour to our language, our nation, and our species, that "HUMILITY has depressed many a genius to a hermit, but never raised one to fame!" If any critic catches at the word GENIUS, the Author tells him, once for all, that he certainly looks upon himself as possessed of some poetic abilities, otherwise his publishing in the manner he has done, would be a manoeuvre below the worst character which, he hopes, his worst enemy will ever give him. But to the genius of a Ramsay, or the glorious dawns of the poor unfortunate Fergusson, he, with equal unaffected sincerity declares that, even in his highest pulse of vanity, he has not the most distant pretensions. These two justly admired Scotch poets he has often had in his eye in the following pieces; but rather with a view to kindle at their flame, than for servile imitation.

To his subscribers, the Author returns his most sincere thanks—not the mercenary bow over a counter, but the heart-throbbing gratitude of the Bard, conscious how much he owes to benevolence and friendship, for gratifying him, if he deserves it, in that dearest wish of every poetic bosom—to be distinguished. He begs his readers, particularly the learned and the polite, who may honour him with a perusal, that they will make every allowance for education and circumstances of life; but if, after a fair, candid, and impartial criticism, he shall stand convicted of dulness and nonsense, let him be done by as he would in that case do by others—let him be condemned, without mercy, to contempt and oblivion.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

DEDICATION TO THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CALEDONIAN HUNT.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,—A Scottish Bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his Country's service—where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious names of his native land; those who bear the honours and inherit the virtues of their ancestors? The Poetic Genius of my country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the *plough*, and threw her inspiring *mantle* over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes, and rural pleasures of my native soil, in my native tongue: I tuned my wild, artless notes as she inspired.—She whispered me to come to this ancient Metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my Songs under your honoured protection: I now obey her dictates.

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual style of dedication, to thank you for past favours; that path is so hackneyed by prostituted Learning, that honest Rusticity is ashamed of it. Nor do I present this Address with the venal soul of a servile author, looking for a continuation of those favours: I was bred to the plough, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with you, my illustrious Countrymen; and to tell the world that I glory in the title. I come to congratulate my country, that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated; and that from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty. In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the Great Fountain of Honour, the Monarch of the Universe, for your welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to waken the Echoes, in the ancient and favourite amusement of your forefathers, may Pleasure ever be of your party; and may Social Joy await your return: when harassed in courts or camps, with the jostlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured Worth attend your return to your native seats; and may Domestic Happiness, with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates! May Corruption shrink at your kindling, indignant glance; and may tyranny in the Ruler, and licentiousness in the People, equally find you an inexorable foe!

I have the honour to be, with the sincerest gratitude, and highest respect,

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

Your most devoted humble Servant,

Edinburgh, April 4, 1787.

ROBERT BURNS.

MEMOIR OF THE LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS.

THE Author of the immortal Poems which are now presented to the public in a novel form,—poems, of which Mr. Pitt declared that he could think of none since Shakspeare's that had so much the appearance of sweetly coming from nature, was born in a clay-built cottage on the banks of the Doon, on the 25th day of January, 1759, under auspices which but too truly predicted the fate of him who, amid storm and tempest, was brought into this inhospitable world. ROBERT BURNS was the eldest son of William Burness, and Agnes Brown his wife. William Burness, who was born in 1721, was the son of a small Kincardineshire farmer, whose family had been retainers of the noble house of Keith Marshall, attainted for having been *out* in 1715; their fortunes affected the prosperity of their tenantry, and at the age of nineteen William Burness found himself obliged to leave the paternal land, and seek his fortune in the wide world. "Never shall I forget," he often said, "the bitter feelings with which I parted from my younger brother on the top of a lonely hill, and turned my steps towards the Border." He first sought employment at Edinburgh as a gardener, from thence he removed to Ayrshire, and lived for two years in the service of the Laird of Fairly, and afterwards with Crawford of Doonside. He was next induced to take a perpetual lease of seven acres of land, with the intention of establishing himself as a nurseryman and public gardener; he built a house on this land with his own hands, and in December, 1757, brought home Agnes Brown to his humble dwelling. Before he made much progress in preparing his nursery-ground, he was engaged by Mr. Ferguson, who had lately purchased the neighbouring estate of Doonholm, in the double capacity of gardener and overseer, and such was his condition when Robert Burns was born. The storms of winter howled around the cradle of the Poet; the frail walls of the clay-built hovel yielded to the blast; and at midnight the mother and her helpless infant were borne from their tottering house to the shelter of a neighbouring cottage. This evil was however soon repaired, and for nine years William Burness continued in the service of Mr. Ferguson, whilst his wife occupied herself in the management of her family, and of a small dairy. They lived contented and happy, and comparatively prosperous. This peaceful life was not however of long continuance. In an evil hour, Burness, desirous of making a better provision for his rising family than his present circumstances allowed, resolved to become a farmer. Mr. Ferguson, to whom he had proved a valuable and faithful servant, granted him a lease of a farm called Mount Oliphant, on which he entered at Whitsuntide, 1766, and lent him a hundred pounds to assist in stocking it. This step was but the commencement of a series of misfortunes, which pursued him to the grave. The soil of Mount Oliphant was poor, the rent was high; his friendly landlord died, and the estates fell into the management of "a stern factor, whose threatening letters," says Robert Burns, "set us all in tears." Hard labour and rigid economy were vainly opposed to the tide of misfortune. Gilbert Burns, the poet's younger brother, in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, thus feelingly describes their condition. "For several years butcher's meat was a stranger in the house, while all the members of the family exerted themselves to the utmost of their strength, and rather beyond it, in the labours of the farm. My brother, at the age of thirteen, assisted in thrashing the crop of corn, and at fifteen was the principal labourer on the farm, for we had no hired servant, male or female. The anguish of mind we felt at our tender years, under these straits and difficulties, was very great. To think of our father growing old (for he was

now above fifty), broken down with the long-continued fatigues of his life, with a wife and five other children, and in a declining state of circumstances,—these reflections produced in my brother's mind and mine sensations of the deepest distress."

For eleven years William Burness continued to struggle on at Mount Oliphant; at Whitsuntide, 1777, he removed to Lochlea, a better farm, of 130 acres, in the parish of Tarbolton, about ten miles from Mount Oliphant. Here for four years he met with better success, but in the fifth the sky was again overcast. The markets were unfavourable, and a dispute arose concerning the terms of his lease, the conditions of which had never been reduced to writing. The difference was at length referred to arbitration; the result was his ruin. He lived to be acquainted with the decision which destroyed his last hopes of worldly prosperity, but death spared him from further suffering; he died of consumption on the 13th February, 1784.

William Burness was not an ordinary man. Of his integrity, the confidence reposed in him by Mr. Ferguson is an honourable testimony; of his care of the education of his children, not only his illustrious first-born, but his whole family, and especially his second son, Gilbert, were convincing proofs. He was himself possessed of considerable information; to the ordinary education of a Scottish peasant, he added an extensive and shrewd knowledge of mankind: "I have met with few," said his son Robert, "who understood men, their manners, and their ways, better than my father." Amidst all the pressure of hardship and misfortune, the care of his children's minds was ever uppermost with William Burness. His son Robert was sent, in his sixth year, to a school at Alloway Miln, but the teacher being shortly removed to another situation, William Burness, and five of his neighbours, engaged John Murdoch, a student of divinity, in his stead, lodging him by turns in their houses. The character of William Burness is well depicted in a letter from Mr. Murdoch to Dr. Currie, published in his life of the Poet. "He was," says Mr. Murdoch, "a tender and affectionate father; he took pleasure in leading his children in the path of virtue; not in driving them, as some parents do, to the performance of duties to which they themselves are averse. He took care to find fault but very seldom; and therefore, when he did rebuke, he was listened to with a kind of reverential awe. A look of disapprobation was felt; a reproof was severely so; and a stripe with the tawz, even on the skirt of the coat, gave heartiest pain, produced a loud lamentation, and brought forth a flood of tears. . . . But I must not pretend to give you a description of all the manly qualities, the rational and Christian virtues, of the venerable William Burness. Time would fail me. I shall only add that he carefully practised every known duty, and avoided everything that was criminal: or, in the apostle's words, 'Herein did he exercise himself, in living a life void of offence towards God, and towards men.'"

Both Robert and Gilbert evinced great aptitude in learning, and Murdoch was a kind and skilful master. In reading, writing, and arithmetic, they made rapid progress, and were generally at the upper end of the class, even when ranged with boys by far their seniors.

They remained under the care of Mr. Murdoch for about two years, when he left that part of the country; but William Burness continued to instruct his family. In the winter evenings he taught them arithmetic; he borrowed Salmon's Geographical Grammar, Derham's Physico and Astro Theology, and Ray's Wisdom of God in the Creation, and gave them to his children to read; in their walks and at their labours he would lead the conversation to subjects

tending to increase their knowledge or confirm their virtuous habits. For their religious instruction, he himself compiled a manual, still existing, in which the rigid Calvinism of the more orthodox presbyterians is somewhat tempered by the milder doctrines of Arminianism.

In noticing the education which Burns received, a somewhat curious fact should not be omitted. Murdoch attempted to teach his pupils a little church music, but the two Burnes were far behind their companions in this exercise, and Robert's ear was so dull, and his voice so untuneable, that it was some time before he could distinguish one tune from another; yet in after days his facility in exquisitely adapting the rhythm of his verses to the melody to which they were attached, was remarkable.

The year after the departure of Mr. Murdoch, who was then established in the town of Ayr, our poet enjoyed the advantage of three weeks' further tuition from him,—one week before the harvest, and two at its conclusion. This short space was occupied in perfecting his knowledge of English grammar, and in some attempts at a knowledge of the French language; but although he returned with a dictionary and a *Télémaque*, and by dint of laborious study made some progress in the language, yet he never mastered it, and does not appear to have resumed the study at a later period.

The thirst for knowledge was now, however, awakened in him; and he perused with avidity every book he could obtain. In his situation it was difficult to gain access to any, and it was impossible for him to choose; yet such circumstances have their advantages. The man limited to one book will read it thoroughly, when, if turned loose into a library, he would perhaps dip into many and read none. Burns has left a list of the books he had perused before the family left Mount Oliphant, that is to say, at the age of eighteen. The collection is heterogeneous, but, properly applied, contains a fund of real knowledge, and there is good evidence that Burns did properly apply it. "What I knew of ancient story," says Burns, "was gathered from Salmon and Guthrie's Geographical Grammars; and the ideas I had formed of modern manners, of literature, and criticism, I got from the Spectator. These, with Pope's works, some plays of Shakspeare, Tate and Dickson on Agriculture, the Heathen Pantheon, Locke on the Human Understanding, Stackhouse's History of the Bible, Justice's British Gardener's Dictionary, Boyle's Lectures, Allan Ramsay's Works, Taylor's Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin, a Select Collection of English Songs, and Hervey's Meditations, had formed the whole of my reading." To these studies must be added the songs and ballads of his country, which he delighted to listen to, and which probably first awakened the poetic fire in his breast.

Burns's poetical predilections had manifested themselves long before quitting Mount Oliphant; Love and Poetry were the twin-birth of his ardent bosom; but in his own words must the tale be told. In a letter to his friend, Dr. Moore, he says, "You know our country custom of coupling a man and woman together as partners in the labours of harvest. In my fifteenth autumn, my partner was a bewitching creature, a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language; but you know the Scottish idiom, 'she was a bonnie sweet sounie lass.' In short, she, altogether, unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion which, in spite of acid disappointment, gin-horse prudence, and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys, our dearest blessing here below! How she caught the contagion I cannot tell. You medical people talk much of infection from breathing the same air, the touch, &c.; but I never expressly said I loved her. Indeed, I did not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from our labours; why the tones of her voice made my heart-strings thrill like an Eolian harp; and, particularly, why my pulse beat such a furious ratan when I looked and fingered over her little hand to pick out the cruel nettle-stings and thistles. Among her other love-inspiring qualities she sang sweetly; and it was her favourite reel to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. I was not so presumptuous as to imagine that I could

make verses like printed ones, composed by men that had Greek and Latin; but my girl sang a song which was said to be composed by a country laird's son, on one of his father's maids, with whom he was in love; and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he; for, excepting that he could smear sheep and cast peats, his father living in the moorlands, he had no more scholar-craft than myself. Thus with me began love and poetry." Does not this give tenfold interest to

O, once I loved a bonnie lass,
Ay, and I love her still,
And whilst that virtue warms my breast,
I'll love my handsome Neil.

The fire once kindled, ceased not to burn; almost all his earlier pieces were inspired, not by ethereal goddesses, but substantial charms, invested by the genius of the poet with a celestial radiance. They are the genuine feelings of the heart exhibited in glowing verse.

The youthful lover, "to give his manners a brush," as he expresses it, ventured on his father's displeasure, and went to a dancing-school. The displeasure was, however, transient, and his father suffered the rest of his family to attend during the second month. In his nineteenth year Burns attended a mathematical school at Kirkoswald: but here we must again refer to his letter to Dr. Moore. "A circumstance," says he, "which made some alteration in my mind and manners, was, that I spent my nineteenth summer on a smuggling coast, a good distance from home, at a noted school, to learn mensuration, surveying, dialling, &c., in which I made a good progress. But I made a greater progress in mankind. The contraband trade was at that time very successful, and it sometimes happened to me to fall in with those who carried it on. Scenes of swaggering riot and roaring dissipation were till this time new to me; but I was no enemy to social life. Here, though I learnt to fill my glass, and to mix without fear in a drunken squabble, yet I went on with a high hand with my geometry, till the sun entered Virgo, a month which is always a carnival in my bosom, when a charming *fillette*, who lived next door to the school, overset my trigonometry, and set me off at a tangent from the sphere of my studies. I however struggled on with my *sines* and *cosines* for a few days more; but stepping into the garden one charming noon to take the sun's altitude, there I met my angel, like

"Proserpine gathering flowers
Herself a fairer flower."

"It was in vain to think of doing any more good at school. The remaining weeks I staid, I did nothing but craze the faculties of my soul about her, or steal out to meet her; and the two last nights of my stay in the country, had sleep been a mortal sin, the image of this modest and innocent girl had kept me guiltless."

"I returned home very considerably improved. My reading was enlarged with the very important addition of Thomson's and Shenstone's works; I had seen human nature in a new phasis; and I engaged several of my schoolfellows to keep up a literary correspondence with me. This improved me in composition. I had met with a collection of letters by the wits of queen Anne's reign, and I pored over them most devoutly; I kept copies of any of my own letters that pleased me; and a comparison between them and the composition of most of my correspondents flattered my vanity. I carried this whim so far, that though I had not three farthings' worth of business in the world, yet almost every post brought me as many letters as if I had been a broad plodding son of day-book and ledger."

"My life flowed on much in the same course till my twenty-third year. *Vive l'amour, et vive la bagatelle*, were my sole principles of action. The addition of two more authors to my library gave me great pleasure; Sterne and M'Kenzie—Tristram Shandy and The Man of Feeling—were my bosom favourites. Poesy was still a darling walk for my mind; but it was only indulged according to the humour of the hour. I had usually half a dozen or more pieces on hand; I took up one or the other as it suited the momentary tone of the mind, and dismissed the work as it bordered on fatigue. *My passions, once lighted up, raged*

like so many devils, till they found vent in rhyme; and then the conning over my verses, like a spell, soothed all into quiet."

In this letter there is much of disturbed and unsatisfactory reflection on by-gone hours. It is explained by another passage from his letters, in which the workings of his mind are forcibly displayed. "The great misfortune of my life was to want an aim. I saw my father's situation entailed on me perpetual labour. The only two openings by which I could enter the temple of Fortune were, the gate of niggardly economy, or the path of little chicaning bargain-making. The first is so contracted an aperture, I could never squeeze myself into it;—the last I always hated—there was contamination in the very entrance. Thus abandoned of aim or view in life, with a strong appetite for sociability, as well from native hilarity as from a pride of observation and remark: a constitutional melancholy or hypochondriacism that made me fly from solitude; add to these incentives to social life, my reputation for bookish knowledge, a certain wild logical talent, and a strength of thought, something like the rudiments of good sense; and it will not seem surprising that I was generally a welcome guest where I visited, or any great wonder that, always when two or three met together, there was I among them. But far beyond all other impulses of my heart, was *un penchant pour l'adorable moitié du genre humain*. My heart was completely tinder, and was eternally lighted up by some goddess or other: and, as in every other warfare in this world, my fortune was various; sometimes I was received with favour, and sometimes I was mortified with a repulse. At the plough, scythe, or reaping-hook, I feared no competitor, and thus I set absolute want at defiance; and as I never cared farther for my labours than while I was in actual exercise, I spent my evenings in the way after my own heart. A country lad seldom carries on a love adventure without an assisting confidant. I possessed a curiosity, zeal, and intrepid dexterity, that recommended me as a proper second on these occasions; and I dare say I felt as much pleasure in being in the secret of half the loves in the parish of Tarbolton, as ever did statesman in knowing the intrigues of half the courts in Europe."

Thus passed the Poet's life till the year 1781, when he went to Irvine to learn the trade of a flax-dresser. His father entertained the idea of devoting the whole or great part of his farm, to the cultivation of flax; and to keep as much of the profits as possible in the family, he wished to breed his eldest son up as a flax-dresser. But this scheme fell to the ground. In a New-year's carousal the shop took fire and was burnt to ashes, and Burns returned to Lochlea.

His residence at Irvine, although not of long continuance, produced a very unfavourable effect upon him, and to this period of his life may be traced the formation of those habits of habitual intemperance which he subsequently indulged. "He contracted some acquaintance," says his brother Gilbert, "of a freer manner of thinking and living, than he had been used to; whose society prepared him for overleaping the bounds of rigid virtue, which had hitherto restrained him." He became a Freemason, and was a constant attendant at the convivial meetings of the *brethren* at Irvine and Tarbolton. Company was a relief to the hypochondriacal melancholy which preyed upon him. He evidently felt his own powers within him; he had achieved a sort of reputation of superior ability among his neighbours, but he wanted a field for exertion; he had no aim in life, and, forced back upon himself, he almost despaired. A letter to his father, written only a few days before the accident which put an end to his flax-dressing scheme, is extant. It exhibits a mournful picture of his situation at Irvine, where he possessed a single room for his lodging, subsisted chiefly on oatmeal sent him from his father's house, and passed his days in flax-dressing. It is as follows:—

"Honoured Sir,—I have purposely delayed writing, in the hope that I should have the pleasure of seeing you on New-year's day: but work comes so hard upon us that I do not choose to be absent on that account. My health is nearly the same as when you were here, only my sleep is a little sounder, and on the whole I am rather better than

otherwise, though I mend by very slow degrees. The weakness of my nerves has so debilitated my mind, that I dare neither review past wants nor look forward into futurity, for the least anxiety or perturbation in my breast produces most unhappy effects on my whole frame. Sometimes indeed, when for an hour or two my spirits are a little lightened, I *glimmer* a little into futurity; but my principal, and indeed my only pleasurable, employment is looking backwards and forwards in a moral and religious way. I am quite transported at the thought that, ere long, perhaps very soon, I shall bid an eternal adieu to all the pains, and uneasinesses, and disquietudes, of this weary life, for I assure you I am heartily tired of it; and if I do not very much deceive myself, I could contentedly and gladly resign it.

"The soul, uneasy, and confined at home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come."

"It is for this reason that I am more pleased with the 15th, 16th, and 17th verses of the 7th chapter of Revelations*, than with any ten times as many verses in the whole Bible, and would not exchange the noble enthusiasm with which they inspire me for all that this world has to offer. As for this world, I despair of ever making a figure in it. I am not formed for the bustle of the busy, nor the flutter of the gay. I shall never again be capable of entering into such scenes; indeed, I am altogether unconcerned at the thoughts of this life. I foresee that poverty and obscurity probably await me, and I am in some measure prepared, and daily preparing, to meet them. I have but just time and paper to return you my grateful thanks for the lessons of virtue and piety you have given me, which were too much neglected at the time of giving them, but which I hope have been remembered ere it is yet too late. Present my dutiful respects to my mother, and my compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Muir; and wishing you a merry New-year's day, I shall conclude.

"I am, honoured Sir, your dutiful son,

"ROBERT BURNES.

"P.S.—My meal is nearly out, but I am going to borrow till I get more."

Shortly before the death of their father, Robert and Gilbert jointly took a lease of the farm of Mossiel, near Mauchline, consisting of 118 acres, at an annual rent of ninety pounds. This they did to provide a shelter for their parents from the impending storm; but William Burnes died before the family could remove. After his death, what relics could be gathered from the wreck of their fortunes, were carefully collected, and the family was established at Mossiel. "It was stocked by the property and individual savings of the whole family," says Gilbert, "and was a joint concern among us. Every member of the family was allowed ordinary wages for the labour he performed on the farm. My brother's allowance and mine was seven pounds per annum each. And during the whole time this family concern lasted, which was four years, as well as during the preceding period at Lochlea, Robert's expenses never, in any one year, exceeded his slender income."

Burns went to Mossiel with the full determination of applying all his energies to his farm, and for two seasons he appears to have done so; but this period of his life was marked by an event which did not testify much improvement in the habits of the Poet. This was the birth of an illegitimate child, his "sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess" the offspring of one of his mother's servants, by no means attractive in her person. For this misdemeanor he was called to account by the Kirk Session, and he and the partner of his guilt were condemned to the *cutty stool*. The poet revenged himself by witty rhymes, and it is to be feared was not benefited by the ecclesiastical scourge.

Whilst at Tarbolton, Burns and his brother, and some other young men of the parish, established a society,

* 15th. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

16th. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

17th. For the lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

which they called the Bachelors' club, meeting one evening in every month for the purposes of mutual entertainment and improvement. The question proposed at one meeting was debated at the next; and, to prevent all intemperance, the expenditure of each party was limited to three-pence. On their removal to Moss-giel they established a similar society at Mauchline, but here they more wisely devoted all fines and subscriptions to the purchase of books, and soon obtained a pretty good stock. The exercise which these debating societies afforded him, and constant practice in parties of all sorts, into which his eager spirit led him, contributed to perfect the brilliant conversational powers for which he was afterwards so celebrated; with which he fascinated not only the hard-drinking members of a Mason's Lodge, but gentlemen and philosophers; not only the rustic maiden but the high-born lady; Ranken and Dugald Stewart; Mary Campbell and the Duchess of Gordon*.

His best poems were produced during his residence at Moss-giel, a period of four years; but he first attracted general notice as a Poet, by his satires; which were called forth by a schism at that time agitating the Kirk of Scotland, and distinguished as the controversy between the Old and New Lights. "The Holy Tuilzie, or the Twa Herds;" "Holy Willie's Prayer," and "The Ordination," followed each other in rapid succession, and were universally sought after. Even reverend clergymen, professors of the *New Light*, scrupled not to praise "Holy Willie's Prayer;" which has been described by Sir Walter Scott, as "a piece of satire more exquisitely severe than any which Burns ever afterwards wrote, but daringly profane." About this time he discarded the ancient spelling of his name, and began to write Burns instead of Burness; no reason for this change has been assigned, but it was probably occasioned by his desire to be distinguished from others of his own name.

His growing poetical reputation introduced him into more extended society. With Gavin Hamilton, a writer (attorney) of Mauchline, under whom the farm of Moss-giel was held; Mr. Aitken, a writer in Ayr, and several other gentlemen of the neighbourhood, he was on intimate terms; and we have already noticed the approbation the *New Light* clergy bestowed upon his works, and, in consequence, upon himself.

His times and modes of composition were not regular. Wherever he might be, if the idea presented itself, he pursued it; frequently he would weave the fancy which had suggested itself into a stanza, and at a future period compose the commencement or ending of the poem: so that it not unfrequently happened that the middle portion was the first composed. His "Mountain Daisy," and "The Mouse," were composed while holding the plough; and "Death and Dr. Hornbock," whilst sitting "easing his shanks" on the road-side, "by Willie's Mill," on his return from a Mason meeting, where the redoubted Doctor had made himself too conspicuous. "Man was made to mourn," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "Hallowe'en," and many others of his best productions, were the fruit of this period.

During his residence at Moss-giel, he formed an acquaintance with Mary Campbell, a Highland lassie, whose name is rendered immortal as his Highland Mary. To her he addressed the lines "Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary?" "Ye banks and braes, and streams around the castle of Montgomery," and many others; and her memory, years after her death, when Burns was married and had a family, inspired those pathetic lines "To Mary in Heaven," which breathe the soul of tender melancholy. She was a servant at Castle Montgomery; and Burns had long courted her in the fashion of the country; their marriage had been determined on, when death stepped in, and blasted the fond hopes of the lovers.

"After a pretty long time of the most ardent reciprocal feeling," says Burns, in a note to one of his poems on Mary, "we met by appointment on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot by the banks of the Ayr, where we

spent a day in taking a farewell before she should embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of the autumn following, she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to her grave, before I could even hear of her illness." The love which Burns felt for Mary Campbell, appears to have been deeper than any he ever felt before or after; for there is every reason to believe that he was acquainted, nay, too intimately acquainted, with Jean Armour, his future wife, during the life-time of Mary. He does not appear to have entertained any idea of going to America, till the last year of his residence at Moss-giel, and it would seem that the unfortunate result of his intercourse with Jean Armour was the cause of that determination; yet he addresses "Will ye go to the Indies," to Mary, and her last act is to come to meet him at Greenock, from whence the vessel which was to transport him sailed; years afterwards, we find the lover bewailing his lost Mary in the most touching strains. In this digression we have somewhat anticipated our story. We must now give an account of the Poet's connexion with Jean Armour, an event which regulated the destinies of his life. This young lady was the daughter of a respectable man, a master mason and builder, in Mauchline, and was distinguished by considerable personal attractions. She fell a prey to "Rob Moss-giel," notwithstanding the warning he had himself given,* and the result of their intercourse soon became apparent. The intelligence nearly drove Burns distracted. His plighted faith given to one, and honour calling on him to rescue another, he resolved to fly the country. To his friend, James Smith, of Mauchline, his confidant in this amour, he thus wrote: "Against two things I am fixed as fate—staying at home and owning her conjugally. The first, by Heaven, I will not do!—the last, by hell, I will never do!—A good God bless you, and make you happy, up to the warmest weeping wish of parting friendship. . . . If you see Joan, tell her I will meet her, so help me God in my hour of need."

The whole of this affair is left in obscurity, and by some it has been believed that Mary was dead before the Poet's acquaintance with Jean; but, for the reasons before stated, we differ in our opinion, and are inclined to believe that Mary's death happened at this critical moment. The vehemence of expression used by Burns in the letter just quoted cannot well be accounted for, otherwise than by his existing bonds to Mary. She died; the poet met the unhappy Jean, and gave her a written acknowledgment of marriage, sufficient, by the Scottish law, to legalise the tie. But when a disclosure of her condition was no longer to be avoided, her father, a man of stern disposition, an elder adhering to the *old light*, and probably from that cause the more incensed against Burns, whose character he detested, refused to give his consent to the marriage, obliged his daughter to give up the precious "lines," the sole evidence she possessed to redeem her honour; he destroyed the document, and forced his child to disown him who was her husband in the sight of both God and man. Under these singular circumstances she became the mother of twins.

Burns, who had done all in his power to soften the obdurate father; who had declared his readiness even to toil as a day-labourer for the support of his wife and family, if his proposal to go to Jamaica and remit them the proceeds of his exertions were rejected,—finding all his efforts vain, resumed his purpose of emigration. He procured the situation of assistant overseer on the estate of a Dr. Douglas in Jamaica. But now a fresh difficulty arose. He had not the means of paying his passage. For the first time the thought suggested itself, that his poems might be made a source of profit. His friends, especially Hamilton and Aitken, warmly seconded his proposition. A negotiation with a printer at Kilmarnock was opened, and an edition of six hundred copies, three hundred and fifty of which were subscribed for, was printed. It was rapidly disposed of, and Burns found himself, after paying all expenses, master of nearly twenty pounds. This suc

* This lady said that Burns, in his address to the ladies, was extremely deferential, and always with a turn to the pathetic or the humorous which won their attention; and added, with much naïveté, that she never met with a man whose conversation carried her so completely off her feet.—*Cunningham's Life of Burns.*

* See "O leave novels, ye Mauchline belles."

cess did not cause him to change his resolution. He was pursued by the parish officers for security against the charge of his illegitimate children, and was driven into hiding. He had taken leave of all his friends, and his chest was on the road to Greenock; he had composed the last song he should ever measure in Caledonia, "The gloomy night is gathering fast," when he received a letter, written by Dr. Thomas Blacklock, of Edinburgh, to Dr. Laurie, minister of Loudon, who, unknown to Burns, had forwarded a copy of the poems to Dr. Blacklock, whose reputation as a critic stood high, and who was himself a poet. This letter, which was full of kindness and encouragement, raised up those hopes which had still been drooping, although his Kilmarnock edition had introduced him to the acquaintance of Dugald Stewart, Mrs. Dunlop, and several others, who ever afterwards were his friends. But Dr. Blacklock's praise roused up his slumbering hopes; he at once gave up all idea of leaving Scotland, and hastened to Edinburgh.

When he reached that city, he sought out some of his Ayrshire friends, and took up his lodgings with Mr. Richmond, at that time a writer's apprentice, or, in English phrase, an attorney's articled clerk: he shared the humble accommodations of this young man, a single room and a single bed, during the greater part of his stay in the capital. He did not hastily seek the introduction to Dr. Blacklock, or the publicity which he felt would be the consequence. He had hurried to Edinburgh, but on the threshold of fame he paused with modest trembling. There can be no doubt, that, from the society into which his Kilmarnock edition had introduced him, including more than one titled head, he in some degree anticipated the kind of reception he was likely to meet with, and that there was a shrinking on his part to put himself forward. He was stimulated by a letter from Dr. Laurie. He visited Dr. Blacklock; he was introduced to Lord Glencairn, who proved a good friend; and in a little space found himself the *lion* of Edinburgh. His society, or perhaps rather his presence, was sought after eagerly by the highest companies of Edinburgh. Lord Glencairn easily induced Creech, the chief bookseller in the city, to undertake an edition of the poems formerly published, to which Burns now made many additions. The terms of his bargain with Creech were that the poet should receive one hundred pounds for the copyright of one edition, and the profits of all the subscription copies. In the course of a few months 2800 and odd copies were subscribed for by upwards of 1500 subscribers. He found admirers in all ranks, and his name was established on a proud eminence, from which it will never descend.

It has been made a ground of reproach to Burns, that although welcomed by the highest, though duchesses bowed down their heads to listen to the glowing eloquence which had formerly entranced the peasant, yet he gradually withdrew himself from society so disproportioned to his rank. It is true he did so; but he who would draw an unfavourable conclusion from the fact, does injustice both to the poet and to human nature. We much regret that our limits preclude our giving so much of his history, in his own words, as would present a more lively view of his situation and prospects, hopes and wishes, than it is possible to do in a condensed narration. The poet felt, keenly and bitterly, that he was regarded as a wonder, almost as a tamed wild beast: those who knew not what is the discipline of a Scottish cottage; who were astonished more at the description of the labourer's "Saturday Night," than at the genius which displayed that scene in such exquisite verses, thought that a ploughman poet was a prodigy, which they flocked to see, with a curiosity not much more intellectual than that which draws servant-maids and children to stare at a dancing bear. Now (it is painful to remember it) not one of his friends suggested to Burns any pursuit, any course of life, which might secure for him the independence he so much panted after, which if he had secured, would have afforded him the leisure which alone he required for the production of works surpassing even the unrivalled poems he has left.

Creech's edition appeared in March, 1787, and was eagerly bought up; and the poet feeling himself now

authorised to draw upon the fruits of his genius, set out on a tour through the southern parts of Scotland, and the borders of England. On the 8th of June, 1787, he again found himself at Mossiel: his mother met him at the door, and clasping him in her arms, exclaimed "Oh, Robert!"—He had left her house almost an outcast from the world—he returned crowned with glory; the mother's heart was full, and she fell on her son's neck and wept. That moment repaid the bard for many bitter hours.

The following summer was chiefly occupied by Burns in some tours through the Highlands, in the course of which he visited the Dukes of Athole and Gordon, and many other of his friends, but nothing with regard to his future prospects was proposed to him by any. His intercourse with Jean he desired to renew, but he was rudely repulsed from her father's door. He was still *without an aim*. In the autumn he returned to Edinburgh, and he remained there till the spring, when he effected a settlement with Creech, and found himself the master of about five hundred pounds. He now sought for the best means of establishing himself for life. The second winter's experience proved that the attractions of the *lion* had vanished, and that the reputation of the bard incited none to provide him with even a mean support. It was not without reluctance that he addressed himself to the Earl of Glencairn, and expressed his wish to be employed in the Excise, a project which had, at the time of the Kilmarnock edition, been agitated by his old friends Hamilton and Aitken. None of his *new* friends had troubled themselves about the poet's welfare, and even the Earl of Glencairn waited to be asked; and it was Graham of Fintray, to whom Burns had been introduced in his northern tour, who at length procured him a poor appointment, worth about thirty-five pounds a year. Mr. Miller of Dalswinton had made him the offer of any farm on his estate a twelve-month before; he now made choice of that of Ellisland in Nithsdale, more with the eye of a poet than that of a farmer, for it was about the worst on the estate, but its situation was the most picturesque.

Having first sent two hundred pounds to his brother Gilbert to assist him in the struggling life he maintained at Mossiel, he settled himself at Ellisland in May 1788, and his first employment was to erect a house and farmstead, to do which he was bound by the terms of his lease: and to this house, the first he could ever call his own, he brought Jean Armour, whom he now publicly proclaimed as his wife: she, at this time, probably from her renewed intercourse with Burns, was suffering under a fresh outbreak of paternal anger, and with her helpless children had been absolutely turned out of doors! Burns's manly bosom received back again with joy the woman whom he had ever strongly loved, and whose renunciation of him had therefore caused him tenfold pain. As soon as his house was ready, he brought her home; and now he hoped that the prospect before him, though not very cheering, would brighten, and that at least no heavy clouds would intervene to blast the hopes he cherished. Eight disastrous years closed the poet's career!

Burns, though in the works of the field equal to the best labourer; though he could challenge the country round at the plough, the scythe, or the flail, yet was not a skilful farmer: the attention necessary to his avocations in the Excise, in which he was never deficient, materially interfered with that due to his own affairs; and the temptations of the muse were stronger than those of the plodding duties of a farm. It is not therefore surprising that he found Ellisland a losing concern. At the end of 1791 he gave up his farm and took a house at Dumfries, his sole dependence being his salary as an excise officer, which now amounted to seventy pounds a-year, and which he had every hope of soon seeing increased. In this city, and on this humble stipend, he continued to exist, till his death.

The years he spent at Ellisland and Dumfries were not unproductive of poetry: for the first year at least of his residence on his farm, he enjoyed the pleasures of an independent man, and his soul appeared to expand, relieved from the heavy burden of care which had hitherto pressed upon him. Before he left Edinburgh, he had contributed some pieces to a collection of Scottish songs, published by

Mr. Johnson, under the title of the "Musical Museum;" and to this, and the collection published by Mr. Thomson, he furnished a vast number of songs which, had he never written anything else, would have established his celebrity. From the time of Creech's edition he wrote scarcely any piece of length except *Tam o' Shanter*, the *work of one day*, but chiefly confined himself to the writing of songs and ballads, and the correction and alteration of old songs, for these two collections, to which we owe most of those inimitable lyrics which will continue to be sung and recited in all quarters of the globe, till the English tongue shall cease to be spoken.

A false pride caused him to decline pecuniary recompense for these invaluable productions, and he even made it a ground of quarrel with Thomson, who on one occasion forwarded him five pounds on account of his services; and when dying, and pressed by urgent want, he was obliged to apply for a further sum, it cost him more pangs than can be imagined by any mind not akin to his own; and although so weak that his pen trembled in his hand, he forced himself to write the last verses he ever composed, "Fairest maid on Devon Banks," and enclosed them in this humiliating epistle.

The character and conduct of Burns have been made the subject of much discussion, not always conducted in the most friendly spirit. It is easy for those who have never felt the temptations of poverty, to condemn the conduct of others who have writhed beneath its pangs.

Burns was by nature careless, fond of society,—for there he felt his powers appreciated,—but of an unbending and independent spirit. In prosperity these powers would not improbably have produced effects very different from those displayed by the influence of an unceasing train of misfortune. In prosperity he might have chosen his society—in poverty he had no choice, except at one period of his life; and was it not natural for him to become somewhat shy of seeking company, where he was regarded more as a curiosity, than as on an equal footing with those he met? Yet he has been accused of shunning the better class of society, towards the end of his first visit to Edinburgh. The occasional roughness and vehemence of his opposition in debate has been made a plea for the neglect he experienced. "It is an ungenerous one. His feelings of independence, and desire to assert them, frequently carried him too far, and sometimes assumed the character of almost morbid irritability, but the noble cause of this was always sufficiently obvious; and no generous mind could have misunderstood the man, who, brought suddenly from a lower station, exhibiting powers which astonished his auditors, and seeing himself regarded as a wonder, instead of servilely seeking applause, endeavoured to find opportunities of asserting his independence, and dreaded the supposition that he could flatter to win favour.

When Burns left Ellisland, it was not without a pang; and he went to Dumfries with the embittered feelings of a disappointed man. Always inclined to social life, he was now more than ever exposed, both by the pressing invitation of his near neighbours and by the unsatisfied state of his own mind, to indulge more deeply than ever in those dissipations and drinking bouts which were the fashion of the day. Even in these excesses, which it must be acknowledged became too habitual, he has been misrepresented; and by many he is to this day considered as having in his latter years given himself up to the degrading habits of a confirmed drunkard. Nothing can be more contrary to the fact. He never indulged except in company; and, to the end of his life, his conduct towards his family, and care of his children's education, were most exemplary; and well would it be for many of those who have regarded Burns with scornful pity, if they could produce such good evidence of the discharge of that great moral duty as he. Mr. Findlater, his superior in the Excise, amongst others, bears honourable testimony to his conduct. "My connexion with Burns," he says, "commenced immediately after his admission to the Excise, and continued to the hour of his death. In all that time, the superintendence of his behaviour, as an officer of the revenue, was a branch of my especial province; and I was not an inattentive observer of the general

conduct of a man and a poet so celebrated by his countrymen. He was exemplary in his attention, and was even jealous of any imputation on his vigilance. It was not till near the latter end of his days that there was any falling off in this respect; and this was well accounted for by the pressure of disease and accumulating infirmities. I will further avow that I never saw him—which was very frequently while he lived at Ellisland, and still more so, almost every day, after he removed to Dumfries—in hours of business, but he was quite himself, and capable of discharging the duties of his office; nor was he ever known to drink by himself, or seen to indulge in the use of liquor in a forenoon. I have seen Burns in all his various phases—in his convivial moments, in his sober moods, and in the bosom of his family. Indeed, I believe I saw more of him than any other individual had occasion to see, and I never beheld any thing like the gross enormities with which he is now charged. That, when he sat down in the evening with friends whom he liked, he was apt to prolong the social hours beyond the bounds which prudence would dictate, is unquestionable; but in his family, I will venture to say, he was never seen otherwise than as attentive and affectionate in a high degree." The times, in which an elder of the church could, like Mr. Riddel of Friars Carse, engage in such a contest as is related in "The Whistle," were more in fault than the Poet.

Burns, when he went to Dumfries, had entertained sanguine hopes of promotion; his salary had been raised to £70 a year, and his name was on the list of supervisors; the latter situation was worth about £200 per ann. and was the stepping-stone to a collectorship, which would have rendered him easy; but his own imprudent conduct destroyed these hopes. In the commencement of the French revolution, he ardently embraced the doctrines of the liberal party of the time, and vehemently advocated the cause of the Directory in all companies. His enthusiasm carried him to lengths that his better judgment would have disclaimed, and when it was reported at head-quarters that an exciseman had refused to stand up in the theatre when the National anthem was played, and had sent two brass cannon, taken from a smuggler (which he himself assisted in capturing) with a complimentary letter to the French Directory, they directed an inquiry to take place, and he was reprimanded and told that his business was to act and not to think. This somewhat absurd rebuke sunk deep into his heart; thenceforth he despaired of advancement, and grew less careful of himself and his reputation. His health began to fail; and, in the spring of 1796, he was attacked with violent rheumatism. He continued to sink, and in the summer was advised to go into the country: he went to a lonely place called the Brow, on the shore of Solway, in Annandale, to try the effect of sea-bathing, but all was of no avail: on the 18th of July he returned home a dying man. He lived only to the 22d, and died in desolation. Four helpless infants and a wife, who, whilst her husband's corpse was being carried down the street, was delivered of a fifth child, were left behind him.

A happier fate awaited his family. Public sympathy was at last aroused. A handsome subscription was raised; and Dr. Currie, of Liverpool, collected and published his poems for their benefit.

The poor child, born in so disastrous an hour, did not long survive; but three other children yet live, and do credit to their illustrious sire. The eldest, Robert, holds a situation in the Stamp Office; Francis Wallace, the second, died in 1803; William Nicoll, the third, went to Madras in 1811, and James Glencairn, the youngest, in 1812—both as cadets in the East India Company's service.

Mrs. Burns, who was enabled to live in comfort for the residue of her life, and of whose exemplary conduct as a wife and a mother we would, did our limits allow, speak more at large, died in 1834, and was buried beside her husband, but not in his original grave, his body having been removed, in 1815, to a mausoleum raised to his memory. May the earth lie light on them; and may we seek rather to profit by the example of their virtues, than to triumph over their errors!

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THE
Poetical Works
OF
ROBERT BURNS.

WINTER,

A DIRGE.

THE wintry west extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blaw,
Or the stormy north sends driving forth
The blinding sleet and snaw;
While, tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
And roars frae bank to brae;
And bird and beast in covert rest,
And pass the heartless day.

“The sweeping blast, the sky o’ercast*,”
The joyless winter-day,
Let others fear, to me more dear
Than all the pride of May:
The tempest’s howl, it soothes my soul
My griefs it seems to join;
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine.

Thou *Power Supreme*, whose mighty scheme
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here, firm, I rest, they *must* be best,
Because they are *Thy Will*!
Then all I want (O, do thou grant
This one request of mine!),
Since to *enjoy* Thou dost deny,
Assist me to *resign*!

THE DEATH AND DYING WORDS OF
POOR MAILIE,

THE AUTHOR’S ONLY PET YOWE.

An unco mournfu’ Tale.

As *Mailie* and her lambs thegither,
Were ae day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her clout she coost a hitch,
And owre she warsled in the ditch;
There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
When *Hughoc*† he came doytin by.

Wi’ glowrin een, and lifted han’s,
Poor *Hughoc* like a statue stan’s;
He saw her days were near-hand endit,
But, waes my heart! he cou’dna mend it!
He gaped wide, but naething spak’!
At length poor *Mailie* silence brak’:

“O thou, whase lamentable face,
Appears to mourn my woefu’ case!
My *dying words* attentive hear,
And bear them to my Master dear:

“Tell him, if e’er again he keep
As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
O! bid him never tie them mair
Wi’ wicked strings o’ hemp or hair,
But ca’ them out to park or hill,
And let them wander at their will;
So may his flock increase, and grow
To scores o’ lambs and packs o’ woo’.

“Tell him, he was a Master kin’,
And aye was gude to me and mine;
And now my dying charge I gi’e him,
My helpless lambs I trust them wi’ him.

“O, bid him save their harmless lives,
Frae dogs, and tods, and butchers’ knives!
But gi’e them gude cow-milk their fill,
Till they be fit to fend themsel’;
And tent them duly, e’en and morn,
Wi’ teats o’ hay and rips o’ corn.

“And may they never learn the gaets
Of ither vile wanrestfu’ *pets*!
To slink thro’ slaps, and reave and steal
At stacks o’ pease, or stocks o’ kail.
So may they, like their great forbears,
For mony a year come thro’ the shears:
So wives will gi’e them bits o’ bread,
And bairns greet for them when they’re dead.

“My poor *toop-lamb*, my son and heir,
O bid him breed him up wi’ care!
And if he live to be a beast,
To pit some havins in his breast;
And warn him, what I winna name,
To stay content wi’ yowes at hame;
And no’ to rin and wear his cloots,
Like ither menseless, graceless brutes.

“And neist, my *yowie*, silly thing,
Gude keep thee frae a tether string!
O, may thou ne’er forgather up
Wi’ ony blastit, moorland toop!
But aye keep mind to moop and mell
Wi’ sheep o’ credit like thyself.

* Dr. Young.

† A neighbour herd-callan.

"And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath,
I leave my blessin' wi' you baith;
And when you think upon your mither,
Mind to be kind to ane anither.

"Now, honest *Hughoc*, dinna fail
To tell my master a' my tale;
And bid him burn this cursed tether;
And for thy pains thou's get my blether."

This said, poor *Mailie* turn'd her head,
And closed her een among the dead!

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose;
Our bardie's fate is at a close,

Past a' remead;
The last sad cape-stane of his woes;
Poor Mailie's dead!

It's no the loss o' world's gear
That could sae bitter draw the tear,
Or mak' our bardie, dowie, wear
The mourning weed;
He's lost a friend and neebor dear
In *Mailie* dead.

Thro' a' the town she trotted by him;
A lang half-mile she could desery him;
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed;
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam' nigh him,
Than *Mailie* dead.

I wot she was a sheep o' sense,
And could behave hersel' wi' mense;
I'll say't, she never brak' a fence
Thro' thievish greed;
Our bardie, lanely, keeps the spence
Sin' *Mailie's* dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
Her living image, in her *yowe*,
Comes bleating to him, owre the knowe,
For bits o' bread;
And down the briny pearls rowe
For *Mailie* dead.

She was nae get o' muirland tips,
Wi' tawted ket, and hairy hips;
For her forbears were brought in ships
Frae yont the *Tweed*!
A bonnier *fleesh* ne'er cross'd the clips
Than *Mailie's* dead.

Wae worth the man wha first did shape
That vile wanchance thing—a *rape*!
It maks gude fellows girn and gape,
Wi' chokin' dread;
An' *Robin's* bonnet wave wi' crape,
For *Mailie* dead.

O, a' ye bards on bonny *Doon*!
And wha on *Ayr* your chanter's tune!
Come, join the melancholious croon
O' *Robin's* reed!
His heart will never get aboon
His *Mailie* dead.

FIRST EPISTLE TO DAVIE*,

A BROTHER POET.

January, 1784.

WHILE winds frae aff *Ben-Lomond* blaw,
And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
And hing us owre the ingle,
I set me down to pass the time,
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
In hamely westlin' jingle.
While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
Ben to the chimla-lug,
I grudge a wee the great folk's gift,
That live sae bien an' snug:
I tent less, and want less,
Their roomy fire-side;
But hanker and canker
To see their cursed pride.

It's hardly in a body's power
To keep, at times, frae being sour,
To see how things are shared;
How best o' chieels are whyles in want,
While coofs on countless thousands rant,
And ken na how to wair't;
But, *Davie*, lad, ne'er fash your head,
Though we ha'e little gear,
We're fit to win our daily bread,
As lang's we're hale and fier:
"Mair spier na, nor fear na,t,"
Auld Age ne'er mind a feg;
The last o't, the warst o't,
Is only but to beg.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
When banes are crazed, and blude is thin,
Is, doubtless, great distress!
Yet then content could mak' us blest;
Ev'n then, sometimes, we'd snatch a taste
Of truest happiness.
The honest heart that's free frae a'
Intended fraud or guile,
However Fortune kick the ba',
Has aye some cause to smile;
And mind still, you'll find still,
A comfort this nae sma';
Nae mair then, we'll care then,
Nae farther can we fa'.

What tho' like commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where
But either house or hall?
Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.
In days when daisies deck the ground,
And blackbirds whistle clear,
Wi' honest joy our hearts will bound,
To see the coming year:
On braes, when we please, then,
We'll sit an' sowth a tune;
Syn'e *rhyme* till't, we'll time till't,
And sing't when we hae done.

It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,

* David Sillar, schoolmaster, one of the club at Tarbolton, and author of a volume of Poems in the Scottish dialect.

† Ramsay.

To purchase peace and rest;
 It's no in makin' muckle mair;
 It's no in books, its no in lair,
 To make us truly blest:
 If Happiness ha'e not her seat
 And centre in the breast,
 We may be wise, or rich, or great,
 But never can be blest:
 Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
 Could make us happy lang;
 The heart ay's the part ay
 That makes us right or wrang.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
 Wha drudge and drive through wet and dry,
 Wi' never-ceasing toil;
 Think ye, are we less blest than they,
 Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
 As hardly worth their while?
 Alas! how aft in haughty mood,
 God's creatures they oppress!
 Or else, neglectin' a' that's gude,
 They riot in excess!
 Baith careless, and fearless
 Of either heav'n or hell;
 Esteeming and deeming
 It's a' an idle tale!

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce,
 Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
 By pining at our state;
 And, even should misfortunes come,
 I, here wha sit, ha'e met wi' some,
 An's thankfu' for them yet.
 They gi'e the wit o' age to youth;
 They let us ken oursel';
 They mak' us see the naked truth,
 The *real* guid and ill.
 Tho' losses and crosses
 Be lessons right severe,
 There's wit there, ye'll get there,
 Ye'll find nae ither where.

But tent me, *Davie*, ace o' hearts,
 (To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,
 And flatt'ry I detest.)
 This life has joys for you and I,
 And joys that riches ne'er could ouy,
 And joys the very best.
 There's a' the *pleasures o' the heart*,
 The lover and the frien';
 Ye ha'e your *Meg*, your dearest part,
 And I my darling *Jean*!
 It warms me, it charms me,
 To mention but her name:
 It heats me, it beets me,
 And sets me a' on flame.

O, all ye Pow'rs, who rule above!
 O, *Thou*, whose very self art *Love*!
 Thou know'st my words sincere!
 The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,
 Or my more dear immortal part,
 Is not more fondly dear!
 When heart-corroding care and grief
 Deprive my soul of rest,
 Her dear idea brings relief,
 And solace to my breast.
 Thou *Being*, all-seeing,
 O hear my fervent pray'r!
 Still take her, and make her
 Thy most peculiar care!

All hail, ye tender feelings dear!
 The smile of love, the friendly tear,
 The sympathetic glow;
 Long since this world's thorny ways
 Had number'd out my weary days,
 Had it not been for you!
 Fate still has blest me with a friend,
 In every care and ill;
 And oft a more endearing band,
 A tie more tender still.
 It lightens, it brightens,
 The tenebrific scene,
 To meet with, and greet with
 My *Davie* or my *Jean*.

O, how that *name* inspires my style!
 The words come skelpin' rank and file,
 Amaist before I ken!
 The ready measure rins as fine
 As Phœbus and the famous Nine
 Were glowrin' owre my pen.
 My spaviet *Pegasus* will limp,
 Till ance he's fairly het;
 And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,
 And rin an unco fit;
 But lest then, the beast then,
 Should rue this hasty ride,
 I'll light now, and dight now
 His sweaty wizen'd hide.

ADDRESS TO THE DE'IL.

O Prince! O Chief of many throned pow'rs,
 That led the embattled Seraphim to war. MILTON.

O *Thou*, whatever title suit thee,
 Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
 Wha in yon cavern grim and sootie,
 Closed under hatchies,
 Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
 To scaud poor wretches!

Hear me, auld *Hangie*, for a wee,
 And let poor damned bodies be;
 I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
 E'en to a *de'il*,
 To skelp and scaud poor dogs like me,
 And hear us squeel!

Great is thy pow'r, and great thy fame,
 Far ken'd and noted is thy name;
 And tho' yon lowan heugh's thy hame,
 Thou travels far;
 And faith, thou's neither lag nor lame,
 Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles, rangin' like a roarin' lion,
 For prey, a' holes and corners tryin';
 Whyles, on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin',
 Tirling the kirks;
 Whyles, in the human bosom pryin',
 Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my rev'rend *Grannie* say,
 In lanely glens ye like to stray,
 Or where auld-ruin'd castles, gray,
 Nod to the moon,
 Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way
 Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my *Grannie* summon
To say her pray'rs, douce, honest woman,
Aft yont the dyke she's heard you bummin,
Wi' eerie drone!
Or, rustlin', thro' the boortrees comin'
Wi' heavy groan!

Ae dreary, windy, winter, night,
The stars shot down wi' sklentín light,
Wi' you, mysel', I gat a fright,
Ayont the loch;
Ye, like a rash-bush, stood in sight,
Wi' waving sugh.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each bristled hair stood like a stake,
When wi' an eldritch stoor, quack—quack—
Among the springs
Awa' ye squatter'd, like a drake,
On whistling wings.

Let *warlocks* grim, and wither'd *hags*,
Tell how wi' you, on ragweed nags,
They skim the muirs and dizzy crags
Wi' wicked speed,
And in kirkyards renew their leagues
Owre howkit dead.

Thence countra wives, wi' toil and pain,
May plunge and plunge the kirk in vain;
For, oh! the yellow treasure's ta'en
By witchin' skill;
And dawtit, twal-pint *Hawkie's* gaen
As yell's the bill.

Thence mystic knots mak' great abuse
On young gudeman, fond, keen, and crouse;
When the best wark-loom i' the house,
By cantrip wit,
Is instant made no worth a louse,
Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
And float the jinglin' icy boord,
Then *Water-kelpies* haunt the foord
By your direction,
And 'nighted trav'lers are allured
To their destruction.

And aft your moss-traversing *Spunkies*
Decoy the wight that late and drunk is:
The bleezin', curst, mischievous monkeys
Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Ne'er mair to rise

When *Masons'* mystic word and grip
In storms and tempests raise ye up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun stop
Or, strange to tell!
The youngest Brither ye wad whup
Aff straight to hell!

Lang syne, in *Eden's* bonny yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
And a' the soul of love they shared,
The raptured hour,
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry sward,
In shady bow'r:

Then you, ye auld sneek-drawin' dog!
Ye cam' to Paradise incog.,

And play'd on man a curs'd brogue,
(Black be your fa'!)
And gied the infant warld a shog,
'Maist ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
Wi' reekit duds and reestit gizz,
Ye did present your smoutie phiz
'Mang better folk,
And sklentend on the *man of Uz*
Your spitefu' joke?

And how ye gat him i' your thrall,
And brak him out o' house and hall,
While scabs and blotches did him gall,
Wi' bitter claw,
And lows'd his ill-tongued, wicked scawl,
Was warst ava!

But a' your doings to rehearse,
Your wily snares and fechtin' fierce,
Sin' that day *Michael** did you pierce,
Down to this time,
Wad ding a Lallan tongue, or Erse,
In prose or rhyme.

And now, auld *Cloots*, I ken ye're thinkin',
A certain *Bardie's* rantin', drinkin',
Some luckless hour will send him linkin'
To your black pit;
But, faith! he'll turn a corner, jinkin',
And cheat you yet.

But, fare ye weel, auld *Nickie-ben*!
O wad ye tak' a thought and men!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still ha'e a stake—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake!

THE AULD FARMER'S NEW-YEAR MORNING
SALUTATION TO HIS AULD MARE MAGGIE,
ON GIVING HER THE ACCUSTOMED RIPP OF CORN TO HANSEL
IN THE NEW-YEAR.

A *Gude New-Year* I wish thee, Maggie!
Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie;
Tho' thou's howe-backit now, and knaggie,
I've seen the day,
Thou could ha'e gaen like ony staggie
Out-owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff, and crazy,
And thy auld hide's as white's a daisy,
I've seen thee dapplet, sleek, and glazie,
A bonnie gray:
He should been tight that daur't to raise thee
Ane in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
A *filly* buirdly, steeve, and swank,
And set weel down a shapely shank
As e'er trod yird;
And could ha'e flown out-owre a stank
Like ony bird.

It's now some nine-and-twenty year,
Sin' thou was my guid father's *meere*,
He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
And fifty mark:
Though it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,
And thou was stark.

* Vide Milton, Book vi.

When first I gaed to woo my *Jenny*,
Ye then was trottin' wi' your minnie:
Tho' ye was threddie, slee, and funny,
Ye ne'er was donsie;
But hamely, tawie, quiet, and cannie,
And unco sonsie.

That day ye pranced wi' muckle pride,
When ye bure hame my bonny *bride*:
And sweet and gracefu' she did ride,
Wi' maiden air!
Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide,
For sic a pair.

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hobble,
And wintle like a saumont-coble,
That day ye was a jinker noble,
For heels and win',
And ran them till they a' did wauble
Far, far behin'.

When thou and I were young and skeigh,
And stable-meals at fairs were dreigh,
How thou wad prance, and snort, and skreigh,
And tak' the road,
Town's bodies ran, and stood abeigh,
And ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't, and I was mellow,
We took the road ay like a swallow:
At *brooses* thou had ne'er a fallow,
For pith and speed;
But every tail thou pay't them hollow,
Whare'er thou gaed.

The sma', droop-rumpl't hunter cattle,
Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle;
But sax Scotch miles thou try't their mettle,
And gar't them whaizle;
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
O' saugh or hazel.

Thou was a noble *fittie-lan'*
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn;
Aft thee and I, in aught hours' gaun,
In gude March weather,
Ha'e turn'd sax rood beside our han',
For days thegither.

Thou never braindg't, and fecht, and fliskit,
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,
And spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,
Wi' pith and power,
Till spritty knowes wad rair't and riskit,
An' slypet owre.

When frosts lay lang, and snaws were deep,
And threaten'd labour back to keep,
I gied thy cog a wee bit heap
Aboon the timmer;
I ken'd my *Maggie* wad na sleep
For that, or simmer.

In cart or ear thou never reestit;
The steyest brae thou wad hae faced it;
Thou never lap, and sten't, and breastit,
Then stood to blaw;
But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
Thou snoov't awa'.

My *pleugh* is now thy bairn-time a';
Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw;

Forbye sax mae, I've sell'd awa,
That thou hast nurst:
They drew me thretteen pund and twa,
The very warst.

Mony a sair darg we twa ha'e wrought,
And wi' the weary warl' fought!
And mony an anxious day, I thought
We wad be beat!
Yet here to crazy age we're brought,
Wi' something yet.

And think na, my auld trusty servan',
That now, perhaps, thou's less deservin',
And thy auld days may end in starvin',
For my last *fou*,
A heapit *stimpert*, I'll reserve ane
Laid by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither;
We'll toyte about wi' ane anither;
Wi' tentie care I'll fit thy tether
To some hain'd rig,
Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
With sma' fatigue.

TO A HAGGIS.

FAIR fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the puddin'-race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm;
Weel are ye wordy o' a *grace*
As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your *pin* wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic Labour dight,
And cut you up wi' ready sleight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright,
Like ony ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sight!
Warm-reekin', rich.

Then horn for horn they stretch and strive,
De'il tak' the hindmost! on they drive,
Till a' their weel-swoll'd kytes, belyve,
Are bent like drums;
Then auld gudeman, maist like to rive,
Bethankit hums.

Is there that o'er his French *ragoût*,
Or *olio* that wad staw a sow,
Or *fricassee* wad mak her spew
Wi' perfect scunner,
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view,
On sic a dinner?

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
As feckless as a wither'd rash,
His spindle-shank a guid whip-lash,
His nieve a nit;
Thro' bloody flood or field to dash,
O how unfit!

But mark the rustic *haggis-fed*,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his wallee nieve a blade,
He'll mak' it whistle;
And legs, and arms, and heads will sned,
Like taps o' thristle.

Ye powers, wha mak' mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies;
But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,
Gi'e her a *Haggis*!

A PRAYER,

UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH.

O Thou Great Being! what thou art
Surpasses me to know:
Yet sure I am, that known to thee
Are all thy works below.

Thy creature here before thee stands,
All wretched and distrest;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey thy high behest.

Sure thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath!
O, free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death!

But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design;
Then man my soul with firm resolves
To bear and not repine!

A PRAYER

IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear,
In whose dread presence, ere an hour
Perhaps, I must appear!

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun;
As *something* loudly in my breast
Remonstrates I have done;

Thou know'st that thou hast formed me
With passions wild and strong;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

Where human *weakness* has come short,
Or *frailty* stept aside,
Do thou, *All-Good!* for such thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

Where with *intention* I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But—*Thou art good*; and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

STANZAS

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene?
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
Some drops of joy, with draughts of ill between:
Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms:
Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms!
I tremble to approach an angry God,
And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, "Forgive my foul offence!"
Fain promise never more to disobey;
But, should my Author health again dispense,
Again I might desert fair virtue's way;
Again in folly's path might go astray!
Again exalt the brute, and sink the man;
Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray,
Who act so counter heavenly mercy's plan?
Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran?

O Thou, great Governor of all below!
If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
Or still the tumult of the raging sea:
With that controlling pow'r assist e'en me,
Those headlong furious passions to confine;
For all unfit I feel my pow'rs to be,
To rule their torrent in th' allowed line;
O, aid me with thy help, *Omnipotence Divine!*

A WINTER NIGHT.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these?—

SHAKESPEARE.

When biting *Boreas*, fell and dour,
Sharp shivers through the leafless bow'r;
When *Phæbus* gies a short-lived glow'r
Far south the lift—
Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r,
Or whirling drift:

Ae night the storm the steeples rocked,
Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked,
While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-choked,
Wild-eddying swirl,
Or thro' the mining outlet bock'd,
Down headlong hurl.

List'ning the doors and winnocks rattle,
I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
O' winter war,
And thro' the drift, deep-lay'ring, sprattle
Beneath a scar.

Ilk happing bird, wee helpless thing!
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chattering wing,
And close thy e'e?

Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd,
 Lone from your savage homes exiled,
 The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd,
 My heart forgets,
 While pitiless the tempest wild
 Sore on you beats.

Now *Phæbe*, in her midnight reign,
 Dark muffled, view'd the dreary plain,
 Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
 Rose in my soul,
 When on my ear this plaintive strain,
 Slow, solemn, stole——

“Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust !
 And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost ;
 Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows !
 Not all your rage, as now united, shows
 More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
 Vengeful malice, unrepenting,
 Than heav'n-illumin'd Man on brother Man bes-
 See stern Oppression's iron grip, [tows.
 Or mad Ambition's gory hand,
 Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
 Woe, want, and murder, o'er a land !
 Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,
 Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
 How pamper'd Luxury, Flatt'ry by her side,
 The parasite poisoning her ear,
 With all the servile wretches in the rear,
 Looks o'er proud Property extended wide,
 And eyes the simple, rustic Hind,
 Whose toil upholds the glittering show,
 A creature of another kind,
 Some coarser substance, unrefined,
 Placed for her lordly use thus far, thus vile below.
 Where, where is Love's fond, tender throe,
 With lordly Honour's lofty brow,
 The powers you proudly own ?
 Is there, beneath Love's noble name,
 Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
 To bless himself alone ?
 Mark maiden-innocence a prey
 To love-pretending snares ;
 This boasted honour turns away,
 Shunning soft Pity's rising sway,
 Regardless of the tears and unavailing prayers ;
 Perhaps, this hour, in Mis'ry's squalid nest,
 She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
 And with a mother's fears shrinks at the rocking
 Oh ye ! who, sunk in beds of down, [blast !
 Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
 Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
 Whom friends and fortune quite disown !
 Ill-satisfied keen Nature's clam'rous call,
 Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
 While thro' the ragged roof and chinky wail,
 Chill o'er his slumbers piles the drift' heap !
 Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
 Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine !
 Guilt, erring man, relenting view !
 But shall thy legal rage pursue
 The wretch already crushed low
 By cruel fortune's undeserved blow ?
 Affliction's sons are brothers in distress ;
 A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss !”

I heard nae mair, for *Chanticleer*
 Shook off the pouthery snaw,
 And hail'd the morning wi' a cheer,
 A cottage-rousing crew.

But deep this truth impress'd my mind—
 Through all His works abroad,
 The heart benevolent and kind
 The most resembles God.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS.

A Cantata.

RECITATIVO.

WHEN lyart leaves bestrew the yird,
 Or, wavering like the bauckie* bird,
 Bedim cauld Boreas' blast :
 When hailstones drive wi' bitter skyte,
 An' infant frosts begin to bite,
 In hoary cranreuch drest ;
 Ae night, at e'en, a merry corps
 O' randie gangrel bodies,
 In Pooseie-Nansie's held the splore,
 To drink their orra duddies ;
 Wi' quaffing and laughing,
 They ranted and they sang ;
 Wi' jumping and thumping,
 The vera girdle rang.

First, niest the fire, in auld red rags,
 Ane sat, weel braced wi' mealy bags,
 And knapsack a' in order ;
 His doxy lay within his arm,
 Wi' usquebae and blankets warm,
 She blinket on her sodger ;
 And aye he gies the touzie drab
 The tither skelpin' kiss,
 While she held up her greedy gab,
 Just like an aumis-dish :
 Ilk smack' still, did crack still,
 Just like a cadger's whup,
 Then staggering, and swaggering,
 He roar'd this ditty up—

AIR.

TUNE—"Soldier's Joy."

I am a son of Mars, who have been in many wars,
 And show my cuts and scars wherever I come ;
 This here was for a wench, and that other in a
 trench,
 When welcoming the French at the sound of the
 drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

My 'prenticeship I past where my leader breath'd
 his last,
 When the bloody die was cast on the heights of
 Abram ;
 I served out my trade when the gallant game was
 play'd,
 And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the
 drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating batt'ries,
 And there I left for witness an arm and a limb ;
 Yet let my country need me, with Elliot to head me,
 I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of the drum.
 Lal de daudle, &c.

* The old Scottish name for a bat.

And now, though I must beg, with a wooden arm
and leg,
And many a tattered rag hanging over my bum,
I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle, and my callet,
As when I used in scarlet to follow the drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

What tho' with hoary locks, I must stand the winter
shocks,
Beneath the woods and rocks, oftentimes for a home;
When the tother bag I sell, and the tother bottle tell,
I could meet a troop of hell at the sound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

RECITATIVO.

He ended; and the kebars sheuk
Aboon the chorus' roar;
While frighted rattons backward leuk,
And seek the benmost bore;
A fairy fiddler frae the neuk,
He skirl'd out Encore!
But up arose the Martial's chuck,
And laid the loud uproar.

AIR.

TUNE—"Soldier Laddie."

I once was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,
And still my delight is in proper young men;
Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,
No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie!
Sing, Lal de la, &c.

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,
To rattle the thundering drum was his trade;
His leg was so tight, and his cheek was so ruddy,
Transported I was with my sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de la, &c.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch,
So the sword I forsook for the sake of the church;
He ventured the soul, and I risked the body:
'Twas then I proved false to my sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de la, &c.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified sot,
The regiment at large for a husband I got;
From the gilded spontoon to the life I was ready,
I asked no more but a sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de la, &c.

But the peace it reduced me to beg in despair,
Till I met my old boy at a Cunningham fair,
His rags regimental they flutter'd sae gaudy,
My heart it rejoiced at a sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de la, &c.

And now I have lived—I know not how long,
And still I can join in a cup and a song;
But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass
steady,
Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie!
Sing, Lal de la, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Poor Merry Andrew, in the neuk,
Sat guzzling wi' a tinkler hizzie;
They mind't na wha the chorus took,
Between themselves they were sae bizzzy;
At length, wi' drink and courting dizzy,
He stoiter'd up and made a face;
Then turn'd and laid a smack on Grizzy,
Syne tuned his pipes wi' grave grimace.

AIR.

TUNE—"Auld Sir Symon."

Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou,
Sir Knave is a fool in a session;
He's there but a 'prentice I trow,
But I am a fool by profession.

My grannie she bought me a beuk,
And I held awa' to the school;
I fear I my talent misteuk;
But what will ye ha'e of a fool?
For drink I wad venture my neck;
A hizzie's the hauf o' my craft;
But what could ye other expect
Of ane that's avowedly daft?

I ance was tied up like a stirk,
For civilly swearing and quaffin';
I ance was abused i' the kirk,
For towzling a lass i' my faffin.

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport,
Let naeboddy name wi' a jeer;
There's even, I'm tauld, i' the court,
A tumbler ca'd the Premier.

Observed ye, yon reverend lad
Mak's faces to tickle the mob;
He rails at our mountebank squad;
It's rivalship just i' the job.

And now my conclusion I'll tell,
For faith I'm confoundedly dry,
The chiel that's a fool for himself,
Gude L—d, is far dafter than I.

RECITATIVO.

Then niest outspak a rauce carlin,
Wha kent fu' weel to cleek the sterling,
For mony a pursie she had hook'd;
And had in mony a well been duck'd;
Her dove had been a Highland laddie,
But weary fa' the wae fu' woodie!
Wi' sighs and sabs she thus began
To wail her braw John Highlandman.

AIR.

TUNE—"O, an' ye were dead, Gudeman."

A Highland lad my love was born,
The Lalland laws he held in scorn;
But he still was faithfu' to his clan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.

CHORUS.

Sing, hey, my braw John Highlandman!
Sing, ho, my braw John Highlandman!
There's not a lad in a' the lan'
Was match for my John Highlandman

Wi' his philibeg and tartan plaid,
And gude claymore down by his side,
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,
And lived like lords and ladies gay;
For a Lalland face he feared nane,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

They banish'd him beyond the sea:
But ere the bud was on the tree,
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
Embracing my John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

But, oh! they catch'd him at the last,
And bound him in a dungeon fast;
My curse upon them every one!
They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

And now a widow, I must mourn
The pleasures that will ne'er return;
No comfort but a hearty can,
When I think on John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

RECITATIVO.

A pigmy scraper wi' his fiddle,
Wha used at trysts and fairs to driddle,
Her strappin' limb and gaucy middle
(He reach'd nae higher)
Had holed his heartie like a riddle,
And blawn't on fire.

Wi' hand on haunch, and upward e'e,
He croon'd his gamut, ane, twa, three,
Then, in an *Arioso* key,
The wee Apollo
Set aff, wi' *Allegretto* glee,
His *giga solo*.

AIR.

TUNE—"Whistle o'er the Lave o't."

Let me ryke up to dight that tear,
And go wi' me and be my dear,
And then your every care and fear
May whistle owre the lave o't.

CHORUS.

I am a fiddler to my trade,
And a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,
The sweetest still to wife or maid,
Was whistle owre the lave o't.

At kirns and weddings we'se be there,
And O! sae nicely's we will fare;
We'll bouse about, till daddie Care
Sings whistle owre the lave o't.
I am, &c.

Sae merrily the banes we'll pyke,
And sun oursel's about the dyke,
And at our leisure, when ye like,
We'll whistle owre the lave o't.
I am, &c.

But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms,
And while I kittle hair on thairms,
Hunger, cauld, and a' sic harms,
May whistle owre the lave o't.
I am, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird,
As weel as poor Gut-scraper;
He tak's the fiddler by the beard,
And draws a rusty rapier—

He swoor by a' was swearing worth,
To spit him like a pliver,
Unless he wad from that time forth
Reinquinsh her for ever.

Wi' ghastly e'e, poor Tweedle-dee
Upon his hunkers bended,
And pray'd for grace, wi' rueful face,
And sae the quarrel ended.
But tho' his little heart did grieve
When round the tinkler press'd her,
He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve,
When thus the Caird address'd her:

AIR.

TUNE—"Clout the Cauldron."

My bonny lass, I work in brass,
A tinker is my station;
I've travell'd round all Christian ground
In this my occupation;
I've ta'en the gold, I've been enroll'd
In many a noble squadron;
But vain they search'd, when off I march'd
To go and clout the cauldron.
I've ta'en the gold, &c.

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,
Wi' a' his noise and cap'r'in',
And tak' a share wi' those that bear
The budget and the apron;
And by that stowp, my faith and houp
And by that dear Kilbagie,*
If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant
May I ne'er weet my cragie.
And by that stowp, &c.

RECITATIVO.

The Caird prevail'd—th' unblushing fair
In his embraces sunk,
Partly wi' love o'ercome sae sair,
And partly she was drunk.
Sir Violino, with an air
That show'd a man o' spunk,
Wish'd unison between the pair,
And mad: the bottle clunk
To their health that night.

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft,
That play'd a dame a shavie,
The fiddler raked her fore and aft
Behint the chicken-cavie.
Her lord, a wight o' Homer's craft†,
Tho' limping wi' the spavie,
He hirpled up, and lap like daft,
And shored them Dainty Davie
To boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade
As ever Bacchus listed,
Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,
His heart she ever miss'd it.
He had nae wish, but—to be glad,
Nor want—but when he thirsted;
He hated nought but—to be sad,
And thus the Muse suggested
His sang that night.

* A peculiar sort of whisky so called; a great favourite with Poozie-Nansie's clubs.

† Homer is allowed to be the oldest ballad-singer on record.

AIR.

TUNE—"For a' that, and a' that."

I am a bard of no regard
 Wi' gentlefolks, and a' that;
 But Homer-like, the glowran byke
 Frae town to town I draw that.

CHORUS.

For a' that, and a' that;
 And twice as meikle's a' that;
 I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
 I've wife enough for a' that.

I never drank the Muses' stank,
 Castalia's burn, and a' that;
 But there it streams, and richly reams,
 My Helicon I ca' that.

For a' that, &c.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
 Their humble slave, and a' that;
 But lordly will, I hold it still,
 A mortal sin to throw that.

For a' that, &c.

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet,
 Wi' mutual love, and a' that;
 But for how lang the flee may stang,
 Let inclination law that.

For a' that, &c.

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,
 They've ta'en me in, and a' that;
 But clear your deeks, and "Here's the sex!"
 I like the jads for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that;
 And twice as meikle's a' that,
 My dearest blude to do them gude,
 They're welcome till't for a' that.

RECITATIVO.

So sung the bard—and Nansie's wa's
 Shook with a thunder of applause,
 Re-echo'd from each mouth;
 They toom'd their pocks, and pawn'd their duds,
 They scarcely left to co'er their fuds,
 To quench their lowan drouth.

Then owre again, the jovial thrang
 The poet did request,
 To lowse his pack, and wale a sang,
 A ballad o' the best;

He rising, rejoicing,
 Between his twa Debórahs,
 Looks round him, and found them
 Impatient for the chorus.

AIR.

TUNE—"Jolly Mortals, Jolly Mortals, All your Glasses."

See the smoking bowl before us,
 Mark our jovial ragged ring;
 Round and round take up the chorus,
 And in raptures let us sing:

CHORUS.

A fig for those by law protected!
 Liberty's a glorious feast!
 Courts for cowards were erected,
 Churches built to please the priest.

What is title? what is treasure?
 What is reputation's care?
 If we lead a life of pleasure,
 'Tis no matter how or where!
 A fig, &c.

With the ready trick and fable,
 Round we wander all the day;
 And at night, in barn or stable,
 Hug our doxies on the hay
 A fig, &c.

Does the train-attended carriage
 Thro' the country lighter rove?
 Does the sober bed of marriage
 Witness brighter scenes of love?
 A fig, &c.

Life is all a variorum,
 We regard not how it goes;
 Let them cant about decorum
 Who have characters to lose.
 A fig, &c.

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets!
 Here's to all the wandering train!
 Here's our ragged brats and callets!
 One and all cry out, Amen!
 A fig, &c.

DEATH AND DR. HORNBOOK.

A TRUE STORY.

SOME books are lies frae end to end,
 And some great lies w're never penn'd;
 Ev'n ministers, they ha'e been kenn'd,
 In holy rapture,
 A rousing whid at times to vend,
 And nail't wi' Scripture:

But this that I am gaun to tell,
 Which lately on a night befell,
 Is just as true's the Deil's in heil,
 Or Dublin city;
 That e'er he nearer comes oursel'
 'S a muckle pity.

The Clachan yill had made me canty,
 I was na fou, but just had plenty;
 I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay
 To free the ditches:
 And hillocks, stanes, and bushes, kenn'd ay
 Frae ghaists and witches.

The rising moon began to glow'r
 The distant Cumnock hills out-owre:
 To count her horns wi' a' my pow'r
 I set mysel';
 But whether she had three or four,
 I cou'dna tell.

I was come round about the hill,
 And toddlin' down on Willie's-mill,
 Setting my staff, wi' a' my skill,
 To keep me sicker;
 Though leaward whyles against my will,
 I took a bicker.

I there wi' *Something* did forgather,
That put me in an eerie swither;
An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouter,
Clear-dangling, hang;
A three-taed leister on the ither
Lay, large and lang.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
For fient a wame it had ava!
And then its shanks,
They were as thin, as sharp, an' sma'
As cheeks o' branks!

"Gude-een," quo' I; "Friend! ha'e ye been mawin,
When ither folk are busy sawin!"*
It seem'd to mak' a kind o' staun,
But naething spak':
At length says I, "Friend! whare ye gaun?
Will ye gae back?"

It spak' right howe:—"My name is *Death*—
But be na fley'd."—Quoth I, "Gude faith,
Ye're maybe come to stap my breath;
But tent me, billie,
I red ye weel, take care o' skaiht,
See, there's a gully!"

"Gudeman," quo' he, "put up your whittle,
I'm no design'd to try its mettle;
But if I did, I wad be kittle
To be misleair'd,
I wadna mind it, no that spittle
Out-owre my beard."

"Weel, weel," says I, "a bargain be't;
Come, gie's your hand, and say we're gree't;
We'll ease our shanks and tak' a seat,
Come, gie's your news;
This while † ye ha'e been mony a gate,
At mony a house."

"Ay, ay!" quo' he, and shook his head,
"It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed
Sin' I began to nick the thread,
And choke the breath:
Folk maun do something for their bread,
And sae maun *Death*."

"Sax thousand years are near hand fled,
Sin' I was to the butchering bred,
And mony a scheme in vain's been laid
To stap or scour me;
Till ane *Hornbook's* ‡ ta'en up the trade,
nd faith! he'll waur me.

"Ye ken *Jock Hornbook* i' the Clachan,
De'il mak his king's-hood in' a spleuchan!
He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' *Buchan* §
And ither chaps,
The weans haud out their fingers laughin'
And pouk my hips.

"See, here's a scythe, and there's a dart,
They ha'e pierced monie a gallant heart:
But Doctor *Hornbook*, wi' his art
And curs'd skill,
Has made them baith no worth a f—t,
Damn'd haet they'll kill.

"'Twas but yestreen, nae farther gane,
I threw a noble throw at ane:
Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain;
But deil-ma-care,
It just play'd dirl on the bane,
But did nae mair.

"*Hornbook* was by, wi' ready art,
And had sae fortified the part,
That when I looked to my dart,
It was sae blunt,
Fient haet o't wad ha'e pierced the heart
O' a kail-ruht.

"I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
I near-hand cowpit wi' my hurry,
But yet the bauld *Apothecary*
Withstood the shock;
I might as weel ha'e tried a quarry
O' hard whin-rock.

"Ev'n them he canna get attended,
Although their face he ne'er had kenn'd it,
Just —— in a kail-blade and send it;
As soon's he smells't,
Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
At ance he tells't.

"And then o' doctor's saws and whittles,
Of a' dimensions, shapes, and metals,
A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, and bottles,
He's sure to ha'e:
Their Latin names as fast he rattles
As A, B, C.

"Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees;
True sal-marinum o' the seas;
The farina o' beans and pease,
He has't in plenty;
Aqua-fontis, what you please,
He can content ye.

"Forbye some new uncommon weapons,
Urinus spiritus o' capons:
Or mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
Distill'd *per se*;
Sal-alkali o' midge-tail clippings,
And monie mae."

"Waes me for *Johnny Ged's Hole** now,"
Quoth I, "if that thae news be true!
His braw calf-ward, whare gowans grew
Sae white and bonny,
Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew:
They'll ruin *Johnny*!"

The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,
And says, "Ye needna yoke the pleugh,
Kirk-yards will soon be till'd enough,
Tak' ye na fear;
They'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a sheugh,
In twa-three year.

* This rencounter happened in seed-time, 1785.

† An epidemical fever was then raging in that country.

‡ This gentleman, Dr. Hornbook, is professionally a brother of the Sovereign Order of the Ferula; but, by intuition and inspiration, is at once an Apothecary, Surgeon, and Physician.

§ Buchan's Domestic Medicine.

* The grave-digger.

"Where I kill'd ane a fair-strae death,
By loss o' bluid, or want o' breath,
This night I'm free to tak my aith,
That *Hornbook's* skill
Has clad a score i' their last claieth,
By drap and pill.

"An honest Wabster to his trade,
Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel-bred,
Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
When it was sair ;
The wife slade cannie to her bed,
But he'er spak' mair.

"A countra laird had ta'en the batts,
Or some curmurring in his guts ;
His only son for *Hornbook's* sets,
And pays him well :
The lad for twa gude gimmer pets,
Was laird himsel'.

"A bonny lass, ye kenn'd her name,
Some ill-brewn drink had hoved her wame ;
She trusts hersel', to hide the shame,
In *Hornbook's* care ;
Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,
To hide it there.

"That's just a swatch o' *Hornbook's* way ;
Thus goes he on from day to day,
Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay,
An's weel paid for't ;
Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey
Wi' his d-mn'd dirt.

"But, hark ! I'll tell you of a plot,
Tho' dinna ye be speaking o't ;
I'll nail the self-conceited sot
As dead's a herrin' :
Neist time we meet, I'll wad a groat,
He gets his fairin' !"

But just as he began to tell,
The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
Some wee short hour ayont the *twa*,
Which raised us baith :
I took the way that pleased mysel',
And sae did *Death*.

THE KIRK'S ALARM*,

A SATIRE.

ORTHODOX, Orthodox, wha believe in John Knox,
Let me sound an alarm to your conscience :
There's a heretic blast has been blawn in the wast ;
That what is no sense must be nonsense.

Dr. Mac†, Dr. Mac, you should stretch on a rack,
To strike evil-doers wi' terror ;
To join faith and sense upon any pretence,
Is heretic, damnable error.

Town of Ayr, Town of Ayr, it was mad, I declare,
To meddle wi' mischief a-brewin' ;
Provost John is still deaf to the church's relief,
And orator Bob‡ is its rain.

This Poem was written a short time after the publication of Dr. McGill's Essay.

† Dr. McGill.

‡ R—t A—k—n.

D'rymple mild¹, D'rymple mild, tho' your heart's
like a child,
And your life like the new-driven snaw,
Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must have ye,
For preaching that three's ane an' twa.

Rumble John², Rumble John, mount the steps wi'
a groan,
Cry the book is wi' heresy cramm'd ;
Then lug out your ladle, deal brimstane like adle,
And roar ev'ry note of the damn'd.

Simper James³, Simper James, leave the fair Killie
dames,
There's a holier chase in your view ;
I'll lay on your head, that the pack ye'll soon lead,
For puppies like you there's but few.

Singet Sawney⁴, Singet Sawney, are ye herding the
Unconscious what evils await ; [penny,
Wi' a jump, yell, and howl, alarm every soul,
For the Foul Thief is just at your gate.

Daddy Auld⁵, Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld,
A tod meikle waur than the clerk ;
Tho' ye can do little skaith, ye'll be in at the death,
And gif ye canna bite, ye may bark.

Davie Bluster⁶, Davie Bluster, gif for a saint ye do
The corps is no nice of recruits : [muster,
Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast,
If the ass was the king of the brutes.

Jamie Goose⁷, Jamie Goose, ye ha'e made but toom
in hunting the wicked lieutenant ; [roose,
But the Doctor's your mark, for the L—d's haly ark,
He has cooper'd and ca'd a wrang pin in't.

Poet Willie⁸, Poet Willie, gie the Doctor a volley,
Wi' your liberty's chain and your wit ;
O'er Pegasus' side ye ne'er laid astride,
Ye but smelt, man, the place where he sh-t.

Andro Gouk⁹, Andro Gouk, ye may slander the
book,
And the book not the waur, let me tell ye !
Ye are rich, and look big, but lay by hat and wig,
And ye'll ha'e a calf's head o' sma' value.

Barr Steenie¹⁰, Barr Steenie, what mean ye ? what
mean ye ?
If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,
Ye may ha'e some pretence to havins and sense,
Wi' people wha ken ye nae better.

Irvineside¹¹, Irvineside, wi' your turkey-cock pride,
Of manhood but sma' is your share ;
Ye've the figure, 'tis true, even your faes will allow,
And your friends they dare grant you nae mair.

Muirland Jock¹² Muirland Jock, when the L—d
makes a rock
To crush Common Sense for her sins,
If ill-manners were wit, there's no mortal so fit
To confound the poor Doctor at ane.

¹ Mr. Dalrymple. ² Mr. Russell. ³ Mr. McKinlay.

⁴ Mr. Moddie. ⁵ Mr. Auld. ⁶ Mr. G—t of Ochiltree.

⁷ Mr. Y—g of Cumnock. ⁸ Mr. Peebles of Ayr.

⁹ Dr. A. M—ll. ¹⁰ Mr. S—n Y—g of Barr.

¹¹ Mr. S—h of Galston. ¹² Mr. S—d.

Holy Will,* Holy Will, there was wit in your skull,
When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor;
The timmer is scant when ye're ta'en for a saunt,
Wha should swing in a rape for an hour.

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons, seize your sp'ritual
Ammunition ye never can need; [guns,
Your hearts are the stuff will be powther enough,
And your skulls are storehouses o' lead.

Poet Burns, Poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelping
Why desert ye your auld native shire? [turns,
Your muse is a gipsy,—e'en tho' she were tipsy,
She cou'd ca' us nae waur than we are.

THE TWA HERDS ;

OR, THE HOLY TUILZIE†.

O A' ye pious, godly flocks,
Weel fed on pastures orthodox,
Wha now will keep you frae the fox,
Or worrying tykes,
Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks
About the dykes?

The twa best Herds in a' the wast,
That e'er gae gospel horn a blast,
These five-and-twenty simmers past,
O! dool to tell,
Ha'e had a bitter, black out-cast
Atween themself'.

O, Moodie, man, and wordy Russell,
How could you raise so vile a bustle,
Ye'll see how New-light Herds will whistle,
And think it fine!
The L—d's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle,
Sin' I hae min'.

O, Sirs! whae'er wad ha'e expekkit
Your duty ye wad sae negleckit,
Ye wha were ne'er by lairds, respekkit
To wear the plaid,
But by the brutes themselves eleckit,
To be their guide.

What flock wi' Moodie's flock could rank,
Sae hale and hearty every shank,
Nae poison'd sour Arminian stank,
He let them taste,
Frae Calvin's well, ay clear, they drank,
O sic a feast!

The founmart, wil'-cat, brock, and tod,
Well kenn'd his voice thro' a' the wood,
He smell'd their ilka hole and road,
Baith out and in,
And weel he liked to shed their bluid,
And sell their skin.

What Herd like Russell tell'd his tale?
His voice was heard thro' muir and dale,
He kenn'd the Lord's sheep, ilka tail
O'er a' the height,
And saw gin they were sick or hale,
At the first sight.

* [An elder—or kind of churchwarden—in Mauchline, and the subject of the two pieces in page 16.—Ed.]

† This piece was among the first of our Author's productions which he submitted to the public; and was occasioned by a dispute between two Clergymen, near Kilmarnock.

He fine a mangy sheep could scrub,
Or nobly fling the gospel club,
And New-light Herds could nicely drub,
Or pay their skin;
Could shake them o'er the burning dub,
Or heave them in.

Sic twa!—O, do I live to see't!
Sic famous twa should disagree't,
An' names, like villain, hypocrite,
Ilk ither, gi'en,
While New-light Herds, wi' laughin' spite
Say neither's lyin'!

A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld,
There's D——n deep, and Peebles shaul,
But chiefly thou, apostle Auld,
We trust in thee,
That thou wilt work them hot and cauld
Till they agree.

Consider, Sirs, how we're beset!
There's scarce a new Herd that we get,
But comes frae 'mang that cursed set
I winna name,
I hope frae heav'n to see them yet
In fiery flame.

Dalrymple has been lang our fae,
McGill has wrought us meikle wae,
And that curs'd rascal ca'd M——e,
And baith the Shaws,
That aft ha'e made us black and blae,
Wi' vengefu' paws.

Auld W——w lang has hatch'd mischief,
We thought ay death wad bring relief,
But he has gotten, to our grief,
Ane to succeed him,
A chiel wha'll soundly buff our beef;
I meikle dread him.

And monie a ane that I could tell,
Who fain would openly rebel,
Forbye turn-coats among oursel':
There's Smith for ane,
I doubt he's but a grey-nick quill,
An' that ye'll fin'.

O! a' ye flocks, o'er a' the hills,
By mosses, meadows, moors, and fells,
Come join your counsel and your skills,
To cove the lairds,
And get the brutes the power themself's,
To choose their Herds.

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance,
And Learning in a woodie dance,
And that fell cur ca'd Common Sense,
That bites sae sair,
Be banish'd o'er the sea to France:
Let him bark there.

Then Shaw's and D'rymple's eloquence,
McGill's close, nervous excellence,
McQ——e's pathetic, manly sense,
And guid McMath,
Wi' Smith, wha thro' the heart can glance,
May a' pack aff.

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.

O THOU, wha in the heav'ns dost dwell,
 Wha, as it pleasest best thyself,
 Sends ane to heav'n and ten to hell,
 A' for thy glory,
 And no for ony good or ill
 They've done afore thee :

I bless and praise thy matchless might,
 Whan thousands thou hast left in night,
 That I am here afore thy sight,
 For gifts an' grace,
 A burnin' and a shinin' light,
 To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
 That I should get sic exaltation ?
 I, wha deserve sic just damnation
 For broken laws,
 Five thousand years 'fore my creation,
 Thro' Adam's cause.

When frae my mither's womb I fell,
 Thou might ha'e plunged me in hell,
 To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
 In burnin' lake,
 Whare damned Devils roar and yell,
 Chain'd to a stake

Yet I am here a chosen sample,
 To show thy grace is great and ample ;
 I'm here a pillar in thy temple,
 Strong as a rock,
 A guide, a buckler, an example
 To a' thy flock.

O L—d ! thou kens what zeal I bear
 When drinkers drink, and swearers swear,
 And singin' there, and dancin' here,
 Wi' great an' sma' ;
 For I am keepit by thy fear,
 Free frae them a'.

But yet, O L—d ! confess I must,
 At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust,
 And sometimes too, wi' warldly trust,
 Vile self gets in ;
 But thou remembers we are dust,
 Defiled in sin.

* * * * *

Besides, I farther maun allow,
 Wi' Lizzie's lass, three times I trow ;
 But L—d, that Friday I was fou
 When I came near her,
 Or else, thou kens, thy servant true,
 Wad ne'er ha'e steer'd her.

Maybe thou lets this *fleshy thorn*
 Beset thy servant e'en and morn,
 Lest he owre high and proud should turn,
 'Cause he's sae *gifted* ;
 If sae, thy han' maun e'en be borne,
 Until thou lift it.

L—d, bless thy chosen in this place,
 For here thou hast a *chosen race* ;
 But G-d confound their stubborn face,
 And blast their name,
 Wha bring thy elders to disgrace,
 An' public shame.

L—d, mind Gawn Hamilton's deserts,
 He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at cartes,
 Yet has sae monie takin' arts,
 Wi' grit an' sma',
 Frae G-d's ain priest the people's hearts
 He steals awa'.

And when we chasten'd him therefore,
 Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,
 As set the world in a roar
 O' laughin' at us ;
 Curse thou his basket and his store,
 Kail an' potatoes.

L—d, hear my earnest cry an' pray'r,
 Against the presbytery o' Ayr ;
 Thy strong right hand, L—d, make it bare
 Upo' their heads,
 L—d, weigh it down, and dinna spare,
 For their misdeeds.

O L—d, my G-d, that glib-tongued Aiken :
 My vera heart an' saul are quakin',
 To think how we stood groanin', shakin',
 And swat wi' dread,
 While he wi' hangin' lip and sneakin'
 Held up his head.

L—d, in the day of vengeance try him,
 L—d, visit them wha did employ him,
 And pass not in thy mercy by 'em,
 Nor hear their pray'r ;
 But, for thy people's sake, destroy 'em,
 And dinna spare.

But, L—d, remember me and mine
 Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,
 That I for gear and grace may shine,
 Excell'd by nane,
 An' a' the glory shall be thine :
Amen. amen.

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## EPITAPH ON HOLY WILLIE.

HERE Holy Willie's sair-worn clay  
 Tak's up its last abode ;  
 His saul has ta'en some other way,  
 I fear the left-hand road.

Stop ! there he is, as sure's a gun,  
 Poor silly body, see him !  
 Nae wonder he's as black's the grun,  
 Observe wha's standin' wi' him.

Your brunstane devilship, I see,  
 Has got him there before ye ;  
 But haud your nine-tail cat a wee,  
 Till ance you've heard my story.

Your pity I will not implore,  
 For pity ye hae nane ;  
 Justice, alas ! has gi'en him o'er,  
 And mercy's day is gane :

But hear me, sir, de'il as ye are,  
 Look something to your credit ;  
 A coof like him would stain your name,  
 If it were ken'd you did it.

## LAMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS,

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green  
On every blooming tree,  
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white  
Out o'er the grassy lea:  
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,  
And glads the azure skies;  
But nocht can glad the weary wight  
That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,  
Aloft on dewy wing;  
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,  
Makes woodland echoes ring;  
The mavis mild, wi' many a note,  
Sings drowsy day to rest:  
In love and freedom they rejoice,  
Wi' care nor thrall oppress.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,  
The primrose down the brae;  
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,  
And milk-white is the slae:  
The meanest hind in fair Scotland  
May rove their sweets amang;  
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,  
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,  
Where happy I ha'e been;  
Fu' lightly raise I in the morn,  
As blythe lay down at e'en:  
And I'm the Sov'reign of Scotland,  
And monie a traitor there:  
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,  
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman!  
My sister and my fae,  
Grim Vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword  
That through thy soul shall gae:  
The weeping blood in woman's breast  
Was never known to thee;  
Nor th' balm that drops on wounds of woe  
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son! my son! may kinder stars  
Upon thy fortune shine;  
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,  
That ne'er wad blink on mine!  
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,  
Or turn their hearts to thee;  
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,  
Remember him for me!

Oh! soon, to me, may summer suns  
Nae mair light up the morn!  
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds  
Wave o'er the yellow corn!  
And in the narrow house o' death  
Let winter round me rave;  
And the next flowers that deck the spring,  
Bloom on my peaceful grave!

## THE HOLY FAIR\*.

A robe of seeming truth and trust  
Hid crafty Observation;  
And secret hung, with poison'd crust,  
The dirk of Defamation:  
A mask that like the gorget show'd  
Dye-varying on the pigeon;  
And for a mantle large and broad,  
He wrapt him in Religion.

HYPOCRIST A-LA-RUDE!

UPON a simmer Sunday morn,  
When Nature's face was fair,  
I walked forth to view the corn,  
And snuff the caller air:  
The rising sun owre Galston muirs,  
Wi' glorious light was glintin';  
The hares were hirpling down the furs,  
The lav'rocks they were chantin'  
Fu' sweet that day.

As lightsomely I glow'd abroad,  
To see a scene sae gay,  
Three hizzies, early at the road,  
Cam' skelpin' up the way:  
Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,  
But ane wi' lyart lining;  
The third, that gaed a-wee aback,  
Was in the fashion shining,  
Fu' gay that day.

The twa appear'd like sisters twin,  
In feature, form, and claes;  
Their visage wither'd, lang, and thin,  
And sour as ony slaes:  
The third cam up, hap-stap-an'-loup,  
As light as ony lambie,  
And wi' a curchie low did stoop,  
As soon as e'er she saw me,  
Fu' kind that day.

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, "Sweet lass,  
I think ye seem to ken me;  
I'm sure I've seen that bonnie face,  
But yet I canna name ye."  
Quo' she, and laughing as she spak',  
An' tak's me by the hands,  
"Ye for my sake, ha'e gi'en the feck  
Of a' the Ten Commands  
A screed some day.

"My name is Fun—your crony dear,  
The nearest friend ye ha'e;  
And this is Superstition here,  
And that's Hypocrisy.  
I'm gaun to Mauchline Holy Fair,  
To spend an hour in daffin':  
Gin ye'll gae there, yon runkled pair,  
We will get famous laughin'  
At them this day."

Quoth I, "Wi' a' my heart I'll do't;  
I'll get my Sunday's sark on,  
And meet you on the holy spot;  
Faith, we'se ha'e fine remarkin'!"  
Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,  
And soon I made me ready;  
For roads were clad, frae side to side,  
Wi' mony a weary body,  
In droves that day.

\* Holy Fair is a common phrase in the West of Scotland for a sacramental occasion.



Here farmers gash, in ridin' graith,  
 Gaed hoddin by their cotters ;  
 There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith,  
 Are springin' o'er the gutters.  
 The lasses, skelpin barefit, thrang,  
 In silks and scarlet glitter ;  
 Wi' sweet-milk cheese, in mony a whang,  
 And fairs baked wi' butter,  
 Fu' crump that day.

When by the plate we set our nose,  
 Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,  
 A greedy glowr Black Bonnet throws,  
 And we maun draw our tippence.  
 Then in we go to see the show :  
 On every side they're gatherin',  
 Some carrying dails, some chairs and stools,  
 And some are busy blethin'  
 Right loud that day.

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,  
 An' screen our countra gentry,  
 There Racer Jess, an' twa-three whores,  
 Are blinkin' at the entry.  
 Here sits a raw of tittlin' jades,  
 Wi' heaving breast and bare neck.  
 And there a batch o' wabster lads,  
 Blackguardin' frae Kilmarnock  
 For fun this day.

Here some are thinkin' on their sins,  
 An' some upon their claes ;  
 Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,  
 Anither sighs and prays :  
 On this hand sits a chosen swatch,  
 Wi' screwed-up grace-proud faces ;  
 On that a set o' chaps at watch,  
 Thrang winkin' on the lasses  
 To chairs that day.

O happy is that man and blest !  
 Nae wonder that it pride him !  
 Wha's ain dear lass, that he likes best,  
 Comes clinkin' down beside him.  
 Wi' arm reposd on the chair back,  
 He sweetly does compose him,  
 Which, by degrees, slips round her neck,  
 An's loof upon her bosom,  
 Unkenn'd that day.

Now a' the congregation o'er  
 Is silent expectation ;  
 For Moodie speels the holy door,  
 Wi' tidings o' damnation.  
 Should Hornie, as in ancient days,  
 'Mang sons o' God present him,  
 The vera sight o' Moodie's face  
 To 's ain het hame had sent him  
 Wi' fright that day.

Hear how he clears the points o' faith,  
 Wi' rattlin' and wi' thumpin' !  
 Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,  
 He's stampin' and he's jumpin' !  
 His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd-up snout,  
 His eldritch squeel and gestures,  
 Oh ! how they fire the heart devout,  
 Like cantharidian plasters,  
 On sic a day.

But hark ! the tent has changed its voice ;  
 There's peace and rest nae langer ;  
 For a' the real judges rise,  
 They canna sit for anger !  
 Smith opens out his cauld harangues  
 On practice and on morals ;  
 And aff the godly pour in thrangs,  
 To gi'e the jars and barrels  
 A lift that day.

What signifies his barren shine  
 O' moral powers and reason ?  
 His English style, and gesture fine,  
 Are a' clean out o' season.  
 Like Socrates or Antonine,  
 Or some auld pagan heathen,  
 The moral man he does define,  
 But ne'er a word o' faith in  
 That's right that day.

In guid time comes an antidote  
 Against sic poisoned nostrum ;  
 For Peebles, frae the Water-fit,  
 Ascends the holy rostrum :  
 See, up he's got the word o' God,  
 And meek and mim has view'd it,  
 While Common Sense has ta'en the road,  
 And aff, and up the Cowgate,\*  
 Fast, fast that day.

Wee Miller, neist, the guard relieves,  
 And orthodoxy raibles,  
 Though in his heart he weel believes  
 And thinks it auld wives' fables :  
 But, faith ! the birkie wants a manse,  
 So cannily he hums them ;  
 Although his carnal wit and sense  
 Like haffin'-ways o'ercomes him  
 At times that day.

Now butt and ben, the change-house fills  
 Wi' yill-caup commentators ;  
 Here's crying out for bakes and gills,  
 And there the pint-stoup clatters ;  
 While thick and thrang, and loud and lang,  
 Wi' logic and wi' scripture,  
 They raise a din, that in the end  
 Is like to breed a rupture  
 O' wrath that day.

Leeze me on drink ! it gi'es us mair  
 Than either school or college,  
 It kindles wit, it waukens lair,  
 It pangs us fu' o' knowledge :  
 Be't whiskey gill, or penny wheep,  
 Or ony stronger potion,  
 It never fails, on drinking deep,  
 To kittle up our notion  
 By night or day.

The lads and lasses, blythely bent  
 To mind baith saul and body,  
 Sit round the table, weel content,  
 And steer about the toddy.  
 On this ane's dress, and that ane's leuk,  
 They're making observations ;  
 While some are cozie i' the neuk,  
 And formin' assignments  
 To meet some day.

\*A street so called, which faces the tent in Mauchline.

But now the Lord's ain Trumpet touts,  
 Till a' the hills are rairin',  
 And echoes back return the shouts,  
 Black Russell is nae sparín';  
 His piercing words, like Highland swords,  
 Divide the joints and marrow;  
 His talk o' hell, whare devils dwell,  
 Our vera sauls does harrow\*  
 Wi' fright that day.

A vast, unbottom'd, boundless pit,  
 Fill'd fu' o' lowin brunstane,  
 Whase ragin' flame, and scorchin' heat,  
 Wad melt the hardest whunstane!  
 The hauf asleep start up wi' fear,  
 And think they hear it roarin',  
 When presently it does appear  
 'Twas but some neebor snorin'  
 Asleep that day.

'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell  
 How many stories past,  
 And how they crowded to the yill  
 When they were a' dismiss;  
 How drink gaed round, in cogs and caups,  
 Among the furms and benches,  
 And cheese and bread, frae women's laps,  
 Was dealt about in lunches,  
 An' dawds that day.

In comes a gaucie, gash gudewife,  
 And sits down by the fire,  
 Syne draws her kebbuck and her knife;  
 The lasses they are shyer.  
 The auld gudemen, about the grace,  
 Frae side to side they bother,  
 Till some ane by his bonnet lays,  
 And gi'es them't like a tether,  
 Fu' lang that day.

Waesucks! for him that gets nae lass,  
 Or lasses that ha'e naething!  
 Sma' need has he to say a grace,  
 Or melvie his braw claithing!  
 O wives, be mindfu', ance yoursel'  
 How bonnie lads ye wanted,  
 And dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,  
 Let lasses be affronted  
 On sic a day.

Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlin' tow,  
 Begins to jow and croon;  
 Some swagger hame, the best they dow,  
 Some wait the afternoon,  
 At slaps the billies halt a blink,  
 Till lasses strip their-shoon:  
 Wi' faith and hope, and love and drink,  
 They're a' in famous tune  
 For crack that day.

How many hearts this day converts  
 O' sinners and o' lasses!  
 Their hearts o' stane, gin night, are gane  
 As saft as ony flesh is.  
 There's some are fu' o' love divine;  
 There's some are fu' o' brandy;  
 An' mony jobs, that day begun,  
 May end in houghmagandie  
 Some ither day.

## THE ORDINATION.

For sense they little owe to frugal Heaven,—  
 To please the mob they hide the little given.

KILMARNOCK wabsters, fidge and claw,  
 And pour your creeshie nations;  
 And ye wha leather rax and draw,  
 O' a' denominations;  
 Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane and a',  
 And there tak' up your stations;  
 Then aff to Begbie's in a row,  
 And pour divine libations  
 For joy this day.

Curst Common-Sense, that imp o' hell,  
 Cam' in wi' Maggy Lauder\*,  
 But Oliphant aft made her yell,  
 And Russell sair misca'd her;  
 This day M'Kinlay taks the flail,  
 And he's the boy will blaud her!  
 He'll clap a shangan on her tail,  
 And set the bairns to daud her  
 Wi' dirt this day.

Mak' haste and turn King David owre,  
 And lilt wi' holy clangor;  
 O' double verse come gi'e us four,  
 And skirl up the Bangor:  
 This day the kirk kicks up a stoure,  
 Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,  
 For Heresy is in her power,  
 And gloriously she'll whang her  
 Wi' pith this day.

Come, let a proper text be read,  
 And touch it aff wi' vigour,  
 How graceless Ham† leugh at his dad,  
 Which made Canaan a niger;  
 Or Phineas‡ drove the murdering blade,  
 Wi' whore-aborring rigour;  
 Or Zipporah§, the scauldin' jade,  
 Was like a bluidy tiger  
 I' th' inn that day.

There, try his mettle on the creed,  
 And bind him down wi' caution,  
 That stipend is a carnal weed  
 He tak's but for the fashion;  
 And gi'e him o'er the flock, to feed,  
 And punish each transgression;  
 Especial rams that cross the breed,  
 Gi'e them sufficient threshin',  
 Spare them nae day

Now, auld Kilmarnock, cock thy tail,  
 And toss thy horns fu' canty;  
 Nae mair thou'lt rowte out-owre the dale,  
 Because thy pasture's scanty;  
 For lapfu's large o' gospel kail  
 Shall fill thy crib in plenty,  
 And runs o' grace, the pick and wale,  
 No gi'en by way o' dainty,  
 But ilka day.

Nae mair by Babel's streams we'll weep,  
 To think upon our Zion;  
 And hing our fiddles up to sleep,  
 Like baby-clouts a-dryin':

\* Alluding to a scoffing ballad which was made on the admission of the late Reverend and worthy Mr. Lindsay to the Laigh Kirk.

† Genesis, ix. 22. ‡ Numbers, xxv. 8. § Exodus, iv. 25.

Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep,  
 And o'er the thairms be tryin';  
 Oh, rare! to see our elbuck's wheep,  
 And a' like lamb-tails flyin'  
 Fu' fast this day!

Lang Patronage, wi' rod o' airn,  
 Has shored the kirk's undoin',  
 As lately Fenwick, sair forfairn,  
 Has proven to its ruin:  
 Our patron, honest man! Glencairn,  
 He saw mischief was brewin';  
 And, like a godly elect bairn,  
 He's waled us out a true ane,  
 And sound, this day.

Now, Robinson, harangue nae mair,  
 But steek your gab for ever;  
 Or try the wicked town o' Ayr,  
 For there they'll think you clever;  
 Or, nae reflection on your lair,  
 You may commence a shaver;  
 Or to the Netherton repair,  
 An' turn a carpet-weaver  
 Aff-hand this day.

Mutrie and you were just a match,  
 We never had sic twa drones;  
 Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch,  
 Just like a winkin' baudrons:  
 And aye he catch'd the tither wretch,  
 To fry them in his caudrons;  
 But now his honour maun detach,  
 Wi' a' his brimstane squadrons,  
 Fast, fast this day.

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes,  
 She's swingein' through the city,  
 Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays!  
 I vow it's unco pretty:  
 There Learning, wi' his Greekish face,  
 Grunts out some Latin ditty;  
 And Common Sense is gaun, she says,  
 To mak' to Jamie Beattie  
 Her plaint this day.

But there's Morality himsel',  
 Embracing a' opinions;  
 Hear, how he gi'es the tither yell,  
 Between his twa companions;  
 See, how she peels the skin and fell,  
 As ane were peeling onions!  
 Now there—they're packed aff to hell,  
 And banish'd our dominions,  
 Henceforth this day.

O happy day! rejoice, rejoice!  
 Come, bouse about the porter!  
 Morality's demure decoys  
 Shall here nae mair find quarter:  
 M'Kinlay, Russell, are the boys  
 That Heresy can torture;  
 They'll gi'e her on a rape a hoyse,  
 And cowe her measure shorter  
 By th' head some day.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,  
 And here's, for a conclusion,  
 "To every New Light\* mother's son,  
 From this time forth, confusion!"

\* *New Light* is a cant phrase, in the West of Scotland, for those religious opinions which Dr. Taylor, of Norwich, has defended so strenuously.

If mair they deave us wi' their din,  
 Or patronage intrusion,  
 We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin,  
 We'll rin them aff in fusion  
 Like oil, some day.

### THE CALF.

TO THE REV. MR. JAMES STEVEN,

ON HIS TEXT, MALACHI, CHAP. IV. VER. 2.

"And they shall go forth, and grow up like calves of the stall."

Right, Sir! your text I'll prove it true,  
 Though heretics may laugh;  
 For instance, there's yoursel' just now,  
 God knows, an unco' Calf!

And should some patron be so kind  
 As bless you wi' a kirk,  
 I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find  
 Ye're still as great a Stirk!

But if the lover's raptured hour  
 Shall ever be your lot,  
 Forbid it, every heavenly power,  
 You e'er should be a Stot!

Tho' when some kind, connubial dear,  
 Your but-and-ben adorns,  
 The like has been, that you may wear  
 A noble head o' horns!

And in your lug, most reverend James,  
 To hear you roar and rowt,  
 Few men o' sense will doubt your claims  
 To rank among the Nowt!

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,  
 Below a grassy hillock,  
 Wi' justice they may mark your head—  
 "Here lies a famous Bullock!"

### TO JAMES SMITH,

MAUCHLINE.

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!  
 Sweet'ner of life, and soldier of society!  
 Fowle thee much, BLAIR.

DEAR Smith, the slee'st, pawkie thief,  
 That e'er attempted stealth or rief,  
 Ye surely ha'e some warlock-breef  
 Owre human hearts;  
 For ne'er a bosom yet was prief  
 Against your arts.

For me, I swear by sun an' moon,  
 And every star that blinks aboon,  
 Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon,  
 Just gaun to see you;  
 And every ither pair that's done,  
 Mair ta'en I'm wi' you.

That auld capricious carline, Nature,  
 To mak' amends for scrimpit stature,  
 She's turn'd you aff, a human creature  
 On her first plan,  
 And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature,  
 She's wrote—The Man.



Just now I've ta'en the fit o' rhyme,  
My barmie noddle's working prime,  
My fancy yerkit up sublime  
Wi' hasty summon:  
Ha'e ye a leisure-moment's time  
To hear what's comin'?

Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash;  
Some rhyme (vain thought!) for needfu' cash;  
Some rhyme to court the countra clash,  
And raise a din;  
For me, an aim I never fash—  
I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot,  
Has fated me the russet coat,  
And damn'd my fortune to the goate;  
But, in requit,  
Has blest me wi' a random shot  
O' countra wit.

This while my notion's ta'en a sklent,  
To try my fate in gude black prent!  
But still the mair I'm that way bent,  
Something cries, "Hoolie!  
I red you, honest man, tak' tent!  
Ye'll show your folly.

"There's ither poets, much your betters,  
Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters,  
Ha'e thought they had insured their debtors  
A' future ages;  
Now moths deform, in shapeless tatters,  
Their unknown pages."

Then fareweel hopes o' laurel-boughs,  
To garland my poetic brows!  
Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs  
Are whistling thrang,  
And teach the lanely heights and howes  
My rustic sang.

I'll wander on, wi' tentless heed  
How never-halting moments speed,  
Till fate shall snap the brittle thread;  
Then, all unknown,  
I'll lay me wi' th' inglorious dead,  
Forgot and gone!

But why o' death begin a tale?  
Just now we're living, sound and hale;  
Then top and maintop crowd the sail,  
Heave Care o'er side!  
And large, before Enjoyment's gale,  
Let's tak' the tide.

This life, sae far's I understand,  
Is a' enchanted fairy-land,  
Where pleasure is the magic wand,  
That, wielded right,  
Mak's hours like minutes, hand in hand,  
Dance by fu' light.

The magic wand then let us wield:  
For, ance that five-and-forty's speel'd,  
See crazy, weary, joyless eild,  
Wi' wrinkled face,  
Comes hoastin', hirplin' owre the field,  
Wi' creepin' pace.

When ance life's day draws near the gloamin',  
Then fareweel vacant, careless roamin';  
And fareweel cheerfu' tankards foamin',  
And social noise;  
And fareweel, dear deluding woman,  
The joy o' joys!

O Life! how pleasant in thy morning,  
Young Fancy's rays the hills adornin'!  
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,  
We frisk away,  
Like school-boys at th' expected warning,  
To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,  
We eye the rose upon the brier,  
Unmindful that the thorn is near  
Amang the leaves;  
And tho' the puny wound appear,  
Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spat,  
For which they never toil'd nor swat;  
They drink the sweet, and eat the fat,  
But care or pain;  
And, haply, eye the barren hut  
Wi' high disdain.

Wi' steady aim, some Fortune chase;  
Keen Hope does every sinew brace;  
Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,  
And seize the prey:  
Then cannie, in some cozie place,  
They close the day.

And ither, like your humble servan',  
Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin';  
To right or left, eternal swervin',  
They zigzag on;  
Till curst wi' age, obscure and starvin',  
They aften groan.

Alas! what bitter toil and strainin'!—  
But truce wi' peevish, poor complainin';—  
Is Fortune's fickle Luna wanin'?  
E'en let her gang!  
Beneath what light she has remainin'  
Let's sing our sang.

My pen I here fling to the door,  
And kneel, "Ye Pow'rs!" and warm implore,  
"Though I should wander terra o'er,  
In all her climes,  
Grant me but this, I ask no more,  
Aye rowth o' rhymes.

"Gi'e dreeping roasts to countra lairds,  
Till icicles hing frae their beards;  
Gi'e fine braw claes to fine life-guards,  
And maids o' honour:  
And yill and whisky gi'e to cairds  
Until they seonner.

"A title, Dempster merits it;  
A garter gi'e to Willie Pitt;  
Gi'e wealth to some be-ledger'd cit,  
In cent. per cent.;  
But gi'e me real, sterling wit,  
And I'm content.

"While ye are pleased to keep me hale,  
I'll sit down owre my scanty meal,  
Be't water-brose or muslin-kail,  
Wi' cheerfu' face,  
As lang's the Muses dinna fail  
To say the grace."

An anxious e'e I never throws  
Behint my lug, or by my nose;  
I jouk beneath Misfortune's blows  
As weel's I may;  
Sworn foe to sorrow, care, and prose,  
I rhyme away.

O ye douce folk, that live by rule,  
Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool,  
Compared wi' you—O fool! fool! fool!  
How much unlike!  
Your hearts are just a standing pool,  
Your lives, a dyke!

Nae hare-brain'd sentimental traces  
In your unletter'd, nameless faces!  
In *arioso* trills and graces,  
Ye never stray,  
But, *gravissimo*, solemn basses  
Ye hum away.

Ye are sae *grave*, nae doubt ye're *wise*,  
Nae ferly tho' ye do despise  
The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys,  
The rattlin' squad;  
I see you upward cast your eyes—  
Ye ken the road.

Whilst I—but I shall haud me there—  
Wi' you I'll scarce gang ony where—  
Then, Jamie, I shall say nae mair,  
But quat my sang,  
Content wi' you to mak' a pair,  
Where'er I gang.

### THE VISION.

DUAN FIRST\*.

The sun had closed the winter day,  
The curlers quat their roaring play,  
And hunger'd maukin ta'en her way  
To kail-yards green,  
While faithless snaws ilk step betray  
Where she has been.

The thresher's weary flingin-tree  
The lee-lang day had tired me;  
And whan the day had closed his e'e,  
Far i' the west,  
Ben i' the spence, right pensivelie,  
I gaed to rest.

There, lanely by the ingle-cheek  
I sat, and e'ed the spewin' reek,  
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeeke,  
The auld clay biggin';  
And heard the restless rattons squeak  
About the riggin'.

\* Duan, a term of Osian's for the different divisions of a digressive poem. See his *Cath-Loda*, vol. ii. of *M'Pherson's translation*.

A' in this motty, misty clime,  
I backward mused on wasted time,  
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,  
An' done nae thing,  
But stringin' blethers up in rhyme,  
For fools to sing.

Had I to gude advice but harkit,  
I might, by this, ha'e led a market,  
Or struttit in a bank, an' clarkit  
My cash-account;  
While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarkit,  
Is a' th' amount.

I started, mutt'ring, Blockhead! coof!  
And heaved on high my waukit loof,  
To swear by a' yon starry roof,  
Or some rash aith,  
That I, henceforth, wad be rhyme-proof  
Till my last breath—

When, click! the string the sneek did draw;  
And, jee! the door gaed to the wa';  
And by my ingle-lowe I saw,  
Now bleezin' bright,  
A tight, outlandish hizzie, braw,  
Come full in sight.

Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht;  
The infant aith, half-form'd, was crusht;  
I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht  
In some wild glen;  
When sweet, like modest worth, she blusht,  
And stepped ben.

Green, slender, leaf-clad holly-boughs  
Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows;  
I took her for some Scottish Muse,  
By that same token;  
And come to stop those reckless vows  
Wad soon been broken.

A "harebrain'd, sentimental trace"  
Was strongly markit in her face;  
A wildly-witty, rustic grace  
Shone full upon her;  
Her eye, e'en turn'd on empty space,  
Beam'd keen wi' honour.

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen,  
Till half a leg was scrippily seen;  
And sic a leg! my bonny Jean  
Could only peer it;  
Sae straught, sae taper, tight, and clean,  
Nane else cam' near it.

Her mantle large, o' greenish hue,  
My gazing wonder chiefly drew;  
Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, threw  
A lustre grand,  
And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,  
A well-known land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost,  
There, mountains to the skies were tost;  
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,  
Wi' surging foam;  
There, distant shone Art's lofty boast,  
The lordly dome.

Here, Doon pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods,  
 There, well-fed Irvine stately thuds:  
 Auld hermit Ayr staw through his woods,  
     On to the shore;  
 And mony a lesser torrent scuds,  
     Wi' seemin' roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,  
 An ancient borough rear'd her head;  
 Still, as in Scottish story read,  
     She boasts a race,  
 To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,  
     And polish'd grace.

By stately tow'r, or palace fair,  
 Or ruins pendent in the air,  
 Bold stems of heroes, here and there,  
     I could discern;  
 Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,  
     Wi' feature stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,  
 To see a race\* heroic wheel,  
 And brandish round the deep-dyed steel  
     In sturdy blows;  
 While back recoiling seem'd to reel  
     Their suthron foes.

HIS COUNTRY'S SAVIOUR,† mark him well!  
 Bold Richardton's‡ heroic swell;  
 The chief on Sark§, who glorious fell,  
     In high command;  
 And He, whom ruthless fates expel  
     His native land.

There, where a sceptred Pictish|| shade  
 Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,  
 I mark'd a martial race, portray'd  
     In colours strong;  
 Bold, soldier-featured, undismay'd  
     They strode along.

Through many a wild romantic grove¶,  
 Near many a hermit-fancied cove,  
 (Fit haunts for friendship or for love,)  
     In musing mood,  
 An aged judge, I saw him rove,  
     Dispensing good.

With deep-struck reverential awe\*\*  
 The learned sire and son I saw,  
 To Nature's God and Nature's law  
     They gave their lore:  
 This, all its source and end to draw,  
     That, to adore.

\* The Wallaces.      † William Wallace.

‡ Adam Wallace, of Richardton, cousin to the immortal preserver of Scottish independence.

§ Wallace, Laird of Craigie, who was second in command, under Douglas Earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought anno 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrepid valour of the gallant Laird of Craigie, who died of his wounds after the action.

|| Collus, king of the Picts, from whom the district of Kyle is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition says, near the family-seat of the Montgomeries of Coll's-field, where his burial-place is still shown.

¶ Barskimming, the seat of the Lord Justice Clerk (Miller).

\*\* Catrine, the seat of the late Doctor, and present Professor Dugald Stewart.

Brydone's brave ward\* I well could spy,  
 Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye;  
 Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,  
     To hand him on,  
 Where many a patriot-name on high,  
     And hero shone.

#### DUAN SECOND.

With musing deep, astonish'd stare,  
 I view'd the heav'nly-seeming fair;  
 A whisp'ring throb did witness bear  
     Of kindred sweet,  
 When with an elder sister's air  
     She did me greet.

"All hail! my own inspired Bard,  
 In me thy native Muse regard!  
 Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,  
     Thus poorly low!  
 I come to give thee such reward  
     As we bestow.

"Know, the great Genius of this land  
 Has many a light, aerial band,  
 Who, all beneath his high command,  
     Harmoniously,  
 As arts or arms they understand,  
     Their labours ply.

"They Scotia's race among them share,  
 Some fire the soldier on to dare;  
 Some rouse the patriot up to bare  
     Corruption's heart;  
 Some teach the bard, a darling care,  
     The tuneful art.

"'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,  
 They, ardent, kindling spirits pour;  
 Or, 'mid the venal senate's roar,  
     They, sightless, stand,  
 To mend the honest patriot lore,  
     And grace the hand.

"And when the bard, or hoary sage,  
 Charm or instruct the future age,  
 They bind the wild poetic rage  
     In energy,  
 Or point the inconclusive page  
     Full on the eye.

"Hence Fullarton, the brave and young;  
 Hence Dempster's zeal-inspired tongue;  
 Hence sweet harmonious Beattie sung  
     His 'Minstrel lays';  
 Or tore, with noble ardour stung,  
     The sceptic's bays.

"To lower orders are assign'd  
 The humbler ranks of human-kind,  
 The rustic bard, the lab'ring hind,  
     The artisan;  
 All choose, as various they're inclined,  
     The various man.

"When yellow waves the heavy grain,  
 The threat'ning storm some strongly rein;  
 Some teach to meliorate the plain  
     With tillage-skill;  
 And some instruct the shepherd-train,  
     Blythe o'er the hill.

\* Colonel Fullarton.



"Some hint the lover's harmless wile;  
Some grace the maiden's artless smile;  
Some soothe the lab'rer's weary toil,  
For humble gains,  
And make his cottage-scenes beguile  
His cares and pains.

"Some, bounded to a district-space,  
Explore at large man's infant race,  
To mark the embryotic trace  
Of rustic bard;  
And careful note each opening grace,  
A guide and guard.

"Of these am I—Coila my name;  
And this district as mine I claim,  
Where once the Campbells, chiefs of fame,  
Held ruling pow'r:  
I mark'd thy embryo tuneful flame,  
Thy natal hour.

"With future hope, I oft would gaze  
Fond, on thy little early ways,  
Thy rudely caroll'd chiming phrase,  
In uncouth rhymes,  
Fired at the simple, artless lays  
Of other times.

"I saw thee seek the sounding shore,  
Delighted with the dashing roar;  
Or when the north his fleecy store  
Drove through the sky,  
I saw grim nature's visage hoar  
Struck thy young eye.

"Or, when the deep green-mantled earth  
Warm cherish'd ev'ry floweret's birth,  
And joy and music pouring forth  
In ev'ry grove,  
I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth  
With boundless love.

"When ripen'd fields, and azure skies,  
Call'd forth the reapers' rustling noise,  
I saw thee leave their evening joys,  
And lonely stalk,  
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise  
In pensive walk.

"When youthful love, warm-blushing, strong,  
Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,  
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,  
Th' adored Name,  
I taught thee how to pour in song,  
To soothe thy flame.

"I saw thy pulse's maddening play,  
Wild send thee pleasure's devious way,  
Misled by fancy's meteor ray,  
By passion driven;  
But yet the light that led astray  
Was light from heaven.

"I taught thy manners-painting strains,  
The loves, the ways of simple swains,  
Till now, o'er all my wide domains  
Thy fame extends:  
And some, the pride of Coila's plains,  
Become thy friends.

"Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,  
To paint with Thomson's landscape-glow;  
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,  
With Shenstone's art:  
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow  
Warm on the heart.

"Yet, all beneath th' unrivall'd rose,  
The lowly daisy sweetly blows;  
Though large the forest's monarch throws  
His army shade,  
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,  
Adown the glade.

"Then never murmur nor repine;  
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;  
And trust me, not Potosi's mine,  
Nor kings' regard,  
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,  
A rustic bard.

"To give my counsels all in one,  
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;  
Preserve the dignity of man,  
With soul erect;  
And trust, the Universal Plan  
Will all protect.

"And wear thou this"—she solemn said,  
And bound the holly round my head;  
The polish'd leaves, and berries red,  
Did rustling play;  
And, like a passing thought, she fled  
In light away.

#### MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A DIRGE.

WHEN chill November's surly blast  
Made fields and forests bare,  
One evening, as I wander'd forth  
Along the banks of Ayr,  
I spied a man, whose aged step  
Seem'd weary, worn with care;  
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,  
And hoary was his hair.

Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?  
Began the reverend sage:  
Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,  
Or youthful pleasure's rage!  
Or, haply, prest with cares and woes,  
Too soon thou hast began  
To wander forth, with me, to mourn  
The miseries of man!

The sun that overhangs yon moors,  
Outspreading far and wide,  
Where hundreds labour to support  
A haughty lordling's pride;  
I've seen yon weary winter-sun  
Twice forty times return;  
And every time has added proofs,  
That man was made to mourn.

O man! while in thy early years,  
How prodigal of time!  
Mis-spending all thy precious hours,  
Thy glorious youthful prime!

Alternate follies take the sway :  
 Licentious passions burn ;  
 Which tenfold force give nature's law,  
 That man was made to mourn.

Look not alone on youthful prime,  
 Or manhood's active might ;  
 Man then is useful to his kind,  
 Supported is his right :  
 But see him on the edge of life,  
 With cares and sorrows worn,  
 Then age and want, oh ! ill-match'd pair !  
 Show man was made to mourn.

A few seem favourites of fate,  
 In pleasure's lap carest ;  
 Yet think not all the rich and great  
 Are likewise truly blest.  
 But, oh ! what crowds in every land  
 Are wretched and forlorn !  
 Through weary life this lesson learn,  
 That man was made to mourn.

Many and sharp the numerous ills  
 Inwoven with our frame !  
 More pointed still we make ourselves,  
 Regret, remorse, and shame !  
 And man, whose heaven-erected face  
 The smiles of love adorn,  
 Man's inhumanity to man  
 Makes countless thousands mourn.

See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,  
 So abject, mean, and vile,  
 Who begs a brother of the earth  
 To give him leave to toil ;  
 And see his lordly fellow-worm  
 The poor petition spurn,  
 Unmindful, though a weeping wife,  
 And helpless offspring, mourn.

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave—  
 By nature's law design'd—  
 Why was an independent wish  
 E'er planted in my mind ?  
 If not, why am I subject to  
 His cruelty or scorn ?  
 Or why has man the will and pow'r  
 To make his fellow mourn ?

Yet let not this too much, my son,  
 Disturb thy youthful breast :  
 This partial view of human kind  
 Is surely not the last !  
 The poor, oppressed, honest man,  
 Had never, sure, been born,  
 Had there not been some recompense  
 To comfort those that mourn.

O Death ! the poor man's dearest friend,  
 The kindest and the best !  
 Welcome the hour my aged limbs  
 Are laid with thee at rest.  
 The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,  
 From pomp and pleasure torn !  
 But, oh ! a blest relief to those  
 That weary-laden mourn !

## TO RUIN.

ALL hail, inexorable lord !  
 At whose destruction-breathing word  
 The mightiest empires fall,  
 Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,  
 The ministers of grief and pain,  
 A sullen welcome, all !  
 With stern-resolved, despairing eye,  
 I see each aimed dart ;  
 For one has cut my dearest tie,  
 And quivers in my heart.  
 Then low'ring, and pouring,  
 The storm no more I dread ;  
 Tho' thickening, and blackening,  
 Round my devoted head.

And thou, grim power, by life abhorr'd,  
 While life a pleasure can afford,  
 O ! hear a wretch's prayer !  
 No more I shrink appall'd, afraid ;  
 I court, I beg thy friendly aid,  
 To close this scene of care !  
 When shall my soul, in silent peace,  
 Resign life's joyless day ;  
 My weary heart its throbbings cease,  
 Cold mouldering in the clay ?  
 No fear more, no tear more,  
 To stain my lifeless face ;  
 Enclasped, and grasped  
 Within thy cold embrace !

## LETTER TO JOHN GOUDIE,

KILMARNOCK,

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS ESSAYS.

O GOUDIE ! terror o' the Whigs,  
 Dread o' black coats and rev'rend wigs ;  
 Sour Bigotry, on her last legs,  
 Girnin' looks back,

Wishing the ten Egyptian plagues  
 Wad seize you quick.

Poor gapin' glow'rin' Superstition,  
 Waes me ! she's in a sad condition ;  
 Fy, bring Black-Jock, her state physician,  
 To see her water ;  
 Alas ! there's ground o' great suspicion  
 She'll ne'er get better.

Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple,  
 But now she's got an unco ripple ;  
 Haste, gi'e her name up i' the chapel,  
 " Nigh unto death ;"  
 See how she fetches at the thrapple,  
 An' gasps for breath.

Enthusiasm's past redemption,  
 Gane in a galloping consumption ;  
 Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gumption,  
 Will ever mend her ;  
 Her feeble pulse gi'es strong presumption,  
 Death soon will end her.

'Tis you and Taylor\* are the chief,  
 Wha are to blame for this mischief ;  
 But gin the Lord's ain folks gat leave,  
 A toom tar-barrel  
 An' twa red peats wad send relief,  
 An' end the quarrel.

\* Dr. Taylor, of Norwich.

## EPISTLE TO J. LAPRAIK,

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD.

April 1, 1785.

WHILE briers and woodbines budding green,  
And pairicks sraichin loud at e'en,  
And mornin' poussie whiddin seen,

Inspire my muse,  
This freedom in an unknown frien'  
I pray excuse.

On Fasten-e'en we had a rockin,  
To ca' the crack, and weave our stockin';  
And there was muckle fun and jokin'

Ye need na doubt :  
At length we had a hearty yokin'  
At sang about.

There was ae sang amang the rest,  
Aboon them a' it pleased me best,  
That some kind husband had address  
To some sweet wife :  
It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,  
A' to the life.

I've scarce heard ought described sae weel,  
What gen'rous manly bosoms feel ;  
Thought I, " Can this be Pope, or Steele,  
Or Beattie's wark ! "

They tauld me 'twas an odd kind chiel  
About Muirkirk.

It pat me fidgin' fain to hear't,  
And sae about him there I spier't,  
Then a' that kent him round declare't  
He had ingine,  
That nane excell'd it, few cam' near't,  
It was sae fine ;

That, set him to a pint o' ale,  
An' either douce or merry tale,  
Or rhymes and sangs he'd made himsel',  
Or witty catches,  
'Tween Inverness and Teviotdale,  
He had few matches.

Then up I gat, and swore an aith,  
Tho' I should pawn my plough and graith,  
Or die a cadger-pownie's death,  
At some dyke-back,  
A pint and gill I'd gie them baith  
To hear your crack.

But, first and foremost, I should tell,  
Amaist as soon as I could spell,  
I to the crambo-jingle fell,  
Tho' rude and rough,  
Yet crooning to a body's sel'  
Does weel enough.

I am nae poet, in a sense,  
But just a rhymmer, like, by chance,  
And ha'e to learning nae pretence,  
Yet, what the matter ?  
Whene'er my muse does on me glance,  
I jingle at her.

Your critic-folk may cock their nose,  
And say, " How can you e'er propose,  
You, wha ken hardly verse frae prose,  
To mak' a sang ! "  
But, by your leaves, my learned foes,  
Ye're maybe wrang.

What's a' your jargon o' your schools,  
Your Latin names for horns and stools,  
If honest nature made you fools,  
What sairs your grammars ?

Ye'd better ta'en up spades and shoals,  
Or knappin'-hammers.

A set o' dull conceited hashes,  
Confuse their brains in college classes !  
They gang in stirks, and come out asses,  
Plain truth to speak ;  
And syne they think to climb Parnassus  
By dint o' Greek.

Gi'e me ae spark o' Nature's fire,  
That's a' the learning I desire ;  
Then tho' I drudge, thro' dub and mire  
At plough or cart,  
My muse, tho' hamely in attire,  
May touch the heart.

O for a spunk o' Allan's glee,  
Or Fergusson's, the bauld and slee,  
Or bright Lapraik's, my friend to be,  
If I can hit it .  
That would be lear enough for me,  
If I could get it.

Now, sir, if ye ha'e friends enow,  
Tho' real friends, I believe, are few,  
Yet if your catalogue be fu',  
I'se no insist,  
But gif you want ae friend that's true,  
I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about mysel' :  
As ill I like my fau'ts to tell ;  
But friends, and folk that wish me well,  
They sometimes roose me ;  
Tho' I maun own, as monie still  
As sair abuse me.

There's ae wee fau't they whyles lay to me,  
I like the lasses—Gude forgi'e me !  
For mony a plack they wheedle frae me,  
At dance or fair ;  
Maybe some ither thing they gi'e me  
They weel can spare.

But Mauchline race, or Mauchline fair,  
I should be proud to meet you there ;  
We'se gi'e ae night's discharge to care,  
If we forgather,  
And ha'e a swap o' rhymin'-ware  
Wi' ane anither.

The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,  
And kirsen him wi' reekin' water ;  
Syne we'll sit down and tak our whitter,  
To cheer our heart ;  
And faith we'se be acquainted better  
Before we part.

Awa', ye selfish warl'y race,  
Wha think that havins, sense, and grace,  
Ev'n love and friendship, should give place  
To catch-the-plack !  
I dinna like to see your face,  
Nor hear your crack.



But ye whom social pleasure charms,  
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,  
Who hold your being on the terms,  
    "Each aid the others,"  
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,  
    My friends, my brothers !

But, to conclude my lang epistle,  
As my auld pen's worn to the grissle ;  
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fiddle,  
    Who am, most fervent,  
While I can either sing, or whistle,  
    Your friend and servant.

## TO THE SAME.

April 21, 1785.

WHILE new-ca'd kye rowte at the stake,  
And pownies reek in plough or braik,  
This hour on e'ening's edge I take,  
    To own I'm debtor  
To honest-hearted, auld Lapraik,  
    For his kind letter.

Forjesket sair, wi' weary legs,  
Rattlin' the corn out-owre the rigs,  
Or dealing through among the naigs  
    Their ten-hours' bite,  
My awkward Muse sair pleads and begs,  
    I wadna write.

The tapetless ramfeezl'd hizzy,  
She's saft at best, and something lazy ;  
Quo' she, " Ye ken, we've been sae bizzie  
    This month and mair,  
That, truth, my head is grown right dizzie,  
    And something sair."

Her dowff excuses pat me mad :  
" Conscience," says I, " ye thowless jade !  
I'll write, and that a hearty blaud,  
    This vera night ;  
Sae dinna ye affront your trade,  
    But rhyme it right.

" Shall bauld Lapraik, the king o' hearts,  
Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes,  
Roose ye sae weel for your deserts,  
    In terms sae friendly,  
Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts,  
    And thank him kindly !"

Sae I gat paper in a blink,  
And down gaed stumpy i' the ink :  
Quoth I, " Before I sleep a wink,  
    I vow I'll close it ;  
And if ye winna mak' it clink,  
    By Jove I'll prose it !"

Sae I've begun to scrawl, but whether  
In rhyme or prose, or baith together,  
Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neither,  
    Let time mak' proof ;  
But I shall scribble down some blether,  
    Just clean aff-loof.

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge and carp,  
Tho' fortune use you hard and sharp ;  
Come, kittle up your muirland harp  
    Wi' gleesome touch !  
Ne'er mind how Fortune waft and warp ;  
    She's but a bitch.

She's gi'en me mony a jirt and fleg,  
Sin' I could striddle owre a rig ;  
But, by the L—d, tho' I should beg  
    Wi' lyart pow,  
I'll laugh, and sing, and shake my leg,  
    As lang's I dow !

Now comes the sax and twentieth simmer  
I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,  
Still persecuted by the limmer  
    Frae year to year ;  
But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,  
    I, Rob, am here.

Do ye envy the city gent,  
Behind a kist to lie and skilent,  
Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent.  
    And muckle wame,  
In some bit brugh to represent  
    A balie's name ?

Or is't the paughty, feudal thane,  
Wi' ruffled sark and glancin' cane,  
Wha thinks himsel' nae sheep-shank bane,  
    But lordly stalks,  
While caps and bonnets aff are ta'en,  
    As by he walks.

" O Thou wha gi'es us each gude gift,  
Gi'e me o' wit and sense a lift,  
Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift,  
    Thro' Scotland wide ;  
Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,  
    In a' their pride."

Were this the charter of our state,  
" On pain o' hell be rich and great,"  
Damnation then would be our fate,  
    Beyond remead ;  
But, thanks to Heav'n ! that's no the gate  
    We learn our creed.

For thus the royal mandate ran,  
When first the human race began :  
" The social, friendly, honest man,  
    Whate'er he be,  
"Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,  
    And none but he !"

O mandate glorious and divine !  
The ragged followers o' the nine,  
Poor thoughtless devils, yet may shine  
    In glorious light,  
While sordid sons o' Mammon's line  
    Are dark as night.

Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl,  
Their worthless nieveu' of a soul  
May in some future carcass howl,  
    The forest's fright ;  
Or in some day-detesting owl  
    May shun the light.

Then may Lapraik and Burns arise,  
To reach their native, kindred skies,  
And sing their pleasures, hopes, and joys  
    In some mild sphere,  
Still closer knit in friendship's ties,  
    Each passing year.

TO WILLIAM SIMPSON,  
OCHILTREE.

May, 1785.

I GAT your letter, winsome Willie :  
Wi' gratefu' heart, I thank you brawlie  
Though I maun say't, I wad be silly,  
                    And unco vain,  
Should I believe, my coaxin' billie,  
                    Your flatterin' strain.

But I'se believe ye kindly meant it,  
I sud be laith to think ye hinted  
Ironie satire, sidelins sklentend  
                    On my poor musie ;  
Though insic phraisin terms ye've penn'd it  
                    I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel,  
Should I but daur a hope to speel,  
Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfiel',  
                    The braes o' fame ;  
Or Fergusson, the writer chiel,  
                    A deathless name.

(O Fergusson ! thy glorious parts  
Ill suited law's dry, musty arts ;  
My curse upon your whunstone hearts,  
                    Ye Enbrugh gentry !  
The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes  
                    Wad stow'd his pantry !)

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,  
Or lasses gi'e my heart a screed,  
As whyles they're like to be my dead,  
                    (O sad disease !)  
I kittle up my rustic reed,  
                    It gi'es me ease.

Auld Coila now may fidge fu' fain,  
She's gotten poets o' her ain,  
Chiels wha their chanters winna hain,  
                    But tune their lays,  
Till echoes a' resound again  
                    Her wheel-sung praise.

Nae poet thought her worth his while,  
To set her name in measured style ;  
She lay like some unkenn'd-of isle  
                    Beside New Hollan',  
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil  
                    Besouth Magellan.

Ramsay and famous Fergusson  
Gied Forth and Tay a lift aboon ;  
Yarrow and Tweed, to monie a tune,  
                    Owre Scotland rings,  
While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, and Doon,  
                    Naebody sings.

Th' Ilissus, Tiber, Thames, and Seine,  
Glide sweet in mony a tunefu' line ;  
But, Willie, set your fit to mine,  
                    And cock your crest,  
We'll gar our streams and burnies shine  
                    Up wi' the best.

We'll sing auld Coila's plains and fells,  
Her muirs red-brown wi' heather-bells,  
Her banks and braes, her dens and dells,  
                    Whare glorious Wallace  
Aft bure the gree, as story tells,  
                    Frae southron billies.

At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood  
But boils up in a spring-tide flood !  
Oft ha'e our fearless fathers strode  
                    By Wallace' side,  
Still pressing onward red-wat shod,  
                    Or glorious died.

O sweet are Coila's haughs and woods,  
When lintwhites chant amang the buds,  
And jinkin hares in amorous whids,  
                    Their loves enjoy,  
While through the braes the cushat croods  
                    Wi' wailfu' cry.

Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me,  
When winds rave through the naked tree ;  
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree  
                    Are hoary gray ;  
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,  
                    Dark'ning the day !

O Nature ! a' thy shows and forms,  
To feeling, pensive hearts ha'e charms !  
Whether the summer kindly warms  
                    Wi' life and light !  
Or winter howls, in gusty storms,  
                    The lang dark night !

The Muse nae poet ever fand her,  
Till by himsel' he learn'd to wander,  
Adown some trottin' burn's meander,  
                    And no think lang ;  
O, sweet, to stray and pensive ponder  
                    A heart-felt sang !

The warl'y race may drudge and drive,  
Hog-shouter, jundie, stretch, and strive,  
Let me fair Nature's face describe,  
                    And I, wi' pleasure,  
Shall let the bizzzy, grumbling hive  
                    Bum o'er their treasure.

Fareweel, "my rhyme-composing brither,"  
We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither :  
Now let us lay our heads thegither,  
                    In love fraternal :  
May Envy wallop in a tether,  
                    Black fiend, infernal !

While Highlandmen hate tolls and taxes ;  
While muirlan' herds like gude fat braxies ;  
While Terra Firma on her axis  
                    Diurnal turns,  
Count on a friend, in faith and practice,  
                    In ROBERT BURNS.

POSTSCRIPT.

My memory's no worth a preen ;  
I had amaist forgotten clean,  
Ye bade me write you what they mean  
                    By this new-light\*,  
'Bout which our herds sae aft ha'e been  
                    'Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callants  
At grammar, logic, and sic talents,  
They took nae pains their speech to balance,  
                    Or rules to gi'e,  
But spak' their thoughts in plain, braid Lallans,  
                    Like you or me.

\* See Note, page 20.

In thae auld times, they thought the moon  
Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon,  
Wore by degrees, till her last roun'

Gaed past their viewin',  
And shortly after she was done,  
They gat a new ane.

This pass'd for certain, undisputed ;  
It ne'er cam' in their heads to dou't it,  
Till chiels gat up and wad confute it,  
And ca'd it wrang ;  
And muckle din there was about it,  
Baith loud and lang.

Some herds, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,  
Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk ;  
For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a neuk,  
And out o' sight,  
And backlins-comin', to the leuk  
She grew mair bright.

This was denied—it was affirm'd—  
The herds and hissels were alarm'd ;  
The rev'rend greybeards raved and storm'd  
That beardless laddies  
Should think they better were inform'd  
Than their auld daddies.

Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks ;  
Frae words and aiths to clours and nicks,  
And mony a fallow gat his licks,  
Wi' hearty crunt ;  
And some, to learn them for their tricks,  
Were hang'd and brunt.

This game was play'd in mony lands,  
And auld-light caddies bure sic hands,  
That faith, the youngsters took the sands  
Wi' nimble shanks,  
Till lairds forbade, by strict commands,  
Sic bluidy pranks.

But new-light herds gat sic a cowe,  
Folk thought them ruin'd stick and stowe,  
Till now amais on every knowe,  
Ye'll find ane placed ;  
And some their new-light fair avow,  
Just quite bare-faced.

Nae doubt the auld-light flocks are bleatin' :  
Their zealous herds are vex'd and sweatin' :  
Mysel', I've even seen them greetin'  
Wi' girmin spite,  
By word and write.

But shortly they will cove the loons !  
Some auld-light herds in neebor towns  
Are mind't, in things they ca' balloons,  
To tak' a flight,  
And stay ae month among the moons,  
And see them right.

Gude observation they will gi'e them ;  
And when the auld moon's gaun to lea'e them,  
The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,  
Just i' their pouch,  
And when the new-light billies see them,  
I think they'll crouch !

Sae ye observe, that a' this clatter  
Is naething but a "moonshine matter ;"  
But though dull prose-folk Latin splatter  
In logic tulzie,  
I hope we bardies ken some better  
Than mind sic bruilzie.

## TO J. LAPRAIK.

Sept. 13th, 1785.

Guid speed an' furdur to you, Johnie,  
Guid health, hale han's, an' weather bonnie ;  
Now when ye're nickan down fu' cannie  
The staff o' bread,  
May ye ne'er want a stoup o' bran'y  
To clear your head.

May Boreas never thresh your rigs,  
Nor kick your rickles aff their legs,  
Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs an' hagg's  
Like drivin' wrack ;  
But may the tapmost grain that wags  
Come to the sack.

I'm busy too, an' skelpin at it,  
But bitter, daudin' showers ha'e wat it.  
Sae my auld stumple pen I gat it  
Wi' muckle wark,  
An' took my jocteleg an' whatt it,  
Like ony clerk.

Its now twa month that I'm your debtor  
For your braw, nameless, dateless letter  
Abusin' me for harsh ill nature  
On holy men ;  
While de'il a hair yoursel' ye're better,  
But mair profane.

But let the kirk-folk ring their bells,  
Let's sing about our noble sel's ;  
We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills  
To help, or roose us,  
But browster wives and whisky stills,  
They are the muses.

Your friendship, Sir, I winna quat it,  
An' if ye mak objections at it,  
Then han' in nieve some day we'll knot it,  
An' witness take,  
An' when wi' usquabae we've wat it  
It winna break.

But if the beast and branks be spared  
Till kye be gaun without the herd,  
An' a' the vittell in the yard,  
An' theekit right,  
I mean your ingle-side to guard  
Ae winter night.

Then muse-inspirin' aquavitæ  
Shall make us baith sae blithe an' witty,  
Till ye forget ye're auld an' gatty,  
An' be as canty  
As ye were nine years less than thretty,  
Sweet ane an' twenty !

But stooks are cowpet wi' the blast,  
And now the sun keeks in the west,  
Then I maun rin amang the rest  
An' quat my chanter ;  
Sae I subscribe mysel' in haste,  
Yours, RAB THE RANTER.



## TO THE REV. JOHN M'MATH,

ENCLOSING A COPY OF "HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER" WHICH  
HE HAD REQUESTED.

Sept. 17, 1785.

WHILE at the stook the shearers cower  
To shun the bitter blaudin shower,  
Or in gulravage rinnin' scow'r  
To pass the time,  
To you I dedicate the hour  
In idle rhyme.

My musie, tired wi' mony a sonnet  
On gown, an' ban', and douse black bonnet,  
Is grown right eerie now she's done it,  
Lest they should blame her,  
An' rouse their holy thunder on it  
And anathem her.

I own 'twas rash, an' rather hardy,  
That I, a simple, kintra bardie,  
Should meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy,  
Wha, if they ken me,  
Can easy, wi' a single wordie,  
Lowse hell upon me.

But I gae mad at their grimaces,  
Their sighin', cantin', grace-proud faces,  
Their three-mile prayers, an' hauf-mile graces,  
Their raxan conscience,  
Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces  
Waur nor their nonsense.

There's Gaun\*, misca't waur than a beast,  
Wha has mair honour in his breast  
Than mony scores as guid's the priest  
Wha sae abus't him,  
An' may a bard no crack his jest  
What way they've use't him?

See him† the poor man's friend in need,  
The gentleman in word an' deed,  
An' shall his fame an' honour bleed  
By worthless skellums,  
An' not a muse erect her head  
To cove the blellums?

O Pope, had I thy satire's darts,  
To gie the rascals their deserts,  
I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts,  
An' tell aloud  
Their jugglin' hocus-pocus arts  
To cheat the crowd.

God knows, I'm no the thing I should be,  
Nor am I even the thing I could be,  
But twenty times I rather would be  
An atheist clean,  
Than under gospel colours hid be,  
Just for a screen.

An honest man may like a glass,  
An honest man may like a lass,  
But mean revenge, an' malice fause,  
He'll still disdain,  
An' then cry zeal for gospel laws,  
Like some we ken.

\* Gavin Hamilton, Esq.

† The poet has introduced the two first lines of this stanza into the dedication of his works to Mr. Hamilton.

They take religion in their mouth;  
They talk o' mercy, grace, an' truth,  
For what? to gie their malice skouth  
On some puir wight,  
An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth,  
To ruin straight.

All hail, Religion! maid divine!  
Pardon a muse sae mean as mine,  
Who in her rough imperfect line  
Thus daurs to name thee;  
To stigmatize false friends of thine  
Can ne'er defame thee.

Though blotcht an' foul wi' mony a stain,  
An' far unworthy of thy train,  
With trembling voice I tune my strain  
To join with those  
Who boldly dare thy cause maintain  
In spite of foes:

In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs,  
In spite o' undermining jobs,  
In spite o' dark banditti stabs  
At worth an' merit,  
By scoundrels, even wi' holy robes,  
But hellish spirit.

O Ayr! my dear, my native ground,  
Within thy presbytereal bound  
A candid lib'ral band is found  
Of public teachers,  
As men, as Christians too, renown'd,  
An' manly preachers.

Sir, in that circle you are named  
Sir, in that circle you are fam'd;  
An' some, by whom your doctrine's blamed  
(Which gies you honour)  
Even, Sir, by them your heart's esteem'd,  
An' winning manner.

Pardon this freedom I have ta'en;  
An' if impertinent I've been,  
Impute it not, good sir, in aye  
Whase heart ne'er wrang'd ye,  
But to his utmost would befriend  
Ought that belang'd ye.

## TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH,

November, 1785.

WEE, sleekit, cowerin', tim'rous beastie,  
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!  
Thou need na start awa' sae hastie,  
Wi' bickering brattle!  
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,  
Wi' murd'rin' pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion  
Has broken Nature's social union,  
An' justifies that ill opinion  
Which makes thee startle  
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,  
An' fellow-mortal.

I doubt na, whiles, but thou may thieve ;  
 What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !  
 A daimen-icker in a thrave  
     'S a sma' request :  
 I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,  
     And never miss't.

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !  
 It's silly wa's the win's are strewin !  
 An' naething now to big a new ane  
     O' foggage green !  
 An' bleak December's winds ensuin',  
     Baith snell and keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,  
 An' weary winter coming fast,  
 An' cozie here, beneath the blast,  
     Thou thought to dwell,  
 Till crash ! the cruel coulter past  
     Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble,  
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble !  
 Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,  
     But house or hald,  
 To thole the winter's sleety dribble,  
     And cranreuch cauld !

But, mousie, thou art no thy lane,  
 In proving foresight may be vain :  
 The best-laid schemes o' mice and men  
     Gang aft a-gley,  
 And lea'e us nought but grief and pain,  
     For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me !  
 The present only toucheth thee ;  
 But, och ! I backward cast my e'e,  
     On prospects drear !  
 And forward, though I canna see,  
     I guess an' fear.

### SCOTCH DRINK.

Gie him strong drink until he wink,  
 That's sinking in despair ;  
 And liquor comes to fire his blude,  
 That's prest wi' grief and care :  
 There let him bouse, and deep carouse,  
 Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,  
 Till he forgets his loves or debts,  
 And minds his griefs no more.

SOLOMON'S PROVERBS, xxxi. 6, 7.

Let other poets raise a fracas,  
 'Bout vines, and wines, and drunken Bacchus,  
 And crabbit names and stories wrack us,  
     And grate our lug,  
 I sing the juice Scotch Bear can mak' us,  
     In glass or jug.

O thou, my Muse ! gude auld Scotch drink !  
 Whether through wimpling worms thou jink,  
 Or, richly brown, ream ower the brink,  
     In glorious faem,  
 Inspire me, till I lisp and wink,  
     To sing thy name !

Let husky wheat the haughs adorn,  
 And aits set up their awnie horn,  
 And peace and beans at e'en or morn,  
     Perfume the plain,  
 Leeze me on thee, John Barleycorn,  
     Thou king o' grain !

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,  
 In souple scones, the wale o' food !  
 Or tumblin' in the boiling flood  
     Wi' kail an' beef ;  
 But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,  
     There thou shines chief.

Food fills the wame, and keeps us livin' ;  
 Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin'  
 When heavy dragg'd wi' pine and grievin' ;  
     But, oil'd by thee,  
 Tho' wheels o' life gae down hill, scrievin'  
     Wi' rattlin' glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear ;  
 Thou cheers the heart o' drooping Care ;  
 Thou strings the nerves o' Labour sair,  
     At's weary toil ;  
 Thou even brightens dark Despair  
     Wi' gloomy smile.

Aft, clad in massive siller weed,  
 Wi' gentles thou erects thy head ;  
 Yet humbly kind, in time o' need  
     The poor man's wine ;  
 His wee drap parritch, or his bread,  
     Thou kitchens fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts ;  
 But thee, what were our fairs and rants ?  
 Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts,  
     By thee inspired,  
 When gaping they besiege the tents,  
     Are doubly fired.

That merry night we get the corn in,  
 O sweetly then thou reams the horn in !  
 Or reekin' on a New-year mornin'  
     In cog or bicker,  
 An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,  
     And gusty sucker !

When Vulcan gi'es his bellows breath,  
 And ploughmen gather with their graith,  
 O rare ! to see thee fizz and freath  
     I' the luggit caup !  
 Then Burnewin\* comes on like death  
     At ev'ry chaup.

Nae mercy then for airn or steel ;  
 The brawnie, bainie, ploughman chiel,  
 Brings hard owrechip, wi' sturdy wheel,  
     The strong forehammer  
 Till block and studdie ring and reel  
     Wi' dinsome clamour.

When skirlin' weanies see the light,  
 Thou mak's the gossips clatter bright  
 How fumblin' cuifs their dairies slight ;  
     Wae worth the name !  
 Nae howdie gets a social night,  
     Or plack frae them.

When neebors anger at a plea,  
 And just as wud as wud can be,  
 How easy can the barley-bree  
     Cement the quarrel !  
 It's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee  
     To taste the barrel.

\* Burnewin—Burn-the-wind—the Blacksmith.

Alake ! that e'er my Muse has reason  
To wyte her countrymen wi' treason ;  
But monie daily weet their weason  
Wi' liquors nice,  
And hardly, in a winter's season,  
E'er spier her price.

Wae worth that brandy, burning trash !  
Fell source o' monie a pain and brash !  
Twins monie a poor, doylt drucken hash  
O hauf his days ;  
An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash  
To her warst faes.

Ye Scots, wha wish auld Scotland well !  
Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,  
Poor plackless devils like mysel' !  
It sets you ill,  
Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,  
Or foreign gill.

May gravels round his blether wrench,  
And gouts torment him inch by inch,  
Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch  
O' sour disdain,  
Out-owre a glass o' whiskey-punch  
Wi' honest men.

O whiskey ! soul o' ploys and pranks !  
Accept a bardie's humble thanks !  
When wantin' thee, what tuneless cranks  
Are my poor verses !  
Thou comes—they rattle i' their ranks  
Atither's a—s !

Thee Ferintosh ! O sadly lost !  
Scotland, lament frae coast to coast !  
Now colic grips, and barking hoast,  
May kill us a' ;  
For loyal Forbes' charter'd boast  
Is ta'en awa' !

Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise,  
Wha mak' the whiskey stells their prize !  
Haud up thy han', De'il ! ance, twice, thrice !  
There, seize the blinkers ;  
An' bake them up in brunstane pies,  
For poor d—n'd drinkers.

Fortune ! if thou'll but gie me still  
Hale breeks, a scone, and whiskey gill,  
And routh o' rhyme to rave at will,  
Tak' a' the rest,  
And deal't about as thy blind skill  
Directs thee best.

### THE AUTHOR'S EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER\*

TO THE SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Dearest of Distillation ! last and best—  
How art thou lost !—PANODY ON MILTON

YE Scottish lords, ye knights and squires,  
Wha represent our brughs and shires,  
And doucelly manage our affairs

In parliament,  
To you a simple poet's prayers  
Are humbly sent.

\* This was written before the act anent the Scottish Distilleries, of session 1786 ; for which Scotland and the author return their most grateful thanks.

Alas ! my roupet Muse is hearse !  
Your honours' hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,  
To see her sitting on her a—  
Low i' the dust,  
And scriechin' out prosaic verse,  
An' like to brust !

Tell them wha ha'e the chief direction,  
Scotland an' me's in great affliction,  
E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction  
On aquavite ;  
An' rouse them up to strong conviction,  
An' move their pity.

Stand forth, and tell yon Premier youth,  
The honest, open, naked truth ;  
Tell him o' mine and Scotland's drouth,  
His servants humble :  
The muckle devil blaw ye south,  
If ye dissemble !

Does ony great man glunch an' gloom !  
Speak out, and never fash your thumb :  
Let posts and pensions sink or soom  
Wi' them wha grant 'em ;  
If honestly they canna come,  
Far better want 'em.

In gatherin' votes you were na slack ;  
Now stand as tightly by your tack ;  
Ne'er claw your lug, and fidge your back,  
And hum and haw ;  
But raise your arm, and tell your crack  
Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greeting owre her thrissel,  
Her mutchkin-stoup as toom's a whistle ;  
And damn'd excisemen in a bustle,  
Seizin' a stell,  
Triumphant, crushin't like a mussel,  
Or lampit shell.

Then, on the tither hand present her,  
A blackguard smuggler right behind her,  
And cheek-for-chow, a chuffie vintner,  
Colleaguin join,  
Picking her pouch as bare as winter  
Of a' kind coin.

Is there that bears the name o' Scot,  
But feels his heart's-blude rising hot,  
To see his poor auld mither's pot  
Thus dung in staves,  
An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat  
By gallows knaves ?

Alas ! I'm but a nameless wight,  
Trod i' the mire clean out o' sight !  
But could I like Montgom'ry fight,  
Or gab like Boswell,  
There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,  
And tie some hose well.

God bless your honours ! can ye see't,  
The kind, auld, cantie carline greet,  
An' no get warmly to your feet,  
An' gar them hear it,  
An' tell them wi' a patriot heat,  
Ye winna bear it !



Some o' you nicely ken the laws  
To round the period an' pause,  
An' wi' rhetoric clause on clause  
To mak' harangues ;  
Then echo thro' St. Stephen's wa's  
Auld Scotland's wrangs.

Dempster, a true-blue Scot, I'se warran' ;  
Thee, aith-detesting chaste Kilkerran ;\*  
An' that glib-gabbet Highland baron,  
The laird o' Graham† ;  
An' ane, a chap that's d—n'd auldfarran,  
Dundas his name.

Erskine, a spunkie Norland billie ;  
True Campbells, Frederick an' Ilay ;  
An' Livingstone, the bauld Sir Willie !  
An' monie ithers,  
Wham auld Demosthenes or Tully  
Might own for brithers.

Arouse, my boys ! exert your mettle,  
To get auld Scotland back her kettle ;  
Or faith, I'll wad my new plough-pettle,  
You'll see't, or lang,  
She'll teach you, wi' a reekin' whittle,  
Anither sang.

This while she's been in cank'rous mood,  
Her lost militia fired her bluid ;  
(De'il na they never mair do guid,  
Play'd her that pliskie !)  
And now she's like to rin red-wud  
About her whiskey.

An', L—d, if ance they pit her till't,  
Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt,  
An' durk an' pistol at her belt,  
She'll tak' the streets,  
An' rin her whittle to the hilt  
I' th' first she meets !

For God sake, sirs ! then speak her fair,  
An' straik her cannie wi' the hair,  
An' to the muckle House repair,  
Wi' instant speed,  
An' strive, wi' a' your wit and lear,  
To get remead.

Yon ill-tongued tinkler, Charlie Fox,  
May taunt you wi' his jeers and mocks ;  
But gi'e him't het, my hearty cocks !  
E'en cove the caddie,  
And send him to his dicing-box  
And sportin' lady.

Tell yon gude bluid o' auld Boconnock's,  
I'll be his debt twa mashlum bannocks,  
An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's‡  
Nine times a week,  
If he some scheme, like tea and winnocks,  
Wad kindly seek.

Could he some commutation broach,  
I'll pledge my aith in gude braid Scotch,  
He needna fear their foul reproach,  
Nor erudition,  
Yon mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch-potch,  
The Coalition.

\* Sir Adam Ferguson.

† The Duke of Montrose.

‡ A worthy old hostess of the author's in Mauchline,  
where he sometimes studies politics over a glass of gude  
auld Scotch drink.

Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue ;  
She's just a deevil wi' a rung ;  
An' if she promise auld or young  
To tak' their part,  
Though by the neck she should be strung,  
She'll no desert.

An' now, ye chosen Five-and-Forty,  
May still your Mither's heart support ye ;  
Then, though a minister grow dorty,  
An' kick your place,  
Ye'll snap your fingers, poor and hearty,  
Before his face.

God bless your Honours a' your days,  
Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claes,  
In spite o' a' the thievish kaes  
That haunt St. Jamie's !  
Your humble poet sings an' prays  
While Rab his name is.

#### POSTSCRIPT.

Let hauf-starved slaves in warmer skies,  
See future wines rich clust'ring rise ;  
Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,  
But blythe and frisky,  
She eyes her free-born martial boys  
Tak' aff their whiskey.

What though their Phœbus kinder warms,  
While fragrance blooms and beauty charms !  
When wretches range in famish'd swarms  
The scented groves,  
Or hounded forth, dishonour arms  
In hungry droves.

Their gun's a burden on their shoulder ;  
They downa bide the stink o' powder ;  
Their bauldest thought's a hankering swither  
To stan' or rin,  
Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throu'ther,  
To save their skin.

But bring a Scotsman frae his hill,  
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,  
Say, sic is royal George's will,  
And there's the foe,  
He has nae thought but how to kill  
Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him ;  
Death comes !—wi' fearless e'e he sees him ;  
Wi' bluidy hand a welcome gie's him ;  
An' when he fa's,  
His latest draught o' breathin' lea's him  
In faint huzzas.

Sages their solemn een may seek,  
And raise a philosophic reek,  
And physically causes seek,  
In clime and season ;  
But tell me Whiskey's name in Greek,  
I'll tell the reason.

Scotland, my auld, respected Mither !  
Though whyles ye moistify your leather,  
Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather,  
Ye tine your dam :  
Freedom and Whisk' gang thegither,  
Tak' aff your dram.

## HALLOWEEN\*.

[The following Poem will, by many readers, be well enough understood; but for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, notes are added, to give some account of the principal charms and spells of that night, so big with prophecy to the peasantry in the west of Scotland. The passion of prying into futurity makes a striking part of the history of human nature in its rude state, in all ages and nations: and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if any such should honour the author with a perusal, to see the remains of it among the more unenlightened in our own.]

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,  
The simple pleasures of the lowly train;  
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.  
GOLDSMITH.

UPON that night, when fairies light,  
On Cassilis Downnans† dance,  
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,  
On sprightly coursers prance:  
Or for Colean the route is ta'en,  
Beneath the moon's pale beams;  
There up the Cove‡ to stray and rove,  
Among the rocks and streams  
To sport that night.

Among the bonny winding banks,  
Where Doon rins wimplin clear,  
Where BRUCE§ annce ruled the martial ranks,  
And shook his Carrick spear,  
Some merry, friendly countra folks  
Together did convene,  
To burn their nits, and pu' their stocks,  
And haud their Halloween,  
Fu' blithe that night.

The lasses feat, and cleanly neat,  
Mair braw than when they're fine;  
Their faces blithe, fu' sweetly kythe,  
Hearts leal and warm, and kin':  
The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,  
Weel knotted on their garten,  
Some unco blate, and some wi' gabs  
Gar lasses' hearts gang startin',  
Whyles fast at night.

Then first and foremost, thro' the kail,  
Their stocks || maun a' be sought ance;  
They steek their een, and graip and wail  
For muckle anes, and straught anes.

\* Is thought to be a night when witches, devils, and other mischief-making beings, are all abroad on their baneful midnight errands; particularly those aerial people, the fairies, are said on that night to hold a grand anniversary.

† Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.

‡ A noted cavern near Colzean, or Colean-house, called The Cove of Colean; which, as well as Cassilis Downnans, is famed in country story for being a favourite haunt of fairies.

§ The famous family of that name, the ancestors of Robert the great deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick.

|| The first ceremony of Halloween, is, pulling each a *stock*, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with: its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any *yird*, or earth, stick to the root, that is *tocher* or fortune; and the taste of the *custoc*, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the *runts*, are placed somewhere above the head of

Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,  
And wander'd thro' the bow-kail,  
And pu'd, for want o' better shift,  
A runt was like a sow-tail,  
Sae bow't that night.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,  
They roar and cry a' throu' their;  
The vera wee things, todlin', rin  
Wi' stocks out-owre their shoulther;  
And gif the custoc's sweet or sour,  
Wi' jocktelegs they taste them;  
Syne cozily, aboon the door,  
Wi' cannie care they've placed them  
To lie that night.

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a',  
To pu' their stalks o' corn;\*  
But Rab slips out, and jinks about  
Behint the muckle thorn:  
He grippet Nelly hard and fast;  
Loud skirled a' the lasses;  
But her tap-pickle maist was lost,  
When kiutlin' i' the fause-house†  
Wi' him that night.

The auld gudewife's weel-hoardit nits,‡  
Are round and round divided,  
And monie lads' and lasses' fates  
Are there that night decided:  
Some kindle, couthie, side by side,  
And burn thegither trimly;  
Some start awa' wi' saucy pride,  
And jump out-owre the chimlie  
Fu' high that night.

Jean slips in twa, wi' tentie e'e;  
Wha 'twas, she wadna tell;  
But this is Jock, and this is me,  
She says in to hersel':  
He bleezed owre her, and she owre him,  
As they wad never mair part;  
Till fuff! he started up the lum,  
And Jean had e'en a sair heart,  
To see't that night.

Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt,  
Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie;  
And Mallie, nae doubt, took the drunt,  
To be compared to Willie;  
Mall's nit lap out wi' pridefu' fling,  
And her ain fit it brunt it;  
While Willie lap, and swear by jing,  
'Twas just the way he wanted  
To be that night.

the door; and the christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house are, according to the priority of placing the *runts*, the names in question.

\* They go to the barn-yard, and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of oats. If the third stalk wants the *top-pickle*, that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage-bed anything but a maid.

† When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green or wet, the stack-builder, by means of old timber, &c. makes a large apartment in his stack with an opening in the side which is most exposed to the wind; this he calls a *fause-house*.

‡ Burning the nuts is a favourite charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire; and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be.



Nell had the fause-house in her min',  
 She pits hersel' and Rab in;  
 In loving bleeze they sweetly join,  
 Till white in ase they're sabbin':  
 Nell's heart was dancin' at the view;  
 She whisper'd Rab to loup for't:  
 Rab, stowlins, prie'd her bonny mou',  
 Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,  
     Unseen that night.

But Merran sat behint their backs,  
 Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;  
 She lea'es them gashin' at their cracks,  
 And slips out by hersel':  
 She thro' the yard the nearest tak's,  
 And to the kiln she goes then,  
 And darklins graipit for the bauks,  
 And in the blue-clew \* throws then,  
     Right fear't that night.

And ay she win't, and ay she swat;  
 I wat she made nae jaukin';  
 Till something held within the pat,  
 Guid L—d! but she was quakin'!  
 But whether 'twas the de'il himsel'  
 Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',  
 Or whether it was Andrew Bell,  
 She didna wait on talkin'  
     To spier that night.

Wee Jenny to her Grannie says,  
 "Will ye go wi' me, grannie?  
 I'll eat the apple † at the glass  
 I gat frae uncle Johnnie."  
 She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,  
 In wrath she was sae vap'rin',  
 She noticed na, an aize brunt  
 Her braw new worsert apron  
     Out thro' that night.

"Ye little skelpie-limmer's face!  
 How daur you try sic sportin',  
 As seek the foul Thief only place,  
 For him to spae your fortune?  
 Nae doubt but ye may get a sight!  
 Great cause ye ha'e to fear it;  
 For monie a ane has gotten a fright,  
 An' lived and died deleeret  
     On sic a night.

"Ae hairst afore the Sherra-Muir,  
 I mind't as weel's yestreen,  
 I was a gilpey then, I'm sure  
 I was na past fyfteen:  
 The simmer had been cauld and wat,  
 And stuff was unco green;  
 And ay a rantin' kirk we gat,  
 And just on Halloween  
     It fell that night.

\* Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions: Steal out, all alone, to the kiln, and, darkling, throw into the pot a clew of blue yarn; wind it in a new clew off the old one; and, towards the latter end something will hold the thread; demand, *Wha hauds?* i. e. who holds? An answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the christian and sur-name of your future spouse.

† Take a candle, and go alone to a looking-glass; eat an apple before it; and some traditions say, you should comb your hair all the time; the face of your conjugal companion, to be, will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder

"Our stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,  
 A clever sturdy fallow;  
 He's sin' gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,  
 That lived in Achmacalla;  
 He gat hemp-seed \*, I mind it weel,  
 And he made unco light o't;  
 But monie a day was by himsel',  
 He was sae sairly frightened  
     That vera night."

Then up gat fechtin' Jamie Fleck,  
 And he swoor by his conscience,  
 That he could saw hemp-seed a peck,  
 For it was a' but nonsense:  
 The auld gudeman raught down the pock,  
 And out a handfu' gied him;  
 Syne bade him slip frae 'mang the folk,  
 Some time when nae ane see'd him,  
     And try't that night.

He marches thro' among the stacks,  
 Tho' he was something sturtin';  
 The graip he for a harrow tak's,  
 And hauls at his curpin:  
 And ev'ry now and then, he says,  
 "Hemp-seed, I saw thee,  
 And her that is to be my lass,  
 Come after me and draw thee,  
     As fast this night."

He whistled up Lord Lennox' March,  
 To keep his courage cheery;  
 Altho' his hair began to arch,  
 He was sae fley'd and cerie:  
 Till presently he hears a squeak,  
 And then a grane an' gruntle:  
 He by his shouter gae a keek,  
 And tumbled wi' a winkle  
     Out-owre that night.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,  
 In dreadfu' desperation!  
 And young and auld cam' rinnin out,  
 To hear the sad narration:  
 He swoor 'twas hilchin' Jean M'Craw,  
 Or crouchie Merran Humphie,  
 Till stap! she trotted thro' them a';  
 And wha was it but grumphie  
     Aster that night!

Meg fain wad to the barn ha'e gane,  
 To win three wechts o' naething; †  
 But for to meet the de'il her lane,  
 She pat but little faith in:

\* Steal out, unperceived, and sow a handful of hempseed, harrowing it with any thing you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat, now and then, "Hemp-seed, I saw thee, hemp-seed, I saw thee; and him (or her) that is to be my true-love, come after me and pu' thee." Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, "Come after me and shaw thee," that is, show thyself; in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, "Come after me, and harrow thee."

† This charm must likewise be performed, unperceived, and alone. You go to the barn, and open both doors, taking them off the hinges if possible; for there is danger that the being about to appear may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument, used in winnowing the corn, which in our country dialect we call a wecht, and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times; and the third



She gi'es the herd a pickle nits,  
And twa red-cheekit apples,  
To watch, while for the barn she sets,  
In hopes to see Tam Kipples  
That very night.

She turns the key wi' cannie thraw,  
An' owre the threshold ventures ;  
But first on Sawnie gies a ca',  
Syne bauldly in she enters :  
A ratton rattled up the wa',  
And she cried, L—d preserve her !  
And ran thro' midden-hole and a',  
An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour,  
Fu' fast that night.

They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice ;  
They hecht him some fine braw ane !  
It chanced the stack he faddom'd thrice \*  
Was timmer propt for thrawin :  
He tak's a swerlie auld moss-oak  
For some black growsome carlin ;  
And loot a winze, and drew a stroke,  
Till skin in blypes cam' haurlin  
Aff's nieves that night.

A wanton widow Leezie was,  
As canty as a kiten ;  
But, och ! that night, among the shaws,  
She gat a fearfu' settlin' !  
She thro' the whins, and by the cairn,  
And owre the hill gaed srievein,  
Where three lairds' lands met at a burn†,  
To dip her left sark sleeve in,  
Was bent that night.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,  
As thro' the glen it wimpl't ;  
Whyles round a rocky scaur it stays,  
Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't ;  
Whyles glittered to the nightly rays,  
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle ;  
Whyles joukit underneath the braes,  
Below the spreading hazel,  
Unseen that night.

Among the brechens, on the brae,  
Between her and the moon,  
The de'il, or else an outler quey,  
Gat up and gae a croon :  
Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool ;  
Near lav'rock-height she jumpit ;  
But missed a fit, and in the pool  
Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,  
Wi' a plunge that night.

time an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance or retinue, marking the employment or station in life.

\* Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a bean-stack, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.

† You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south-running spring, or rivulet, where "three lairds' lands meet," and dip your left shirt sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake ; and sometime near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,  
The luggies three \* are ranged,  
And every time great care is ta'en  
To see them duly changed :  
Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys  
Sin' Mar's year did desire,  
Because he gat the toom dish thrice,  
He heaved them on the fire,  
In wrath that night.

Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks,  
I wat they didna weary ;  
And unco tales, and funny jokes,  
Their sports were cheap and cheery :  
Till butter'd so'sns †, wi' fragrant lunt,  
Sets a' their gabs a-steerin' ;  
Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,  
They parted aff careerin'  
Fu' blythe that night.

## ADDRESS

TO THE UNCO GUDE, OR THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

My son, these maxims make a rule,  
And lump them aye together ;  
The Rigid Righteous is a fool,  
The Rigid Wise anither :  
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight  
May ha'e some piles o' caif in  
Sae ne'er a fellow-creature slight  
For random fits o' daftin.—SOLIMON. Eccles. vii. 16.

O YE wha are sae gude yoursel',  
Sae pious and sae holy,  
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell  
Your neebors' faults and folly !  
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,  
Supplied wi' store o' water,  
The heapit happier's ebbing still,  
And still the clap plays clatter.

Hear me, ye venerable corps,  
As counsel for poor mortals,  
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door  
For glaikit Folly's portals ;  
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,  
Wad here propone defences,  
Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,  
Their failings and mischances.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compared,  
And shudder at the niffer,  
But cast a moment's fair regard,  
What mak's the mighty differ ?  
Discount what scant occasion gave  
That purity ye pride in,  
And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)  
Your better art o' hiding.

\* Take three dishes ; put clean water in one, foul water in another, and leave the third empty. Blindfold a person and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged : he (or she) dips the left hand : if by chance in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of matrimony a maid ; if in the foul, a widow ; if in the empty dish, it foretels, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times ; and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.

† Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the Halloween supper.

Think, when your castigated pulse  
Gies now and then a wallop,  
What ragings raust his veins convulse,  
That still eternal gallop :  
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,  
Right on ye scud your sea-way ;  
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,  
It mak's an unco lee-way.

See Social Life and Glee sit down,  
All joyous and unthinking,  
Till, quite transmogrify'd, they're grown  
Debauchery and drinking ;  
O wad they stay to calculate  
Th' eternal consequences ;  
Or your more dreaded hell to state,  
Damnation of expenses !

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,  
Tied up in godly laces,  
Before you gi'e poor Frailty names,  
Suppose a change o' cases ;  
A dear-loved lad, convenience snug,  
A treacherous inclination—  
But, let me whisper i' your lug,  
Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother man,  
Still gentler sister woman,  
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang ;  
To step aside is human :  
One point must still be greatly dark,  
The moving why they do it ;  
And just as lamely can ye mark  
How far, perhaps, they rue it.

Wha made the heart, 'tis He alone  
Decidedly can try us ;  
He knows each chord, its various tone,  
Each spring, its various bias :  
Then at the balance let's be mute,  
We never can adjust it ;  
What's done we partly may compute,  
But know not what's resisted.

#### TAM SAMSON'S \* ELEGY.

An honest man's the noblest work of God.—Pope.

HAS auld Kilmarnock seen the de'il ?  
Or great M'Kinlay † thrown his heel ?  
Or Robinson ‡ again grown weel,  
To preach and read ?  
“ Na, waur than a' ! ” cries ilka chiel,  
“ Tam Samson's dead.”

\* When this worthy old sportsman went out last muir-fowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Ossian's phrase, “ the last of his fields,” and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the muirs. On this hint the author composed his elegy and epitaph.

† A certain preacher, a great favourite with the million. Vide the “ Ordination,” stanza 2.

‡ Another preacher, an equal favourite with the few, who was at that time ailing. For him see also the “ Ordination,” stanza 9.

Kilmarnock lang may grunt and grane,  
And sigh, and sab, and greet her lane,  
And cleed her bairns, man, wife, and wean,  
In mourning weed ;  
To death she's dearly paid the kane,  
Tam Samson's dead.

The brethren o' the mystic level  
May hing their head in wofu' bevel,  
While by their nose the tears will revel  
Like ony bead ;  
Death's gi'en the lodge an unco devel—  
Tam Samson's dead !

When Winter muffles up his cloak,  
And binds the mire like a rock ;  
When to the lochs the curlers flock,  
Wi' gleesome speed,  
Wha will they station at the cock ?  
Tam Samson's dead !

He was the king o' a' the corps,  
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,  
Or up the rink like Jehu roar  
In time o' need ;  
But now he lags on death's hog-score,  
Tam Samson's dead !

Now safe the stately saumont sail,  
And trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,  
And eels, weel kenn'd for souple tail,  
And geds for greed,  
Since dark in Death's fish-creel we wail  
Tam Samson dead !

Rejoice, ye birring pairicks a' ;  
Ye cootie muirecocks, crouselly craw ;  
Ye maukins, cock your fuds fu' braw,  
Withouten dread ;  
Your mortal fae is now awa',  
Tam Samson's dead.

That wofu' morn be ever mourn'd  
Saw him in shooting-graith adorn'd,  
While pointers round impatient burn'd,  
Frae couples freed ;  
But, och ! he gaed and ne'er return'd !  
Tam Samson's dead !

In vain auld age his body batters ;  
In vain the gout his ancles fetters ;  
In vain the burns came down like waters,  
An acre braid !  
Now every auld wife, greeting, clatters,  
Tam Samson's dead !

Owre monie a wearie hagg he limpit,  
And aye the tither shot he thumpit,  
Till coward Death behind him jumpit,  
Wi' deadly feide ;  
Now he proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpet,  
Tam Samson's dead !

When at his heart he felt the dagger,  
He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger,  
But yet he drew the mortal trigger  
Wi' weel-aim'd heed ;  
“ Lord, five ! ” he cried, and owre did stagger ;  
Tam Samson's dead !

Ilk hoary hunter mourn'd a brither ;  
 Ilk sportsman-youth bemoan'd a father ;  
 Yon auld gray stane, amang the heather,  
     Marks out his head,  
 Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming blether,  
     Tam Samson's dead !

There low he lies, in lasting rest :  
 Perhaps upon his mouldering breast  
 Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest,  
     To hatch and breed ;  
 Alas ! nae mair he'll them molest !  
     Tam Samson's dead !

When August winds the heather wave,  
 And sportsmen wander by yon grave,  
 Three volleys let his mem'ry crave  
     O' powder and lead ;  
 Till Echo answers frae her cave,  
     Tam Samson's dead !

Heav'n rest his saul, whare'er he be !  
 Is th' wish o' mony mae than me ;  
 He had twa fauts, or maybe three,  
     Yet what remead ?  
 Ae social honest man want we—  
     Tam Samson's dead !

#### THE EPITAPH.

TAM SAMSON'S weel-worn clay here lies,  
 Ye canting zealots spare him !  
 If honest worth in heaven rise,  
 Ye'll mend or ye win near him.

#### PER CONTRA.

Go, Fame, and canter like a filly  
 Through a' the streets and neuks o' Killie\* :  
 Tell every social, honest billie  
     To cease his grievin' !  
 For yet, unskait'h'd by death's gleg gullie,  
     Tam Samson's livin' !

#### SECOND EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET †.

AULD NEEBOUR,  
 I'm three times doubly o'er your debtor,  
 For your auld-farrant, frien'ly letter ;  
 Tho' I maun say't, I doubt you flatter,  
     Ye speak sae fair ;  
 For my puir, silly rhymin' clatter  
     Some less maun sair.  
 Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle ;  
 Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle,  
 To cheer you thro' the weary widdle  
     O' warl'y cares,  
 Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle  
     Your auld grey hairs.

But, Davie, lad, I'm rede ye're glaikit ;  
 I'm tauld the Muse ye ha'e negleckit ;

\* Kilmarnock.

† This is prefixed to the poems of David Sillar, published at Kilmarnock, 1789.

And gif it's sae, ye sud be licket  
     Until ye fyke ;  
 Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faikit,  
     Be hain't wha like.

For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink,  
 Rivin' the words to gar them clink ;  
 Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi' drink,  
     Wi' jads or masons ;  
 And whyles, but aye owre late, I think,  
     Braw sober lessons.

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,  
 Commend me to the Bardic clan ;  
 Except it be some idle plan  
     O' rhymin' clink,  
 The devil haet, that I sud ban',  
     They ever think.

Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin',  
 Nae cares to gi'e us joy or grievin' ;  
 But just the pouchie put the nieve in,  
     And while ought's there,  
 Then, hiltie-skiltie, we gae scrievin',  
     And fash nae mair.

Leeze me on rhyme ! it's aye a treasure,  
 My chief, amais my only pleasure,  
 At hame, a-fiel', at wark or leisure,  
     The Muse, poor hizzie !  
 Tho' rough and raploch be her measure,  
     She's seldom lazy.

Hand to the Muse, my dainty Davie !  
 The warl' may play you monie a shavie ;  
 But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye,  
     Tho' e'er sae puir,  
 Na, even tho' limpin' wi' the spavie  
     Frae door to door.

#### THE LAMENT.

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE OF A FRIEND'S AMOUR.

Alas ! how oft does Goodness wound itself !  
 And sweet Affection prove the spring of woe

HOME.

O THOU pale orb, that silent shines,  
 While care-untroubled mortals sleep !  
 Thou see'st a wretch that inly pines,  
 And wanders here to wail and weep !  
 With woe I nightly vigils keep,  
 Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam :  
 And mourn, in lamentation deep,  
 How life and love are all a dream.

I joyless view thy rays adorn  
 The faintly-marked distant horn :  
 I joyless view thy trembling horn  
 Reflected in the gurgling rill ;  
 My fondly-fluttering heart, be still !  
 Thou busy power, Remembrance, cease !  
 Ah ! must the agonizing thrill  
 For ever bar returning peace !

No idly-feign'd poetic pains  
 My sad, love-lorn lamentings claim ;  
 No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains ;  
 No fabled tortures, quaint and tame :



The plighted faith ; the mutual flame ;  
The oft-attested Powers above ;  
The promised father's tender name :  
These were the pledges of my love !

Encircled in her clasping arms,  
How have the raptured moments flown !  
How have I wish'd for fortune's charms,  
For her dear sake, and hers alone !  
And must I think it ! is she gone ?  
My secret heart's exulting boast !  
And does she heedless hear my groan ?  
And is she ever, ever lost ?

O ! can she bear so base a heart,  
So lost to honour, lost to truth  
As from the fondest lover part,  
The plighted husband of her youth !  
Alas ! life's path may be unsmooth !  
Her way may lie through rough distress !  
Then who her pangs and pains will soothe,  
Her sorrows share, and make them less !

Ye winged hours that o'er us pass'd,  
Enraptured more, the more enjoyed,  
Your dear remembrance in my breast,  
My fondly-treasured thoughts employ'd.  
That breast, how dreary now, and void,  
For her too scanty once of room !  
Ev'n every ray of hope destroy'd,  
And not a wish to gild the gloom !

The morn that warns th' approaching day,  
Awakes me up to toil and woe :  
I see the hours in long array,  
That I must suffer, lingering, slow.  
Full many a pang and many a throe,  
Keen Recollection's direful train,  
Must wring my soul, ere Phœbus, low,  
Shall kiss the distant western main.

And when my nightly couch I try,  
Sore harass'd out with care and grief,  
My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,  
Keep watchings with the nightly thief :  
Or, if I slumber, Fancy, chief  
Reigns haggard-wild, in sore affright :  
Even day, all bitter, brings relief  
From such a horror-breathing night.

O thou bright queen, who o'er the expanse,  
Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway :  
Oft has thy silent-marking glance  
Observed us, fondly wand'ring, stray ;  
The time, unheeded, sped away,  
While Love's luxurious pulse beat high,  
Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,  
To mark the mutual kindling eye.

O scenes in strong remembrance set !  
Scenes, never, never to return ;  
Scenes, if in stupor I forget,  
Again I feel, again I burn !  
From every joy and pleasure torn,  
Life's weary vale I'll wander through ;  
And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn  
A faithless woman's broken vow.

## DESPONDENCY.

AN ODE.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,  
A burden more than I can bear,  
I set me down and sigh :  
O life ! thou art a galling load,  
Along a rough, a weary road,  
To wretches such as I !  
Dim backward as I cast my view,  
What sick'ning scenes appear !  
What sorrows yet may pierce me through,  
Too justly I may fear !  
Still caring, despairing,  
Must be my bitter doom ;  
My woes here shall close ne'er,  
But with the closing tomb !

Happy, ye sons of busy life,  
Who, equal to the bustling strife,  
No other view regard ;  
Even when the wished end's denied,  
Yet while the busy means are plied,  
They bring their own reward :  
Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,  
Unfitted with an aim,  
Meet every sad returning night,  
And joyless morn the same.  
You, bustling, and justling,  
Forget each grief and pain ;  
I listless, yet restless,  
Find every prospect vain.

How blest the Solitary's lot,  
Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,  
Within his humble cell,  
The cavern wild, with tangling roots ;  
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,  
Beside his crystal well !  
Or, haply, to his evening thought,  
By unfrequented stream,  
The ways of men are distant brought,  
A faint collected dream :  
While praising, and raising  
His thoughts to heaven on high,  
As wand'ring, meand'ring,  
He views the solemn sky.

Than I, no lonely hermit placed,  
Where never human footstep traced,  
Less fit to play the part ;  
The lucky moment to improve,  
And just to stop, and just to move,  
With self-respecting art ;  
But, ah ! those pleasures, loves, and joys,  
Which I too keenly taste,  
The Solitary can despise,  
Can want, and yet be blest !  
He needs not, he heeds not,  
Or human love or hate,  
Whilst I here, must cry here,  
At perfidy ingrate !

Oh ! enviable, early days,  
When dancing, thoughtless, Pleasure's maze,  
To care, to guilt, unknown !  
How ill exchang'd for riper times,  
To feel the follies, or the crimes,  
Of others, or my own !

Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,  
Like linnets in the bush,  
Ye little know the ills ye court,  
When manhood is your wish!  
The losses, the crosses,  
That active man engage!  
The fears all, the tears all,  
Of dim-declining age!

### THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. AITKEN, ESQ.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,  
The short but simple annals of the poor.—GRAY.

Mr loved, my honour'd, much-respected friend!  
No mercenary bard his homage pays;  
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,  
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise;  
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,  
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene:  
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways,  
What Aitken in a cottage would have been;  
Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there,  
I ween!

November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh;  
The shortening winter-day is near a close;  
The miry beasts retreating frae the plough;  
The blackening trains o' craws to their repose:  
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,  
This night his weekly toil is at an end,  
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,  
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,  
And weary, o'er the muir, his course does hame-  
ward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,  
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;  
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin', stacher through  
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise and glee.  
His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnilie,  
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wife's smile,  
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,  
Does a' his weary carkin' cares beguile,  
And makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drappin' in,  
At service out among the farmers roun';  
Some ca' the plough, some herd, some tentie rin  
A cannie errand to a neebor town:  
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown,  
In youthfu' bloom, love sparklin' in her e'e,  
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,  
Or deposit her sair-won penny fee,  
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,  
And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:  
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnoticed fleet;  
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;  
The parents, partial, eye their hopefu' years:  
Anticipation forward points the view:  
The Mother, wi' her needle and her shears,  
Gars auld claes look amais as weel's the new;  
The Father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their masters' and their mistresses' command  
The yonkers a' are warned to obey;  
And mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,  
And ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk or play;  
“And O! be sure to fear the Lord a'way!  
And mind your duty duly morn and night!  
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,  
Implore his counsel and assisting might:  
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord  
aright.”

But, hark! a rap comes gently to the door:  
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,  
Tells how a neebor lad cam' o'er the moor,  
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.  
The wily mother sees the conscious flame  
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;  
With heart-struck anxious care inquires his name,  
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak:  
Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild worth-  
less rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben:  
A strappin' youth! he tak's the mother's eye;  
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill-ta'en;  
The father cracks o' horses, ploughs, and kye.  
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,  
But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;  
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy  
What mak's the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave:  
Weel pleased to think her bairn's respectit like the  
lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found!  
O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!  
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,  
And sage experience bids me this declare—  
“If Heav'n a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,  
One cordial in this melancholy vale,  
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,  
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,  
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the even-  
ing gale.”

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—  
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!  
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,  
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?  
Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling smooth!  
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exiled?  
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,  
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child!  
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction  
wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,  
The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food;  
The sowp their only Hawkie does afford,  
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:  
The dame brings forth in complimental mood,  
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,  
And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it gude;  
The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell,  
How 'twas a townmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,  
They round the ingle form a circle wide;  
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,  
The big ha' bible, ance his father's pride:



His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,  
 His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare ;  
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,  
 He wailes a portion with judicious care,  
 And " Let us worship God !" he says, with solemn  
 air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise :  
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim :  
 Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,  
 Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name ;  
 Or noble Elgin beats the heav'nward flame,  
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :  
 Compared wi' these, Italian trills are tame ;  
 The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise ;  
 Nae unison ha'e they wi' our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,  
 How Abram was the friend of God on high :  
 Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage  
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;  
 Or how the royal bard did groaning lie  
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;  
 Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;  
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;  
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,  
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;  
 How He, who bore in heaven the second name,  
 Had not on earth whereon to lay his head :  
 How his first followers and servants sped ;  
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land :  
 How he, who lone in Patmos banished,  
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;  
 And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by  
 Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING,  
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays :  
 Hope " springs exulting on triumphant wing,"\*  
 That thus they all shall meet in future days :  
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,  
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,  
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,  
 In such society, yet still more dear ;  
 While circling time moves round in an eternal  
 sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,  
 In all the pomp of method, and of art,  
 When men display to congregations wide,  
 Devotion's every grace, except the heart !  
 The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,  
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;  
 But haply, in some cottage far apart,  
 May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul ;  
 And in his book of life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their several way :  
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest ;  
 The parent pair their secret homage pay,  
 And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request—  
 That He, who stills the raven's clamorous nest,  
 And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,  
 Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,  
 For them and for their little ones provide ;  
 But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

\* Pope's Windsor Forest.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur  
 springs,

That makes her loved at home, revered abroad :  
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,  
 " An honest man's the noblest work of God :"  
 And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,  
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind ;  
 What is a lordling's pomp ? a cumbrous load,  
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,  
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined !

O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil ;  
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !  
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil  
 Be bless'd with health, and peace, and sweet  
 content !

And, Oh, may Heaven their simple lives prevent  
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !  
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,  
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,  
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved  
 Isle.

O Thou ! who pour'd the patriotic tide  
 That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart,  
 Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,  
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,  
 (The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,  
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward ;)  
 O never, never, Scotia's realm desert !  
 But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,  
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard !

#### THE FIRST SIX VERSES OF THE NINE- TIETH PSALM.

O Thou, the first, the greatest friend  
 Of all the human race !  
 Whose strong right hand has ever been  
 Their stay and dwelling-place !

Before the mountains heaved their heads  
 Beneath thy forming hand,  
 Before this pond'rous globe itself  
 Arose at thy command ;

That pow'r which raised and still upholds  
 This universal frame,  
 From countless, unbeginning time  
 Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years  
 Which seem to us so vast,  
 Appear no more before thy sight  
 Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word : Thy creature, man,  
 Is to existence brought :  
 Again thou say'st, " Ye sons of men,  
 Return ye into nought !"

Thou layest them, with all their cares,  
 In everlasting sleep ;  
 As with a flood thou tak'st them off  
 With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flow'r,  
 In beauty's pride array'd ;  
 But long ere night eut down it lies,  
 All wither'd and decay'd.



## VERSES

LEFT AT A REVEREND FRIEND'S HOUSE, IN THE ROOM  
WHERE THE AUTHOR SLEPT.

O THOU dread Pow'r, who reign'st above,  
I know thou wilt me hear;  
When for this scene of peace and love,  
I make my pray'r sincere.

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,  
Long, long be pleased to spare!  
To bless his filial little flock,  
And show what good men are.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes  
With tender hopes and fears,  
O bless her with a mother's joys,  
But spare a mother's tears!

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,  
In manhood's dawning blush;  
Bless him, thou God of love and truth,  
Up to a parent's wish!

The beauteous seraph sister-band,  
With earnest tears I pray,  
Thou know'st the snares on every hand,  
Guide thou their steps alway!

When soon or late they reach that coast,  
O'er life's rough ocean driven,  
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,  
A family in heaven!

## TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH,  
IN APRIL, 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,  
Thou'st met me in an evil hour;  
For I maun crush among the stoure  
Thy slender stem;  
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,  
Thou bonnie gem!

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,  
The bonnie Lark, companion meet!  
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weat,  
Wi' speckled breast,  
When upward-springing, blythe to greet  
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north  
Upon thy early, humble birth;  
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth  
Amid the storm,  
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth  
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,  
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield;  
But thou, beneath the random bind  
O' clod or stane,  
Adorns the histie stibble-field,  
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
Thy snawy bosom sun-ward spread,  
Thou lifts thy unassuming head  
In humble guise:  
But now the share uptears thy bed,  
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,  
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade,  
By love's simplicity betray'd,  
And guileless trust,  
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid  
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,  
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!  
Unskilful he to note the card  
Of prudent lore,  
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,  
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,  
Who long with wants and woes has striven,  
By human pride or cunning driven,  
To mis'ry's brink,  
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heaven,  
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,  
That fate is thine—no distant date;  
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,  
Full on thy bloom,  
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,  
Shall be thy doom!

## EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

MAY, 1786.

I LANG ha'e thought, my youthfu' friend,  
A something to have sent you,  
Though it should serve nae other end  
Than just a kind memento:  
But how the subject-theme may gang  
Let time and chance determine;  
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,  
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,  
And, Andrew dear, believe me,  
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,  
And muckle they may grieve ye.  
For care and trouble set your thought,  
Even when your end's attained;  
And a' your views may come to nought,  
Where every nerve is strained.

I'll no say, men are villains a';  
The real, harden'd wicked,  
Wha ha'e nae cheek but human law,  
Are to a few restricted:  
But och! mankind are unco weak,  
An' little to be trusted;  
If self the wavering balance shake,  
It's rarely right adjusted!

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,  
Their fate we should na censure,  
For still th' important end of life  
They equally may answer;  
A man may ha'e an honest heart,  
Though poortith hourly stare him;  
A man may tak' a neebor's part,  
Yet ha'e nae cash to spare him.

Aye free, aff-han' your story tell,  
When wi' a bosom crony;  
But still keep something to yoursel'  
Ye scarcely tell to ony.

Conceal yoursel' as weel's ye can  
Frae critical dissection;  
But keek through every other man  
Wi' sharpen'd, slee inspection.

The sacred lowe o' weel-placed love,  
Luxuriantly indulge it;  
But never tempt th' illicit rove,  
Though naething should divulge it.

I waive the quantum o' the sin,  
The hazard of concealing;  
But oh! it hardens a' within,  
And petrifies the feeling!

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,  
Assiduous wait upon her;  
And gather gear by every wile  
That's justified by honour;  
Not for to hide it in a hedge,  
Nor for a train-attendant;  
But for the glorious privilege  
Of being independent.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip  
To haud the wretch in order;  
But where ye feel your honour grip,  
Let that aye be your border:  
Its slightest touches, instant pause—  
Debar a' side pretences;  
And resolutely keep its laws,  
Uncaring consequences.

The great Creator to revere,  
Must sure become the creature:  
But still the preaching cant forbear,  
And ev'n the rigid feature:  
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,  
Be complaisance extended;  
An Atheist's laugh's a poor exchange  
For Deity offended!

When ranting round in Pleasure's ring,  
Religion may be blinded;  
Or if she gi'e a random sting,  
It may be little minded;  
But when on life we're tempest-driv'n,  
A conscience but a canker—  
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heaven  
Is sure a noble anchor!

Adieu, dear, amiable youth!  
Your heart can ne'er be wanting:  
May prudence, fortitude, and truth,  
Erect your brow undaunting!  
In ploughman phrase, "God send you speed"  
Still daily to grow wiser:  
And may you better reck the rede,  
Than ever did th' adviser.

### TO A LOUSE,

ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY'S BONNET AT CHURCH.

HA! wh'are ye gaun, ye crowlin' ferlie!  
Your impudence protects you fairly:  
I canna say but ye strunt rarely,  
Owre gauze and lace;  
Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparely  
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin', blastit wonner,  
Detested, shunn'd by saunt and sinner,  
How dare you set your fit upon her,  
Sae fine a leddy!  
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner  
On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squatle!  
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle,  
Wi' ither kindred jumpin' cattle,  
In shoals and nations;  
Whare horn nor bane ne'er dare unsettle  
Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight,  
Below the fatt'rils, snug and tight;  
Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right  
Till ye've got on it,  
The vera tapmost, tow'ring height  
O' Miss's bonnet!

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,  
As plump and gray as ony grozet;  
O for some rank mercurial rozet,  
Or fell, red smeddum,  
I'd gi'e you sic a hearty dose o't,  
Wad dress your droddum!

I wad na been surprised to spy  
You on an auld wife's flannen toy;  
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,  
On's wyliecoat;  
But Miss's fine Lunardi! fie,  
How dare ye do't!

O, Jenny, dinna toss your head,  
An' set your beauties a' abroad!  
Ye little ken what cursed speed  
The blastie's makin'!  
Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread,  
Are notice takin'!

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gi'e us  
To see oursel's as others see us!  
It wad frae monie a blunder free us  
And foolish notion:  
What airs in dress and gait wad lea'e us,  
And ev'n Devotion!

### EPISTLE TO JOHN RANKINE,

ENCLOSING SOME POEMS.

O ROUGH, rude, ready-witted Rankine,  
The wale o' cocks for fun and drinkin'!  
There's mony godly folks are thinkin'  
Your dreams\* and tricks  
Will send you, Korah-like, a sinkin'  
Straught to Auld Nick's.

Ye ha'e sae mony cracks an' cants,  
And in your wicked, drucken rants,  
Ye make a deevil o' the saunts,  
And fill them fou;  
And then their failings, flaws, and wants,  
Are a' seen through.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it!  
That holy robe, O dinna tear it!  
Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear it,  
The lads in black!  
But your curst wit, when it comes near it,  
Rives't aff their back.

\* A certain humorous "Dream" of his was then making a noise in the country-side.

Think, wicked sinner, wha ye're skaithin',  
It's just the blue-gown badge and clathin'  
O' saunts; tak' that, ye lea'e them naething  
To ken them by,  
Frae ony unregenerate heathen,  
Like you or I.

I've sent you here some rhyming ware,  
A' that I bargain'd for and mair;  
Sae, when ye ha'e an hour to spare,  
I will expect  
Yon sang\*: ye'll sen't, wi' cannie care,  
And no neglect.

Though faith, sma' heart ha'e I to sing!  
My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing!  
I've play'd mysel' a bonnie spring!  
And danced my fill;  
I'd better gane and sair't the king,  
At Bunker's Hill.

'Twas ae night lately, in my fun,  
I gaed a roving wi' the gun,  
And brought a patrick to the grun,  
A bonnie hen,  
And, as the twilight was begun,  
Thought nane wad ken.

The poor wee thing was little hurt;  
I straitkit it a wee for sport,  
Ne'er thinkin' they would fash me for't;  
But de'il-ma'-care!  
Somebody tells the poacher-court  
The hale affair.

Some auld-used hands had ta'en a note  
That sic a hen had got a shot;  
I was suspected for the plot;  
I scorn'd to lee;  
So gat the whistle o' my goat,  
And pay't the fee.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,  
And by my powther and my hail,  
And by my hen, and by her tail,  
I vow and swear,  
The game shall pay, o'er muir and dale,  
For this, niest year.

As soon's the clockin'-time is by,  
And the wee pouts begin to cry,  
L—d, I'se ha'e sportin' by and by,  
For my gowd guinea,  
Though I should herd the buckskin kye  
For't, in Virginia.

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame!  
'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,  
But twa-three draps about the wame,  
Scarce through the feathers:  
And baith a yellow george to claim,  
And thole their blethers!

It pits me aye as mad's a hare;  
So I can rhyme nor write nae mair!  
But pennyworths again is fair,  
When time's expedient:  
Meanwhile I am, respected sir,  
Your most obedient.

\* A song he had promised the author.

## ON A SCOTCH BARD,

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

A' ye wha live by sowps o' drink,  
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,  
A' ye wha live and never think,  
Come, mourn wi' me!  
Our billie's gi'en us a' a jink,  
An's owre the sea.

Lament him a' ye rantin' corps  
Wha dearly like a random splore;  
Nae mair he'll join the merry roar,  
In social key;  
For now he's ta'en anither shore,  
An's owre the sea.

The bonnie lasses weel may wiss him,  
And in their dear petitions place him;  
The widows, wives, and a' may bless him,  
Wi' tearfu' e'e;  
For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him  
That's owre the sea!

O Fortune, they ha'e room to grummle!  
Hadst thou ta'en aff some drowsy bummle,  
Wha can do nought but fylke and fummle,  
'Twad been nae plea;  
But he was gleg as ony wummle,  
That's owre the sea!

Auld, cantie Kyle may weepers wear,  
And stain them wi' the saut, saut tear;  
'Twill make her poor auld heart, I fear,  
In flinders flee;  
He was her laureate mony a year,  
That's owre the sea!

He saw Misfortune's cauld nor'-west  
Lang mustering up a bitter blast;  
A jillet brak' his heart at last,  
Ill may she be!  
So, took a berth afore the mast,  
An' owre the sea!

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,  
On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,  
Wi' his proud independent stomach  
Could ill agree,  
So row't his hurdies in a hammock,  
And owre the sea.

He ne'er was gi'en to great misguiding,  
Yet coin his pouches wad nae bide in;  
Wi' him it ne'er was under hiding,  
He dealt it free:  
The Muse was a' that he took pride in,  
That's owre the sea.

Jamaica bodies! use him weel,  
And hap him in a cozie biel;  
Ye'll find him aye a dainty chiel,  
And fu' o' glee!  
He wad na wrang'd the vera de'il  
That's owre the sea.

Fareweel, my rhyme-composing billie!  
Your native soil was right ill-willie;  
But may ye flourish like a lily,  
Now bonnilie!  
I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,  
Tho' owre the sea.



## A DEDICATION

TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

EXPECT na, sir, in this narration,  
A fleechin, fleth'rin dedication,  
To roose you up, and ca' you guid,  
And sprung o' great and noble bluid,  
Because ye're surnamed like his Grace,  
Perhaps related to the race;  
Then when I'm tired, and sae are ye,  
Wi' mony a fulsome sinfu' lie,  
Set up a face, how I stop short,  
For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do—maun do, sir, wi' thaim wha  
Maun please the great folk for a wamefu';  
For me! sae laigh I needna bow,  
For, Lord be thankit! I can plough!  
And when I downa yoke a naig,  
Then, Lord be thankit! I can beg;  
Sae I shall say, and that's nae flatterin',  
It's just sic poet, an' sic patron.

The Poet, some guid angel help him!  
Or else, I fear, some ill ane skelp him;  
He may do weel for a' he's done yet,  
But only he's no just begun yet.

The Patron (sir, ye maun forgi'e me,  
I winna lie, come what will o' me),  
On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be  
He's just—nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant,  
He downa see a poor man want;  
What's no his ain he winna tak' it,  
What ance he says he winna break it;  
Ought he can lend he'll no refuse't,  
Till aft his guidness is abused;  
And rascals whyles that do him wrang,  
Ev'n that, he does na mind it lang:  
As master, landlord, husband, father,  
He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that;  
Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that;  
It's naething but a milder feature  
Of our poor sinfu' corrupt nature:  
Ye'll get the best of moral works  
'Mang black Gentoos and Pagan Turks,  
Or hunters wild on Ponotaxi,  
Wha never heard of orthodoxy.  
That he's the poor man's friend in need,  
The gentleman in word and deed,  
It's no thro' terror of damnation;  
It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,  
Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain!  
Vain is his hope, whose stay and trust is  
In moral mercy, truth, and justice!

No—stretch a point to catch a plack;  
Abuse a brother to his back;  
Steal thro' a winnock frae a whore,  
But point the rake that tak's the door;  
Be to the poor like only whunstone,  
And haud their noses to the grunstone;  
Ply ev'ry art o' legal thieving;  
No matter! stick to sound believing.

Learn three-mile pray'rs and half-mile graces,  
Wi' weel-spread looves, and lang wry faces;  
Grunt up a solemn lengthen'd groan,  
And damn a' parties but your own;  
I'll warrant then, ye're nae deceiver,  
A steady, sturly, staunch believer.

O ye wha leave the springs o' Calvin,  
For gumlie dubs o' your ain delvin'!  
Ye sons of heresy and error,  
Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror!  
When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,  
And in the fire throws the sheath;  
When Ruin, with his sweeping besom,  
Just frets till Heav'n commission gi'es him,  
While o'er the harp pale Mis'ry moans,  
And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,  
Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans!

Your pardon, sir, for this digression,  
I maist forgat my dedication;  
But when divinity comes cross me,  
My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, sir, ye see, 'twas nae daft vapour;  
But I maturely thought it proper,  
When a' my works I did review,  
To dedicate them, sir, to You:  
Because (ye need na tak' it ill)  
I thought them something like yoursell'.

Then patronize them wi' your favour,  
And your petitioner shall ever  
I had amais said, ever pray,  
But that's a word I need na say:  
For praying I ha'e little skill o't;  
I'm baith dead-sweer, and wretched ill o't;  
But I'll repeat each poor man's pray'r,  
That kens or hears about you, sir—

“May ne'er Misfortune's gowling bark  
Howl thro' the dwelling o' the Clerk!  
May ne'er his gen'rous honest heart,  
For that same gen'rous spirit smart!  
May Kennedy's far-honour'd name  
Lang beet his hymeneal flame,  
Till Hamiltons, at least a dizen,  
Are frae their nuptial labours risen:  
Five bonny lasses round their table,  
And seven braw fellows, stout and able  
To serve their king and country weel,  
By word, or pen, or pointed steel!  
May health and peace, wi' mutual rays,  
Shine on the ev'ning o' his days;  
Till his wee curly John's ier-oe,  
When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,  
The last sad, mournful rites bestow!”

I will not wind a lang conclusion,  
Wi' complimentary effusion;  
But whilst your wishes and endeavours  
Are blest wi' Fortune's smiles and favours,  
I am, dear sir, with zeal most fervent,  
Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which Pow'rs above prevent!)  
That iron-hearted carle, Want,  
Attended in his grim advances,  
By sad mistakes, and black mischances,  
While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,  
Make you as poor a dog as I am,

Your humble servant then no more ;  
 For who would humbly serve the poor !  
 But, by a poor man's hopes in heaven !  
 While recollection's power is given,  
 If, in the vale of humble life,  
 The victim sad of Fortune's strife,  
 I, through the tender gushing tear,  
 Should recognize my master dear,  
 If friendless, low, we meet together,  
 Then, sir, your hand—my friend and brother.

## ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RUISSEAU\*.

Now Robin lies in his last lair,  
 He'll gabble rhyme, nor sing nae mair,  
 Cauld poverty, wi' hungry stare,  
     Nae mair shall fear him ;  
 Nor anxious fear, nor cankert care  
     E'er mair come near him.

To tell the truth, they seldom fasht him ;  
 Except the moment that they crusht him ;  
 For sune as chance or fate had husht 'em,  
     Though e'er sae short,  
 Then wi' a rhyme or sang he lasht 'em,  
     And thought it sport.

Though he was bred to kintra wark,  
 And counted was baith wight and stark,  
 Yet that was never Robin's mark  
     To mak' a man ;  
 But tell him, he was learn'd and clark,  
     Ye roosed him then !

## LETTER

TO JAMES TAIT, OF GLENCONNER.

AULD comrade dear and brither sinner,  
 How's a' the folk about Glenconner ?  
 How stan' you this blae eastlin' wind,  
 That's like to blaw a body blind ?  
 For me, my faculties are frozen,  
 My dearest member nearly dozen'd :  
 I've sent you here, by Johnnie Simson,  
 Twa sage philosophers to glimpse on ;  
 Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling,  
 An' Reid, to common sense appealing.  
 Philosophers have fought an' wrangled,  
 An' meikle Greek and Latin mangled,  
 Till wi' their logic-jargon tired,  
 An' in the depth of science mired,  
 To common sense they now appeal,  
 What wives an' wabsters see an' feel ;  
 But hark ye, friend, I charge you strictly,  
 Peruse them and return them quickly ;  
 For now I'm grown so curs'd douce,  
 I pray and ponder butt the house,  
 My shins, my lane, I there sit roastin',  
 Perusing Bunyan, Brown, and Boston ;  
 Till by and by, if I hand on,  
 I'll grunt a real Gospel groan :  
 Already I begin to try it,  
 To cast my een up like a pyet,  
 When by the gun she tumbles o'er,  
 Flutt'ring an' gasping in her gore :

\* Ruisseau—a play on his own name.

Sae shortly you shall see me bright,  
 A burning and a shining light.

My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen,  
 The ace an' wale of honest men :  
 When bending down with auld grey hairs,  
 Beneath the load of years and cares,  
 May He who made him still support him,  
 An' views beyond the grave comfort him ;  
 His worthy fam'ly far and near,  
 God bless them a' wi' grace and gear.

My auld school-fellow, Preacher Willie,  
 The manly tar, my mason billie,  
 An' Auchinbay, I wish him joy ;  
 If he's a parent, lass or boy,  
 May he be dad, an' Meg the mither,  
 Just five-an'-forty years thegither !  
 An' no forgetting wabster Charlie,  
 I'm tauld he offers very fairly.  
 An' L—d ! remember singing Sannock,  
 Wi' hale breeks, saxpence, an' a bannock.  
 An' next, my auld acquaintance, Naney,  
 Since she is fitted to her fancy ;  
 An' her kind stars ha'e airted till her  
 A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller.  
 My kindest, best respects I sen' it,  
 To cousin Kate an' sister Janet ;  
 Tell them frae me, wi' chiebs be cautious,  
 For faith, they'll aiblins fin' them fashious :  
 To grant a heart is fairly civil,  
 But to grant a maidenhead's the devil !  
 An' lastly, Jamie, for yoursel',  
 May guardian angels tak' a spell,  
 An' steer you seven miles south o' hell :  
 But first, before you see heav'n's glory,  
 May ye get monie a merry story,  
 Monie a laugh, and monie a drink,  
 An' ay enough o' needfu' clink.

Now fare ye weel, an' joy be wi' you.—  
 For my sake this I beg it o' you,  
 Assist poor Simson a' ye can,  
 Ye'll fin' him just an honest man ;  
 Sae I conclude an' quat my chanter,  
 Yours, saint or sinner,

ROB THE RANter.

## ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD,

*Born in peculiar circumstances of family distress.*

SWEET flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love  
 And ward o' monie a pray'r,  
 What heart o' stane wad thou na move,  
 Sae helpless, sweet, and fair !

November hirples o'er the lea,  
 Chill, on thy lovely form ;  
 And gane, alas ! the shelt'ring tree,  
 Should shield thee frae the storm.

May He who gives the rain to pour,  
 And wings the blast to blaw,  
 Protect thee frae the driving show'r,  
 The bitter frost and snaw !

May He, the friend of woe and want,  
Who heals life's various stounds,  
Protect and guard the mother plant,  
And heal her cruel wounds!

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,  
Fair on the snmmmer morn:  
Now feebly bends she in the blast,  
Unshelter'd and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,  
Unscathed by ruffian hand!  
And from thee many a parent stem,  
Arise to deck our land!

### TO MISS CRUICKSHANKS,

A VERY YOUNG LADY,

*Written on the Blank Leaf of a Book, presented to  
her by the Author.*

BEAUTEOUS rose-bud, young and gay,  
Blooming in thy early May,  
Never may'st thou, lovely flow'r,  
Chilly shrink in sleety show'r!  
Never Boreas' hoary path,  
Never Eurus' pois'nous breath,  
Never baleful stellar lights,  
Taint thee with untimely blights!  
Never, never reptile thief  
Riot on thy virgin leaf!  
Nor even Sol too fiercely view  
Thy bosom blushing still with dew!

May'st thou long, sweet crimson gem,  
Richly deck thy native stem,  
Till some evening, sober, calm,  
Dropping dews, and breathing balm,  
While all around the woodland rings,  
And every bird thy requiem sings;  
Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,  
Shed thy dying honours round,  
And resign to parent earth  
The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.

### THE FIRST PSALM.

THE man, in life wherever placed,  
Hath happiness in store,  
Who walks not in the wicked's way,  
Nor learns their guilty lore!

Nor from the seat of scornful pride  
Casts forth his eyes abroad,  
But with humility and awe  
Still walks before his God.

That man shall flourish like the trees  
Which by the streamlets grow;  
The fruitful top is spread on high,  
And firm the root below.

But he whose blossoms bud in guilt  
Shall to the ground be cast,  
And, like the rootless stubble, toss'd  
Before the sweeping blast.

For why? that God the good adore  
Hath given them peace and rest,  
But hath decreed that wicked men  
Shall ne'er be truly blest.

### TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

(RECOMMENDING A BOY.)

*Mosgaville, May 3, 1786.*

I HOLD it, Sir, my bounden duty  
To warn you now that Master Tootie,  
Alias, Laird M'Gaun,\*  
Was here to hire yon lad away  
'Bout whom ye spak' the tither day,  
And wad ha'e done't aff-han';  
But lest he learn the callan tricks,  
As faith I muckle doubt him,  
Like scrapin' out auld crummie's nicks,  
An' telling lies about them;  
As lieve then I'd have then  
Your clerkship he should ser'e,  
If sae be, ye may be  
Not fitted othewhere.

Altho' I say't, he's gleg enough,  
An' bout a house that's rude an' rough,  
The boy might learn to swear;  
But then wi' you, he'll be sae taught,  
An' get sic fair example straught,  
I ha'e na ony fear.  
Ye'll catechise him every quirk,  
An' shore him weel wi' hell;  
An' gar him follow to the kirk  
—Ay when ye gang yoursel'.  
If ye then, maun be then  
Frae hame this comin' Friday,  
Then please, Sir, to lea'e, Sir,  
The orders wi' your lady.

My word of honour I ha'e gie'n,  
In Paisley John's, that night at e'en,  
To meet the World's worm;  
To try to get the twa to gree,  
An' name the airies an' the fee,  
In legal mode an' form:  
I ken he weel a snick can draw,  
When simple bodies let him;  
An' if a devil be at a',  
In faith he's sure to get him.  
To phrase you an' praise you,  
Ye ken your Laureat scots:  
The prayer still you share still  
Of grateful Minstrel BURNS.

### TO MR. M'ADAM

OF CRAIGEN-GILLAN,

*In Answer to an obliging Letter he sent in the commencement  
of my Poetic Career.*

SIR, o'er a gill I gat your card,  
I trow it made me proud;  
"See wha tak's notice o' the bard!"  
I lap and cried fu' loud.

Now deil-ma-care about their jaw,  
The senseless, gawky million;  
I'll cock my nose aboon them a',  
I'm roosed by Craigen-Gillan!

\* "Master Tootie then lived in Mauchline—a dealer in cows. It was his common practice to cut the nicks or markings from the horns of cattle to disguise their age.—He was an artful, trick-contrivine character; hence, he is called a *snick-drawer*. In the Poet's 'Address to the De'il,' he styles that august personage an *auld, snick-drawing dog*!"—RELIQUES, p. 357.



'Twas noble, Sir—'twas like yoursel',  
To grant your high protection :  
A great man's smile, ye ken fu' weel,  
Is aye a blest infection :

Tho', by his banes wha in a tub  
Match'd Macedonian Sandy !  
On my ain legs thro' dirt and dub,  
I independent stand aye.—

And when those legs to guid warm kail,  
Wi' welcome canna bear me ;  
A lee dyke-side, a sybow-tail  
And barley-scone shall cheer me.

Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath  
O' mony flow'ry simmers !  
And bless you bonnie lasses baith,  
I'm tauld they're loosome kimmers !

And God bless young Dunaskin's laird,  
The blossom of our gentry ;  
And may he wear an auld man's beard,  
A credit to his country.

### TO A TAILOR,

IN ANSWER TO A POETICAL EPISTLE WHICH HE HAD SENT  
THE AUTHOR.

WHAT ails ye now, ye lousy b—h,  
To thresh my back at sic a pitch ?  
Losh, man ! ha'e mercy wi' your natch,  
Your bodkin's bauld,  
I did na suffer half sae much  
Frae Daddie Auld.

What tho' at times, when I grow crouse,  
I gi'e their wames a random pouce,  
Is that enough for you to souse  
Your servant sae ?  
Gae mind your seam, ye prick-the-louse,  
An' jag-the-flae !

King David, o' poetic brief,  
Wrought 'mang the lasses sic mischief  
As fill'd his after life wi' grief  
An' bloody rants,  
An' yet he's rank'd amang the chief  
O' lang-syne saunts.

And maybe, Tam, for a' my cants,  
My wicked rhymes, an' drucken rants,  
I'll gi'e auld cloven Clooty's haunts  
An unco slip yet,  
An' snugly sit amang the saunts,  
At Davie's hip yet.

But fegs ! the Session says I maun  
Gae fa' upon anither plan  
Than garrin' lasses cowl the cran  
Clean heels owre body,  
And sairly thole their mitthers' ban  
Afore the howdy.

This leads me on to tell for sport,  
How I did with the Session sort—  
Auld Clinkum at the inner port  
Cried three times, "Robin !  
Come hither, lad, an' answer for't,  
Ye're blamed for jobbin'."

Wi' pinch I pat a Sunday's face on,  
An' snooved awa' before the Session—  
I made an open, fair confession,  
I scorn'd to lee ;  
An' syne Mess John, beyond expression,  
Fell foul o' me.

\* \* \* \* \*

### A DREAM.

Thoughts, words, and deeds, the statute blames with reason,  
But surely dreams were ne'er indicted treason ?

[On reading in the public papers, the Laureat's Ode, with the other parade of June 4, 1786, the author was no sooner dropt asleep, than he imagined himself transported to the Birth-day Levee; and, in his dreaming fancy, made the following address.]

GUDE-MORNING to your Majesty !  
May Heav'n augment your blisses,  
On ev'ry new birth-day ye see,  
A humble poet wishes !  
My bardship here, at your levee,  
On sic a day as this is,  
Is sure an uncouth sight to see  
Amang the birth-day dresses  
Sae fine this day.

I see ye're complimented thrang,  
By mony a lord and lady !  
"God save the king !" 's a cuckoo sang  
That's unco easy said aye ;  
The poets too, a venal gang,  
Wi' rhymes weel turn'd and ready,  
Wad gar ye trow ye ne'er do wrang,  
But aye unerring steady,  
On sic a day.

For me ! before a monarch's face,  
Ev'n there I winna flatter ;  
For neither pension, post, nor place,  
Am I your humble debtor ;  
Sae nae reflection on your grace,  
Your kingship to bespatter ;  
There's mony waur been o' the race,  
And aiblins ane been better  
Than you this day.

'Tis very true, my sov'reign king,  
My skill may weel be doubted ;  
But facts are chieft that winna ding,  
And downa be disputed :  
Your royal nest, beneath your wing,  
Is e'en right reft and clouted,  
And now the third part o' the string,  
And less, will gang about it  
Than did ae day.

Far be't frae me that I aspire  
To blame your legislation,  
Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,  
To rule this mighty nation !  
But faith ! I muckle doubt, my sire,  
Ye've trusted 'ministration  
To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,  
Wad better fill their station  
Than courts yon day.

And now ye've gi'en auld Britain peace,  
Her broken shins to plaster ;  
Your sair taxation does her fleece,  
Till she has scarce a tester ;

For me, thank God! my life's a lease,  
 Nae bargain wearing faster,  
 Or, faith! I fear that, wi' the geese,  
 I shortly boost to pasture  
 I' the craft some day.

I'm no mistrusting Willie Pitt,  
 When taxes he enlarges  
 (And Will's a true gude fallow's get,  
 A name not envy spairges),  
 That he intends to pay your debt,  
 And lessen a' your charges;  
 But, God-sake! let nae saving fit  
 Abridge your bonnie barges  
 And boats this day.

Adieu, my liege! may freedom geek  
 Beneath your high protection;  
 And may ye rax Corruption's neck,  
 And gi'e her for dissection,  
 But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,  
 In loyal, true affection,  
 To pay your queen, with due respect,  
 My fealty and subjection  
 This great birth-day.

Hail, Majesty Most Excellent!  
 While nobles strive to please ye,  
 Will ye accept a compliment  
 A simple poet gi'es ye?  
 Thae bonnie bairntime, Heav'n has lent,  
 Still higher may they heeze ye  
 In bliss, till Fate some day is sent,  
 For ever to release ye  
 Frae care that day.

For you, young potentate o' Wales,  
 I tell your Highness fairly,  
 Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,  
 I'm tauld ye're driving rarely;  
 But some day ye may gnaw your nails,  
 And curse your folly sairly,  
 That e'er ye brak' Diana's pales,  
 Or rattled dice wi' Charlie,  
 By night or day.

Yet aft a ragged cowte's been known  
 To mak' a noble aiver;  
 Sae ye may doucely fill a throne,  
 For a' their clishmaclaver:  
 There, him\* at Agincourt wha shone,  
 Few better were or braver;  
 And yet, wi' funny, queer Sir John †,  
 He was an unco shaver  
 For mony a day.

For you, right rev'rend Osnaburg,  
 Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter,  
 Although a riband at your lug  
 Wad been a dress completer;  
 As ye disown yon paughty dog  
 That bears the keys of Peter,  
 Then swith! and get a wife to hug,  
 Or, troth! ye'll stain the mitre  
 Some luckless day.

Young, royal Tarry Breeks, I learn,  
 Ye've lately come athwart her,  
 A glorious galley ‡ stem and stern,  
 Weel rigged for Venus' barter,

But first hang out, that she'll discern  
 Your hymeneal charter,  
 Then heave aboard your grapple-airn,  
 And, large upo' her quarter,  
 Come full that day.

Ye, lastly, bonnie blossoms a',  
 Ye royal lasses dautet,  
 Heav'n mak' your gude as weel as braw,  
 And gi'e you lads a-plenty!  
 But sneer na British boys awa',  
 For kings are unco scant aye;  
 And German gentles are but sma',  
 They're better just than want aye,  
 On only day.

God bless you a'! consider now  
 Ye're unco muckle dautet;  
 But ere the course of life be through,  
 It may be bitter sautet;  
 And I ha'e seen their coggie fou,  
 That yet ha'e tarrow't at it;  
 But or the day was done, I trow,  
 The laggen they ha'e clautet  
 Fu' clean that day.

## THE TWA DOGS.

### A TALE.

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle  
 That bears the name o' Auld King Coil,  
 Upon a bonnie day in June,  
 When wearing through the afternoon,  
 Twa dogs, that were na thrang at hame,  
 Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him Caesar,  
 Was keepit for his honour's pleasure;  
 His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,  
 Shaw'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,  
 But whalpit some place far abroad,  
 Where sailors gang to fish for cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar,  
 Shaw'd him the gentleman and scholar;  
 But though he was o' high degree,  
 The fient a pride, nae pride had he;  
 But wad ha'e spent an hour caressin'  
 Ev'n wi' a tinkler gipsy's messin':  
 At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,  
 Nae tawted tyke, though e'er sae duddie,  
 But he wad stand as glad to see him,  
 And stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,  
 A rhyming, ranting, roving billie,  
 Wha for his friend and comrade had him  
 And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him,  
 After some dog in Highland sang\*,  
 Was made lang syne—Gude kens how lang.

He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke,  
 As ever lap a sheugh or dyke;  
 His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,  
 Aye gat him friends in ilka place.  
 His breast was white, his towzie back  
 Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;  
 His gawcie tail, wi' upward curl,  
 Hung o'er his huries wi' a swirl.

\* King Henry V.

† Sir John Falstaff. See Shakspeare's Henry IV.

‡ Alluding to the newspaper-account of a certain royal sailor's amour.

\* Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's Fingal.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,  
 And unco pack and thick thegither :  
 Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit ;  
 Whyles mice and moudieworts they howkit ;  
 Whyles scour'd awa' in lang excursion,  
 And worried ither in diversion ;  
 Until wi' daffin weary grown,  
 Upon a knowe they sat them down,  
 And there began a lang digression  
 About the lords of the creation.

CÆSAR.

I've aften wonder'd, honest Luath,  
 What sort o' life poor dogs like you have ;  
 An' when the gentry's life I saw,  
 What way poor bodies lived ava.

Our laird gets in his racked rents,  
 His coals, his kain, and a' his stents :  
 He rises when he likes himsel' ;  
 His flunkies answer at the bell :  
 He ca's his coach : he ca's his horse ;  
 He draws a bonnie silken purse  
 As lang's my tail, whare, through the steeks,  
 The yellow-letter'd geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en its nought but toiling  
 At baking, roasting, frying, boiling ;  
 And though the gentry first are stechin,  
 Yet e'en the ha' folk fill their pechan  
 Wi' sauce, ragouts, and sic like trashtrie,  
 That's little short o' downright wastrie.  
 Our whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,  
 Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner  
 Better than ony tenant man  
 His Honour has on a' the lan' :  
 And what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,  
 I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whiles they're fash't eneugh ;  
 A cotter howkin in a sheugh,  
 Wi' dirty stanes biggin' a dyke,  
 Barin' a quarry, and sic like ;  
 Himself, a wife, he thus sustains,  
 A smytrie o' wee duddy weans,  
 And nought but his han'-darg to keep  
 Them right and tight in thack and rape.

And when they meet wi' sair disasters,  
 Like loss o' health, or want of masters,  
 Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer  
 An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger ;  
 But how it comes I never kend yet,  
 They're maistly wonderfu' contented ;  
 And buirdly chiels, and clever hizzies,  
 Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then, to see how ye're neglectit,  
 How huff'd, and cuff'd, and disrespeckit ;  
 Lord, man ! our gentry care as little  
 For delvers, ditchers, and sic cattle,  
 They gang as saucy by poor folk  
 As I wad by a stinking brock.

I've noticed, on our Laird's court-day,  
 And mony a time my heart's been wae,  
 Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,  
 How they maun thole a factor's snash ;  
 He'll stamp and threaten, curse, and swear  
 He'll apprehend them, poind their gear ;

While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,  
 And hear it a', and fear and tremble !  
 I see how folk live that ha'e riches ;  
 But surely poor folk maun be wretches !

LUATH.

They're no sae wretched's ane wad think ;  
 Though constantly on poortith's brink,  
 They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,  
 The view o't gi'es them little fright.

Then chance and fortune are sae guided,  
 They're aye in less or mair provided :  
 And though fatigued wi' close employment,  
 A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,  
 Their grushie weans and faithfu' wives ;  
 The prattling things are just their pride,  
 That sweetens a' their fire-side.

And, whyles, twalpenny worth o' nappy  
 Can mak' the bodies unco happy ;  
 They lay aside their private cares,  
 To mind the Kirk and State affairs :  
 They'll talk o' patronage and priests,  
 Wi' kindling fury in their breasts ;  
 Or tell what new taxation's comin',  
 And ferlie at the folk in Lon'on.

As bleak-faced Hallowmas returns,  
 They get the jovial, rantin' kirms,  
 When rural life o' every station,  
 Unite in common recreation ;  
 Love blinks, Wit slaps, and social Mirth  
 Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,  
 They bar the door on frosty win's ;  
 The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,  
 And sheds a heart-inspiring steam ;  
 The luntin' pipe, and sneeshin' mill,  
 Are handed round wi' right gude-will ;  
 The canty auld folks crackin' crouse,  
 The young anes rantin' through the house :  
 My heart has been sae fain to see them,  
 That I for joy ha'e barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye ha'e said,  
 Sic game is now owre often play'd.  
 There's mony a creditable stock  
 O' decent, honest-fawsont folk,  
 Are riven out baith root and branch,  
 Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,  
 Wha thinks to knit himsel' the faster  
 In favour wi' some gentle master,  
 Wha, aiblins, thrang a-parliamentin',  
 For Britan's gude his saul indentin'—

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it ;  
 For Britain's gude ! gude faith, I doubt it !  
 Say rather, gaun, as Premiers lead him,  
 And saying ay or no's they bid him !  
 At operas and plays parading,  
 Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading ;  
 Or maybe, in a frolic daft,  
 To Hague or Calais tak's a waft,  
 To mak' a tour and tak' a whirl,  
 To learn bon ton, and see the warl'.

There, at Vienna or Versailles,  
 He rives his father's auld entails ;



Or by Madrid he takes the route,  
To thrum guitars and fecht wi' nowt ;  
Or down Italian vista stables,  
Whore-hunting among flowers o' myrtles ;  
Then bouses drumly German watter,  
To mak' himsel' look fair and fatter,  
And clear the consequential sorrows,  
Love-gifts of carnival signoras.  
For Britain's gude ! for her destruction !  
Wi' dissipation, feud, and faction.

LUATH.

Hech, man ! dear sirs ! is that the gate  
They waste sae monie a brow estate ?  
Are we sae foughten and haráss'd  
For gear to gang that gate at last ?

O wad they stay aback frae courts,  
And please themsel's wi' country sports,  
It wad for every ane be better,  
The laird, the tenant, and the cottier !  
For thae frank, rantin' ramblin' billies,  
Fient haet o' their ill-hearted fellows,  
Except for breakin' o' their timmer,  
Or speakin' lightly o' their limmer,  
Or shootin' o' a hare or moor-cock,  
The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, Master Cæsar,  
Sure great folk's life's a life of pleasure !  
Nae could nor hunger e'er can steer them,  
The very thought o't needna fear them.

CÆSAR.

L—d, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,  
The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.

It's true they need na starve or sweat,  
Through winter's cauld, or simmer's heat,  
They've nae sair work to craze their bane,  
An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes :  
But human bodies are sic fools,  
For a' their colleges and schools,  
That when nae real ills perplex them,  
They make enow themselves to vex them ;  
An' aye the less they ha'e to sturt them,  
In like proportion less will hurt them.  
A country fellow at the plough,  
His acres till'd, he's right enough ;  
A country girl at her wheel,  
Her dizzens done, she's unco weel :  
But gentlemen, an' ladies warst,  
Wi' ev'ndown want o' work are curst.  
They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy ;  
Though de'il haet ails them, yet uneasy :  
Their days, insipid, dull, an' tasteless ;  
Their nights unquiet, lang, an' restless ;  
An' e'en their sports, their balls an' races,  
Their galloping through public places ;  
There's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,  
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.  
The men cast out in party matches,  
Then sowther a' in deep debauches ;  
Ae night they're mad wi' drink an' whoring,  
Next day their life is past enduring.  
The ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,  
As great and gracious a' as sisters ;  
But hear their absent thoughts o' 'ither,  
They're a' run deils and jads thegither.  
Whyles o'er the wee bit cup and platie,  
They sip the scandal potion pretty ;

Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks  
Pore owre the devil's pictured beuks ;  
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,  
An' cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard.  
There's some exception, man an' woman ;  
But this is gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,  
An' darker gloaming brought the night.  
The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone;  
The kye stood rowtin' i' the loan;  
When up they gat, and shook their lugs,  
Rejoiced they were na *men* but *dogs*;  
An' each took aff his several way,  
Resolved to meet some ither day.

LINES ON AN INTERVIEW WITH  
 LORD DAER.

THIS wot ye all whom it concerns,  
I, Rhymer Robin, alias Burns,  
October twenty-third,  
A ne'er-to-be-forgotten day,  
Sae far I sprachled up the brae,  
I dinner'd wi' a Lord.

I've been at drucken writers' feasts,  
Nay, been bitch-fou 'mang godly priests,  
(Wi' rev'rence be it spoken ;)  
I've even join'd the honour'd jorum,  
When mighty squireships of the quorum  
Their hydra drouth did sloken.

But wi' a Lord—stand out my shin,  
A Lord—a Peer—an Earl's son,  
Up higher yet, my bonnet ;  
And sic a Lord—lang Scotch ells twa,  
Our Peerage, he o'erlooks them a'  
As I look o'er my snicket !

But oh for Hogarth's magic pow'r !  
To show Sir Bardie's willyart glow'r,  
And how he stared and stammer'd,  
When goavan as if led wi' branks,  
An' stumpin' on his ploughman shanks,  
He in the parlour hammer'd.

To meet good Stuart little pain is,  
Or Scotia's sacred Demosthenes,  
          Thinks I, they are but men !  
But Burns, my Lord—Guid God ! I doited,  
My knees on ane anither knoited,  
          As faultering I gaed ben !

I sidling shelter'd in a nook,  
An' at his Lordship steal't a look  
Like some portentous omen ;  
Except good sense and social glee,  
An' (what surprised me) modesty,  
I mark'd nought uncommon.

I watch'd the symptoms of the great,  
The gentle pride, the lordly state,  
The arrogant assuming ;  
The fient a pride, nae pride had he,  
Nor sauce, nor state that I could see,  
Mair than an honest ploughman.

Then from his Lordship I shall learn,  
Henceforth to meet with unconcern  
One rank as weel's another ;  
Nae honest, worthy man need care,  
To meet with noble, youthful Daer,  
For he but meets a brother.

## ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

EDINA ! Scotia's darling seat !  
 All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,  
 Where once beneath a monarch's feet  
 Sat legislation's sov'reign pow'rs !  
 From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,  
 As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,  
 And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,  
 I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide,  
 As busy trade his labours plies ;  
 There architecture's noble pride  
 Bids elegance and splendour rise ;  
 Here justice, from her native skies,  
 High wields her balance and her rod ;  
 There learning, with his eagle eyes,  
 Seeks science in her coy abode.

Thy sons, Edina, social, kind,  
 With open arms the stranger hail ;  
 Their views enlarged, their lib'ral mind  
 Above the narrow, rural vale ;  
 Attentive still to sorrow's wail,  
 Or modest merit's silent claim ;  
 And never may their sources fail !  
 And never envy blot their name.

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn !  
 Gay as the gilded summer sky,  
 Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,  
 Dear as the raptured thrill of joy !  
 Fair Burnet strikes th' adoring eye,  
 Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine ;  
 I see the sire of love on high,  
 And own his work indeed divine !

There, watching high the least alarms,  
 Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar ;  
 Like some bold vet'ran, gray in arms,  
 And mark'd with many a seamy scar :  
 The pond'rous wall and massy bar,  
 Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock ;  
 Have oft withstood assailing war,  
 And oft repell'd the invader's shock.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,  
 I view that noble, stately dome,  
 Where Scotia's kings of other years,  
 Famed heroes ! had their royal home :  
 Alas ! how changed the times to come !  
 Their royal name low in the dust !  
 Their hapless race wide-wand'ring roam !  
 Though rigid law cries out, 'twas just !

Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,  
 Whose ancestors, in days of yore,  
 Through hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps  
 Old Scotia's bloody lion bore :  
 Ev'n I who sing in rustic lore,  
 Haply my sires have left their shed,  
 And faced grim danger's loudest roar,  
 Bold-following where your fathers led !

Edina ! Scotia's darling seat !  
 All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,  
 Where once beneath a monarch's feet  
 Sat legislation's sov'reign pow'rs ;  
 From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,  
 As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,  
 And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,  
 I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

## A BARD'S EPITAPH.

Is there a whim-inspired fool,  
 Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,  
 Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,  
 Let him draw near,  
 And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,  
 Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,  
 That weekly this area throng,  
 O, pass not by !  
 But with a frater-feeling strong,  
 Here heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear  
 Can others teach the course to steer,  
 Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,  
 Wild as the wave,  
 Here pause—and, thro' the starting tear,  
 Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below  
 Was quick to learn, and wise to know,  
 And keenly felt the friendly glow  
 And softer flame,  
 But thoughtless follies laid him low,  
 And stain'd his name !

Reader, attend—whether thy soul  
 Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,  
 Or darkling grubs this earthly hole  
 In low pursuit,  
 Know, prudent, cautious, self control  
 Is wisdom's root.

## THE BRIGS OF AYR:

A POEM.

*Inscribed to J. Ballantyne, Esq. Ayr.*

THE simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,  
 Learning his tuneful trade from every bough ;  
 The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,  
 Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn-  
 bush ;

The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,  
 Or deep-toned plovers, grey, wild whistling o'er the  
 Shall he, nurst in the peasant's lowly shed, [hill ;  
 To hardy Independence bravely bred,  
 By early Poverty to hardship steel'd,  
 And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field,  
 Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,  
 The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes ?  
 Or labour hard the panegyric close,  
 With all the venal soul of dedicating prose ?  
 No ! though his artless strains he rudely sings,  
 And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,  
 He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,  
 Fame, honest Fame, his great, his dear reward.  
 Still, if some patron's gen'rous care he trace,  
 Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace ;  
 When Ballantyne befriends his humble name,  
 And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,  
 With heart-felt throes his grateful bosom swells,  
 The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter hap,  
 And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap ;  
 Potato-bings are snuggled up frae skaith  
 Of coming Winter's biting frosty breath ;



The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils,  
 Unnumber'd buds and flow'rs, delicious spoils,  
 Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen piles,  
 Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er the weak,  
 The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek:  
 The thundering guns are heard on ev'ry side,  
 The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide;  
 The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,  
 Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie:  
 (What warm, poetic heart, but inly bleeds,  
 And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)  
 Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs;  
 Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,  
 Except, perhaps, the robin's whistling glee,  
 Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree;  
 The hoary morns precede the sunny days,  
 Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noontide blaze,  
 While thick the gossamer waves wanton in the rays.  
 'Twas in that season, when a simple Bard,  
 Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,  
 Ae night, within the ancient brugh o' Ayr,  
 By whim inspired, or haply prest wi' care,  
 He left his bed, and took his wayward route,  
 And down by Simpson's\* wheel'd the left about;  
 (Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,  
 To witness what I after shall narrate;  
 Or whether, rapt in meditation high,  
 He wander'd out he knew not where nor why:)  
 The drowsy Dungeon-clock † had number'd two,  
 And Wallace Tower ‡ had sworn the fact was true:  
 The tide-swoln frith, with sullen sounding roar,  
 Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore;  
 All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e;  
 The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree:  
 The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,  
 Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream—

When, lo! on either hand the list'ning Bard,  
 The clanging sough of whistling winds he heard;  
 Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,  
 Swift as the gos‡ drives on the wheeling hare;  
 Ane on the Auld Brig his airy shape uprears,  
 The ither flutters o'er the rising piers.  
 Our warlock Rhym'er instantly descried  
 The Sprites that owe the Brigs of Ayr preside.  
 (That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,  
 And ken the lingo o' the sp'ritual folk:  
 Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,  
 And ev'n the very de'ils they brawly ken them.)  
 Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race,  
 The very wrinkles Gothic in his face;  
 He seem'd as he wi' Time had warsl'd lang,  
 Yet, toughly doure, he bade an unco bang.  
 New Brig was buskit in a braw new coat,  
 That he, at Lon'on, frae ane Adams, got;  
 In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,  
 Wi' virls and whirlygigums at the head.  
 The Goth was stalking round wi' anxious search,  
 Spying the time-worn flaws in every arch;  
 It chanced his new-come neighbour took his e'e,  
 And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he;  
 Wi' thiev'less sneer to see his modish mien,  
 He, down the water, gies him this gude-e'en:—

AULD BRIG.

I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-shank,  
 Ane ye were streekit o'er frae bank to bank,

\* A noted tavern at the Auld Brig end.

† The two steeples.

‡ The gos-hawk, or falcon.

But gin ye be a brig as auld as me,  
 Tho' faith, that day, I doubt, ye'll never see!  
 There'll be, if that day come, I'll wad a boddle,  
 Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle.

NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,  
 Just much about it wi' your scanty sense;  
 Will your poor narrow foot-path o' a street,  
 Where twa wheelbarrows tremble when they meet,  
 Your ruin'd, formless bulk, o' stane and lime,  
 Compare wi' bonnie Brigs o' modern time?  
 There's men o' taste wad tak' the Ducat-stream\*,  
 Tho' they should cast the very sark and swim,  
 Ere they wad grate their feelings wi' the view  
 O' sic an ugly Gothic hulk as you.

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!  
 This mony a year I've stood the flood and tide;  
 And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfain,  
 I'll be a Brig when ye're a shapeless cairn!  
 As yet ye little ken about the matter,  
 But twa-three winters will inform ye better.  
 When heavy, dark, continued a'-day rains,  
 Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;  
 When from the hills, where springs the brawling  
 Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil, [Coil,  
 Or whare the Greenock winds his moorland course,  
 Or haunted Garpal † draws his feeble source,  
 Aroused by blust'ring winds and spotting thowes,  
 In mony a torrent down the snaw-broo rows;  
 While crashing ice, borne on the roaring spate,  
 Sweeps dams, and mills, and brigs, a' to the gate;  
 And from Glenbuck ‡ down to the Ratton-key §,  
 Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea;  
 Then down ye'll hurl—de'il nor ye never rise!  
 And dash the jumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.  
 A lesson, sadly teaching, to your cost,  
 That Architecture's noble art is lost.

NEW BRIG.

Fine Architecture, trowth, I needs must say't o't;  
 The L—d bethankit that we've tint the gate o't!  
 Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,  
 Hanging, with threat'ning jut, like precipices;  
 O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,  
 Supporting roofs fantastic, stony groves;  
 Windows and doors in nameless sculpture drest,  
 With order, symmetry, or taste unblest;  
 Forms, like some bedlam-statuary's dream,  
 The crazed creations of misguided whim;  
 Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,  
 And still the second dread command be free,  
 Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea;  
 Mansions that would disgrace the building taste  
 Of any mason reptile, bird or beast;  
 Fit only for a doited monkish race,  
 Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace;  
 Or cuifs of latter times, wha held the notion  
 That sullen gloom was sterling true devotion;  
 Fancies that our gude Brugh denies protection,  
 And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection!

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remember'd ancient yealings,  
 Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings!

\* A noted ford, just above the Auld Brig.

† The banks of Garpal Water is one of the few places in the West of Scotland, where those fancy-scaring beings, known by the name of Ghaists, still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.

‡ The source of the river Ayr.

§ A small landing-place above the large quay.



Ye worthy Proveses, and mony a Bailie,  
 Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil aye :  
 Ye dainty Deacons, and ye douce Conveners,  
 To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners ;  
 Ye godly Councils wha ha'e blest this town ;  
 Ye godly Brethren o' the sacred gown,  
 Wha meekly ga'e your huries to the smiters ;  
 (And what wad now be strange) ye godly Writers:  
 A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,  
 Were ye but here, what wad ye say or do ?  
 How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,  
 To see each melancholy alteration ;  
 And, agonizing, curse the time and place  
 When ye begat the base degenerate race !  
 Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their country's glory,  
 In plain braid Scots haud forth a plain braid story !  
 Nae langer thrifty Citizens, and douce,  
 Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house ;  
 But stummel, corky-headed, graceless Gentry,  
 The herryment and ruin of the country ;  
 Men, three-parts made by tailors and by barbers,  
 Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d——d new  
 Brigs and Harbours !

## NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there ! for faith ye've said enow,  
 And muckle mair than ye can mak' to through ;  
 As for your priesthood, I shall say but little,  
 Corbies and Clergy are a shot right kittle :  
 But, under favour o' your langer beard,  
 Abuse o' Magistrates weel weel be spared ;  
 To liken them to your auld-war' squad,  
 I must needs say, comparisons are odd.  
 In Ayr, Wag-wits nae mair can ha'e a handle  
 To mouth "a Citizen," a term o' scandal :  
 Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,  
 In a' the pomp of ignorant conceit ;  
 Men wha grew wise prigg'in' owre hops an' raisins,  
 Or gather'd liberal views in bonds and seisions,  
 If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,  
 Had shored them wi' a glimmer o' his lamp,  
 And would to Common-sense for aince betray'd them,  
 Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.

What farther clishmaclaver might been said,  
 What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,  
 No man can tell ; but all before their sight,  
 A fairy train appear'd in order bright :  
 Adown the glittering stream they featly danced ;  
 Bright to the moon their various dresses glanced :  
 They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,  
 The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet ;  
 While arts of minstrelsy among them rung,  
 And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung.  
 O had M'Lauchlan \*, thairm-inspiring Sage,  
 Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,  
 When through his dear Strathspeys they bore with  
 Highland rage,  
 Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,  
 The lover's raptured joys or bleeding cares ;  
 How would his Highland lug been nobler fired,  
 And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch  
 inspired !  
 No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,  
 But all the soul of Music's self was heard ;  
 Harmonious concert rang in every part,  
 While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.

\* A well-known performer of Scottish music on the violin.

The Genius of the Stream in front appears,  
 A venerable Chief, advanced in years ;  
 His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,  
 His manly leg with garter tangle bound.  
 Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,  
 Sweet Female Beauty, hand in hand with Spring ;  
 Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,  
 And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye :  
 All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,  
 Led yellow Autumn, wreath'd with nodding corn ;  
 Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,  
 By Hospitality with cloudless brow.  
 Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride,  
 From where the Feal wild-woody coverts hide ;  
 Benevolence, with mild benignant air,  
 A female form, came from the tow'rs of Stair \* ;  
 Learning and Worth in equal measures trode  
 From simple Catrine, their long-loved abode :  
 Last, white-robed Peace, crown'd with a hazel  
 To rustic Agriculture did bequeath [wreath,  
 The broken iron instruments of death ;  
 At sight of whom our Sprites forgot their kindling  
 wrath.

## THE DEAN OF FACULTY.

A NEW BALLAD.

Tune—"The Dragon of Wantley."

DIRE was the hate at old Harlaw,  
 That Scot to Scot did carry ;  
 And dire the discord Langside saw  
 For beauteous, hapless Mary :  
 But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot,  
 Or were more in fury seen, Sir,  
 Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job  
 Who should be Faculty's Dean, Sir.

This Hal for genius, wit and lore,  
 Among the first was number'd ;  
 But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,  
 Commandment tenth remember'd.  
 • Yet simple Bob the victory got,  
 And wan his heart's desire,  
 Which shows that heaven can boil the pot,  
 Though the devil p-ss in the fire.

Squire Hal, besides, had in this case,  
 Pretensions rather brassy,  
 For talents to deserve a place  
 Are qualifications saucy ;  
 So their worships of the Faculty,  
 Quite sick of merit's rudeness,  
 Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,  
 To their gratis grace and goodness.

As once on Pisgah purged was the sight  
 Of a son of Circumcision,  
 So may be, on this Pisgah height,  
 Bob's purblind, mental vision :  
 Nay, Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet,  
 Till for eloquence you hail him,  
 And swear he has the Angel met  
 That met the ass of Balaam.—

\* \* \* \* \*

\* The poet alludes here to Mrs. Stewart of Stair.—Stair was then in her possession. She afterwards removed to Afton-Lodge, on the banks of the Afton, a stream which he afterwards celebrated in a song, entitled "Afton Water."

## TO AN OLD SWEETHEART,

AFTER HER MARRIAGE, WITH A PRESENT OF A COPY OF  
HIS POEMS.

ONCE fondly loved, and still remember'd dear,  
Sweet early object of my youthful vows,  
Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere,  
Friendship!—'tis all cold duty now allows:—

And when you read the simple, artless rhymes,  
One friendly sigh for him (he asks no more),  
Who distant burns in flaming, torrid climes,  
Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar.

~~~~~  
ON READING, IN A NEWSPAPER,

THE DEATH OF JOHN McLEOD, ESQ.

BROTHER TO A YOUNG LADY, A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE
AUTHOR'S.

SAD thy tale, thou idle page,
And rueful thy alarms:
Death tears the brother of her love
From Isabella's arms.

Sweetly deckt wi' pearly dew
The morning rose may blow;
But cold successive noontide blasts
May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Isabella's morn
The sun propitious smiled;
But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
Succeeding hopes beguiled.

Fate oft tears the bosom chords
That nature finest strung;
So Isabella's heart was form'd,
And so that heart was wrung.

Dread Omnipotence, alone,
Can heal the wound he gave;
Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
To scenes beyond the grave.

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
And fear no withering blast;
There Isabella's spotless worth
Shall happy be at last.

~~~~~  
CLARINDA.

CLARINDA, mistress of my soul,  
The measured time is run!  
The wretch beneath the dreary pole,  
So marks his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night  
Shall poor Sylvander hie,  
Deprived of thee, his life and light,  
The sun of all his joy?

We part—but by these precious drops  
That fill thy lovely eyes!  
No other light shall guide my steps  
Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair sun of all her sex,  
Has blest my glorious day:  
And shall a glimmering planet fix  
My worship to its ray?

## TO MISS LOGAN,

WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS, AS A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Jan. 1, 1787.

AGAIN the silent wheels of time  
Their annual round have driv'n,  
And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime,  
Are so much nearer heav'n.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts  
The infant year to hail;  
I send you more than India boasts,  
In Edwin's simple tale.

Our sex with guile and faithless love  
Is charged, perhaps too true;  
But may, dear maid, each maiden prove  
An Edwin still to you!

~~~~~  
A FRAGMENT.

Tune—"Killiecrankie."

WHEN Guildford good our pilot stood
And did our helm throw, man,
Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
Within America, man;
Then up they gat the maskin-pat,
And in the sea did jaw, man;
An' did nae less, in full Congress,
Than quite refuse our law, man.

Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes,
I wat he was nae slaw, man;
Down Lowrie's Burn he took a turn,
And Carleton did ca', man;
But yet, what reck, he, at, Quebec,
Montgomery-like did fa', man;
Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
Among his enemies a', man.

Poor Tammy Gage, within a cage
Was kept in Boston ha', man;
Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe
For Philadelphia, man;
Wi' sword and gun he thought a sin
Guid Christian blood to draw, man!
But at New York, wi' knife an' fork,
Sir-loin he hacked sma', man.

Burgoyne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
Till Fraser brave did fa', man;
Then lost his way, ae misty day,
In Saratoga shaw, man.
Cornwallis fought as lang's he dought,
An' did the buckskins claw, man;
But Clinton's glaive, frae rust to save,
He hung it to the wa', man.

Then Montague, and Guildford too,
Began to fear a fa', man;
And Sackville doore, wha stood the stoure,
The German chief to throw, man;
For Paddy Burke like ony Turk,
Nae mercy had at a', man;
An' Charlie Fox threw by the box,
An' loused his tinkler jaw, man.

Then Rockingham took up the game
Till death did on him ca', man;
When Shelburne meek held up his cheek,
Conform to gospel law, man.

Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
They did his measures thrav, man,
For North and Fox united stawk,
An' bore him to the wa', man.

Then clubs an' hearts were Charlie's cartes,
He swept the stakes awa', man,
Till the diamond's ace of Indian race,
Led him a sair faux pas, man :
The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
On Chatham's boy did ca', man :
An' Scotland drew her pipe and blew,
"Up Willie, waur them a', man!"

Behind the throne, then Grenville's gone,
A secret word or twa, man :
While sleet Dundas aroused the class
Be-north the Roman wa', man :
An' Chatham's wraith, in heavenly graith,
(Inspired bardies saw, man.)
Wi' kindling eyes, cried "Willie, rise !
Would I ha'e fear'd them a', man?"

But word and blow, North, Fox, and Co.
Gowff'd Willie like a ba', man,
Till Suthron raise, and coost their claise
Behind him in a raw, man.
An' Caledon threw by the drone,
And did her whittle draw, man ;
An' swear fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood,
To make it gude in law, man.

* * * * *

TO

THE GUIDWIFE OF WAUCHOPE-HOUSE,

(Mrs. Scott, of Wauchope.)

IN ANSWER TO AN EPISTLE WHICH SHE HAD SENT
THE AUTHOR.

GUIDWIFE,

I MIND it weel in early date,
When I was beardless, young, and blate,
And first could thresh the barn ;
Or haud a yokin' at the pleugh ;
An' tho' forfoughten sair enough,
Yet unco proud to learn ;
When first among the yellow corn
A man I reckon'd was,
And wi' the lave ilk merry morn
Could rank my rig and lass,
Still shearing and clearing
The tither stooked raw,
Wi' claivers, an' haivers,
Wearing the day awa'.

E'en then, a wish, I mind its pow'r,
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast,
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,
Or sing a sang at least.
The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide
Among the bearded bear,
I turn'd the weeder-clips aside,
An' spared the symbol dear ;
No nation, no station,
My envy e'er could raise,
A Scot still but blot still,
I knew nae higher praise.

But still the elements o' sang
In formless jumble, right an' wrang,
Wild floated in my brain ;
Till on that hairst I said before,
My partner in the merry corps,
She roused the forming strain :
I see her yet, the sensie quean,
That lighted up her jingle,
Her witching smile, her pawky een
That gart my heart-strings tingle ;
I fired, inspired,
At every kindling keek,
But bashing, and dashing,
I feared ay to speak.

Health to the sex, ilk guid chiel says,
Wi' merry dance in winter-days,
An' we to share in common :
The gust o' joy, the balm of woe,
The saul o' life, the heav'n below,
Is rapture-giving woman.
Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name,
Be mindfu' o' your mither :
She, honest woman, may think shame
That ye're connected with her.
Ye're wae men, ye're nae men,
That slight the lovely dears ;
To shame ye, disclaim ye,
Ilk honest birkie swears.

For you, no bred to barn or byre,
Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,
Thanks to you for your line :
The marled plaid ye kindly spare,
By me should gratefully be ware ;
'Twad please me to the nine.
I'd be mair vauntie o' my hap,
Douce hinging o'er my curple,
Than ony ermine ever lap,
Or proud imperial purple.
Fareweel then, lang heal then,
An' plenty be your fa' :
May losses and crosses
Ne'er at your hallan ca'.

March, 1797.

R. BURNS.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR WATER*,

TO THE NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

MY LORD, I know your noble ear
Woe ne'er assails in vain !
Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear
Your humble slave complain,
How saucy Phœbus' scorching beams,
In flaming summer pride,
Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
And drink my crystal tide.

The lightly-jumping glow'r'in' trouts,
That thro' my waters play,
If, in their random, wanton spouts,
They near the margin stray ;
If, hapless chance ! they linger lang,
I'm scorching up so shallow,
They're left the whitening stanes amang,
In gasping death to wallow.

* Bruar Falls, in Athole, are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful ; but their effect is much impaired by the want of trees and shrubs.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
 As Poet Burns came by,
 That to a bard I should be seen
 Wi' half my channel dry :
 A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
 Ev'n as I was he shored me ;
 But had I in my glory been,
 He, kneeling, wad adored me.

Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
 In twisting strength I rin ;
 There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
 Wild-roaring o'er a linn :
 Enjoying large each spring and well
 As nature gave them me,
 I am, altho' I say't mysel',
 Worth gaun a mile to see.

Wad then my noble master please
 To grant my highest wishes,
 He'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees,
 And bonnie spreading bushes ;
 Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
 You'll wander on my banks,
 And listen mony a grateful bird
 Return you tuneful thanks.

The sober laverock, warbling wild,
 Shall to the skies aspire ;
 The gowdspink, music's gayest child,
 Shall sweetly join the choir :
 The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
 The mavis mild and mellow ;
 The robin, pensive autumn cheer,
 In all her locks of yellow.

This, too, a covert shall ensure,
 To shield them from the storm ;
 And coward maukin sleep secure,
 Low in her grassy form :
 Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
 To weave his crown o' flowers ;
 Or find a sheltering safe retreat,
 From prone descending show'rs.

And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
 Shall meet the loving pair,
 Despising worlds with all their wealth
 As empty idle care ;
 The flowers shall vie in all their charms
 The hour of heaven to grace,
 And birks extend their fragrant arms
 To screen the dear embrace.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
 Some musing bard may stray,
 And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
 And misty mountain grey ;
 Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
 Mild-chequering thro' the trees,
 Rave to my darkly-dashing stream,
 Hoarse swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
 My lowly banks o'erspread,
 And view, deep-bending in the pool,
 Their shadows' wat'ry bed !
 Let fragrant birks, in woodbines drest,
 My craggy cliffs adorn ;
 And, for the little songster's nest,
 The close embow'ring thorn.

So may old Scotia's darling hope,
 Your little angel band,
 Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
 Their honour'd native land !
 So may, thro' Albion's farthest ken,
 To social flowing glasses,
 The grace be—"Athole's honest men,
 And Athole's bonnie lasses !"

ON SCARING SOME WATER-FOWL

IN LOCH-TURIT, A WILD SCENE AMONG THE HILLS OF
 OUGHTERTYRE.

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
 For me your wat'ry haunt forsake ?
 Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
 At my presence thus you fly ?
 Why disturb your social joys,
 Parent, filial, kindred ties ?—
 Common friend to you and me,
 Nature's gifts to all are free :
 Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
 Busy feed, or wanton lave ;
 Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
 Bide the surging billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
 Soon, too soon, your fears I trace
 Man, your proud usurping foe,
 Would be lord of all below :
 Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
 Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
 Marking you his prey below,
 In his breast no pity dwells,
 Strong necessity compels ;
 But man, to whom alone is giv'n
 A ray direct from pitying Heav'n,
 Glories in his heart humane—
 And creatures for his pleasure slain !

In these savage liquid plains,
 Only known to wand'ring swains,
 Where the mossy riv'let strays,
 Far from human haunts and ways ;
 All on Nature you depend,
 And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might,
 Dare invade your native right,
 On the lofty ether borne,
 Man with all his pow'rs you scorn ;
 Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
 Other lakes and other springs ;
 And the foe you cannot brave,
 Scorn at least to be his slave.

VERSES,

WRITTEN UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF FERGUSSON, THE POET,
 IN A COPY OF THAT AUTHOR'S WORKS, PRESENTED TO
 A YOUNG LADY IN EDINBURGH, MARCH 19, 1787.

CURSE on ungrateful man, that can be pleased,
 And yet can starve the author of the pleasure !
 O thou my elder brother in misfortune,
 By far my elder brother in the muses,
 With tears I pity thy unhappy fate !
 Why is the bard unpitied by the world,
 Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures ?

TO A LADY,

WITH A PRESENT OF A PAIR OF DRINKING-GLASSES.

FAIR Empress of the Poet's soul,
 And Queen of Poetesses ;
 Clarinda, take this little boon,
 This humble pair of glasses.
 And fill them high with generous juice,
 As generous as your mind ;
 And pledge me in the generous toast—
 "The whole of human kind !"
 "To those who love us !"—second fill ;
 But not to those whom we love ;
 Lest we love those who love not us !
 A third—"To thee and me love !"

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL,

OVER THE CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE PARLOUR OF THE INN AT KENNURE, TAYMOUTH.

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
 These northern scenes with weary feet I trace ;
 O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
 Th' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,
 My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
 Till fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view.—
 The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
 The woods, wild-scatter'd, clothe their ample sides ;
 Th' outstretching lake, embosom'd 'mong the hills,
 The eye with wonder and amazement fills ;
 The Tay, meandering sweet in infant pride,
 The palace rising on its verdant side ;
 The lawns wood-fringed in Nature's native taste ;
 The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste ;
 The arches striding o'er the new-born stream ;
 The village glittering in the noontide beam—
 * * * * *

Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,
 Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell :
 The sweeping theatre of hanging woods ;
 Th' incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods—
 * * * * *

Here Poesy might wake her heaven-taught lyre,
 And look through Nature with creative fire ;
 Here, to the wrongs of fate half-reconciled,
 Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild ;
 And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
 Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds :
 Here heart-struck Grief might heav'nward stretch
 her scan,
 And injured Worth forget and pardon man.
 * * * * *

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL,

STANDING BY THE FALL OF FYERS, NEAR LOCH-NESS.

AMONG the heathy hills and ragged woods,
 The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods ;
 Till fall he dashes on the rocky mounds,
 Where thro' a shapeless breach his stream resounds.
 As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
 As deep-recoiling surges foam below,
 Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
 And viewless Echo's ear astonish'd rends.
 Dim seen thro' rising mists and ceaseless show'rs,
 The hoary cavern, wide surrounding, low'rs.
 Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
 And still below the horrid cauldron boils—
 * * * * *

POETICAL ADDRESS

TO MR. WILLIAM TYTLER, OF WOODHOUSELEE,
WITH THE PRESENT OF THE BARD'S PICTURE.

REVERED defender of beauteous Stuart,
 Of Stuart, a name once respected,
 A name, which to love was the mark of a true heart,
 But now 'tis despised and neglected.

Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye,
 Let no one misdeem me disloyal ;
 A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh,
 Still more, if that wand'rer were royal.

My fathers that name have revered on a throne ;
 My fathers have fallen to right it ;
 Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
 That name should he scoffingly slight it.

Still in prayers for King George I most heartily join,
 The Queen, and the rest of the gentry ;
 Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine ;
 Their title's avow'd by my country.

But why of this epocha make such a fuss,

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

But loyalty, truce ! we're on dangerous ground,
 Who knows how the fashions may alter ?
 The doctrine, to-day, that is loyalty sound,
 To-morrow may bring us a halter.

I send you a trifle, a head of a bard,
 A trifle scarce worthy your care ;
 But accept it, good Sir, as a mark of regard,
 Sincere as a saint's dying prayer.

Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye,
 And ushers the long dreary night ;
 But you, like the star that athwart gilds the sky,
 Your course to the latest is bright.

WRITTEN IN

FRIARS-CARSE HERMITAGE,

ON NITH-SIDE.

Thou whom chance may hither lead,—
 Be thou clad in russet weed,
 Be thou deck'd in silken stole,
 Grave these counsels on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,
 Sprung from night, in darkness lost ;
 Hope not sunshine ev'ry hour,
 Fear not clouds will always lower.

As youth and love, with sprightly dance,
 Beneath thy morning star advance,
 Pleasure with her siren air
 May delude the thoughtless pair ;
 Let prudence bless enjoyment's cup,
 Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,
 Life's meridian flaming nigh,
 Dost thou spurn the humble vale ?
 Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale ?
 Check thy climbing step elate,
 Evils lurk in felon wait :

Dangers, eagle-pinion'd, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold,
While cheerful peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of ev'ning close,
Beck'ning thee to long repose ;
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-nook of ease,
There ruminate with sober thought,
On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought ;
And teach the sportive youngers round,
Saws of experience, sage and sound.
Say, man's true genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not, art thou high or low ?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow ?
Did many talents gild thy span ?
Or frugal nature grudge thee one ?
Tell them, and press it on their mind,
As thou thyself must shortly find,
The smile or frown of awful Heaven,
To virtue or to vice is giv'n.
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies ;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to the wretched, vile, and base.

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep ;
Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
Night, where dawn shall never break,
Till future life, future no more,
To light and joy the good restore,
To light and joy unknown before.

Stranger, go ! Heav'n be thy guide !
Quod the beadsman of Nith-side.

~~~~~ EPISTLE TO R. GRAHAM, ESQ.,

OF FINTRAY.

WHEN Nature her great masterpiece design'd,
And framed her last, best work, the human mind,
Her eye intent on all the mazy plan,
She form'd of various parts the various man.

Then first she calls the useful many forth ;
Plain plodding industry, and sober worth :
Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,
And merchandise' whole genus take their birth :
Each prudent cit a warm existence finds,
And all mechanics' many-apron'd kinds.
Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet,
The lead and buoy are needful to the net :
The caput mortuum of gross desires
Makes a material for mere knights and squires :
The martial phosphorus is taught to flow,
She kneads the lumpish philosophic dough,
Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave designs,
Law, physic, politics, and deep divines :
Last, she sublimes the Aurora of the poles,
The flashing elements of female souls.

The order'd system fair before her stood,
Nature, well-pleased, pronounced it very good ;
But ere she gave creating labour o'er,
Half-jest, she tried one curious labour more.
Some spumy, fiery, ignis fatuus matter ;
Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter ;
With arch alacrity and conscious glee
(Nature may have her whim as well as we,

Her Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it ;)
She forms the thing, and christens it—a poet.
Creature, tho' oft the prey of care and sorrow,
When blest to-day un mindful of to-morrow,
A being form'd t'amuse his graver friends,
Admired and praised—and there the homage ends :
A mortal quite unfit for Fortune's strife,
Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life ;
Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live :
Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,
Yet frequent all unheeded in his own.

But honest Nature is not quite a Turk,
She laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work.
Pitying the propless climber of mankind,
She cast about a standard tree to find ;
And, to support his helpless woodbine state,
Attach'd him to the generous truly great,
A title, and the only one I claim,
To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.

Pity the tuneful Muses' hapless train,
Weak, timid landmen on Life's stormy main !
Their hearts no selfish stern absorbent stuff,
That never gives—tho' humbly takes enough ;
The little fate allows, they share as soon,
Unlike sage, proverb'd Wisdom's hard-wrung boon.
The world were blest did bliss on them depend,
Ah, that "the friendly e'er should want a friend !"
Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son,
Who life and wisdom at one race begun,
Who feel by reason, and who give by rule,
(Instinct's a brute, and sentiment a fool !)
Who make poor "will do" wait upon "I should"—
We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good !
Ye wise ones, hence ! ye hurt the social eye !
God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy !
But come ye who the godlike pleasure know,
Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow !
Whose arms of love would grasp the human race ;
Come thou, who giv'st with all a courtier's grace ;
Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes !
Prop of my dearest hopes for future times,
Why shrinks my soul half blushing, half afraid,
Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly aid ?
I know my need, I know thy giving hand,
I crave thy friendship at thy kind command :
But there are such who court the tuneful nine—
Heavens ! should the branded character be mine !
Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows,
Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose.
Mark, how their lofty independent spirit
Soars on the spurning wing of injured merit !
Seek not the proofs in private life to find ;
Pity the best of words should be but wind !
So, to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,
But grovelling on the earth the carol ends.
In all the clam'rous cry of starving want,
They dun benevolence with shameless front ;
Oblige them, patronise their tinsel lays,
They persecute you all your future days !
Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,
My horny fist ! assume the plough again :
The pie-bald jacket let me patch once more ;
On eighteen-pence a week I've lived before.
Though, thanks to Heaven, I dare even that last
I trust, meantime, my boon is in thy gift ; (shift,
That placed by thee upon the wished-for height,
Where, Man and Nature fairer in her sight,
My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight.

TO CAPTAIN RIDDEL, GLENRIDDEL.

(Extempore Lines on returning a Newspaper.)

Ellisland, Monday Evening.

Your news and review, Sir, I've read through and
through, Sir,

With little admiring or blaming;
The papers are barren of home-news or foreign,
No murders or rapes worth the naming.

Our friends the reviewers, those chippers and
Are judges of mortar and stone, Sir; [hewers,
But of meet, or unmeet, in a fabric complete,
I'll boldly pronounce they are none, Sir.

My goose-quill too'rude is, to tell all your goodness
Bestow'd on your servant, the Poet;
Would to God I had one like a beam of the sun,
And then all the world, Sir, should know it!

A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH
OF HER SON.

FATE gave the word, the arrow sped,
And pierced my darling's heart:
And with him all the joys are fled
Life can to me impart.
By cruel hands the sapling drops,
In dust dishonour'd laid:
So fell the pride of all my hopes,
My age's future shade.

The mother-linnet in the brake
Bewails her ravish'd young;
So I, for my lost darling's sake,
Lament the live-day long.
Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,—
Now, fond I bare my breast,
O, do thou kindly lay me low
With him I love, at rest!

VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR

THE lamp of day, with ill-presaging glare,
Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath the western wave;
Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the darkening air,
And hollow whistled in the rocky cave.

Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell,
Once the loved haunts of Scotia's royal train*;
Or mused where limpid streams once hallow'd well†,
Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred fane‡.

Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks,
The clouds, swift-wing'd, flew o'er the starry sky;
The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,
And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.

The paly moon rose in the livid east,
And 'mong the cliffs disclosed a stately form,
In weeds of woe, that frantic beat her breast,
And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm.

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,
'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd:
Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe,
The lightning of her eye in tears imbued.

* The King's Park, at Holyrood House.

† St. Anthony's Well.

‡ St. Anthony's Chapel.

Reversed that spear, redoubtable in war;
Reclined that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd,
That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar,
And braved the mighty monarchs of the world.—
"My patriot son fills an untimely grave!"
With accents wild and lifted arms she cried;
"Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save,
Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride!"
"A weeping country joins a widow's tear,
The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry;
The drooping Arts surround their patron's bier,
And grateful Science heaves the heartfelt sigh.—
"I saw my sons resume their ancient fire;
I saw fair Freedom's blossoms richly blow;
But ah! how hope is born but to expire!
Relentless fate has laid their guardian low.
"My patriot falls—but shall he lie unsung,
While empty greatness saves a worthless name?
No, every muse shall join her tuneful tongue,
And future ages hear his growing fame.
"And I will join a mother's tender cares,
Through future times to make his virtues last,
That distant years may boast of other Blairs."—
She said, and vanish'd with the sweeping blast.

ELEGY ON THE YEAR 1788.

January 1, 1789.

FOR lords or kings I dinna mourn,
E'en let them die—for that they're born!
But, oh! prodigious to reflect,
A towmont, sirs, is gane to wreck!
O Eighty-eight, in thy sin's space
What dire events ha'e taken place!
Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us!
In what a pickle thou hast left us!

The Spanish empire's tint a head,
And my auld toothless Bawtie's dead;
The toolzie's tough 'tween Pitt and Fox,
An' our gudewife's wee birdie cocks;
The tane is game, a bluidy devil,
But to the hen-birds unco civil;
The tither's something dour o' treadin',
But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden.

Ye ministers, come mount the pu'pit,
An' cry till ye be hearse an' roupit;
For Eighty-eight he wish'd you weel,
And gied you a' baith gear an' meal;
E'en mony a plack, an' mony a peck,
Ye ken yoursel's, for little feck!

Ye bonnie lasses, dight your een,
For some o' you ha'e tint a frien':
In Eighty-eight, ye ken, was ta'en
What ye'll ne'er ha'e to gie again.

Observe the very nowt an' sheep,
How dowf an' dowie now they creep;
Nay, ev'n the yirth itself does cry,
For E'nbrugh wells are grutten dry.

O Eighty-nine, thou's but a bairn,
An' no owre auld, I hope, to learn!
Thou beardless boy, I pray tak' care!
Thou now hast got thy daddie's chair;
Nae handcuff'd, muzzled, half-shackl'd Regent,
But, like himsel', a full, free agent.
Be sure to follow out the plan
Nae waur than he did, honest man!
As muckle better as you can.

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTH-ACHE.

My curse upon thy venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortured gums along;
And through my lugs gie's mony a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines!

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or colic squeezes,
Our neighbours' sympathy may ease us,
Wi' pitying moan;
But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases,
Aye mocks our groan!

Adown my beard the slavers trickle!
I kick the wee stools o'er the mickle,
As round the fire the giegles keckle,
To see me loup;
While raving mad, I wish a heckle
Were in their doup.

Of a' the num'rous human dools,
Ill hairsts, daft bargains, cutty stools,
Or worthy friends raked i' the mools,
Sad sight to see!
The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools,
Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
Whence a' the tones o' misery yell,
And ranked plagues their numbers tell,
In dreadfu' raw,
Thou, Tooth-Ache, surely bear'st the bell
Among them a'!

O thou grim mischief-making chiel,
That gars the notes of discord squeel,
Till daft mankind aft dance a reel,
In gore a shoe-thick;—
Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
A towmond's Tooth-ache.

ODE,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. OSWALD

DWELLER in yon dungeon dark,
Hangman of creation! mark
Who in widow-weeds appears,
Laden with unhonour'd years,
Noosing with care a bursting purse,
Baited with many a deadly curse!

STROPHE.

View the wither'd beldam's face—
Can thy keen inspection trace
Aught of humanity's sweet melting grace?
Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows,
Pity's flood there never rose.
See those hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,
Hands that took—but never gave.
Keeper of Mammon's iron chest,
Lo! there she goes—unpitied and unblest!
She goes—but not to realms of everlasting rest!

ANTISTROPHE.

Plunderer of armies, lift thine eyes
(Awhile forbear, ye tort'ring fiends),
Seest thou whose step unwilling hither bends?
No fallen angel, hurld from upper skies;
'Tis thy trusty *quondam mate*,
Doom'd to share thy fiery fate,
She, tardy, hell-ward plies.

EPODE.

And are they of no more avail,
Ten thousand glitt'ring pounds a year?
In other worlds can Mammon fail,
Omnipotent as he is here?
O, bitter mock'ry of the pompous bier,
While down the wretched vital part is driv'n!
The cave-lodged beggar, with a conscience clear,
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to heav'n.

SCOTS PROLOGUE,

FOR MR. SUTHERLAND'S BENEFIT NIGHT, DUMFRIES.

WHAT needs this din about the town o' Lon'on,
How this new play and that new sang is comin'?
Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted?
Does nonsense mend like whiskey, when imported?
Is there nae poet, burning keen for fame,
Will try to gie us sangs and plays at hame?
For comedy abroad he need na toil,
A fool and knave are plants of every soil;
Nor need he hunt as far as Rome and Greece
To gather matter for a serious piece;
There's themes enough in Caledonian story,
Would show the tragic muse in a' her glory.—

Is there no daring bard will rise, and tell
How glorious Wallace stood, how, hapless, fell?
Where are the muses fled that could produce
A drama worthy o' the name o' Bruce?
How here, even here, he first unsheath'd the sword
'Gainst mighty England and her guilty lord;
And after mony a bloody, deathless doing,
Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of ruin?
O for a Shakspeare or an Otway scene,
To draw the lovely, hapless Scottish Queen!
Vain all the omnipotence of female charms
'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms.
She fell, but fell with spirit truly Roman,
To glut the vengeance of a rival woman:
A woman, though the phrase may seem uncivil.
As able and as cruel as the devil!
One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page,
But Douglasses were heroes every age;
And though your fathers, prodigal of life,
A Douglas followed to the martial strife,
Perhaps if bowls row right, and Right succeeds,
Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads!

As ye ha'e generous done, if a' the land
Would take the muses' servants by the hand;
Not only hear, but patronise, befriend them,
And where ye justly can commend, commend them;
And aiblins when they winna stand the test,
Wink hard and say, the folks ha'e done their best!
Would a' the land do this, then I'll be caution
Ye'll soon ha'e poets o' the Scottish nation,
Will gar Fame blow until her trumpet crack,
And warse Time an' lay him on his back!

For us and for our stage should only spier,
“Whase aught thae chieles mak' a' this bustle here?”
My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow,
We have the honour to belong to you!
We're your ain bairns, o'en guide us as ye like,
But like good mithers, shore before ye strike,—
An' gratefu' still I hope ye'll ever find us,
For a' the patronage and meikle kindness
We've got frae a' professions, sets and ranks;
God help us! we're but poor—ye'se get but thanks.

ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME,

WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT AT.

INHUMAN man ! curse on thy barb'rous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye :
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart !

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little of that life remains :
No more the thickening brakes and verdant
plains,
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed !
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Of't as by winding Nith I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hap-
less fate.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES, ON NEW-YEAR'S-DAY
EVENING.

No song nor dance I bring from yon great city
That queens it o'er our taste—the more's the
pity :

Tho', by the by, abroad why will you roam ?
Good sense and taste are natives here at home :
But not for panegyric I appear,
I come to wish you all a good new year !
Old Father Time deposes me here before ye,
Not for to preach, but tell his simple story :
The sage grave ancient cough'd, and bade me say,
" You're one year older this important day ;"
If wiser too—he hinted some suggestion,
But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the question ;
And with a would-be-roguish leer and wink,
He bade me on you press this one word—" Think !"

Ye sprightly youths, quite flush'd with hope and
spirit,

Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,
To you the dotard has a deal to say,
In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way :
He bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,
That the first blow is ever half the battle ;
That tho' some by the skirt may try to snatch
him ;

Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him ;
That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
You may do miracles by persevering.

Last, tho' not least in love, ye youthful fair,
Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care !
To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow,
And humbly begs you'll mind the important—now !
To crown your happiness he asks your leave,
And offers, bliss to give and to receive.

For our sincere, tho' haply weak endeavours,
With grateful pride we own your many favours ;
And howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it,
Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it.

DELIA.

FAIR the face of orient day,
Fair the tints of op'ning rose ;
But fairer still my Delia dawns,
More lovely far her beauty blows.
Sweet the lark's wild warbled lay,
Sweet the tinkling rill to hear ;
But, Delia, more delightful still,
Steal thine accents on mine ear.
The flower-enamour'd busy bee
The rosy banquet loves to sip ;
Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip ;
But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
Let me, no vagrant insect, rove !
O let me steal one liquid kiss,
For Oh ! my soul is parch'd with love !

FRAGMENT,

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. C. J. FOX.

How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite ;
How virtue and vice blend their black and their white
How genius, th' illustrious father of fiction,
Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction—
I sing : if these mortals, the critics, should bustle,
I care not, not I, let the critics go whistle.

But now for a Patron, whose name and whose
glory,
At once may illustrate and honour my story.

Thou first of our orators, first of our wits ;
Yet whose parts and acquirements seem mere
lucky hits ; [strong,
With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so
No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong ;
With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
No man with the half of 'em e'er went quite right ;
A sorry, poor misbegot son of the Muses,
For using thy name offers fifty excuses.

Good L—d, what is man, for as simple he looks,
Do but try to develop his hooiks and his crooks :
With his depths and his shallows, his good and his
evil,
All in all he's a problem must puzzle the devil.

On his one-ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labours,
That, like th' old Hebrew walking-switch, eats up
its neighbours : [know him ?
Mankind are his show-box—a friend, would you
Pull the string, ruling passion the picture will
show him.

What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,
One trifling particular, truth, should have miss'd
For, spite of his fine theoretic positions, [him !
Mankind is a science defies definitions.

Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,
And think human nature they truly describe ;
Have you found this, or t'other ? there's more in
the wind,

As by one drunken fellow his comrades you'll find ;
But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan,
In the make of that wonderful creature call'd Man,
No two virtues, whatever relation they claim,
Nor even two different shades of the same,
Though like as was ever twin brother to brother,
Possessing the one shall imply you've the other.

TO DR. BLACKLOCK.

Ellisland, Oct. 21, 1789.

Wow, but your letter made me vauntie,
And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie ?
I kenn'd it still your wee bit jauntie

 Was bring ye to :
Lord send you ay as weel's I want ye,
 And then ye'll do.

The ill-thief blaw the Heron south !
And never drink be near his drouth !
He tald mysel', by word o' mouth,

 He'd tak' my letter !
I lippen'd to the chiel in trowth
 And bade nae better.

But aiblins honest Master Heron
Had at the time some dainty fair one,
To ware his theologic care on,

 And holy study ;
An' tired o' sauls to waste his lear on,
 E'en tried the body.

But what d'ye think, my trusty fier ?
I'm turn'd a gauger—peace be here !
Parnassian queens, I fear, I fear,

 Ye'll now disdain me,
And then my fifty pounds a year
 Will little gain me.

Ye glaiket, glesome, dainty damies,
Wha by Castalia's wimplin' streamies,
Loup, sing, and lave your pretty limbies,

 Ye ken, ye ken,
That strang necessity supreme is
 'Mang sons o' men.

I ha'e a wife and twa wee laddies,
They maun ha'e brose an' brats o' duddies ;
Ye ken yoursel's my heart right proud is,

 I needna vaunt,
But I'll sned besoms—thraw saugh woodies,
 Before they want.

Lord help me thro' this world o' care !
I'm weary sick o't late and ear' !
Not but I ha'e a richer share

 Than mony ithers ;
But why should ae man better fare,
 And a' men brithers ?

Come, Firm Resolve, take thou the van,
Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man !
And let us mind faint heart ne'er wan

 A lady fair :
Wha does the utmost that he can
 Will whyles do mair.

But to conclude my silly rhyme,
(I'm scant o' verse and scant o' time,)
To mak' a happy fire-side clime

 To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
 Of human life.

My compliments to Sister Beckie ;
And eke the same to honest Luckie,
I wat she is a daintie chuckie

 As e'er tread clay !
And gratefully, my guid auld cokie,
 I'm yours for aye.

ROBERT BURNS.

SKETCH.—NEW YEAR'S DAY.

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

THIS day, Time winds th' exhausted chain,
To run the twelvemonth's length again .

I see the old, bald-pated fellow,
With ardent eyes, complexion fallow,
Adjust the unimpair'd machine,
To wheel the equal, dull routine.
The absent lover, minor heir,
In vain assail him with their prayer ;
Deaf as my friend, he sees them press,
Nor makes the hour one moment less.
Will you (the Major's with the hounds,
The happy tenants share his rounds ;
Coila's fair Rachael's care to-day,

And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray)
From housewife cares a minute borrow—
That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow—
And join with me in moralizing,

This day's propitious to be wise in.
First, what did yesternight deliver ?
“ Another year is gone for ever.”

And what is this day's strong suggestion ?
“ The passing moment's all we rest on !”
Rest on !—for what ? what do we here ?

Or why regard the passing year ?
Will Time, amused with proverb'd lore,
Add to our date one minute more ?

A few days may—a few years must—
Repose us in the silent dust.
Then is it wise to damp our bliss ?

Yes—all such reasonings are amiss !
The voice of nature loudly cries,
And many a message from the skies,
That something in us never dies :

That on this frail, uncertain state,
Hang matters of eternal weight ;
That future life, in worlds unknown,
Must take its hue from this alone ;

Whether as heavenly glory bright,
Or dark as misery's woful night.—
Since then, my honour'd, first of friends,
On this poor being all depends,

Let us th' important *now* employ,
And live as those that never die.
Tho' you, with days and honours crown'd,
Witness that filial circle round,

(A sight life's sorrows to repulse,
A sight pale envy to convulse,)
Others now claim your chief regard ;
Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

TO A GENTLEMAN

WHO HAD SENT BURNS A NEWSPAPER, AND OFFERED TO
CONTINUE IT FREE OF EXPENSE.

Ellisland, 1790.

KIND Sir, I've read your paper through,
And faith, to me, 'twas really new !
How guess'd ye, Sir, what maist I wanted ?
This monie a day I've grain'd and gaunted,
To ken what French mischief was brewin' ;
Or what the drumlie Dutch were doing ;
That vile doup-skelpier, Emperor Joseph,
If Venus yet had got his nose off ;
Or how the collieshangie works
Atween the Russians and the Turks ;

Or, if the Swede, before he halt,
 Would play anither Charles the Twalt;
 If Denmark, any body spak' o't!
 Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't;
 How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin',
 How libbet Italy was singin';
 If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss,
 Were sayin' or takin' aught amiss:
 Or how our merry lads at hame,
 In Britain's court, keep up the game;
 How Royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him!
 Was managing St. Stephen's quorum;
 If sleekit Chatham Will was livin',
 Or glaiket Charlie gat his nieve in:
 How daddie Burke the plea was cookin',
 If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin';
 How cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd,
 Or if bare a—s yet were tax'd;
 The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
 Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera-girls;
 If that daft buckie, Georgie Wales,
 Was threshin' still at hizzies' tails,
 Or if he was grown oughtlins doucher,
 And no a perfect kintra cooser:
 A' this and mair I never heard of;
 And but for you I might despair'd of.
 So, gratefu', back your news I send you,
 And pray, a' guid things may attend you!

ELEGY

ON CAPTAIN MATTHEW HENDERSON.

A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD THE PATENT FOR HIS HONOURS
IMMEDIATELY FROM ALMIGHTY GOD.

But now his radiant course is run,
 For Matthew's course was bright
 His soul was like the glorious sun,
 A matchless, heav'nly light.

O DEATH! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
 The meikle devil wi' a woodie
 Harl thee hame to his black smidie,
 O'er hurcheon hides,
 And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie
 Wi' thy auld sides!
 He's gane! he's gane! he's frae us torn,
 The ae best fellow wae's born!
 Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel' shall mourn
 By wood and wild,
 Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,
 Frae man exiled.
 Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,
 That proudly cock your cresting cairns!
 Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing earns,
 Where echo slumbers!
 Come join ye, Nature's sturdiest bairns,
 My wailing numbers!
 Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens!
 Ye haz'ly shaws and briery dens!
 Ye burnies, wimplin' down your glens,
 Wi' toddlin' din,
 Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,
 Frae linn to linn.
 Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea;
 Ye stately foxgloves, fair to see;
 Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie,
 In scented bow'rs;
 Ye roses on your thorny tree,
 The first of flow'rs.

At dawn, when ev'ry grassy blade
 Droops with a diamond at its head,
 At e'en, when beans their fragrance shed,
 I' the rustling gale,
 Ye maukins whiddin thro' the glade,
 Come join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood;
 Ye grouse, that crap the heather bud;
 Ye curlews, calling through a clud;
 Ye whistling plover;
 And mourn, ye whirring pairick brood;
 He's gane for ever!

Mourn, sooty coots and speckled teals;
 Ye fisher herons, watching eels;
 Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
 Circling the lake;
 Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
 Rair for his sake.

Mourn, clam'ring craiks at close o' day,
 'Mang fields o' flow'ring clover gay;
 And when ye wing your annual way
 Frae our cauld shore,
 Tell thae far warld's, wha lies in clay
 Wham we deplore.

Ye howlets, frae your ivy bow'r,
 In some auld tree or eldritch tow'r,
 What time the moon, wi' silent glow'r,
 Sets up her horn,
 Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour
 Till waukrife morn!

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
 Oft have ye heard my canty strains:
 But now, what else for me remains
 But tales of woe?
 And frae my een the drapping rains
 Maun ever flow.

Mourn, spring, thou darling of the year!
 Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear:
 Thou, simmer, while each corny spear
 Shoots up its head,
 Thy gay, green, flow'ry tresses shear,
 For him that's dead!

Thou, autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
 In grief thy fallow mantle tear!
 Thou, winter, hurling thro' the air
 The roaring blast,
 Wide o'er the naked world declare
 The worth we've lost!

Mourn him, thou sun, great source of light!
 Mourn, empress of the silent night!
 And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
 My Matthew mourn!
 For through your orbs he's ta'en his flight,
 Ne'er to return.

O Henderson! the man! the brother!
 And art thou gone, and gone for ever!
 And hast thou crost that unknown river,
 Life's dreary bound!
 Like thee, where shall I find another,
 The world around!

Go to your sculptured tombs, ye Great,
 In a' the tinsel trash o' state!
 But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
 Thou man of worth!
 And weep the ae best fellow's fate
 E'er lay in earth.

THE EPITAPH.

Stop, passenger ! my story's brief,
And truth I shall relate, man ;
I tell nae common tale o' grief,
For Matthew was a great man.
If thou uncommon merit hast,
Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door, man,
A look of pity hither cast,
For Matthew was a poor man.
If thou a noble sodger art,
That passest by this grave, man,
There moulders here a gallant heart,
For Matthew was a brave man.
If thou on men, their works and ways,
Canst throw uncommon light, man,
Here lies wha weel had won thy praise,
For Matthew was a bright man.
If thou at friendship's sacred ca'
Wad life itself resign, man !
Thy sympathetic tear maun fa',
For Matthew was a kin' man !
If thou art staunch without a stain,
Like the unchanging blue, man ;
This was a kinsman o' thy ain,
For Matthew was a true man.
If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man ;
This was thy billie, dam, and sire,
For Matthew was a queer man.
If ony whiggish whinging sot,
To blame poor Matthew dare, man,
May dool and sorrow be his lot,
For Matthew was a rare man.

THE FIVE CARLINES ;

AN ELECTION BALLAD.

Tune—"Chevy Chase."

THERE were Five Carlins in the south,
They fell upon a scheme,
To send a lad to Lunnun town
To bring them tidings hame ;
Nor only bring them tidings hame,
But do their errands there,
And aiblins gowd and honour baith
Might be that laddie's share.
There was Maggy by the banks o' Nith *,
A dame wi' pride enough ;
And Marjory o' the Monylochs †,
A carline auld and tough ;
And blinkin' Bess o' Annandale ‡,
That dwelt near Solway side ;
And whiskey Jean, that took her gill
In Galloway sae wide § ;
And black Joán frae Crichton Peel ||,
O' gipsy kith and kin,
Five wightier carlines were na foun'
The south countrie within.
To send a lad to Lunnun town,
They met upon a day,
And mony a knight and mony a laird,
This errand fain wad gae.

* Dumfries. † Lochmaben. ‡ Annan.
§ Kirkcudbright. || Sanquhar.

Oh ! mony a knight and mony a laird
This errand fain wad gae ;
But nae ane could their fancy please :
Oh ! ne'er a ane but tway.

The first ane was a belted knight *,
Bred o' a Border band,
And he wad gae to Lunnun town,
Might nae man him withstand ;
And he wad do their errands weel,
And meikle he wad say,
And ilka ane at Lunnun court
Would bid to him gude day.

The niest came in a sodger youth †,
And spak' wi' modest grace,
And he wad gae to Lunnun town
If sae their pleasure was :

He wadna hecht them courtly gifts,
Nor meikle speech pretend,
But he wad hecht an honest heart,
Wad ne'er desert his friend.

Now, wham to choose and wham refuse,
At strife thir carlines fell,
For some had gentelfolks to please,
And some wad please themsel'.

Then out spak' mim-mou'd Meg of Nith,
And she spak' up wi' pride,
And she wad send the sodger youth,
Whatever might betide ;

For the auld guidman o' Lunnun ‡ court
She didna care a pin ;
But she wad send the sodger youth
To greet his eldest son §.

Then up sprang Bess o' Annandale,
And a deadly aith she's ta'en,
That she wad vote the Border knight,
Though she should vote her lane ;

For far-aff fowls ha'e feathers fair,
And fools o' change are fain ;
But I ha'e tried the Border knight,
And I'll try him yet again.

Says black Joán frae Crichton Peel,
A carline sour and grim,
The auld guidman or the young guidman
For me may sink or swim ;

For fools may prate o' right or wrang,
While knaves laugh them to scorn ;
But the sodger's friends ha'e blawn the best,
So he shall bear the horn.

Then whiskey Jean spak' ower her drink :
Ye weel ken, kimmers a',
The auld guidman o' Lunnun court,
His back's been at the wa' ;

And mony a friend that kiss't his caup,
Is now a fremit wight,
But it's ne'er be said o' whiskey Jean,
We'll send the Border knight.

Then slow rase Marjory o' the Lochs,
And wrinkled was her brow,
Her ancient weed was russet gray,
Her auld Scots heart was true ;

* Sir J. Johnstone. † Mr. Miller.
‡ George III. § The Prince of Wales.

There's some great folks set light by me,
I set as light by them;
But I will sen' to Lunnun toun
Wham I like best at hame.

Sae how this weighty plea will end,
Nae mortal wight can tell,
God grant the King and ilka man
May look weel to himsel'!

ANSWER TO A MANDATE.

SENT BY THE SURVEYOR OF TAXES.

Moss-giel, Feb. 22nd, 1789.

SIR, as your mandate did request,
I send you here a faithfu' list,
O' gudes an' gear, an' a' my graith,
To which I'm free to tak' my aith.

Imprimis, then, for carriage cattle,—
I ha'e four brutes o' gallant mettle,
As ever drev afore a pettle;
My land-afore, a guid auld has-been,
And wight and wilfu' a' his days been;
My land-ahin's a weel-gaun filly,
Wha aft has borne me safe frae Killie,
And your auld borough mony a time,
In days when riding was nae crime:
But ance when in my wooing pride
I like a blockhead boost to ride,
The wilfu' creature sae I pat to,
(Lord, pardon a' my sins an' that too!)
I play'd my filly sic a shavie,
She's a' bedevil'd wi' the spavie.
My fur-ahin', a wordy beast,
As e'er in tug or tow was traced:
The fourth, a Highland Donald hasty,
A d-mn'd red-wud Kilburnie blastie,
Forby a cowte, of cowtes the wale,
As ever ran afore a tail;
An' he be spared to be a beast,
He'll draw me fifteen pund at least.

Wheel carriages I ha'e but few:
Three carts, and twa are feckly new;
An auld wheelbarrow, mair for token,
Ae leg and baith the trams are broken;
I made a poker o' the spindle,
And my auld mither brunt the trundle.

For men, I've three mischievous boys,
Run-deils for rantin' and for noise;
A gaudsman ane, a thrasher t'other,
Wee Davoc hauds the nowte in fother.
I rule them, as I ought, discreetly,
And aften labour them completely;
And aye on Sundays duly nightly,
I on the Questions taige them tightly,
Till, faith! wee Davoc's grown sae gleg,
(Tho' scarcely langer than my leg),
He'll screed you aff Effectual Calling
As fast as ony in the dwelling.

I've nane in female servan' station,
Lord keep me aye frae a' temptation!
I ha'e nae wife, and that my bliss is,
And ye ha'e laid nae tax on misses;
Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented,
Heaven sent me ane mair than I wanted;
My sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess,
She stares the daddie in her face,
Enough of aught ye like but grace.

But her, my bonny, sweet, wee lady,
I've paid enough for her already,
And if ye tax her or her mither,
B' the Lord, ye'se get them a' thegither!

And now, remember, Mr. Aiken,
Nae kind of license out I'm takin';
Frae this time forth, I do declare,
I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair;
Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle,
Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle;
I've sturdy stumps, the Lord be thankit!
And a' my gates on foot I'll shank it.
The Kirk an' you may tak' you that,
It puts but little in your pat;
Sae dinna scribe me in your buke,
Nor for my ten white shillings luke.

This list wi' my ain hand I've wrote it,
The day and date as under noted;
Then know all ye whom it concerns,
Subscripsi huic,

ROBERT BURNS.

ON THE LATE

CAPTAIN GROSE'S PEREGRINATIONS THROUGH SCOTLAND,

COLLECTING THE ANTIQUITIES OF THAT KINGDOM.

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirke to Johnny Groats;
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it:
A chield's amang you, taking notes,
And faith, he'll prent it!

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine, fat, fodgeg wight,
O' stature short, but genius bright,
That's he, mark weel—
And wow! he has an unco sleight
O' cauk and keel.

By some auld, howlet-haunted biggin',
Or kirk deserted by its riggin',
It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
Some eldritch part,
Wi' deils, they say, L—d save's! colleaguin'
At some black art.

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or cham'er,
Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamour,
And you deep-read in hell's black grammar,
Warlocks and witches;
Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
Ye midnight b—es.

It's tauld he was a sodger bred,
And ane wad rather fa'n than fled;
But now he's quat the spurtle-blade,
And dog-skin wallet,
And ta'en the—Antiquarian trade,
I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets:
Rusty airn caps and jinglin' jackets †,
Wad haud the Lothians three in tacketts
A towment gude;
And parritch-pats, and auld sant-backetts,
Before the Flood.

* *Vide his Antiquities of Scotland.*

† *Vide his Treatise on Ancient Armour and Weapons.*

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder ;
 Auld Tubal-Cain's fire-shool and fender ;
 That which distinguished the gender
 O' Balaam's ass ;
 A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor,
 Weel shod wi' brass.

Forbye, he'll shape you aff, fu' gleg,
 The cut of Adam's philibeg ;
 The knife that nicket Abel's craig
 He'll prove you fully,
 It was a faulding joeteleg,
 Or lang-kail gullie.

But wad ye see him in his glee,
 For meikle glee and fun has he,
 Then set him down, and twa or three
 Guid fellows wi' him ;
 And port, O port ! shine thou a wee,
 And then ye'll see him !

Now, by the pow'rs o' verse and prose !
 Thou art a dainty child, O Grose !
 Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
 They sair misca' thee ;
 I'd take the rascal by the nose
 Wad say, Shame fa' thee.

~~~~~  
 WRITTEN IN A WRAPPER ENCLOSING A LETTER  
 TO CAPT. GROSE.

TO BE LEFT WITH MR. CARDONNEL, ANTIQUARIAN.

*Tune*—"Sir John Malcolm."

KEN ye ought o' Captain Grose ?  
     Igo & ago,  
 If he's amang his friends or foes ?  
     Iram, coram, dago.

Is he South, or is he North ?  
     Igo & ago,  
 Or drown'd in the river Forth ?  
     Iram, coram, dago.

Is he slain by Highland bodies ?  
     Igo & ago,  
 And eaten like a wether-haggis ?  
     Iram, coram, dago.

Is he to Abram's bosom gane ?  
     Igo & ago.  
 Or haudin' Sarah by the wame ?  
     Iram, coram, dago.

Where'er he be, the Lord be near him ?  
     Igo & ago,  
 As for the deil, he daur nae steer him.  
     Iram, coram, dago.

But please transmit th' enclosed letter,  
     Igo & ago,  
 Which will oblige your humble debtor.  
     Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye ha'e auld stanes in store,  
     Igo & ago,  
 The very stanes that Adam bore.  
     Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye get in glad possession,  
     Igo & ago,  
 The coins o' Satan's coronation !  
     Iram, coram, dago.

TAM O' SHANTER,

A TALE.

Of Brownays and of Bogilis full is this Buke.—GAWIN DOUGLAS.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,  
 And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,  
 As market-days are wearin' late,  
 And folk begin to tak' the gate ;  
 While we sit bousin' at the nappy,  
 And getting fou and unco happy,  
 We think na on the lang Scots miles,  
 The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,  
 That lie between us and our hame,  
 Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,  
 Gatherin' her brows like gatherin' storm,  
 Nursin' her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,  
 As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,  
 (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses  
 For honest men and bonnie lasses.)

O Tam ! hadst thou but been sae wise  
 As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice !  
 She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,  
 A blethering, blustering, drunken bleilum ;  
 That frae November till October,  
 Ae market-day thou was na sober ;  
 That ilka melder wi' the miller,  
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller ;  
 That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,  
 The smith and thee gat roarin' fou on ;  
 That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,  
 Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.  
 She prophesied that, late or soon,  
 Thou wad be found deep drown'd in Doon ;  
 Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,  
 By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames ! it gars me greet  
 To think how many counsels sweet,  
 How many lengthen'd sage advices,  
 The husband frae the wife despises !

But to our tale :—Ae market-night,  
 Tam had got planted unco right ;  
 Fast by an ingle bleezing finely,  
 Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely,  
 And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,  
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony ;  
 Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither ;  
 They had been fou for weeks thegither.

The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,  
 And aye the ale was growin' better ;  
 The landlady and Tam grew gracious,  
 Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious ;  
 The souter tauld his queerest stories ;  
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus ;  
 The storm without might rair and rustle,  
 Tam didna mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,  
 E'en drown'd himsel' amang the nappy !  
 As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,  
 The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure :  
 Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,  
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious !

But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed ;  
 Or like the snow-falls in the river,  
 A moment white—then melts for ever ;



Or like the borealis race,  
That flit ere you can point their place ;  
Or like the rainbow's lovely form  
Evanishing amid the storm.—  
Nae man can tether time or tide ;  
The hour approaches Tam maun ride ;  
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,  
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in ;  
An' sic a night he tak's the road in,  
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last ;  
The ratt'ling show'rs rose on the blast ;  
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd ;  
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd :  
That night a child might understand,  
The de'il had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg,  
A better never lifted leg,  
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,  
Despising wind, and rain, and fire ;  
Whiles hauding fast his gude blue bonnet ;  
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet ;  
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,  
Lest bogles catch him unawares ;  
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,  
Whare ghaists and howlets nightly cry.

By this time he was 'cross the ford,  
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd ;  
And past the birks and meikle stane,  
Whare drunken Charlie brak 's neck-bane ;  
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,  
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn ;  
And near the thorn, aboon the well,  
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.—  
Before him Doon pours all his floods ;  
The doubling storm roars through the woods ;  
The lightnings flash from pole to pole,  
Near and more near the thunders roll ;  
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,  
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a breeze ;  
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing ;  
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn !  
What dangers thou canst make us scorn !  
Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil,  
Wi' usquebaugh we'll face the devil !—  
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,  
Fair play, he cared na de'il's a boddle.  
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,  
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,  
She ventured forward on the light ;  
And, wow ! Tam saw an unco sight !  
Warlocks and witches in a dance ;  
Nae cotillion brent-new frae France,  
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,  
Put life and mettle in their heels.  
A winnock-bunker in the east,  
There sat auld Nick in shape o' beast ;  
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,  
To gie them music was his charge :  
He screw'd the pipes and gar't them skirl,  
Till roof and rafters a' did dirr !—  
Coffins stood round like open presses,  
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses ;  
And by some devilish cantrip sleight,  
Each in its cauld hand held a light ;  
By which heroic Tam was able  
To note upon the haly table,

A murderer's banes in gibbet-airns ;  
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns :  
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,  
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape ;  
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted ;  
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted ;  
A garter, which a babe had strangled ;  
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,  
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,  
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft ;  
Three lawyers' tongues turn'd inside out,  
Wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout ;  
And priests' hearts rotten black as muck,  
Lay stinkin', vile, in every neuk :  
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',  
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glow'd, amazed and curious,  
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious :  
The piper loud and louder blew ;  
The dancers quick and quicker flew ;  
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,  
Till ilka carline swat and reekit,  
And coost her duddies to the wark,  
And linket at it in her sark !

Now Tam, O Tam ! had thae been queans,  
A' plump and strappin' in their teens ;  
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,  
Been snaw-white se'enteen-hunder linen !  
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,  
That ance were plush o' gude blue hair,  
I wad ha'e gi'en them aff my hurdies,  
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies !  
But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,  
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,  
Louping and flinging on a cunmock,  
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawwe,  
There was ae winsome wench and walie,  
That night enlisted in the corps,  
(Lang after kenn'd on Carriek shore !  
For mony a beast to dead she shot,  
And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,  
And shook baith muckle corn and bear,  
And kept the country side in fear ;)  
Her cutty-sark, o' Paisley harn,  
That while a lassie she had worn,  
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,  
It was her best, and she was vauntie.—  
Ah ! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,  
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,  
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches,)  
Wad ever graced a dance of witches !

But here my muse her wing maun cower,  
Sic flights are far beyond her power ;  
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,  
(A souple jade she was and strang,)  
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,  
And thought his very een enrich'd ;  
Even Satan glow'd and fidg'd fu' fain,  
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main ;  
Till first ae caper, syne anither,  
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,  
And roars out, " Weel done, Cutty-sark !"  
And in an instant all was dark :  
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,  
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,  
When plundering herds assail their byke ;



As open pussie's mortal foes,  
When, pop ! she starts before their nose ;  
As eager runs the market-crowd,  
When " Catch the thief ! " resounds aloud ;  
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,  
Wi' mony an eldritch screech and hollow.

Ah, Tam ! ah, Tam ! thou't get thy fairin' !  
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin' !  
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin' !  
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman !  
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,  
And win the key-stane\* of the brig ;  
There at them thou thy tail may toss,  
A running stream thy darena cross.  
But ere the key-stane she could make,  
The fiend a tail she had to shake !  
For Nannie, far before the rest,  
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,  
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle ;  
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—  
Ae spring brought off her master hale,  
But left behind her ain grey tail :  
The carline claut her by the rump,  
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,  
Ilk man and mother's son take heed :  
Whene'er to drink you are inclined,  
Or cutty sarks run in your mind,  
Think, ye may buy the joys owre dear,  
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

### VERSES TO CHLORIS,

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR ON A BLANK LEAF OF A COPY  
OF HIS POEMS.

'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend,  
Nor thou the gift refuse,  
Nor with unwilling ear attend  
The moralizing muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,  
Must bid the world adieu,  
(A world 'gainst peace in constant arms)  
To join the friendly few.

Since thy gay morn of life o'ercastr,  
Chill came the tempest's lower ;  
(And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast  
Did nip a fairer flower ;)

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,  
Still much is left behind ;  
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store—  
The comforts of the mind.

Thine is the self-approving glow,  
On conscious honour's part ;  
And, dearest gift of heaven below,  
Thine friendship's truest heart.

The joys refined of sense and taste,  
With every muse to rove ;  
And doubly were the poet blest,  
These joys could he improve.

\* It is a well-known fact, that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any further than the middle of the next running stream. It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with bogles, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.

### THE WHISTLE.

A BALLAD.

[As the authentic prose history of the Whistle is curious, I shall here give it.—In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland, with our James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony Whistle, which at the commencement of the orgies he laid on the table, and whoever was the last able to blow it, everybody else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the Whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany ; and challenged the Scots Bacchanals to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority.—After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwellton, ancestor of the present worthy baronet of that name ; who, after three days' and three nights' hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table,

*And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.*

Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert before mentioned, afterwards lost the Whistle to Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's.—On Friday, the 16th of October, 1790, at Friar's-Carse, the Whistle was once more contended for, as related in the ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwellton ; Robert Riddel, Esq. of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the Whistle, and in whose family it had continued ; and Alexander Fergusson, Esq. of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert : which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field.]

I SING of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth,  
I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North,  
Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,  
And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring.

Old Loda \*, still rueing the arm of Fingal,  
The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—  
" This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er,  
And drink them to hell, Sir ! or ne'er see me more ! "

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,  
What champions ventured, what champions fell ;  
The son of great Loda was conqueror still,  
And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur,  
Unmank'd at the bottle, unconquer'd in war,  
He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea,  
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gain'd ;  
Which now in his house has for ages remain'd ;  
Till three noble chieftains and all of his blood,  
The jovial contest again have renew'd.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of  
flaw :  
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law ;  
And trusty Glenriddel, so skill'd in old coins ;  
And gallant Sir Robert, deep read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth as oil,  
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil ;  
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,  
And once more, in claret, try which was the man.

\* See Ossian's Caric-thura.

"By the gods of the ancients!" Glenriddel replies,  
 "Before I surrender so glorious a prize,  
 I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More \*,  
 And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er."

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,  
 But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe—or his friend,  
 Said, toss down the Whistle, the prize of the field,  
 And knee-deep in claret, he'd die ere he'd yield.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,  
 So noted for drowning of sorrow and care ;  
 But for wine and for welcome not more known to  
 fame, [dame.  
 Than the sense, wit, and taste, of a sweet, lovely

A bard was selected to witness the fray,  
 And tell future ages the feats of the day ;  
 A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,  
 And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,  
 And ev'ry new cork is a new spring of joy ;  
 In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,  
 And the bands grew the tighter the more they  
 were wet.

Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er ;  
 Bright Phœbus ne'er witness'd so joyous a corps,  
 And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,  
 Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.

Six bottles a-piece had well worn out the night,  
 When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,  
 Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,  
 And swore 'twas the way that their ancestors did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,  
 No longer the warfare, ungodly, would wage ;  
 A high ruling elder to wallow in wine !  
 He left the foul business to folks less divine.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end ;  
 But who can with fate and quart bumpers contend ;  
 Though fate said—a hero should perish in light ;  
 So uprose bright Phœbus—and down fell the knight.

Next uprose our bard, like a prophet in drink:—  
 "Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall  
 sink !

But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,  
 Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime !

"Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with  
 Bruce,  
 Shall heroes and patriots ever produce :  
 So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay ;  
 The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day !"

#### LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,  
 By fits the sun's departing beam  
 Look'd on the fading yellow woods  
 That waved o'er Lugar's winding stream :  
 Beneath a craigy steep a bard  
 Laden with years and meikle pain,  
 In loud lament bewail'd his lord,  
 Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

\* See Dr. Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides.

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,  
 Whose trunk was mould'ring down wi' yaers ;  
 His locks were bleached white wi' time,  
 His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears ;  
 And as he touch'd his trembling harp,  
 And as he tuned his doleful sang,  
 The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,  
 To echo bore the notes along.

"Ye scatter'd birds, that faintly sing  
 The reliques of the vernal quire !  
 Ye woods, that shed on a' the winds  
 The honours of the aged year !  
 A few short months, and glad and gay,  
 Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e ;  
 But nought in all revolving time  
 Can gladness bring again to me.

"I am a bending, aged tree,  
 That long has stood the wind and rain ;  
 But now has come a cruel blast,  
 And my last hold of earth is gane :  
 Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,  
 Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom ;  
 But I maun lie before the storm,  
 And ithers plant them in my room.

"I've seen sae mony changefu' years,  
 On earth I am a stranger grown ;  
 I wander in the ways of men,  
 Alike unknowing and unknown :  
 Unheard, unpitied, unrelieved,  
 I bear alane my lade o' care,  
 For silent, low, on beds of dust,  
 Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

"And last, (the sum of a' my griefs !)  
 My noble master lies in clay ;  
 The flower amang our barons bold,  
 His country's pride, his country's stay ;  
 In weary being now I pine,  
 For a' the life of life is dead,  
 And hope has left my aged ken,  
 On forward wing for ever fled.

"Awake thy last sad voice, my harp !  
 The voice of woe and wild despair !  
 Awake, resound thy latest lay,  
 Then sleep in silence evermair !  
 And thou, my last, best, only friend,  
 That fillest an untimely tomb,  
 Accept this tribute from the bard  
 Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom.

"In poverty's low barren vale,  
 Thick mists, obscure, involved me round ;  
 Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,  
 Nae ray of fame was to be found :  
 Thou found'st me, like the morning sun  
 That melts the fogs in limpid air,  
 The friendless bard and rustic song  
 Became alike thy fostering care.

"O ! why has worth so short a date,  
 While villains ripen grey with time ?  
 Must thou, the noble, gen'rous, great,  
 Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime !  
 Why did I live to see that day ?  
 A day to me so full of woe !  
 O had I met the mortal shaft  
 Which laid my benefactor low !



"The bridegroom may forget the bride  
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;  
The monarch may forget the crown  
That on his head an hour has been;  
The mother may forget the child  
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;  
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,  
And a' that thou hast done for me!"

## LINES

SENT TO SIR JOHN WHITEFOORD OF WHITEFOORD, BART.  
WITH THE FOREGOING POEM.

THOU, who thy honour as thy God rever'st,  
Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly  
To thee this votive offering I impart, [fear'st;  
The tearful tribute of a broken heart.  
The friend thou valued'st, I the patron loved;  
His worth, his honour, all the world approved.  
We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone,  
And tread the dreary path to that dark world  
unknown.

## POEM,

ADDRESSED TO MR. MITCHELL, COLLECTOR OF EXCISE,  
DUMFRIES, 1796.

FRIEND of the Poet, tried and leal,  
Wha, wantin' thee, might beg or steal;  
Alake, alake! the meikle deil,  
Wi' a' his witches,  
Are at it, skelpin, jig and reel,  
In my poor pouches.  
I modestly fu' fain wad hint it,  
That one-pound-one, I sairly want it:  
If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it,  
It would be kind;  
And, while my heart wi' life-blood dunted,  
I'd bear 't in mind.  
So may the auld year gang out moaning  
To see the new come laden, groaning,  
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin'  
To thee and thine—  
Domestic peace and comforts crowning  
The hale design.

## POSTSCRIPT.

YE'VE heard this while how I've been licket,  
And by fell death was nearly nicket:  
Grim loun! he gat me by the fecket,  
And sair me sheuk;  
But by gude luck I lap a wicket,  
And turned a neuk.  
But by that health, I've got a share o't,  
And by that life, I'm promis'd mair o't,  
My hale and weel I'll take a care o't  
A tentier way:  
Then farewell, folly, hide and hair o't,  
For ance and ay.

## EXTEMPORE IN THE COURT OF SESSION.

Tune—Killiecrankie.

LORD ADVOCATE.

HE clench'd his pamphlets in his fist,  
He quoted and he hinted,  
Till in a declamation mist  
His argument he tint it;

He gaped for't, he graped for't,  
He fand it was awa', man;  
But what his common sense came short,  
He eked it out wi' law, man.

MR. ERSKINE.

Collected Harry stood awae,  
Then open'd out his arm, man;  
His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e,  
And ey'd the gathering storm, man:  
Like wind-driven hail it did assail,  
Like a torrent owre a linn, man;  
The Bench sae wise, lift up their eyes,  
Half-wauken'd wi' the din, man.

## ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON,

ON CROWNING HIS BUST, AT EDNAM, ROXBURGHSHIRE,  
WITH BAYS.

*Written by desire of the Poet's friend, the Earl of Buchan.*

WHILE virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,  
Unfolds her tender mantle green,  
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,  
Or tunes Æolian strains between:  
While Summer, with a matron grace,  
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,  
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace  
The progress of the spiky blade:  
While Autumn, benefactor kind,  
By Tweed erects his aged head,  
And sees, with self-approving mind,  
Each creature on his bounty fed:  
While maniac Winter rages o'er  
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,  
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,  
Or sweeping wild, a waste of snows:  
So long, sweet Poet of the Year,  
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;  
While Scotia, with exulting tear,  
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.

## TO ROBERT GRAHAM, Esq.

OF FINTRAY.

LATE crippled of an arm, and now a leg,  
About to beg a pass for leave to beg;  
Dull, listless, teased, dejected, and deprest,  
(Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest);  
Will generous Graham list his Poet's wail?  
(It soothes poor misery, heark'ning to her tale,  
And hear him curse the light he first survey'd,  
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade!

Thou, Nature, partial Nature I arraign;  
Of thy caprice maternal I complain.  
The lion and the bull thy care have found,  
One shakes the forests, and one spurns the ground.  
Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,  
Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell.—  
Thy minions, kings, defend, control, devour,  
In all the omnipotence of rule and power.—  
Foxes and statesmen, subtle wiles ensure;  
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure.  
Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,  
The priest and hedgehog in their robes are snug.  
Ev'n silly woman has her warlike arts,  
Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts



But oh ! thou bitter step-mother and hard,  
To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard !  
A thing unteachable in world's skill,  
And half an idiot too, more helpless still.  
No heels to bear him from the op'ning dun,  
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun ;  
No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,  
And those alas ! not Amalthea's horn ;  
No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur,  
Clad in rich dulness' comfortable fur,  
In naked feeling, and in aching pride,  
He bears the unbroken blast from ev'ry side :  
Vampire bookellers drain him to the heart,  
And scorpion critics cureless venom dart.

Critics—appall'd I venture on the name,  
Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame :  
Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes ;  
He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.

His heart by causeless, wanton malice wrung,  
By blockheads' daring into madness stung ;  
His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,  
By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear.  
Foil'd, bleeding, tortured, in the unequal strife,  
The hapless poet flounders on through life,  
Till fled each hope that once his bosom fired,  
And fled each muse that glorious once inspired,  
Low sunk in squalid, unprotected age,  
Dead even resentment for his injured page,  
He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage.

So, by some hedge, the generous steed deceased,  
For half-starv'd snarling curs a dainty feast ;  
By toil and famine worn to skin and bone,  
Lies senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

O dulness ! portion of the truly blest !  
Calm shelter'd haven of eternal rest !  
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes  
Of fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.  
If mantling high she fills the golden cup,  
With sober selfish ease they sip it up ;  
Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,  
They only wonder, "some folks" do not starve.  
The grave, sage hern thus easy picks his frog,  
And thinks the mallard a sad, worthless dog.  
When disappointment snaps the clew of hope,  
And through disastrous night they darkling grope,  
With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,  
And just conclude that "fools are fortune's care."  
So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,  
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

Not so the idle muses' mad-cap train,  
Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain ;  
In equanimity they never dwell,  
By turns in soaring heav'n, or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, fate, relentless and severe,  
With all a poet's, husband's father's fear !  
Already one strong hold of hope is lost,  
Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust ;  
(Fled, like the sun eclipsed as noon appears,  
And left us darkling in a world of tears :)  
O ! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish pray'r !  
Fint'ray, my other stay, long bless and spare !  
Through a long life his hopes and wishes crown :  
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down !  
May bliss domestic smooth his private path,  
Give energy to life, and soothe his latest breath,  
With many a filial tear circling the bed of death !

## TO ROBERT GRAHAM, Esq.,

OF FINT'RAY.

ON RECEIVING A FAVOUR.

I CALL no goddess to inspire my strains,  
A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns ;  
Friend of my life ! my ardent spirit burns,  
And all the tribute of my heart returns,  
For boons accorded, goodness ever new,  
The gift still dearer, as the giver you.

Thou orb of day ! thou other paler light !  
And all ye many sparkling stars of night ;  
If aught that giver from my mind efface ;  
If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace ;  
Then roll to me, along your wandering spheres,  
Only to number out a villain's years !

## A VISION.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,  
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,  
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,  
And tells the midnight moon her care.

The winds were laid, the air was still,  
The stars they shot along the sky ;  
The fox was howling on the hill,  
And the distant-echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,  
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,  
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,  
Whose distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth  
Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din ;  
Athort the lift they start and shift,  
Like fortune's favours, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,  
And by the moon-beam, shook, to see  
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,  
Attired as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,  
His darin' look had daunted me ;  
And on his bonnet graved was plain,  
The sacred posy—"Libertie !"

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,  
Might roused the slumbering dead to hear ;  
But oh, it was a tale of woe,  
As ever met a Briton's ear !

He sang wi' joy the former day,  
He weeping wail'd his latter times ;  
But what he said it was nae play,  
I winna venture't in my rhymes.

## POETICAL INSCRIPTION FOR AN ALTAR TO INDEPENDENCE.

THOSE of an independent mind,  
With soul resolv'd, with soul resign'd ;  
Prepared Power's proudest frown to brave,  
Who will not be, nor have a slave ;  
Virtue alone who dost revere,  
Thy own reproach alone dost fear,  
Approach this shrine, and worship here.

## TO JOHN MAXWELL OF TERRAUGHTY,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

HEALTH to the Maxwells' vet'ran Chief!  
 Health, ay unsour'd by care or grief:  
 Inspired, I turn'd Fate's sibyl leaf

This natal morn,  
 I see thy life is stuff o' prief,  
 Scarce quite half worn.

This day thou metes threescore eleven,  
 And I can tell that bounteous Heaven  
 (The second-sight, ye ken, is given  
 To ilka Poet)

On thee a tack o' seven times seven  
 Will yet bestow it.

If envious buckies view wi' sorrow  
 Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow,  
 May Desolation's lang-teeth'd harrow,  
 Nine miles an hour,  
 Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah  
 In brunstane stoure—

But for thy friends, and they are mony,  
 Baith honest men and lassies bonnie,  
 May couthie fortune, kind and cannie,  
 In social glee,  
 Wi' mornings blithe and e'enings funny,  
 Bless them and thee.

Fareweel, auld birkie! Lord be near ye,  
 And then the de'il he daurna steer ye:  
 Your friends ay love, your faces ay fear ye:  
 For me, shame fa' me,

If niest my heart I dinna wear ye  
 While BURNS they ca' me.

## THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE  
ON HER BENEFIT-NIGHT.

WHILE Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,  
 The fate of empires and the fall of kings;  
 While quacks of state must each produce his plan,  
 And even children lisp the Rights of Man;  
 Amid this mighty fuss, just let me mention,  
 The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

First in the sexes' intermix'd connexion,  
 One sacred Right of Woman is protection:  
 The tender flower that lifts its head elate,  
 Helpless, must fall before the blasts of fate,  
 Sunk on the earth, defaced its lovely form,  
 Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.

Our second Right—but needless here is caution,  
 To keep that right inviolate 's the fashion,  
 Each man of sense has it so full before him,  
 He'd die before he'd wrong it—'tis decorum—  
 There was, indeed, in far less polish'd days,  
 A time, when rough rude man had naughty ways;  
 Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,  
 Nay even thus invade a lady's quiet—  
 Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled;  
 Now, well-bred men—and you are all well-bred—  
 Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)  
 Such conduct neither spirit, wit nor manners.

For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,  
 That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest,

Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration  
 Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear admiration!  
 In that blest sphere alone, we live and move;  
 There taste that life of life—immortal love.—  
 Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,  
 'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares—  
 When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,  
 Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms?

But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,  
 With bloody armaments and revolutions;  
 Let Majesty your first attention summon,  
 Ah! ça ira! THE MAJESTY OF WOMAN!

MONODY ON A LADY FAMED FOR HER  
CAPRICE.

How cold is that bosom which folly once fired!  
 How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately  
 glistened!  
 How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired!  
 How dull is that ear which to flattery so listened!

If sorrow and anguish their exit await,  
 From friendship and dearest affection removed;  
 How doubly severer, Maria, thy fate,—  
 Thou diedst unwept, as thou livedst unloved.

Loves, Graces, and Virtues, I call not on you;  
 So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed not a tear;  
 But come, all ye offspring of Folly so true,  
 And flowers let us cull for Maria's cold bier.

We'll search thro' the garden for each silly flower,  
 We'll roam thro' the forest for each idle weed;  
 But chiefly the nettle, so typical, shower,  
 For none e'er approached her but rued the rash  
 deed.

We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay,  
 Here Vanity strums on her idiot lyre;  
 There keen Indignation shall dart on her prey,  
 Which spurning Contempt shall redeem from  
 his ire.

## THE EPITAPH.

HERE lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,  
 What once was a butterfly gay in life's beam:  
 Want only of wisdom denied her respect,  
 Want only of goodness denied her esteem.

## ON PASTORAL POETRY.

HAIL, Poesie! thou nymph reserv'd!  
 In chase o' thee what crowds hae swerved  
 Frae common sense, or sunk enerv'd  
 'Mang heaps o' clavers;  
 And och! o'er aft thy joes ha'e starved,  
 'Mid a' thy favours!

Say, lassie, why thy train amang,  
 While loud the trump's heroic clang,  
 And sock or buskin, skelp alang  
 To death or marriage;  
 Scarce ane has tried the shepherd sang,  
 But wi' miscarriage!

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;  
 Eschylus' pen Will Shakspeare drives;



Wee Pope, the knurlin, 'till him 'rives  
 Horatian fame;  
 In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives  
 Ev'n Sappho's flame.

But thee, Theocritus: wha matches?  
 They 're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches:  
 Squire Pope but busks his skinklin patches  
 O' heathen tatters:  
 I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,  
 That ape their betters.

In this braw age o' wit and lear,  
 Will name the shepherd's whistle mair  
 Blaw sweetly in its native air  
 And rural grace;  
 And wi' the far-famed Grecian, share  
 A rival place!

Yes, there is ane—a Scottish callan!  
 There's ane—come forrit, honest Allan!  
 Thou need na jouk beyond the hallan,  
 A chiel sae clever;  
 The teeth o' time may gnaw Tantallan,  
 But thou 's for ever!

Thou paints auld Nature to the nines,  
 In thy sweet Caledonian lines:  
 Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines,  
 Where Philomel,  
 While nightly breezes sweep the vines,  
 Her griefs will tell!

In gowany glens thy burnie strays,  
 Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes,  
 Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes,  
 Wi' hawthorns grey,  
 Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays  
 At close o' day.

Thy rural loves are Nature's sel';  
 Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell;  
 Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell  
 O' witchin' love,  
 That charm, that can the strongest quell,  
 The sternest move.

### SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDEL, ESQ.

OF GLEN-RIDDEL.

*April, 1794.*

No more, ye warblers of the wood, no more!  
 Nor pour your descendant, grating, on my soul:  
 Thou young-eyed Spring, gay in thy verdant  
 stole,  
 More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest  
 roar.

How can ye charm, ye flow'rs, with all your dyes!  
 Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend  
 How can I to the tuneful strain attend?  
 That strain flows round th' untimely tomb where  
 Riddel lies.

Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe,  
 And soothe the Virtues weeping on this bier;  
 The Man of Worth, who has not left his peer,  
 Is in his "narrow house" for ever darkly low.

Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet;  
 Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet.

### SONNET,

WRITTEN ON THE 25TH OF JANUARY, 1793, THE BIRTH-DAY OF  
 THE AUTHOR, ON HEARING A THRUSH SING  
 IN A MORNING WALK.

Sing on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,  
 Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain!  
 See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,  
 At thy blithe carol clears his furrowed brow.

So, in lone Poverty's dominion drear,  
 Sits meek Content, with light unanxious heart,  
 Welcomes the rapid moments—bids them part,  
 Nor asks if they bring ought to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day!  
 Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies!  
 Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,  
 What wealth could never give nor take away!

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care!  
 The mite high Heaven bestowed, that mite with  
 thee I'll share.

### IMPROMPTU

ON MRS. RIDDEL'S BIRTH-DAY, 4TH NOV. 1793.

OLD Winter with his frosty beard,  
 Thus once to Jove his prayer preferr'd:  
 "What have I done, of all the year,  
 To bear this hated doom severe?  
 My cheerless sons no pleasure know;  
 Night's horrid car drags dreary, slow:  
 My dismal months no joys are crowning,  
 But spleeny English hanging, drowning."  
 "Now, Jove, for once, be mighty civil,  
 To counterbalance all this evil;  
 Give me, and I've no more to say,  
 Give me Maria's natal day!  
 That brilliant gift will so enrich me,  
 Spring, summer, autumn, cannot match me."  
 "'Tis done!" says Jove:—so ends my story,  
 And Winter once rejoiced in glory.

### THE VOWELS.

A TALE.

'Twas where the birch and sounding thong are plied,  
 The noisy domicile of pedant pride;  
 Where ignorance her darkening vapour throws,  
 And cruelty directs the thickening blows;  
 Upon a time, Sir Abece the great,  
 In all his pedagogic powers elate,  
 His awful chair of state resolves to mount,  
 And call the trembling vowels to account.—

First enter'd A, a grave, broad, solemn wight,  
 But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight!  
 His twisted head look'd backward on his way,  
 And flagrant from the scourge he grunted, *ai!*

Reluctant, E stalk'd in; with piteous grace  
 The justling tears ran down his honest face!  
 That name, that well-worn name, and all his own.  
 Pale he surrenders at the tyrant's throne!  
 The Pedant stifles keen the Roman sound  
 Not all his mongrel diphthongs can compound;  
 And next the title following close behind,  
 He to the nameless, ghastly wretch assign'd.

The cobwebb'd gothic dome resounded Y!  
 In sullen vengeance, I, disdain'd reply:  
 The pedant swung his felon cudgel round,  
 And knock'd the groaning vowel to the ground!



In rueful apprehension enter'd O,  
The wailing minstrel of despairing woe;  
Th' Inquisitor of Spain the most expert  
Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art;  
So grim, deform'd with horrors, entering U,  
His dearest friend and brother scarcely knew!

As trembling U stood staring all aghast,  
The pedant in his left hand clutch'd him fast,  
In helpless infants' tears he dipp'd his right,  
Baptiz'd him *eu*, and kicked him from his sight.

## LIBERTY.

A FRAGMENT.

THEE, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among—  
Thee famed for martial deed and sacred song—  
To thee I turn with swimming eyes;  
Where is that soul of freedom fled?  
Immingled, with the mighty dead!  
Beneath that hallow'd turf where Wallace lies!  
Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death!  
Ye babbling winds in silence sweep;  
Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,  
Nor give the coward secret breath.—  
Is this the power in freedom's war  
That wont to bid the battle rage?  
Behold that eye which shot immortal hate,  
Crushing the despot's proudest bearing,  
That arm which, nerved with thundering fate,  
Braved usurpation's boldest daring!  
One quench'd in darkness like the sinking star,  
And one the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age.

## ELEGY ON THE LATE MISS BURNET,

OF MONBODDO.

LIFE ne'er exulted in so rich a prize,  
As Burnet, lovely from her native skies;  
Nor envious death so triumph'd in a blow  
As that which laid the accomplish'd Burnet low.

Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget?  
In richest ore the brightest jewel set!  
In thee, high Heaven above was truest shown,  
As by his noblest work the Godhead best is known.

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves;  
Thou crystal streamlet with thy flowery shore,  
Ye woodland choir that chant your idle loves,  
Ye cease to charm—Eliza is no more!

Ye heathy wastes, immix'd with reedy fens;  
Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stored,  
Ye rugged cliffs, o'erhanging dreary glens,  
To you I fly, ye with my soul accord.

Princes, whose cumb'rous pride was all their worth,  
Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail?  
And thou, sweet excellence! forsake our earth,  
And not a muse in honest grief bewail!

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,  
And virtue's light, that beams beyond the spheres;  
But like the sun eclipsed at morning tide,  
Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.

The parent's heart that nestled foud in thee,  
That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care!  
So deck'd the woodbine sweet yon aged tree,  
So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare.

## ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE, ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT,  
DEC. 4, 1795, AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES.

STILL anxious to secure your partial favour,  
And not less anxious, sure this night, than ever,  
A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,  
'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better;  
So, sought a Poet, roosted near the skies;  
Told him I came to feast my curious eyes;  
Said, nothing like his works was ever printed;  
And last my Prologue-business slyly hinted.  
"Ma'am, let me tell you," quoth my man of rhymes,  
"I know your bent—these are no laughing times;  
Can you—but Miss, I own I have my fears,—  
Dissolve in pause—and sentimental tears,  
With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence,  
Rouse from his sluggish slumbers fell Repentance;  
Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand,  
Waving on high the desolating brand,  
Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land?"

I could no more—askance the creature eyeing,  
D'ye think, said I, this face was made for crying?  
I'll laugh, that's poz—nay more, the world shall  
know it;

And so, your servant! gloomy Master Poet!

Firm as my creed, sirs, 'tis my fix'd belief,  
That Misery's another word for Grief;  
I also think—so may I be a bride!  
That so much laughter, so much life enjoy'd.

Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,  
Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting eye;  
Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive—  
To make three guineas do the work of five:  
Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch!  
Say, you'll be merry, tho' you can't be rich.

Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,  
Who long with jiltish airs and airs hast strove;  
Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,  
Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy  
neck—

Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,  
Peerest to meditate the healing leap:  
Would'st thou be cured, thou silly, moping elf,  
Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself;  
Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,  
And love a kinder—that's your grand specific.

To sum up all, be merry, I advise;  
And as we're merry may we still be wise.

## VERSES TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH A PRESENT OF SONGS.

HERE, where the Scottish muse immortal lives,  
In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd,  
Accept the gift; tho' humble he who gives,  
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

So may no ruffian-feeling in thy breast,  
Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among;  
But peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,  
Or love ecstatic wake his seraph song.

Or pity's notes, in luxury of tears,  
As modest want the tale of woe reveals;  
While conscious virtue all the strain endears,  
And heaven-born piety her sanction seals.

## VERSES TO J. RANKINE.

[The person to whom his Poem on shooting the Partridge is addressed, while Rankine occupied the farm of Adamhill, in Ayrshire.]

Æ day, as Death, that gruesome carl,  
Was driving to the tither warl?  
A mixtie-maxtie motley squad,  
And mony a guilt-bespotted lad;  
Black gowns of each denomination,  
And thieves of every rank and station,  
From him that wears the star and garter,  
To him that wintles in a halter;  
Ashamed himsel' to see the wretches,  
He mutters, glowrin' at the bitches,  
"By God I'll not be seen behind them,  
Nor 'mang the spiritual corps present them,  
Without, at least, æ honest man,  
To grace this d——d infernal clan."  
By Adamhill a glance he threw,  
"Lord God!" quoth he, "I have it now,  
There's just the man I want, i' faith!"  
And quickly stoppit Rankine's breath.

## TO MRS. DUNLOP.

ON SENSIBILITY.

SENSIBILITY, how charming,  
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell;  
But distress with horrors arming,  
Thou hast also known too well!  
Fairest flower, behold the lily,  
Blooming in the sunny ray;  
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley;  
See it prostrate on the clay.  
Hear the wood-lark charm the forest,  
Telling o'er his little joys:  
Hapless bird! a prey the surest  
To each pirate of the skies.  
Dearly bought the hidden treasure  
Finer feelings can bestow;  
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure  
Thrill the deepest notes of woe!

## TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER.

*Dumfries, 1796.*

My honour'd Colonel, deep I feel  
Your int'rest in the Poet's weal;  
Ah! now sin' heart ha'e I to speak  
The steep Parnassus,  
Surrounded thus by bolus pill  
And potion glasses.  
O what a cantie warl were it,  
Would pain, and care, and sickness spare it;  
And Fortune favour worth and merit,  
As they deserve;  
(And ay a rowth roast-beef and claret,  
Syne wha wad starve?)  
Dame Life, tho' fiction out may trick her,  
And in paste gems and frippery deck her;

Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker  
I've found her still,  
Ay wavering like the willow-wesker,  
'Tween good and ill.

Then that curst carmagnole, auld Satan,  
Watches, like baudrons by a ratton,  
Our sinfu' saul to get a claut on  
Wi' felon ire;  
Syne, whip! his tail ye 'll ne'er cast saut on,  
He's aff like fire.

Ah Nick! ah Nick! it is na fair,  
First shewing us the tempting ware,  
Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare,  
To put us daft;  
Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare,  
O' hell's damn'd waft.

Poor man, the fie, aft bizzes by,  
And aft as chance he comes thee nigh,  
Thy auld damn'd elbow yeuks wi' joy,  
And hellish pleasure;  
Already in thy fancy's eye,  
Thy sicker treasure.

Soon heels-o'er-gowdie! in he gangs,  
And like a sheep-head on a tangs,  
Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs  
And murdering wrestle,  
As dangling in the wind he hangs  
A gibbet's tassel.

But lest you think I am uncivil,  
To plague you with this draunting drivel,  
Abjuring a' intentions evil,  
I quit my pen:  
The Lord preserve us from the devil!  
Amen! Amen!

## LINES

SENT TO A GENTLEMAN WHOM HE HAD OFFENDED.

THE friend whom wild from wisdom's way,  
The fumes of wine infuriate send;  
(Not moony madness more astray);  
Who but deplores that hapless friend?  
Mine was th' insensate frenzied part,  
Ah, why should I such scenes outlive!  
Scenes so abhorrent to my heart!  
'Tis thine to pity and forgive.

## TO A YOUNG LADY,

MISS JESSY LEWARS, DUMFRIES; WITH BOOKS WHICH THE BARD PRESENTED HER.

THINE be the volumes, Jessy fair,  
And with them take the poet's prayer  
That fate may in her fairest page,  
With every kindest, best presage  
Of future bliss, enrol thy name:  
With native worth, and spotless fame,  
And wakeful caution still aware  
Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare;  
All blameless joys on earth we find,  
And all the treasures of the mind—  
These be thy guardian and reward:  
So prays thy faithful friend, the Bard.

## EPITAPHS, EPIGRAMS, &amp;c.

## FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O ye, whose cheek the tear of pity stains,  
 Draw near with pious reverence and attend!  
 Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,  
 The tender father and the gen'rous friend.

The pitying heart that felt for human woe;  
 The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride;  
 The friend of man, to vice alone a foe;  
 "For ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side."

## INSCRIPTION TO THE MEMORY OF FERGUSSON

HERE LIES ROBERT FERGUSSON, POET.

Born September 5th, 1751.—Died 15th October, 1774.

No sculptured marble here, no pompous lay,  
 "No storied urn nor animated bust,"  
 This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way  
 To pour her sorrows o'er her Poet's dust.

## FOR R. A., ESQ.

Know thou, O stranger to the fame  
 Of this much loved, much honour'd name!  
 (For none that knew him need be told)  
 A warmer heart death ne'er made cold.

## ON A FRIEND.

An honest man here lies at rest  
 As e'er God with his image blest;  
 The friend of man, the friend of truth;  
 The friend of age, and guide of youth;  
 Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,  
 Few heads with knowledge so inform'd:  
 If there's another world, he lives in bliss;  
 If there is none, he made the best of this.

## ON WEE JOHNNY

His jacet wee Johnny.

WHOE'ER thou art, O reader, know,  
 That death has murder'd Johnny!  
 An' here his body lies fu' low—  
 For saul, he ne'er had ony.

## ON JOHN DOVE.

INNKEEPER, MAUCHLINE.

HERE lies Johnny Pigeon;  
 What was his religion?  
 Wha' e'er desired to ken,  
 To some other war!  
 Maun follow the carle,  
 For here Johnny Pigeon had nae!  
 Strong ale was abluition—  
 Small beer, persecution,  
 A dram was *memento mori*;  
 But a full flowing bowl  
 Was the saving his soul,  
 And port was celestial glory.

## FOR GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

THE poor man weeps—here Gavin sleeps,  
 Whom canting wretches blamed;  
 But with such as he, where'er he be,  
 May I be saved, or damn'd!

## ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

HERE Souter Hood in death does sleep;  
 To hell if he's gane thither,  
 Satan, gi'e him thy gear to keep,  
 He'll haud it weel thegither.

## ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

BELOW thir stanes lie Jamie's banes:  
 O Death, it's my opinion,  
 Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin b—ch  
 Into thy dark dominion.

## ON A WRITER IN DUMFRIES.

HERE lies John Bushby, honest man!  
 Cheat him, Devil, if you can.

ON A SCHOOLMASTER IN CLEISH PARISH,  
FIFE-SHIRE.

HERE lie Willie Michie's banes:  
 O Satan, when ye tak' him,  
 Gi'e him the schoolin' of your weans;  
 For clever de'ils he'll mak' 'em!

## ON A HEN-PECKED COUNTRY SQUIRE.

As father Adam first was fool'd,  
 A case that's still too common,  
 Here lies a man a woman ruled,  
 The devil ruled the woman.

## ON THE SAME.

O DEATH! hadst thou but spared his life,  
 Whom we this day lament;  
 We freely wad exchanged the wife,  
 And a' been weel content.

Ev'n as he is, cauld in his graff,  
 The swap we yet will do't;  
 Tak' thou the earline's carcass aff,  
 Thou'se get the saul to boot.

## ON THE SAME.

ONE Queen Artemisia, as old stories tell,  
 When deprived of her husband she loved so well,  
 In respect for the love and affection he'd show'd her,  
 She reduced him to dust, and she drank up the  
 powder;  
 But Queen Netherplace, of a different complexion,  
 When call'd on to order the fun'ral direction,  
 Would have eat her dead lord on a slender pretence,  
 Not to show her respect, but—to save the expence.



## ON WAT.

Such a reptile was Wat,  
 Such a miscreant slave,  
 That the very worms damned him  
 When laid in his grave.  
 "In his flesh there's a famine,"  
 A starved reptile cries;  
 "And his heart is rank poison,"  
 Another replies.

## ON CAPTAIN FRANCIS GROSE.

The devil got notice that Grose was a-dying,  
 So whip! at the summons, old Satan came flying;  
 But when he approach'd where poor Francis lay  
 moaning,  
 And saw each bed-post with its burden a-groaning,  
 Astonished, confounded, cry'd Satan, "By God!  
 I'll want 'im, ere I take such a damnable load."

## ON A WAG IN MAUCHLINE.

LAMENT him Mauchline husbands a',  
 He aften did assist ye;  
 For had ye staid whole weeks awa',  
 Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye.  
 Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye press  
 To school in bands thegither,  
 O tread ye lightly on this grass,  
 Perhaps he was your father.

## ON A COUNTRY LAIRD,

WHO WAS NOT QUITE SO WISE AS SOLOMON.  
 Bless Jesus Christ, O Cardoness,  
 With grateful lifted eyes,  
 Who said that not the soul alone,  
 But body too must rise:  
 For had he said, "the soul alone  
 From death I will deliver;"  
 Alas! alas! O Cardoness,  
 Then thou hadst slept for ever.

## LINES ON MRS. KEMBLE.

KEMBLE, thou cur'st my unbelief  
 Of Moses and his rod;  
 At Yarico's sweet notes of grief  
 The rock with tears had flow'd.

## TO MR. SYME,

IN ANSWER TO AN INVITATION TO JOIN A DINNER PARTY.

No more of your guests, be they titled or not,  
 And cook'ry the first in the nation;  
 Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,  
 Is proof to all other temptation.

## TO MR. SYME,

WITH A PRESENT OF A DOZEN OF PORTER.  
 O, HAD the malt thy strength of mind,  
 Or hops the flavour of thy wit,  
 'Twere drink for first of humankind,  
 A gift that e'en for Syme were fit.  
*Jerusalem Tavern, Dumfries.*

ON HEARING THAT THERE WAS FALSEHOOD IN  
 THE REV. DR. B—'S VERY LOOKS.

THAT there is falsehood in his looks  
 I must and will deny,  
 They say their master is a knave—  
 And sure they do not lie.

ON ELPHINSTONE'S TRANSLATIONS OF MARTIAL'S  
EPIGRAMS.

O THOU, whom poesy abhors,  
 Whom prose has turned out of doors,  
 Heard'st thou that groan? proceed no farther;  
 'Twas laurel'd Martial roaring murder!

ON BEING ASKED WHY GOD MADE MISS DAVIES  
 SO LITTLE, AND MRS. \* \* \* SO LARGE.

*Written on a pane of glass in the inn at Moffat.*  
 Ask why God made the gem so small,  
 And why so huge the granite?  
 Because God meant mankind should set  
 The higher value on it.

## ON MISS J. SCOTT OF AYR.

Oh! had each Scot of ancient times  
 Been Jeanie Scott, as thou art,  
 The bravest heart on English ground  
 Had yielded like a coward.

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE GLOBE  
TAVERN, DUMFRIES.

THE greybeard, Old Wisdom, may boast of his  
 treasures,  
 Give me with gay Folly to live;  
 I grant him, calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures,  
 But Folly has raptures to give.

ON SEEING THE BEAUTIFUL SEAT OF LORD  
GALLOWAY.

WHAT dost thou in that mansion fair?  
 Flit, Galloway! and find  
 Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,  
 The picture of thy mind!

## ON THE SAME.

No Stewart art thou, Galloway,  
 The Stewarts all were brave  
 Besides, the Stewarts were but fools,  
 Not one of them a knave.

## ON THE SAME.

BRIGHT ran thy line, O Galloway,  
 Thro' many a far-famed sire!  
 So ran the far-famed Roman way,  
 So ended in a mire!

## TO THE SAME,

ON THE AUTHOR BEING THREATENED WITH HIS RESENTMENT.

SPARE me thy vengeance, Galloway,  
 In quiet let me live:  
 I ask no kindness at thy hand,  
 For thou hast none to give.

## WRITTEN AT INVERARY.

WHOE'ER he be that sojourns here,  
 I pity much his case,  
 Unless he come to wait upon  
 The Lord their God, his Grace.  
 There's naething here but Highland pride,  
 And Highland cauld and hunger;  
 If Providence has sent me here,  
 'Twas surely in an anger!

## A VERSE

*Composed and repeated by Burns to the Master of the House, on taking leave at a place in the Highlands, where he had been hospitably entertained.*

WHEN death's dark stream I ferry o'er,  
 A time that surely shall come;  
 In Heaven itself I'll ask no more  
 Than just a Highland welcome.

## WRITTEN IN A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK.

GRANT me, indulgent Heav'n, that I may live  
 To see the miscreants feel the pains they give,  
 Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,  
 Till slave and despot be but things that were.

## VERSES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE INN AT CARRON.

We came na here to view your warks,  
 In hopes to be mair wise,  
 But only, lest we gang to hell,  
 It may be nae surprise:  
 But whan we tirl'd at your door,  
 Your porter dought na hear us;  
 Sae may, should we to hell's yetts come,  
 Your billy Satan sair us!

## ON BEING APPOINTED TO THE EXCISE.

SEARCHING old wives' barrels,  
 Och hone! the day!  
 That clarty barm should stain my laurels,  
 But—what'll ye say!  
 These movin' things ca'd wives and weans  
 Wad move the very hearts o' stanes.

## LINES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW AT THE KING'S ARMS TAVERN,  
 DUMFRIES.

YE men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering  
 'Gainst poor Excisemen? give the cause a hearing:  
 What are your landlords' rent-rolls? teasing ledgers:  
 What premiers, what? even monarchs' mighty  
 gaugers:  
 Nay, what are priests? those seeming godly wise  
 men;  
 What are they, pray, but spiritual Excisemen?

## EXTEMPORE.

WRITTEN IN ANSWER TO A CARD FROM AN INTIMATE OF  
 BURNS, WISHING HIM TO SPEND AN HOUR AT A TAVERN.

THE King's most humble servant, I  
 Can scarcely spare a minute;  
 But I'll be wi' ye by an' by,  
 Or else the devil's in it.

## A GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

O Thou, who kindly dost provide  
 For every creature's want!  
 We bless thee, God of Nature wide,  
 For all thy goodness lent:  
 And if it please thee, Heavenly Guide,  
 May never worse be sent;  
 But whether granted or denied,  
 Lord bless us with content!

Amen.

## THE CREED OF POVERTY

IN politics if thou would'st mix,  
 And mean thy fortunes be,  
 Bear this in mind—be deaf and blind;  
 Let great folks hear and see.

## EXTEMPORE LINES

DELIVERED AT A MEETING OF THE DUMFRIES-SHIRE VOLUNTEERS, ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF ADM. RODNEY'S VICTORY, APRIL 12, 1782, WHEN BURNS WAS CALLED ON FOR A SONG.

INSTEAD of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast,—  
 Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we  
 lost;  
 That we lost, did I say? nay, by heav'n, that we  
 found,  
 For their fame it shall last while the world goes  
 round.  
 The next in succession, I'll give you the King—  
 Whoe'er would betray him, on high may he swing!  
 And here's the grand fabric, our free Constitution,  
 As built on the base of the great Revolution;  
 And longer with Politics not to be cramm'd,  
 Be Anarchy cursed, and be Tyranny damn'd;  
 And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,  
 May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial!

## THE HEN-PECKED HUSBAND.

CURSED be the man, the poorest wretch in life,  
 The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife!  
 Who has no will but by her high permission;  
 Who has no sixpence but in her possession;  
 Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell;  
 Who dreads a certain lecture worse than hell!  
 Were such the wife had fallen to my part,  
 I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart;  
 I'd charm her with the magic of a switch,  
 I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse b—ch.

## SONGS AND BALLADS.

## HANDSOME NELL\*.

*Tune*—"I am a man unmarried."

O, ONCE I lov'd a bonnie lass,  
Ay, and I love her still,  
And whilst that honour warms my breast  
I'll love my handsome Nell.

As bonnie lasses I ha'e seen,  
And mony full as braw,  
But for a modest gracefu' mien  
The like I never saw.

A bonnie lass, I will confess,  
Is pleasant to the e'e,  
But without some better qualities  
She's no a lass for me.

But Nelly's looks are blithe and sweet ;  
And what is best of a',  
Her reputation is complete,  
And fair without a flaw.

She dresses aye sae clean and neat,  
Both decent and genteel ;  
And then there's something in her gait  
Gars ony dress look weel.

A gaudy dress and gentle air  
May slightly touch the heart,  
But it's innocence and modesty  
That polishes the dart.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,  
'Tis this enchants my soul ;  
For absolutely in my breast  
She reigns without control.

## BONNIE LESLEY.

*Tune*—"The Collier's bonnie daughter."

O saw ye bonnie Lesley  
As she gaed o'er the Border ?  
She's gane, like Alexander,  
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,  
And love but her for ever ;  
For Nature made her what she is,  
And ne'er made sic anither !

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,  
Thy subjects we, before thee :  
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,  
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The de'il he could na scaith thee,  
Or aught that wad belang thee ;  
He'd look into thy bonnie face,  
And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The Powers aboon will tent thee ;  
Misfortune sha'na steer thee ;  
Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,  
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,  
Return to Calconie !  
That we may brag, we ha'e a lass  
There's nane again sae bonnie.

\* This was our Poet's first attempt.

I DREAM'D I LAY WHERE FLOWERS  
WERE SPRINGING.

"These two stanzas I composed when I was seventeen, and are among the oldest of my printed pieces."—*Burns's Reliques*

I DREAM'D I lay where flowers were springing,  
Gaily in the sunny beam ;  
List'ning to the wild birds singing,  
By a falling, crystal stream :  
Straight the sky grew black and daring ;  
Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave ;  
Trees with aged arms were warring,  
O'er the swelling, drumlie wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,  
Such the pleasure I enjoy'd ;  
But lang or noon, loud tempests storming,  
A' my flow'ry bliss destroy'd.  
Tho' fickle Fortune has deceived me,  
(She promised fair, and perform'd but ill ;)  
Of mony a joy and hope bereaved me,  
I bear a heart shall support me still.

## TIBBIE, I HA'E SEEN THE DAY.

*Tune*—"Invercauld's Reel."

## CHORUS.

O Tibbie, I ha'e seen the day,  
Ye wad nae been sae shy ;  
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,  
But, trowth, I care na by.

YESTREEN I met you on the moor,  
Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure ;  
Ye geck at me because I'm poor,  
But fient a hair care I.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,  
Because ye ha'e the name o' clink,  
That ye can please me at a wink,  
Whene'er ye like to try ;

But sorrow tak' him that's sae mean,  
Although his pouch o' coin were clean,  
Wha follows onie saucy quean  
That looks sae proud and high.

Although a lad were e'er sae smart,  
If that he want the yellow dirt,  
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,  
And answer him fu' dry.

But if he ha'e the name o' gear,  
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,  
Though hardly he, for sense or lear,  
Be better than the kye.

But Tibbie, lass, tak' my advice,  
Your daddie's gear mak's you sae nice ;  
The de'il a ane wad spier your price,  
Were ye as poor as I.

There lives a lass in yonder park,  
I wad na gie her in her sark,  
For thee, wi' a' thy thousan' mark ;  
Ye need na look sae high.



## LUCKLESS FORTUNE.

O RAGING fortune's withering blast  
Has laid my leaf full low ! O,  
O raging fortune's withering blast  
Has laid my leaf full low ! O.

My stem was fair, my bud was green,  
My blossom sweet did blow, O ;  
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,  
And made my branches grow, O.

But luckless fortune's northern storms  
Laid a' my blossoms low, O,  
But luckless fortune's northern storms  
Laid a' my blossoms low, O.

\* \* \* \* \*

## FRAGMENT.

*Tune*—"I had a horse, and I had nae mair."

WHEN first I came to Stewart Kyle,  
My mind it was na steady,  
Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade  
A mistress still I had aye :

But when I cam' roun' by Mauchline town,  
Not dreading ony body,  
My heart was caught before I thought,  
And by a Mauchline lady\*.

\* \* \*

## THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

*Tune*—"The Deuks dang o'er my Daddy !"

NÆ gentle dames, though e'er sae fair  
Shall ever be my muse's care ;  
Their titles a' are empty show ;  
Gi'e me my highland lassie, O.

*Within the glen sae bushy, O,  
Aboon the plain sae rushy, O,  
I set me down wi' right good will  
To sing my highland lassie, O.*

Oh, were yon hills and valleys mine,  
Yon palace and yon gardens fine !  
The world then the love should know  
I bear my highland lassie, O.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,  
And I maun cross the raging sea ;  
But while my crimson currents flow  
I'll love my highland lassie, O.

Although through foreign climes I range,  
I know her heart will never change,  
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,  
My faithful highland lassie, O.

For her I'll dare the billows' roar,  
For her I'll trace a distant shore,  
That Indian wealth may lustre throw  
Around my highland lassie, O.

She has my heart, she has my hand,  
By sacred truth and honour's band !  
Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low  
I'm thine, my highland lassie, O.

*Farewell the glen sae bushy, O !  
Farewell the plain sae rushy, O !  
To other lands I now must go,  
To sing my highland lassie, O !*

\* Miss Armour, afterwards the Poet's wife.

## JOHN BARLEYCORN\*.

A BALLAD.

THERE were three kings into the east,  
Three kings both great and high,  
And they ha'e sworn a solemn oath  
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,  
Put clods upon his head,  
And they ha'e sworn a solemn oath  
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,  
And showers began to fall ;  
John Barleycorn got up again,  
And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,  
And he grew thick and strong,  
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,  
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,  
When he grew wan and pale ;  
His bending joints and drooping head  
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,  
He faded into age ;  
And then his enemies began  
To show their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon long and sharp,  
And cut him by the knee ;  
Then tied him fast upon a cart,  
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,  
And cudgell'd him full sore ;  
They hung him up before the storm,  
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit  
With water to the brim,  
They heaved in John Barleycorn,  
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,  
To work him further woe,  
And still, as signs of life appear'd  
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,  
The marrow of his bones ;  
But a miller used him worst of all,  
For he crush'd him 'twixt two stones.

And they ha'e ta'en his very heart's blood,  
And drank it round and round ;  
And still the more and more they drank,  
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,  
Of noble enterprise,  
For if you do but taste his blood,  
'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe ;  
'Twill heighten all his joy ;  
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,  
Though the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,  
Each man a glass in hand ;  
And may his great posterity  
Ne'er fail in old Scotland !

\* This is partly composed on the plan of an old song known by the same name.

## THE RIGS O' BARLEY.

*Tune*—"Corn rigs are bonnie."

It was upon a Lammass night,  
 When corn rigs are bonnie,  
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light,  
 I held awa' to Annie :  
 The time flew by wi' tentless heed,  
 Till 'tween the late and early,  
 Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,  
 To see me thro' the barley.  
 The sky was blue, the wind was still,  
 The moon was shining clearly ;  
 I set her down wi' right good will  
 Amang the rigs o' barley.  
 I ken'd her heart was a' my ain ;  
 I loved her most sincerely ;  
 I kiss'd her owre and owre again  
 Amang the rigs o' barley.  
 I lock'd her in my fond embrace ;  
 Her heart was beating rarely !  
 My blessings on that happy place  
 Amang the rigs o' barley.  
 But by the moon and stars sae bright,  
 That shone that hour sae clearly !  
 She aye shall bless that happy night,  
 Amang the rigs o' barley.  
 I ha'e been blithe wi' comrades dear ;  
 I ha'e been merry drinking ;  
 I ha'e been joyfu' gathering gear ;  
 I ha'e been happy thinking ;  
 But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,  
 Though three times doubled fairly,  
 That happy night was worth them a',  
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

## CHORUS.

*Corn rigs an' barley rigs,  
 And corn rigs are bonnie ;  
 I'll ne'er forget that happy night  
 Amang the rigs wi' Annie.*

## MY FATHER WAS A FARMER\*.

*Tune*—"The Weaver and his Shuttle."

My Father was a Farmer upon the Carrick border,  
 And carefully he bred me in decency and order.  
 He bade me act a manly part, though I had ne'er  
 a farthing,  
 For without an honest manly heart, no man was  
 worth regarding.  
 Then out into the world, my course I did deter-  
 mine, [was charming.  
 Though to be rich was not my wish, yet to be great  
 My talents they were not the worst, nor yet my  
 education ; [tion.  
 Resolved was I, at least to try, to mend my situa-  
 tion.  
 In many a way, and vain essay, I courted fortune's  
 favour ;  
 Some cause unseen still steep between, to frustrate  
 each endeavour ;  
 Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd ; sometimes  
 by friends forsaken ; [mistaken.  
 And when my hope was at the top I still was worst

\* "This song is a wild rhapsody, miserably deficient in versification, but as the sentiments are the genuine feelings of my heart, for that reason I have a particular pleasure in conning it over."—BURNS'S *Reliques*, p. 329.

Then sore harass'd, and tired at last, with fortune's  
 vain delusion ;  
 I dropt my schemes like idle dreams, and came to  
 this conclusion ;  
 The past was bad, and the future hid ; its good or  
 ill untried ;  
 But the present hour was in my pow'r, and so I  
 would enjoy it.  
 No help, nor hope, nor view had I ; nor person to  
 befriend me ;  
 So I must toil, and sweat and broil, and labour to  
 sustain me.  
 To plough and sow, to reap and mow, my father  
 bred me early ;  
 For one, he said, to labour bred, was a match for  
 fortune fairly.  
 Thus all obscure, unknown and poor, through life  
 I'm doom'd to wander,  
 Till down my weary bones I lay in everlasting  
 slumber :  
 No view nor care, but shun whate'er might breed  
 me pain or sorrow ;  
 I live to-day, as well's I may, regardless of to-  
 morrow.  
 But cheerful still, I am as well as a monarch in a  
 palace,  
 Though fortune's frown still hunts me down, with  
 all her wonted malice ;  
 I make indeed, my daily bread, but ne'er can make  
 it farther ;  
 But as daily bread is all I need, I do not much  
 regard her.  
 When sometimes by my labour I earn a little  
 money, [me ;  
 Some unforeseen misfortune comes generally upon  
 Mischance, mistake, or by neglect, or my good-  
 natured folly ;  
 But come what will, I've sworn it still, I'll ne'er  
 be melancholy.  
 All you who follow wealth and power with unre-  
 mitting ardour,  
 The more in this you look for bliss, you leave your  
 view the farther :  
 Had you the wealth Potosi boasts, or nations to  
 adore you,  
 A cheerful honest-hearted clown I will prefer  
 before you.

~~~~~

MONTGOMERIE'S PEGGY.

A FRAGMENT.

Tune—"Galla Water."

ALTHO' my bed were in yon muir,
 Amang the heather, in my plaidie,
 Yet happy, happy would I be
 Had I my dear Montgomerie's Peggy.
 When o'er the hill beat surly storms,
 And winter nights were dark and rainy ;
 I'd seek some dell, and in my arms
 I'd shelter dear Montgomerie's Peggy.
 Were I a baron proud and high,
 And horse and servants waiting ready,
 Then a' 'twad gie' o' joy to me,
 The sharin' 't with Montgomerie's Peggy

* * * * *

SONG.

COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

Tune—"I had a horse, I had nae mair."

Now westlin' winds, and slaught'ring guns
 Bring autumn's pleasant weather;
 The moorcock springs, on whirling wings,
 Among the blooming heather:
 Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
 Delights the weary farmer;
 And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night
 To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells;
 The plover loves the mountains;
 The woodcock haunts the lonely dells;
 The soaring hern the fountains:

Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves,
 The path of man to shun it;
 The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
 The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
 The savage and the tender;
 Some social join, and leagues combine;
 Some solitary wander:

Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,
 Tyrannic man's dominion;
 The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
 The flutt'ring, gory pinion!

But Peggy dear, the ev'ning's clear,
 Thick flies the skimming swallow;
 The sky is blue, the fields in view,
 All fading-green and yellow:

Come let us stray our gladsome way,
 And view the charms of nature;
 The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
 And every happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
 Till the silent moon shine clearly;
 I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
 Swear how I love thee dearly:

Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
 Not autumn to the farmer,
 So dear can be as thou to me,
 My fair, my lovely charmer!

THE RANTIN' DOG THE DADDIE O'T*.

O WHA my babie-clouts will buy?
 Wha will tent me when I cry?
 Wha will kiss me where I lie?
 The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

Wha will own he did the fau't?
 Wha will buy my groanin' maut?
 Wha will tell me what to ca't?
 The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

When I mount the creepie-chair,
 Wha will sit beside me there?
 Gi'e me Rob, I seek nae mair,
 The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

Wha will crack to me my lane?
 Wha will mak' me fidgin' fain?
 Wha will kiss me o'er again?
 The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

*"I composed this song pretty early in life, and sent it to a young girl, a very particular acquaintance of mine, who was at that time under a cloud."—BURNS'S *Reliques*, p. 278.

NANNIE.

Tune—"My Nannie, O."

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar* flows,
 'Mang moors and mosses many, O,
 The wintry sun the day has closed,
 And I'll awa' to Nannie, O.

The westlin' wind blows loud an' shill;
 The night's baith mirk an' rainy, O;
 But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
 An' owre the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, an' young,
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spotless as she's bonnie, O:
 The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
 An' few there be that ken me, O;
 But what care I how few they be!
 I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.

My riches a' 's my penny fee,
 An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
 But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
 My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
 His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O;
 But I'm as blythe that haud his plough,
 An' ha'e nae care but Nannie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
 I'll tak' what Heav'n will sen' me, O;
 Nae ither care in life have I,
 But live, an' love my Nannie, O.

FORLORN MY LOVE, NO COMFORT NEAR

Tune—"Let me in this ae night."

FORLORN, my love, no comfort near,
 Far, far from thee, I wander here;
 Far, far from thee, the fate severe
 At which I most repine, love.

*O wert thou, love, but near me,
 But near, near, near me;
 How kindly thou wouldest cheer me,
 And mingle sighs with mine, love.*

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
 That blasts each bud of hope and joy,
 No shelter, shade, nor home have I,
 Save in those arms of thine, love.

O wert thou, &c.

Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,
 To poison fortune's ruthless dart—
 Let me not break thy faithful heart,
 And say that fate is mine, love.

O wert thou, &c.

But dreary though the moments fleet,
 O let me think we yet shall meet!
 That only ray of solace sweet
 Can on thy Chloris shine, love.

O wert thou, &c.

*Originally Stinchar

THERE'S NOUGHT BUT CARE.

Tune—"Green grow the rushes."

Green grow the rushes, O!
 Green grow the rushes, O!
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
 Were spent among the lasses, O!

THERE'S nought but care on ev'ry han',
 In ev'ry hour that passes, O;
 What signifies the life o' man,
 An' 'twere na for the lasses, O!

The war'ly race may riches chase,
 An' riches still may fly them, O;
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

But gie me a cannie hour at e'en,
 My arms about my dearie, O;
 An' war'ly cares, an' war'ly men,
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!

For you sae dounce, wha sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;
 The wisest man the war' e'er saw,
 He dearly loved the lasses, O.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O:
 Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
 An' then she made the lasses, O.

Green grow the rushes, O!
 Green grow the rushes, O!
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
 Were spent among the lasses, O!

* * * * *

ROBIN.

Tune—"Dainty Davie."

THERE was a lad was born at Kyle,
 But what na day o' what na style—
 I doubt it's hardly worth the while
 To be sae nice wi' Robin.

Robin was a rovin' boy,
 Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';
 Robin was a rovin' boy,
 Rantin' rovin' Robin.

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
 Was five-and-twenty days begun,
 'Twas then a blast o' Januar' win'
 Blew handsel in on Robin.

The gossip keekit in his loof:
 Quo' scho, "Wha lives will see the proof,
 This waly boy will be nae cuif,
 I think we'll ca' him Robin.

"He'll ha'e misfortunes great and sma',
 But ay a heart aboon them a';
 He'll be a credit till us a',
 We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

"But sure as three times three mak' nine,
 I see by ilka score and line,
 This chap will dearly like our kin'—
 So leeze me on thee, Robin!

"Guid faith," quo' scho, "I doubt ye'll gar
 The bonnie lasses lie aspar,
 But twenty faults ye may ha'e waur,
 So blessin' on thee, Robin!"

Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

BONNIE PEGGY ALISON.

Tune—"Braes o' Balquhiddier."

I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
 An' I'll kiss thee o'er again,
 An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
 My bonnie Peggy Alison!

ILK care and fear, when thou art near,
 I ever mair defy them, O;
 Young kings upon their handsel throne
 Are no sae blest as I am, O!

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
 I clasp my countless treasure, O;
 I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share,
 Than sic a moment's pleasure, O!

And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,
 I swear I'm thine for ever, O;—
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,
 And break it shall I never, O!

I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
 An' I'll kiss thee o'er again,
 An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
 My bonnie Peggy Alison!

MY JEAN.

[This beautiful Fragment is an early Composition.]

Tune—"The Northern Lass."

THOUGH cruel Fate should bid us part,
 As far's the Pole and Line,
 Her dear idea round my heart
 Should tenderly entwine.

Though mountains frown and deserts howl,
 And oceans roar between;
 Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
 I still would love my Jean.

HER FLOWING LOCKS.

HER flowing locks, the raven's wing,
 Adown her neck and bosom hing;
 How sweet unto that breast to cling,
 And round that neck entwine her!

Her lips are roses wat wi' dew,
 O what a feast her bonnie mou'!
 Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,
 A crimson still diviner.

O LEAVE NOVELS.

Tune—"Mauchline Belles."

O LEAVE novels, ye Mauchline belles,
 Ye're safer at your spinning-wheel;
 Such watching books are baited hooks
 For rakish rooks, like Rob Mossziel.
 Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons,
 They make your youthful fancies reel,
 They heat your brains, and fire your veins,
 And then you're prey for Rob Mossziel.

Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung,
 A heart that warmly seems to feel;
 That feeling heart but acts a part,
 'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossziel.
 The frank address, the soft caress,
 Are worse than poison'd darts of steel,
 The frank address, and politesse,
 Are all finesse in Rob Mossziel.

YOUNG PEGGY.

[This is one of the Poet's earliest compositions. It is copied from a MS. book which he had before his first publication.—*Cromek.*]

Tune—"The last time I came owre the muir."

YOUNG Peggy blooms our bonniest lass,
Her blush is like the morning,
The rosy dawn, the springing grass,
With pearly gems adorning.
Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
That gild the passing shower,
And glitter o'er the crystal streams,
And cheer each fresh'ning flower.

Her lips more than the cherries bright,
A richer dye has graced them ;
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
And sweetly tempt to taste them.
Her smiles are like the evening mild,
When feather'd pairs are courting,
And little lambskins wanton wild,
In playful bands disporting.

Were fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
Such sweetness would relent her ;
As blooming spring unbends the brow
Of savage, surly winter.
Detraction's eye no aim can gain
Her winning powers to lessen ;
And spiteful envy grins in vain,
The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Ye powers of honour, love, and truth,
From every ill defend her ;
Inspire the highly-favour'd youth
The destinies intend her ;
Still fan the sweet connubial flame,
Responsive in each bosom ;
And bless the dear parental name
With many a filial blossom.

ON CESSNOCK BANKS.

[Recovered from the recitation of a lady in Glasgow, and first published by *Cromek.*]

Tune—"If he be a butcher neat and trim."

ON Cessnock banks there lives a lass—
Could I describe her shape and mien ;
The graces of her weel-far'd face,
And the glancin' of her sparklin' een.

She's fresher than the morning dawn
When rising Phœbus first is seen,
When dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn ;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

She's stately like yon youthful ash,
That grows the cowlspil braes between,
And shoots its head above each bush ;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

She's spotless as the flow'ring thorn
With flow'rs so white and leaves so green,
When purest in the dewy morn ;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her looks are like the sportive lamb,
When flow'ry May adorns the scene,
That wantons round its bleating dam ;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her hair is like the curling mist
That shades the mountain-side at e'en,
When flow'r-reviving rains are past ;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her forehead's like the show'ry bow,
When shining sunbeams intervene
And gild the distant mountain's brow ;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush
That sings on Cessnock banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush ;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her lips are like the cherries ripe
That sunny walls from Boreas screen,
They tempt the taste and charm the sight ;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,
With fleeces newly washen clean,
That slowly mount the rising steep ;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean,
When Phœbus sinks behind the seas ;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

But it's not her air, her form, her face,
Tho' matching Beauty's fabled queen,
But the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,
An' chiefly in her sparklin' een.

THE CURE FOR ALL CARE.

Tune—"Prepare, my dear brethren, to the tavern let's fly."

No churchman am I for to rail and to write,
No statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight,
No sly man of business contriving a snare,
For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care.

The peer I don't envy, I give him his bow ;
I scorn not the peasant, though ever so low ;
But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse ;
There centum per centum, the cit, with his purse ;
But see you the *Crown* how it waves in the air,
There, a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care.

The wife of my bosom, alas ! she did die ;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly ;
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make ;
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck ;—
But the pursy old landlord just waddled up stairs,
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

"Life's cares they are comforts," *—a maxim laid
down [gown ;]
By the bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair ;
For a big-belly'd bottle's a heav'n of care.

A Stanza added in a Masonic Lodge.

Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
And honour masonic prepare for to throw !
May every true brother of the compass and square
Have a big-belly'd bottle when harass'd with care.

* Young's Night Thoughts.

MENIE.

Tune—"Johnny's Grey Brecks."

AGAIN rejoicing nature sees
 Her robe assume its vernal hues,
 Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
 All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

*And maun I still on Menie doat,
 And bear the scorn that's in her e'e ?
 For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
 An' it winna let a body be **

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
 In vain to me the v'lets spring ;
 In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
 The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
 Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks,
 But life to me 's a weary dream,
 A dream of aye that never wauks.

The wanton coot the water skims,
 Among the reeds the ducklings cry,
 The stately swan majestic swims,
 And every thing is blest but I.

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,
 And owre the moorlands whistles shill,
 Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step,
 I meet him on the dewy hill.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
 Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
 And mounts and sings on fluttering wings,
 A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
 And raging bend the naked tree ;
 Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
 When nature all is sad like me !

*And maun I still on Menie doat,
 And bear the scorn that's in her e'e ?
 For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
 An' it winna let a body be.*

THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.

Tune—"Miss Forbes's Farewell to Banff."

'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,
 On every blade the pearls hang ;
 The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
 And bore its fragrant sweets along ;
 In every glen the mavis sang,
 All nature listening seem'd the while,
 Except where green-wood echoes rang,
 Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
 My heart rejoiced in nature's joy,
 When musing in a lonely glade,
 A maiden fair I chanced to spy ;
 Her look was like the morning's eye,
 Her air like nature's vernal smile,
 Perception whisper'd, passing by,
 Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle !

* This chorus is part of a song composed by a gentleman in Edinburgh, a particular friend of the author's. *Menie* is the common abbreviation of *Marianne*.

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
 And sweet is night in autumn mild ;
 When roving thro' the garden gay,
 Or wandering in a lonely wild :
 But woman, nature's darling child !
 There all her charms she does compile ;
 Ev'n there her other works are foild
 By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

O, had she been a country maid,
 And I the happy country swain,
 Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
 That ever rose in Scotland's plain !
 Tho' weary winter's wind and rain,
 With joy, with rapture, I would toil ;
 And nightly to my bosom strain
 The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
 Where fame and honours lofty shine ;
 And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
 Or downward seek the Indian mine ;
 Give me the cot below the pine,
 To tend the flocks or till the soil,
 And every day have joys divine
 With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

MARY.

Tune—"Blue Bonnets."

POWERS celestial, whose protection
 Ever guards the virtuous fair,
 While in distant climes I wander
 Let my Mary be your care :
 Let her form sae fair and faultless,
 Fair and faultless as your own ;
 Let my Mary's kindred spirit,
 Draw your choicest influence down.
 Make the gales you waft around her,
 Soft and peaceful as her breast ;
 Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
 Soothe her bosom into rest :
 Guardian angels, O protect her,
 When in distant lands I roam ;
 To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
 Make her bosom still my home*.

ELIZA.

Tune—"Gilderoy."

From thee, Eliza, I must go,
 And from my native shore ;
 The cruel fates between us throw
 A boundless ocean's roar ;
 But boundless oceans roaring wide,
 Between my love and me,
 They never, never can divide
 My heart and soul from thee.
 Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
 The maid that I adore !
 A boding voice is in mine ear,
 We part to meet no more :
 But the last throb that leaves my heart,
 While Death stands victor by,
 That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
 And thine that latest sigh.

* Probably written on Highland Mary, on the eve of the poet's departure to the West Indies.

THE FAREWELL

TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S LODGE, TARBOLTON.

Tune—"Good night, and joy be wi' you a'!"

ADIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
 Dear brothers of the mystic tie!
 Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd few,
 Companions of my social joy!
 Though I to foreign lands must hie,
 Pursuing fortune's slidd'ry ba',
 With melting heart and brimful eye,
 I'll mind you still, though far awa'.

Oft have I met your social band,
 And spent the cheerful, festive night;
 Oft, honoured with supreme command,
 Presided o'er the sons of light:
 And by that hieroglyphic bright,
 Which none but craftsmen ever saw!
 Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
 Those happy scenes when far awa'.

May freedom, harmony, and love,
 Unite you in the grand design,
 Beneath th' omniscient eye above,
 The glorious Architect divine!
 That you may keep th' unerring line,
 Still rising by the plummet's law,
 Till order bright completely shine,
 Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

And you, farewell! whose merits claim,
 Justly, that highest badge to wear!
 Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble name,
 To Masonry and Scotia dear!
 A last request permit me here,
 When yearly ye assemble a',
 One round, I ask it with a tear,
 To him, the bard that's far awa'.

I AM MY MAMMY'S AE BAIRN.

[Of this song the chorus and second stanza are old.]

Tune—"I'm owre young to marry yet."

I AM my mammie's ae bairn,
 Wi' unco folk I weary, Sir;
 And lying in a man's bed,
 I'm fley'd wad mak' me eerie, Sir.

*I'm owre young, I'm owre young,
 I'm owre young to marry yet;
 I'm owre young, 'twad be a sin
 To tak' me frae my mammie yet.*

My mammie coft me a new gown,
 The kirk maun ha'e the gracing o't;
 Were I to lie wi' you, kind Sir,
 I'm fear'd ye'd spoil the lacing o't.
 I'm owre young, &c.

Hallowmas is come and gane,
 The nights are lang in winter, Sir;
 And you an' I in ae bed,
 In troth I dare na venture, Sir.
 I'm owre young, &c.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
 Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, Sir;
 But if ye come this gate again,
 I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir.
 I'm owre young, &c.

THE AUTHOR'S FAREWELL TO HIS
NATIVE COUNTRY.

[Burns intended this song as a farewell dirge to his native land, from which he was to embark in a few days for Jamaica. "I had taken," says he, "the last farewell of my friends: my chest was on the road to Greenock: I composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia—"The gloomy night is gathering fast."']

Tune—"Roslin Castle."

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
 Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
 Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
 I see it driving o'er the plain;
 The hunter now has left the moor,
 The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
 While here I wander, prest wi' care,
 Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn,
 By early Winter's ravage torn;
 Across her placid azure sky
 She sees the scowling tempest fly;
 Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
 I think upon the stormy wave,
 Where many a danger I must dare,
 Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
 'Tis not that fatal deadly shore;
 Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
 The wretched have no more to fear:
 But round my heart the ties are bound,
 That heart transpierced with many a wound:
 These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
 To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell old Coila's hills and dales,
 Her heathy moors and winding valleys;
 The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
 Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
 Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!
 My peace with these, my love with those—
 The bursting tears my heart declare,
 Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr!

WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU,
MY LAD.

*O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad:
 Though father and mither and a' should gae mad,
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.*

BUT warily tent, when ye come to court me,
 And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee;
 Syne up the back-stile, and let naeboddy see,
 And come as ye were na comin' to me.
 And come, &c.

O whistle, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er you meet me,
 Gang by me as though that ye cared na a fle:
 But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
 Yet look as ye were na looking at me.
 Yet look, &c.

O whistle, &c.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
 And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
 But court na anither, though jokin' ye be,
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.
 For fear, &c.

O whistle, &c.

BONNIE LASSIE, WILL YE GO.

Tune—"The Birks of Aberfeldy."

*Bonnie lassie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go ;
Bonnie lassie, will ye go to the Birks of Aberfeldy ?*

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
The little birdies blithely sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
O'er-hung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linn the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

M'PHERSON'S FAREWELL.

Tune—"M'Pherson's Lament."

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie !
M'Pherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows' tree.

*Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he ;
He play'd a spring and danced it round,
Below the gallows tree.*

Oh, what is death but parting breath ?—
On many a bloody plain
I've dared his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again !

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword ;
And there's no man in all Scotland,
But I'll brave him at a word.

I've lived a life of sturt and strife ;
I die by treacherie ;
It burns my heart I must depart
And not avenged be.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky !
May coward shame disdain his name,
The wretch that dares not die !

*Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he ;
He play'd a spring and danced it round,
Below the gallows tree.*

STAY, MY CHARMER.

Tune—"An Gillie dubh ciar-dhubh."

STAY, my charmer, can you leave me ?
Cruel, cruel to deceive me !
Well you know how much you grieve me ;
Cruel charmer, can you go ?
Cruel charmer, can you go ?

By my love so ill required ;
By the faith you fondly plighted ;
By the pangs of lovers slighted ;
Do not, do not leave me so !
Do not, do not leave me so !

THICKEST NIGHT O'ERHANG MY DWELLING.

Tune—"Strathallan's Lament."

THICKEST night o'erhang my dwelling !
Howling tempests o'er me rave !
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
Still surround my lonely cave !

Crystal streamlets, gently flowing,
Busy haunts of base mankind,
Western breezes, softly blowing,
Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,
Wrongs injurious to redress,
Honour's war we strongly waged,
But the heavens denied success.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
Not a hope that dare attend,
The wide world is all before us—
But a world without a friend !

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

[The chorus of this song is old.]

*Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early ;
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.*

CAULD blaws the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly ;
Sae loud and shrill's I hear the blast
I'm sure it's winter fairly.
Up in the morning, &c.

The birds sit chattering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely ;
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.
Up in the morning, &c.

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

Tune—"Morag."

LOUD blaw the frosty breezes,
The snaws the mountains cover ;
Like winter on me seizes,
Since my young Highland Rover
Far wanders nations over
Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
May Heaven be his warden :
Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
And bonnie Castle-Gordon !

The trees now naked groaning,
 Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,
 The birdies dowie moaning,
 Shall a' be blithely singing,
 And every flower be springing.
 Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
 When by his mighty warden
 My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
 And bonnie Castle Gordon.

THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

Tune—"Bhannarach dhon na cri."

How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Devon,
 With green-spreading bushes, and flowers bloom-
 ing fair;

But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon
 Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.

Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
 In the gay rosy morn as ye bathes in the dew!
 And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
 That steals on the evening each leaf to renew.

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
 With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn!
 And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
 The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn!

Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
 And England triumphant display her proud rose;
 A fairer than either adorns the green valleys
 Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

Tune—"M'Grigor of Ruara's Lament."

RAVING winds around her blowing,
 Yellow leaves the woodlands strewing,
 By a river hoarsely roaring,
 Isabella strayed deploring:
 "Farewell, hours that late did measure
 Sunshine days of joy and pleasure;
 Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow—
 Cheerless night that knows no morrow!

"O'er the past too fondly wandering,
 On the hopeless future pondering;
 Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
 Fell despair my fancy seizes.
 Life, thou soul of every blessing,
 Load, to misery most distressing,
 O how gladly I'd resign thee,
 And to dark oblivion join thee!"

HOW LONG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

Tune—"Cauld Kail in Aberdeen."

How long and dreary is the night,
 When I am frae my dearie!
 I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
 Tho' I were ne'er sae weary.

*For oh, her lanely nights are lang,
 And oh, her dreams are eerie;
 And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,
 That's absent frae her dearie.*

When I think on the lightsome days
 I spent wi' thee, my dearie;
 And now what seas between us roar,
 How can I be but eerie?

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours;
 The joyless day how drearie!
 It was na sae ye glinted by,
 When I was wi' my dearie.

*For oh, her lanely nights are lang,
 And oh, her dreams are eerie;
 And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,
 That's absent frae her dearie.*

BLITHE WAS SHE.

Tune—"Andro and his cutty gun."

*Blithe, blithe and merry was she,
 Blithe was she but and ben:
 Blithe by the banks of Ern,
 But blither in Glenturit glen.*

By Oughtertyre grows the aik
 On Yarrow banks, the birken shaw;
 But Phemie was a bonnier lass
 Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.

Her looks were like a flower in May,
 Her smile was like a simmer morn;
 She tripped by the banks of Ern,
 As light's a bird upon a thorn

Her bonnie face it was as meek
 As ony lamb's upon a lea,
 The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
 As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
 And o'er the Lowlands I ha'e been;
 But Phemie was the blithest lass
 That ever trod the dewy green.

*Blithe, blithe and merry was she,
 Blithe was she but and ben:
 Blithe by the banks of Ern,
 But blither in Glenturit glen.*

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

Tune—"The Shepherd's Wife."

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
 Adown a corn-enclosed baw,
 Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
 All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
 In a' its crimson glory spread,
 And drooping rich the dewy head,
 It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest
 A little linnet fondly prest,
 The dew sat chill on her breast
 Sae early in the morning.

She soon shall see her tender brood,
 The pride, the pleasure o' the wood;
 Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
 Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird! young Jeannie fair,
 On trembling string or vocal air,
 Shall sweetly pay the tender care,
 That tents thy early morning.

So thou, sweet rose-bud! young and gay,
 Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
 And bless the parent's evening ray,
 That watch'd thy early morning.

STREAMS THAT GLIDE.

Tune—"Morag."

STREAMS that glide in orient plains,
 Never bound by winter's chains!
 Glowing here on golden sands,
 There commix'd with foulest stains
 From tyranny's empurpled bands;
 These, their richly-gleaming waves,
 I leave to tyrants and their slaves;
 Give me the stream that sweetly laves
 The banks by Castle Gordon.

Spicy forests, ever gay,
 Shading from the burning ray
 Hapless wretches sold to toil,
 Or the ruthless native's way,
 Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil:
 Woods that ever verdant wave,
 I leave the tyrant and the slave,
 Give me the groves that lofty brave
 The storms by Castle Gordon.

Wildly here, without control,
 Nature reigns and rules the whole;
 In that sober pensive mood,
 Dearest to the feeling soul,
 She plants the forest, pours the flood;
 Life's poor day I'll musing rave,
 And find at night a sheltering cave,
 Where waters flow and wild woods wave
 By bonnie Castle Gordon.

TIBBIE DUNBAR.

Tune—"Johnny McGill."

O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
 O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
 Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car,
 Or walk by my side, O sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
 I carena thy daddie, his lands and his money,
 I carena thy kin sae high and sae lordly:
 But say thou wilt ha'e me for better for waur,
 And come in thy coatie, sweet Tibbie Dunbar.

MY HARRY.

Tune—"Highlander's Lament."

My Harry was a gallant gay,
 Fu' stately strode he on the plain:
 But now he's banish'd far away,
 I'll never see him back again.

*O for him back again!**O for him back again!*

*I wad gie' a' Knockhaspie's land,
 For Highland Harry back again.*

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
 I wander dowie up the glen;
 I sit me down and greet my fill,
 And ay I wish him back again.

O were some villains hangit high,
 And ilka body had their ain!
 Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
 My Highland Harry back again.

*O for him back again!**O for him back again!*

*I wad gie' a' Knockhaspie's land,
 For Highland Harry back again.*

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

Tune—"Drumion dubh."

MUSING on the roaring ocean,
 Which divides my love and me;
 Wearying Heaven in warm devotion,
 For his weal where'er he be.

Hope and fear's alternate billow
 Yielding late to nature's law;
 Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow
 Talk of him that's far awa'.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
 Ye who never shed a tear,
 Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
 Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me;
 Downy sleep, the curtain draw;
 Spirits kind, again attend me,
 Talk of him that's far awa'!

WHERE BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS

Tune—"Neil Gow's Lamentation for Abercainy."

WHERE, braving angry winter's storms,
 The lofty Ochils rise,
 Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
 First blest my wondering eyes.
 As one who, by some savage stream,
 A lonely gem surveys,
 Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam
 With art's most polish'd blaze.

Blest be the wild, sequester'd shade,
 And blest the day and hour,
 Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
 When first I felt their pow'r!
 The tyrant death, with grim control,
 May seize my fleeting breath;
 But tearing Peggy from my soul
 Must be a stronger death.

BLOOMING NELLY.

Tune—"The lady of the flowery field."

On a bank of flowers, in a summer day,
 For summer lightly drest,
 The youthful, blooming Nelly lay,
 With love and sleep oppress:

When Willie, wand'ring through the wood,
 Who for her favour oft had sued;
 He gazed, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
 And trembled where he stood.

Her closed eyes, like weapons sheathed,
 Were seal'd in soft repose;
 Her lips, still as she fragrant breath'd,
 They richer dyed the rose.

The springing lilies sweetly prest,
 Wild, wanton kiss'd her rival breast;
 He gazed, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
 His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes, light waving in the breeze,
 Her tender limbs embrace!
 Her lovely form, her native ease,
 All harmony and grace!

Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
 A faltering, ardent kiss he stole;
 He gazed, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
 And sigh'd his very soul!

As flies the partridge from the brake,
On fear-inspired wings ;
So Nelly, starting, half awake,
Away affrighted springs :
But Willie follow'd—as he should,
He overtook her in the wood :
He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
Forgiving all and good.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLOW.

Tune—"Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey."

Of a' the airts the wind can blow,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best :
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between ;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair :
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air :
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green ;
There's not a bonnie bird that sings
But minds me o' my Jean.

THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM BURNS.

Tune—"Seventh of November."

The day returns, my bosom Burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet,
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer-sun was half sae sweet.
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry Line ;
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
Heaven gave me more, it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleasure give ;
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee, and thee alone, I live !
When that grim foe of life below
Comes in between to make us part ;
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

MY BONNIE MARY*

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
An' fill it in a silver tassie ;
That I may drink before I go,
A service to my bonnie lassie ;
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith ;
Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry ;
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun lea'e my bonnie Mary.
The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are ranked ready ;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody ;
But it's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad mak me langer wish to tarry ;
Nor shout o' war that's heard afar,
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

BEWARE O' BONNIE ANN*.

Ye gallants bright, I rede you right,
Beware o' bonnie Ann ;
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
Your heart she will trepan.
Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
Her skin is like the swan ;
Sae jimpy laced her genty waist,
That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, grace, and love, attendant move,
And pleasure leads the van ;
In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
They wait on bonnie Ann.
The captive bands may chain the hands,
But love enslaves the man ;
Ye gallants braw, I rede you a',
Beware o' bonnie Ann.

THE LAZY MIST.

Irish Air—"Coolun."

The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
Concealing the course of the dark winding rill ;
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
As autumn to winter resigns the pale year !
The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
And all the gay foppery of summer is flown :
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
How quick time is flying, how keen fate pursues !

How long I have lived, but how much lived in vain ;
How little of life's scanty span may remain :
What aspects, old Time, in his progress has worn ;
What ties, cruel fate in my bosom has torn.
How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gained !
And downward, how weaken'd, how darkened, how
pain'd !

This life's not worth having with all it can give,
For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Tune—"Fàilse na Miosg."

[The first half-stanza of this song is old.]

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer ;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth ;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow ;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below ;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods ;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer ;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

* "I composed this song out of compliment to Miss Ann Masterton, the daughter of my friend Allan Masterton, author of the air of Strathallan's Lament, and two or three others in this work."—*Burns's Reliques*, p. 266.

* This air is Oswald's ; the first half-stanza of the song is old.

O WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL.

[This song was written in honour of Mrs. Burns.]

Tune—"My love is lost to me."

O WERE I on Parnassus' hill !
 Or had of Helicon my fill ;
 That I might catch poetic skill,
 To sing how dear I love thee.
 But Nith maun be my Muse's well,
 My muse maun be thy bonnie sel' ;
 On Corsincon I'll glow'r and spell,
 And write how dear I love thee !

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay !
 For a' the lee-lang simmer's day,
 I coudna sing, I coudna say,
 How much—how dear I love thee.
 I see thee dancing o'er the green,
 Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
 Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—
 By heaven and earth I love thee !

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
 The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame ;
 And ay I muse and sing thy name :
 I only live to love thee.
 Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
 Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
 Till my last weary sand was run ;
 Till then—and then I'd love thee.

FIRST WHEN MAGGIE WAS MY CARE.

Tune—"Whistle owre the lave o't."

FIRST when Maggie was my care,
 Heaven, I thought, was in her air ;
 Now we're married—spier nae mair—
 Whistle owre the lave o't.

Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
 Bonnie Meg was nature's child—
 Wiser men than me's beguiled—
 Whistle owre the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
 How we love and how we 'gree,
 I care na by how few may see—
 Whistle owre the lave o't.

Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
 Dish'd up in her winding sheet,
 I could write—but Meg maun see't—
 Whistle owre the lave o't.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

JOHN Anderson my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent ;
 But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw ;
 Yet blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither ;
 And monie a cantie day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither :
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson my jo.

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.

Tune—"Neil Gow's Lament."

THERE'S a youth in this city,
 It were a great pity
 That he frae our lasses should wander awa' ;
 For he's bonnie an' braw,
 Weel-favoured an' a',
 And his hair has a natural buckle an' a'.
 His coat is the hue
 Of his bonnet sae blue ;
 His fecket is white as the new-driven snaw ;
 His hose they are blae,
 And his shoon like the slae,
 And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'.

For beauty and fortune
 The laddie's been courtin' ;
 Weel featured, weel tocher'd, weel mounted
 But chiefly the siller, [and braw :
 That gars him gang till her,
 The penny's the jewel that beautifies a'.
 There's Meg wi' the mailen
 That fain wad a haen him ;
 And Susie, whose daddie was laird o' the ha' ;
 There's lang-tocher'd Nancy
 Maist fetters his fancy ;
 But the laddie's dear sel' he lo'es dearest o' a'.

CA' THE EWES.

Tune—"Ca' the Ewes to the Knowes."

*Ca' the ewes to the knowes,
 Ca' them whare the heather grows,
 Ca' them whare the burnie rows,
 My bonnie dearie !*

As I gaed down the water side,
 There I met my shepherd lad,
 He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,
 An' he ca'd me his dearie.
 Ca' the, &c.

Will ye gang down the water-side,
 And see the waves sae sweetly glide,
 Beneath the hazels spreading wide ?
 The moon it shines fu' clearly.
 Ca' the, &c.

I was bred up at nae sic school,
 My shepherd lad, to play the fool,
 And a' the day to sit in dool,
 And naeboddy to see me.
 Ca' the, &c.

Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,
 Caul-leather shoon upon your feet,
 And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,
 And ye sall be my dearie.
 Ca' the, &c.

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
 I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd lad,
 And ye may rowe me in your plaid,
 And I sall be your dearie.
 Ca' the, &c.

While waters wimple to the sea ;
 While day blinks in the lift sae hie ;
 Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e,
 Ye sall be my dearie.
 Ca' the, &c.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Tune—"Miss Forbes's Farewell to Banff."

Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray,
That lovest to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning, green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west,
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

WILLIE BREWED A PECK O' MAUT.

[These verses were composed to celebrate a visit which the Poet and Allan Masterton made to William Nichol, of the High-school, Edinburgh, who happened to be at Moffat during the autumn vacation.—The air is by Masterton.]

O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam' to see;
Three blyther hearts that lee-lang night,
Ye wad na find in Christendie.

*We are na' fou, we're nae that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw',
But ay we'll taste the barley-bree.*

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow, are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be!

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift see hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A cuckold, coward loon is he!
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three!

*We are na' fou, we're nae that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw',
But ay we'll taste the barley-bree.*

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR,

BETWEEN THE DUKE OF ARGYLE AND THE EARL OF MAR.

Tune—"Cameronian Rant."

"O CAM' ye here the fight to shun,
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?
Or were ye at the Sherra-muir,
And did the battle see, man?"
I saw the battle, sair and tough,
And reekin'-red ran monie a sheugh.
My heart, for fear, gae sough for sough,
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds,
O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

The red-coat lads wi' black cockades
To meet them were na slaw, man,
They rush'd and push'd, and blude outgush'd,
And monie a bouk did fa', man.
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanced twenty miles:
They hack'd and hash'd while broadswords clash'd,
And through they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
Till fey men died awa', man.

But had you seen the philibegs,
And skyrin' tartan trews, man,
When in the teeth they dared our whigs,
And covenant true blues, man;
In lines extended lang and large,
When bayonets opposed the targe,
And thousands hasten'd to the charge,
Wi' Highland wrath, they frae the sheath
Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
They fled like frightened doos, man.

"O how de'il, Tam, can that be true?
The chase gaed frae the north, man:
I saw mysel', they did pursue
The horsemen back to Forth, man;
And at Dumblane, in my ain sight,
They took the brig wi' a' their might,
And straight to Stirling wing'd their flight;
But, curs'd lot! the gates were shut,
And monie a huntit, poor red coat,
For fear amais't did swar', man."

My sister Kate cam' up the gate
Wi' crowdie unto me, man;
She swore she saw some rebels run
Frae Perth unto Dundee, man:
Their left-hand general had nae skill,
The Angus lads had nae good will
That day their neebors' blood to spill
For fear, by foes, that they should lose
Their cogs o' brose; all crying woes,
And so it goes you see, man.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen,
Among the Highland clans, man;
I fear my lord Panmure is slain,
Or fallen in whiggish hands, man:
Now wad ye sing this double fight,
Some fell for wrang, and some for right;
But monie bade the world guid-night;
Then ye may tell, how pell and mell,
By red claymores, and muskets' knell,
Wi' dying yell, the tories fell,
And whigs to hell did flee, man.

I GAED A WAEFU' GATE, YESTREEN.

Tune—"The Blue-eyed Lassie."

I GAED a wae fu' gate, yestreen,
 A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
 Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.
 'Twas not her golden ringlets bright;
 Her lips, like roses wat wi' dew,
 Her heaving bosom, lily-white;—
 It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smiled, my heart she wyled,
 She charm'd my soul I wist na how;
 And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
 Cam' frae her een sae bonnie blue.
 But spare to speak, and spare to speed,
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow;
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my head
 To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

YOUNG JOCKEY.

Young Jockey was the blythest lad
 In a' our town or here awa';
 Fu' blythe he whistled at the gaud,*
 Fu' lightly danced he in the ha'!
 He roosed my een sae bonnie blue,
 He roosed my waist sae genty sma';
 And aye my heart came to my mou',
 When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
 Thro' wind and sleet, thro' frost and snaw;
 And o'er the lea I look fu' fain
 When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'.
 And aye the night comes round again,
 When in his arms he tak's me a';
 And aye he vows he'll be my ain
 As lang's he has a breath to draw.

MY HEART IS A-BREAKING, DEAR
TITTIE.*Tune*—"The Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre."

My heart is a-breaking, dear Tittie,
 Some counsel unto me come len',
 To anger them a' is a pity;
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?
 I'm thinkin', wi' sic a braw fellow,
 In poortith I might mak' a fen';
 What care I in riches to wallow,
 If I maunna marry Tam Glen?
 There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drummeller,
 "Guid day to you, brute!" he comes ben;
 He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
 And bids me beware o' young men:
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me;
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
 He'll gi'e me guid hunder marks ten:
 But, if it's ordain'd I maun tak' him,
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

* The gaud—at the plough.

Yestreen at the Valentines' dealing,
 My heart to my mou' gied a sten;
 For thrice I drew ane without failing,
 And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was wauken
 My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
 His likeness cam up the house staukin',
 And the very gray breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry;
 I'll gi'e you my bonnie black hen,
 Gif ye will advise me to marry
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

Air—"Miss Forbes."

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
 The flowers decay'd on Catrine lee,
 Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
 But nature sicken'd on the e'e.
 Through faded groves Maria sang,
 Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while,
 And aye the wild-wood echoes rang,
 Fareweel the braes of Ballochmyle.

Low in your wint'ry beds, ye flowers,
 Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
 Ye birdies dumb, in with'r'ing bowers,
 Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
 But here, alas! for me nae mair
 Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile;
 Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,
 Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle.

SWEET CLOSES THE EVENING.

Tune—"Craigie-burn wood."

*Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
 And O to be lying beyond thee,
 O sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep,
 That's laid in the bed beyond thee.*

SWEET closes the evening on Craigie-burn wood,*
 And blithely awakens the morrow;
 But the pride of the spring in the Craigie-burn wood
 Can yield to me nothing but sorrow.

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
 I hear the wild birds singing;
 But pleasure they ha'e nane for me
 While care my heart is wringing.

I canna tell, I maunna tell,
 I dare na for your anger;
 But secret love will break my heart
 If I conceal it langer.

I see thee gracefu', straight and tall,
 I see thee sweet and bonnie,
 But oh, what will my torments be,
 If thou refuse thy Johnnie!

* "It is remarkable of this place that it is the confine of that country where the greatest part of our Lowland music (so far as from the title, words, &c., we can localize it) has been composed. From Craigie-burn, near Moffat, until one reaches the West Highlands, we have scarcely one slow air of any antiquity.

"The song was composed on a passion which a Mr Gillespie, a particular friend of mine, had for Miss Lorimer, afterwards Mrs. Whelpdale. The young lady was born at Craigie-burn wood.—The chorus is part of an old foolish ballad."—BURNS'S *Reliques*, p. 284.

To see thee in anither's arms,
In love to lie and languish,
'Twad be my dead, that will be seen;
My heart wad burst wi' anguish.

But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
Say, thou lo'es nane before me;
And a' my days o' life to come
I'll gratefully adore thee.

*Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
And O to be lying beyond thee,
O sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep,
That's laid in the bed beyond thee.*

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

Tune—"Falkland Fair."

Yon wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,
Where the grouse lead their coveys through the
heather to feed, [his reed.
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on
Where the grouse, &c.

Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores,
To me ha'e the charms o' yon wild, mossy moors;
For there, by a lanely, sequester'd, clear stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

Amang the wild mountains shall still be my path,
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow
strath;

For there, wi' my lassie, the day lang I rove,
While o'er us, unheeded, fly the swift hours o' love.

She is not the fairest, although she is fair;
O' nice education but sma' is her share:
Her parentage humble as humble can be;
But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.

To beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs?
And when wit and refinement ha'e polished her darts,
They dazzle our een, as they fly to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling
Has lustre outshining the diamond to me; [e'e,
And the heart-beating love, as I'm clasp'd in her
arms,

O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms!

GALE IS THE DAY.

Tune—"Gudewife, count the lawin."

GALE is the day, and mirk's the night,
But we'll ne'er stray for faut o' light,
For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
And bluid-red wine's the risin' sun.

Then gudewife, count the lawin,

The lawin, the lawin,

Then gudewife, count the lawin,

And bring a coggie mair.

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And semple folk maun fecht and fen',
But here we're a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.

Then gudewife, &c.

My coggie is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool;
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An' ye drink deep ye'll find him out.

Then gudewife, &c.

MEIKLE THINKS MY LOVE.

Tune—"My Tocher's the Jewel."

O MEIKLE thinks my luvie o' my beauty,
And meikle thinks my luvie o' my kin;
But little thinks my luvie I ken brawlie
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him
It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;
It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee;
My laddie's sa meikle in luvie wi' the siller,
He canna ha'e luvie to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luvie's an airt-penny,
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin',
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
An' ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

THE BANKS OF NITH.

Tune—"Robie Donna Gorach."

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,
Where royal cities stately stand;
But sweeter flows the Nith to me,
Where Cummins ance had high command.
When shall I see that honour'd land,
That winding stream I love so dear?
Must wayward fortune's adverse hand
For ever, ever keep me here?

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
Where spreading hawthorns gayly bloom;
How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
Where lambkins wanton through the broom!
Though wandering, now, must be my doom,
Far from thy bonnie banks and braes,
May there my latest hours consume,
Amang the friends of early days!

HOW CAN I BE BLITHE AND GLAD.

Tune—"Over the hills an' far awa'."

O how can I be blithe and glad,
Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
Is o'er the hills and far awa'?

It's no the frosty winter wind,
It's no the driving drift and snaw;
But aye the tear comes in my e'e,
To think on him that's far awa'.

My father pat me frae his door,
My friends they ha'e disown'd me a',
But I ha'e ane will tak my part,
The bonnie lad that's far awa'.

A pair o' gloves he gave to me,
And silken snoods he gave me twa;
And I will wear them for his sake,
The bonnie lad that's far awa'.

The weary winter soon will pass,
And spring will cleed the birken-shaw;
And my sweet babie will be born,
And he'll come hame that's far awa'.

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE.

Tune—"Jacobite Air."

By yon castle wa', at the close o' the day,
I heard a man sing, though his head it was grey;
And as he was singing, the tears fast down came—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars;
We dare na weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yird:
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that sair bows me down,
Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
But till my last moment my words are the same—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR*.

I do confess thou art sae fair,
I wad been o'er the lugs in luv;
Had I na found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak, thy heart could muve.

I do confess thee sweet, but find
Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets,
Thy favours are the silly wind
That kisses ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
Amang its native briars sae coy,
How sune it tines its scent and hue
When pu'd and worn a common toy!

Sie fate ere lang shall thee betide,
Though thou may gayly bloom a while;
Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside,
Like any common weed and vile.

O SAW YE MY DEARIE.

[Altered from the old song of Eppie Macnab, which had more wit than decency.]

Tune—"Eppie Macnab."

O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
She's down in the yard, she's kissin' the laird,
She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab.
O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab!
O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab!
Whate'er thou hast done, be it late, be it soon,
Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab.

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot,
And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab!
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab!
As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab.

* "This song is altered from a poem by Sir Robert Ayton, private secretary to Mary and Anne, queens of Scotland.—The poem is to be found in James Watson's Collection of Scots Poems, the earliest collection printed in Scotland.—I think that I have improved the simplicity of the sentiments, by giving them a Scots dress."

Burns's Reliques, p. 202.

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER DOOR?

Tune—"Lass, an I come near thee."

WHA is that at my bower door?
O wha is it but Findlay!
Then gae your gate, ye'se nae be here—
Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay.
What mak' ye sae like a thief?
O come and see, quo' Findlay;
Before the morn ye'll work mischief—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Gif I rise and let you in—
Let me in, quo' Findlay:
Ye'll keep me waukin' wi' your din—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
In my bower if ye should stay—
Let me stay, quo' Findlay;
I fear ye'll bide till break o' day—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Here this night if ye remain—
I'll remain, quo' Findlay:
I dread ye'll learn the gate again—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
What may pass within this bower—
Let it pass, quo' Findlay:
Ye maun conceal till your last hour—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE.

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie
To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'!

He's always compleenin' frae mornin' to e'enin',
He hoasts and he hirples the weary day lang,
He's doylt and he's dozen, his bluid it is frozen,
O, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows:
O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

My auld antie Katie upon me tak's pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
[him,
I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

THE BONNIE WEE THING.

Tune—"The Lads of Saltcoats."

BONNIE wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wast thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.

Wistfully I look and languish
In that bonnie face o' thine;
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wast thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.

CHLORIS.

Tune—"My lodging is on the cold ground."

Mr Chloris, mark how green the groves,
The primrose banks how fair:
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings:
For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
In lordly lighted ha':
The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blythe, in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours
Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd, in the flow'ry glen,
In shepherd's phrase will woo;
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true!

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck
That spotless breast o' thine:
The courtiers' gems may witness love—
But 'tis na love like mine.

BESS AND HER SPINNING-WHEEL.

Tune—"The sweet lass that lo'es me."

O LEEZE me on my spinning-wheel,
O leeze me on my rock and reel;
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en!
I'll set me down and sing and spin,
While laigh descends the simmer sun,
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—
O leeze me on my spinning-wheel.

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my theekit cot;
The scented birk and hawthorn white
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
And little fishes' caller rest;
The sun blinks kindly in the biel'
Where blythe I turn my spinning-wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
And echo cons the doolfu' tale;
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays:
The craik among the claver hay,
The patrick whirrin' o'er the ley,
The swallow jinkin' round my shiel,
Amuse me at my spinning-wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy,
O wha would leave this humble state,
For a' the pride of a' the great?
Amid their flaring, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel?

AE FOND KISS.

Tune—"Rory Dall's port."

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee,
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy:
But to see her, was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung-tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

O LUVE WILL VENTURE IN.

Tune—"The Posie."

O LUVE will venture in where it daurna weel beseen,
O luve will venture in where wisdom ance has been;
But I will down yon river rove, among the woods
sae green,
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms
without a peer;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phoebus peeps in
view,
For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou';
The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchanging
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May. [blue,

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day
But the songster's nest within the bush I wiuna tak
away;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is
near, [clear:
And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her een sae
The violet's for modesty which weel she fa's to wear,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luve,
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a'
above, [remove,
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er
And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

NAEBODY.

I HA'E a wife o' my ain,
 I'll partake wi' naebody;
 I'll tak' cuckold frae nane,
 I'll gi'e cuckold to naebody.
 I ha'e a penny to spend,
 There—thanks to naebody;
 I ha'e naething to lend,
 I'll borrow frae naebody.
 I am naebody's lord,
 I'll be slave to naebody;
 I ha'e a guid braid sword,
 I'll tak dunts frae naebody.
 I'll be merry and free,
 I'll be sad for naebody;
 If naebody care for me,
 I'll care for naebody.

O FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY, TAM!

Tune—"The Moudiewort."

*An' O for ane-and-twenty, Tam!
 An' hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam!
 I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
 An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.*

THEY snool me sair, and haud me down,
 And gar me look like bluntie, Tam!
 But three short years will soon wheel roun',
 And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam!

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
 Was left me by my aunty, Tam:
 At kith or kin I need na spier,
 An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

They'll ha'e me wed a wealthy coof,
 Tho' I mysel' ha'e plenty, Tam:
 But hear'st thou, laddie? there's my loof,
 I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam!

*An' O for ane-and-twenty, Tam!
 An' hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam!
 I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
 An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam!*

SONG OF DEATH.

A Gaelic air.

SCENE—*A field of battle; time of the day, evening—the wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following Song.*

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and
 ye skies,

Now gay with the bright setting sun;
 Farewell, loves, and friendships, ye dear, tender
 Our race of existence is run! [ties,

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
 Go, frighten the coward and slave;
 Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
 No terrors hast thou for the brave.

Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the
 Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name; [dark,
 Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark!
 He falls in the blaze of his fame.

In the field of proud honour—our swords in our
 Our king and our country to save— [hands,
 While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
 O! who would not rest with the brave!

AS I WAS A-WANDERING.

[This is an old Highland air, and the title means "my love did deceive me." There is much feeling expressed in this song.]

Tune—"Rinn Meudial mo Mhealladh."

As I was a-wand'ring ae midsummer e'enin',
 The pipers and youngsters were making their
 game;
 Among them I spied my faithless fause lover,
 Which bled a' the wounds o' my dolour again.

Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi'
 him;
 I may be distress'd, but I winna complain;
 I flatter my fancy I may get anither,
 My heart it shall never be broken for ane.

I couldna get sleeping till dawnin' for greetin',
 The tears trickled down like the hail and the rain
 Had I na got greetin', my heart would ha'e broken,
 For, oh! love forsaken's a tormenting pain.

Although he has left me for greed o' the siller,
 I dinna envy him the gains he can win;
 I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow,
 Than ever ha'e acted sae faithless to him.

Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi'
 him,
 I may be distress'd, but I winna complain;
 I flatter my fancy I may get anither,
 My heart it shall never be broken for ane.

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

Tune—"Tibbie Fowler."

WILLIE WASTLE dwelt on Tweed,
 The spot they ca'd it Linkumoddie;
 Willie was a wabster guid,
 Could stown a clue wi' ony body:
 He had a wife was dour and din,
 O Tinkler Madgie was her mither;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gi'e a button for her.

She has an e'e, she has but ane,
 The cat has twa, the very colour;
 Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller;
 A whiskin' beard about her mou',
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gi'e a button for her.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hein shinn'd,
 Ae limpin' leg a hand-breed shorter;
 She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
 To balance fair in ilka quarter:
 She has a hump upon her breast,
 The twin o' that upon her shoulder;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gi'e a button for her.

Auld baudrons by the ingle sits,
 An' wi' her loof her face a-washin';
 But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion:
 Her walie nieves like midden creels,
 Her face wad fyle the Logan-Water;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gi'e a button for her.

COUNTRY LASSIE.

Tune—"John, come kiss me now."

IN simmer when the hay was mawn,
 And corn waved green in ilka field,
 While clover blooms white o'er the lea,
 And roses blaw in ilka bield ;
 Blithe Bessie in the milking shiel,
 Says, I'll be wed, come o't what will.
 Out spak' a dame in wrinkled eild,
 "O' guid advisement comes nae ill.
 "It's ye ha'e wooers mony a ane,
 And lassie, ye're but young, ye ken ;
 Then wait a wee, and cannie wale
 A routhie but, a routhie ben :
 There's Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
 Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre ;
 Tak' this frae me, my bonnie hen,
 It's plenty beets the luv'er's fire."
 For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen
 I dinna care a single flie ;
 He lo'es sae well his craps and kye,
 He has nae luv'e to spare for me :
 But blithe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
 And weel I wat he lo'es me dear ;
 Ae blink o' him I wad nae gi'e
 For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.
 "O thoughtless lassie ! life's a faught ;
 The canniest gate the strife is sair ;
 But aye fu'-han't is fechtin best,
 A hungry care's an unco care :
 But some will spend, and some will spare,
 An' wilfu' folk maun ha'e their will ;
 Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
 Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill."
 O, gear will buy me rigs o' land,
 And gear will buy me sheep and kye ;
 But the tender heart o' leesome luv'e,
 The gowd and siller canna buy :
 We may be poor—Robie and I,
 Light is the burden luv'e lays on ;
 Content and luv'e bring peace and joy,
 What mair ha'e queens upon a throne ?

THE BANKS O' DOON.

FIRST VERSION.

Tune—"Catharine Ogie."

YE flowering banks o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye blume sae fair ;
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae fu' o' care !
 Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonnie bird
 That sings upon the bough ;
 Thou minds me o' the happy days
 When my fause luv'e was true.
 Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonnie bird
 That sings beside thy mate ;
 For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
 And wist na o' my fate.
 Aft ha'e I roved by Bonnie Doon,
 To see the woodbine twine,
 And ilka bird sang o' its luv'e,
 And sae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Frae aff its thorny tree,
 And my fause luv'er staw the rose,
 But left the thorn wi' me.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

SECOND VERSION.

Tune—"Caledonian Hunt's Delight."

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair ;
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary, fu' o' care !
 Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
 That wantons through the flowering thorn ;
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,
 Departed never to return.
 Oft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine ;
 And ilka bird sang o' its luv'e,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree :
 But my false luv'er stole my rose,
 And ah ! he left the thorn wi' me.

FAIR ELIZA.

Tune—"The bonnie brucket Lassie."

TURN again, thou fair Eliza,
 Ae kind blink before we part,
 Rew on thy despairing lover !
 Canst thou break his faithfu' heart ?
 Turn again, thou fair Eliza ;
 If to love thy heart denies,
 For pity hide the cruel sentence
 Under friendship's kind disguise !
 Thee, dear maid, ha'e I offended ?
 The offence is loving thee :
 Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
 Wha for thine wad gladly die ?
 While the life beats in my bosom,
 Thou shalt mix in ilka throe :
 Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
 Ae sweet smile on me bestow.
 Not the bee upon the blossom,
 In the pride o' sunny noon ;
 Not the little sporting fairy,
 All beneath the simmer moon ;
 Not the poet in the moment
 Fancy lightens in his e'e,
 Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
 That thy presence gi'es to me.

JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS.

JOCKEY's ta'en the parting kiss,
 Owre the mountains he is gane,
 And with him is a' my bliss,
 Nought but griefs with me remain.
 Spare my love, ye winds that blaw,
 Plashy sleet and beatin' rain !
 Spare my love, thou feathery snaw,
 Drifting owre the frozen plain !
 When the shades of evening creep
 Owre the day's fair, gladsome ee,
 Sound and safely may he sleep,
 Sweetly blythe his waukening be !
 He will think on her he loves,
 Fondly he'll repeat her name ;
 For where'er he distant roves,
 Jockey's heart is still at hame.

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

Tune—"Captain O'Kane."

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
[vale;

The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the
The hawthorn trees blow in the dews of the morn-
ing,
[dale :

And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green
But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
While the lingering moments are number'd by care?

No flowers gaily springing, nor birds sweetly
singing,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dared could it merit their malice,
A king and a father to place on his throne?

His right are these hills and his right are these
valleys,

Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can
find none.

But 'tis not my sufferings thus wretched, forlorn,
My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn :
Your deeds proved so loyal in hot bloody trial,
Alas ! can I make you no sweeter return ?

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

Tune—"Afton Water."

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise ;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds thro' the
glen,

Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear winding rills ;
There daily I wander, as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow ;
There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides ;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear
wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays ;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

BONNIE BELL.

THE smiling Spring comes in rejoicing,
And surly Winter grimly flies ;
Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
And bonnie blue are the sunny skies ;
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
The ev'ning gilds the ocean's swell ;
All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.

The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer,
And yellow Autumn presses near,
Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,
Till smiling Spring again appear.
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old time and nature there chancing tell,
But never ranging, still unchanging,
I adore my bonnie Bell.

THE GALLANT WEAVER

Tune—"The Weaver's March."

WHERE Cart rins rowin' to the sea,
By mony a flow'r, and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant weaver.

Oh ! I had woovers eight or nine,
They gived me rings and ribbons fine ;
And I was fear'd my heart wad time,
And I gived it to the weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher band,
To gie the lad that has the land ;
But to my heart I'll add my hand,
And gie it to the weaver.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers ;
While bees rejoice in opening flowers ;
While corn grows green in simmer showers,
I'll love my gallant weaver.

THE BAIRNS GAT OUT.

Tune—"The deuks dang o'er my daddie."

THE bairns gat out wi' an unco shout,
The deuks dang o'er my daddie, O !
The fien'-ma-gare, quo' the feirie auld wife,
He was but a paidlin' body, O !
He paidles out, an' he paidles in,
An' he paidles late an' early, O !
This seven lang years I ha'e lien by his side,
An' he is but a fusionless carlie, O !

O, haud your tongue, my feirie auld wife,
O, haud your tongue now, Nansie, O !
I've seen the day, and sae ha'e ye,
Ye wadna been sae donsie, O !
I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose,
And cuddled me late and early, O !
But downa-do's come o'er me now,
And, oh ! I feel it sairly, O !

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

SHE's fair and fause that causes my smart,
I lo'd her meikle and lang ;
She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
And I may e'en gae hang.
A coof came in with routh o' gear,
And I ha'e tint my dearest dear ;
But woman is but warld's gear,
Sae let the bonnie lass gang.
Whae'er ye be that woman love,
To this be never blind,
Nae ferlie 'tis though fickle she prove,
A woman has't by kind :
O woman lovely, woman fair !
An angel form's faun to thy share,
'Twad been owre meikle to 've gie'n thee mair—
I mean an angel mind.

THE EXCISEMAN.

THE de'il cam' fiddling through the town,
And danced awa' wi' the Exciseman;
And ilka wife cried—Auld Mahoun,
I wish you luck o' the prize, man!

*The de'il's awa', the de'il's awa',
The de'il's awa' wi' the Exciseman;
He's danced awa', he's danced awa',
He's danced awa' wi' the Exciseman.*

We'll mak' our maut, we'll brew our drink,
We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man;
And monie thanks to the meikle black de'il
That danced awa' wi' the Exciseman.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
But the ae best dance e'er cam' to the land
Was—the de'il's awa' wi' the Exciseman.

*The de'il's awa', the de'il's awa',
The de'il's awa' wi' the Exciseman
He's danced awa', he's danced awa',
He's danced awa' wi' the Exciseman.*

A RED, RED ROSE.

Tune—"Wishaw's Favourite."

O, my luv'e's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
O, my luv'e's like the melody
That's sweetly play'd in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luv'e am I:
And I will luv'e thee still, my dear
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
I will luv'e thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luv'e!
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my luv'e,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

LOUIS, WHAT RECK I BY THEE.

Tune—"My mother's aye glow'ring owre me."

Louis, what reck I by thee,
Or Geordie on his ocean:
Dyvor, beggar louns to me,
I reign in Jeanie's bosom.

Let her crown my love her law,
And in her breast en throne me:
Kings and nations swith awa',
Rief randies, I disown ye!

OUT OVER THE FORTH.

OUT over the Forth I look to the north,
But what is the north and its Highlands to me?
The south nor the east gi'e ease to my breast,
The far foreign land, or the wild rolling sea.

But I look to the west, when I gae to rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be;
For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
The lad that is dear to my babie and me.

THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN.

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries—"Alas!"
And ay the saut tear blin's her e'e:
"Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,
A wae fu' day it was to me;
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.
"Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's ee.
Now wae to thee, thou cruel Duke!
A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For monie a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee."

FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY.

Tune—"The Highland Watch's Farewell."

My heart is sair, I darena tell,
My heart is sair for somebody;
I could wake a winter night
For the sake o' somebody.
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-heh! for somebody!
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
O, sweetly smile on somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody.
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-heh! for somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not!
For the sake o' somebody!

POLLY STEWART.

Tune—"Ye're welcome, Charlie Stewart."

*O lovely Polly Stewart,
O charming Polly Stewart,
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
That's half so fair as thou art.*

THE flower it blows, it fades, it fa's,
And art can ne'er renew it;
But worth and truth eternal youth
Will gi'e to Polly Stewart.

MAY he whase arms shall fauld thy charms
Possess a leal and true heart;
To him be given to ken the heaven
He grasps in Polly Stewart!

*O lovely Polly Stewart,
O charming Polly Stewart,
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
That's half so fair as thou art.*

ANNA, THY CHARMS.

Tune—"Bonnie Mary."

ANNA, thy charms my bosom fire,
And waste my soul with care;
But ah! how bootless to admire,
When fated to despair!

Yet in thy presence, lovely fair,
To hope may be forgiv'n;
For sure 'twere impious to despair,
So much in sight of heav'n.

I'LL AY CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

*I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green again ;
I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonnie Jean again.*

THERE's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess
What brings me back the gate again,
But she, my fairest, faithfu' lass ;
And stowlins we sall meet again.

She'll wander by the aiken-tree,
When trystin'-time draws near again ;
And when her lovely form I see,
O, haith, she's doubly dear again !

*I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green again ;
I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonnie Jean again.*

WHEN JANUAR' WIND.

Tune—"The lass that made the bed to me."

WHEN Januar' wind was blawing cauld,
As to the north I took my way,
The mirksome night did me enfauld,
I knew na where to lodge till day.

By my good luck a maid I met,
Just in the middle o' my care ;
And kindly she did me invite
To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And thank'd her for her courtesie ;
' Bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And bade her mak' a bed to me.

She made the bed baith large and wide,
Wi' twa white hands she spread it down ;
She put the cup to her rosy lips,
And drank, "Young man, now sleep ye soon'."

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
And frae the chamber went wi' speed ;
But I call'd her quickly back again,
To lay some mair below my head.

A cod she laid below my head,
And served me wi' due respect ;
And to salute her wi' a kiss,
I put my arms about her neck.

"Haud aff your hands, young man," she says,
"And dinna sae uncivil be ;
If ye ha'e onie love for me,
O wrang na my virginity !"

Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
Her teeth were like the ivory ;
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
The lass that made the bed to me.

Her bosom was the driven snaw,
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see ;
Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,
The lass that made the bed to me.

I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
And aye she wist na what to say ;
I laid her 'tween me and the wa'—
The lassie thought na lang till day.

Upon the morrow when we rose,
I thank'd her for her courtesie ;
But aye she blush'd and aye she sigh'd,
And said, "Alas ! ye've ruin'd me."

I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne,
While the tear stood twinklin' in her e'e ;
I said, "My lassie, dinna cry,
For ye aye shall mak' the bed to me."

She took her mither's holland sheets,
And made them a' in sarks to me :
Blythe and merry may she be,
The lass that made the bed to me.

The bonnie lass made the bed to me,
The braw lass made the bed to me ;
I'll ne'er forget till the day I die,
The lass that made the bed to me.

O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN.

Tune—"I'll gang nae mair to yon town."

O wat ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the e'enin' sun upon ?
The fairest dame's in yon town,
That e'enin' sun is shining on.

Now haply down yon gay green shaw,
She wanders by yon spreading tree ;
How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw,
Ye catch the glances o' her e'e !

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year ;
And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Lucy dear.

The sun blinks blithe on yon town,
And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr ;
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.

Without my love not a' the charms
O' Paradise could yield me joy ;
But gi'e me Lucy in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Tho' raging winter rent the air ;
And she's a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town,
Yon sinking sun's gaun down upon ;
A fairer than 's in yon town,
His setting beams ne'er shone upon.

If angry Fate is sworn my foe,
And suff'ring I am doom'd to bear ;
I careless quit aught else below,
But spare me, spare me, Lucy dear !

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart ;
And she—as fairest is her form,
She has the truest, kindest heart.

TO THEE, LOVED NITH.

Tune—Unknown.

To thee, lov'd Nith, thy gladsome plains,
Where late wi' careless thought I ranged,
Tho' prest wi' care and sunk in woe,
To thee I bring a heart unchanged.

I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes,
Tho' mem'ry there my bosom tear ;
For there he roved that brake my heart,
Yet to that heart, ah ! still how dear !

O MAY, THY MORN.

O MAY, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet
As the mirk night o' December;
For sparkling was the rosy wine,
And private was the chamber:
And dear was she I darena name,
But I will ay remember;
And dear was she I darena name,
But I will ay remember.

And here's to them, that like oursel',
Can push about the jorum;
And here's to them that wish us weel,
May a' that's guid watch o'er them!
And here's to them, we darena tell,
The dearest o' the quorum;
And here's to them, we darena tell,
The dearest o' the quorum!

WAE IS MY HEART.

WAE is my heart, and the tear 's in my e'e;
Lang, lang joy's been a stranger to me:
Forsaken and friendless my burden I bear,
And the sweet voice o' pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

Love, thou hast pleasures; and deep ha'e I loved;
Love, thou hast sorrows; and sair I ha'e proved:
But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my
breast,

I can feel by its throbbings will soon be at rest.

O if I were happy, where happy I ha'e been,
Down by yon stream and yon bonnie castle green;
For there he is wand'ring and musing on me,
Wha wad soon dry the tear frae Phillis's e'e.

GLOOMY DECEMBER.

Tune—"Wandering Willie."

ANCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December!
ANCE mair I hail thee, wi' sorrow and care;
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet mair!
Fond lovers' parting is sweet painful pleasure;
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;
But the dire feeling, *O farewell for ever*,
Is anguish unmingled and agony pure.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
Till the last leaf of the summer is flown,
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
Since my last hope and last comfort is gone;
Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet mair!

CASSILLIS' BANKS.

Tune—Unknown.

Now bank an' brae are clath'd in green,
An' scatter'd cowslips sweetly spring;
By Girvan's fairy-haunted stream
The birdies flit on wanton wing.
To Cassillis' banks when e'en'ing fa's,
There wi' my Mary let me flee,
There catch her ilka glance of love,
The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e!

The chield wha boasts o' world's walth
Is aften laird o' meikle care;

But Mary she is a' my ain—

Ah! fortune canna gi'e me mair.
Then let me range by Cassillis' banks,
Wi' her, the lassie dear to me,
And catch her ilka glance o' love,
The bonnie blink of Mary's e'e!

MY PEGGY'S FACE

My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
The frost of hermit age might warm;
My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
Might charm the first of human kind.
I love my Peggy's angel air,
Her face so truly, heavenly fair,
Her native grace so void of art,
But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye;
Who but owns their magic sway,
Who but knows they all decay!
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose, nobly dear,
The gentle look that rage disarms—
These are all immortal charms.

AMANG THE TREES.

Tune—"The King of France, he rade a race."

AMANG the trees where humming bees
At buds and flowers were hinging, O,
Auld Caledon drew out her drone,
And to her pipe was singing, O;
'Twas pibroch, sang, strathspey, or reels,
She dirl'd them aff fu' clearly O,
When there cam' a yell o' foreign squeels,
That dang her tapsalteerie, O—

Their capon craws and queer ha ha's,
They made our lugs grow eerie, O;
The hungry bike did scrape and pike
Till we were wae and wearie, O;
But a royal ghaist wha once was cased
A prisoner aughteen year awa',
He fired a fiddler in the North
That dang them tapsalteerie, O.

* * * *

THE WINSOME WEE THING.

SHE is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,
And niest my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The world's wrack we share o't,
The warstle and the care o't;
Wi' her I'll blithely bear it,
And think my lot divine.

MY LADY'S GOWN, THERE'S GAIRS UPON'T.

Tune—"Gregg's Pipes."

*My lady's gown, there's gairs upon't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon't;
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My lord thinks muckle mair upon't.*

My lord a-hunting he is gane,
But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane;
By Colin's cottage lies his game,
If Colin's Jenny be at hame.

My lady's white, my lady's red,
And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude;
But her ten-pund lands o' tocher guid
Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.

Out o'er yon muir, out o'er yon moss,
Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather pass,
There wons auld Colin's bonnie lass,
A lily in a wilderness.

Sae sweetly move her gentle limbs,
Like music notes o' lovers' hymns;
The diamond dew in her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.

My lady's dink, my lady's drest,
The flower and fancy o' the west;
But thè lassie that a man lo'es best,
O that's the lass to make him blest.

*My lady's gown, there's gairs upon't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon't;
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My lord thinks muckle mair upon't.*

HIGHLAND MARY.

Tune—"Catharine Ogie."

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumble!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the longest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursel's asunder;
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!—
Now green's the sod, and canld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

AULD ROB MORRIS.

THERE'S auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
He's the king o' guid fellows and wale of auld men;
He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine.
And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She's sweet as the evening among the new hay;
As blithe and as artless as the lamb on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But oh! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;
I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it would burst in my breast.

O, had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might ha'e hoped she wad smiled upon me!
O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express!

DUNCAN GRAY.

DUNCAN GRAY came here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On blythe Yule night when we wero fou,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Maggie coost her head fu' heigh,
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Meg was deaf as Ailca Craig,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
Spak o' lowpin' owre a linn;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die?
She may gae to—France for me!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Meg grew sick—as he grew heal,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And O, her een, they spak sic things!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan could na be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
Now they're crouse and canty baith.
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

THE GOWDEN LOCKS OF ANNA.

Tune—"Banks of Banna."

YESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,
 A place where body saw na' ;
 Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
 The gowden locks of Anna.
 The hungry Jew in wilderness
 Rejoicing o'er his manna,
 Was naething to my hinny bliss
 Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs tak' the east and west,
 Frae Indus to Savannah !
 Gi'e me within my straining grasp
 The melting form of Anna.
 There I'll despise imperial charms,
 An empress or sultana,
 While dying raptures in her arms
 I give and tak' with Anna !

Awa', thou flaunting god o' day,
 Awa', thou pale Diana !
 Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray,
 When I'm to meet my Anna.
 Come, in thy raven plumage, night !
 Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a' ;
 And bring an angel pen to write
 My transports with my Anna !

MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O.

Tune—"The Lea Rig."

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star
 Tells bughtin'-time is near, my jo ;
 And owsen frae the furrow'd field,
 Return sae dowf and wearie, O ;
 Down by the burn, where scented birks
 Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
 I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
 I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O,
 If through that glen, I gaed to thee,
 My ain kind dearie, O.
 Although the night were ne'er sae wild,
 And I were ne'er sae wearie, O,
 I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
 To rouse the mountain deer, my jo,
 At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
 Along the burn to steer, my jo ;
 Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin' gray,
 It maks my heart sae cheery, O,
 To meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O.

MARY CAMPBELL.

Tune—"Ewe-bughts, Marion."

WILL ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
 And leave auld Scotia's shore ?
 Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
 Across th' Atlantic's roar ?

O sweet grow the lime and the orange,
 And the apple on the pine ;
 But a' the charms o' the Indies
 Can never equal thine.

I ha'e sworn by the heavens to my Mary,
 I ha'e sworn by the heavens to be true ;
 And sae may the heavens forget me,
 When I forget my vow !

O plight me your faith, my Mary,
 And plight me your lily-white hand ;
 O plight me your faith, my Mary,
 Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We ha'e plighted our troth, my Mary,
 In mutual affection to join,
 And curst be the cause that shall part us,
 The hour, and the moment o' time !

O POORTITH CAULD.

Tune—"I had a horse."

O POORTITH cauld, and restless love,
 Ye wreck my peace between ye ;
 Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
 An' twere na for my Jeanie.

*O why should fate sic pleasure have,
 Life's dearest bands untwining ?
 Or why sae sweet a flower as love
 Depend on fortune's shining ?*

This world's wealth when I think on,
 Its pride, and a' the lave o' t ;
 Fie, fie on silly coward man,
 That he should be the slave o't.

Her een, sae bonnie blue, betray
 How she repays my passion ;
 But prudence is her o'erword aye,
 She talks of rank and fashion.

O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sic a lassie by him ?
 O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sae in love as I am ?

How blest the humble cotter's fate !
 He woos his simple dearie ;
 The sillie bogles, wealth and state,
 Can never make them eerie.

*O why should fate sic pleasure have,
 Life's dearest bands untwining ?
 Or why sae sweet a flower as love
 Depend on fortune's shining ?*

OH ! OPEN THE DOOR TO ME.

With Alterations.

Oh, open the door, some pity to show,
 Oh, open the door to me, O !
 Though thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
 Oh, open the door to me, O !

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
 But cauldier thy love for me, O !
 The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
 Is nought to my pains frae thee, O !

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
 And time is setting with me, O !
 False friends, false love, farewell ! for mair
 I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, O !

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide ;
 She sees his pale corse on the plain, O !
 My true love, she cried, and sank down by his side,
 Never to rise again, O !—

WANDERING WILLIE.

Messrs. Erskine and Thomson having suggested some changes in the following song, our Poet, with his usual judgment, adopted some of their alterations, and rejected others. The last edition is as follows:—

HERE awa', there awa', wandering Willie,
Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame;
Come to my bosom my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.
Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e,
Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.
Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken ye breezes, row gently ye billows,
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.
But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main;
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

SHE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST OF A'.

Tune—"Onagh's Water-fall."

SAE flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching
Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue.
Her smiling, sae wyling,
Wad make a wretch forget his woe;
What pleasure, what treasure,
Unto these rosy lips to grow!
Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,
When first her bonnie face I saw;
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.
Like harmony her motion;
Her pretty ancle is a spy
Betraying fair proportion,
Wad mak a saint forget the sky.
Sae warming, sae charming,
Her faultless form, and gracefu' air:
Ilk feature—auld Nature
Declared that she could do nae mair.
Hers are the willing chains o' love,
By conquering beauty's sovereign law;
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.
Let others love the city,
And gaudy show at sunny noon;
Gi'e me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve, and rising moon;
Fair beaming, and streaming,
Her silver light the boughs amang;
While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes his sang:
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
And hear my vows o' truth and love,
And say thou lo'es me best of a'.

GALLA-WATER.

THERE'S braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
That wander through the blooming heather;
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
Can match the lads o' Galla-water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Galla-water.

Although his daddie was nae laird,
And though I ha'e na meikle tocher;
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Galla-water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefest world's treasure!

LORD GREGORY.

O MIRK, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar;
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tow'r,
Lord Gregory, ope thy door.

An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee;
At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it may na be!

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
By bonnie Irwin side,
Where first I own'd that virgin-love
I lang, lang had denied?

How often didst thou pledge and vow,
Thou wad for aye be mine!
And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast:
Thou dart of heaven, that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest!

Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see!
But spare, and pardon my fause love,
His wrangs to heaven and me!

MARY MORISON.

Tune—"Bide ye yet."

O MARY, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor:
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun;
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.
Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
Though this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only fau't is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gi'e,
At least be pity to me shown!
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

WHEN WILD WAR'S DEADLY BLAST WAS BLAWN.

Air—"The Mill Mill O."

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' monie a sweet babe fatherless,
And monie a widow mourning;
I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor and honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill, and trysting-thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom!
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain wad be thy lodger;
I've served my king and country lang,
Take pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gazed on me,
And lovelier was than ever:
Quo' she, A sodger ance I lo'ded,
Forget him shall I never:
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it,
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gazed—she redd'en'd like a rose—
Syn'e pale like onie lily;
She sank within my arms, and cried,
Art thou my ain dear Willie?
By Him who made yon sun and sky—
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man; and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded!

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted;
Though poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair we'se ne'er be parted.
Quo' she, My grandsire left me gowd,
A mailen plenish'd fairly;
And come, my faithfu' sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honour:
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember he's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger.

JESSIE.

Tune—"Bonny Dundee."

TRUE-hearted was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow
And fair are the maids on the banks o' the Ayr
But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river,
Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair:
To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over;
To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain;
Grace, beauty, and elegance fetter her lover,
And maidenly modesty fixes his chain.

O, fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,
And sweet is the lily at evening close;
But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring;
Enthroned in her een he delivers his law,
And still to her charms she alone is a stranger,
Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'.

MEG O' THE MILL.

Air—"O bonnie lass, will you lie in a Barrack?"

O KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten,
An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten,
She has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,
And broken the heart o' the barley Miller.

The Miller was strappin', the Miller was ruddy;
A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady;
The Laird was a widdiefu', bleerit knurl;
She's left the guid fellow and ta'en the churl.

The Miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving:
The Laird did address her wi' matter mair movin'
A fine pacing horse wi' a clear chained bridle,
A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing;
And wae on the love that is fix'd on a mailen!
A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle,
But, gi'e me my love, and a fig for the warl'!

FRAGMENT.

IN WITHERSPOON'S COLLECTION OF SCOTS SONGS.

Air—"Hughie Graham."

"O GIN my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysel' a drop o' dew,
Into her bonnie breast to fa'!"

"Oh, there beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fley'd awa by Phoebus' light."

* O were my love yon lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the spring;
And I, a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing:

How I wad mourn, when it was torn
By autumn wild, and winter rude!
But I wad sing on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.*

* These stanzas were added by Burns.

MISS LESLEY BAILLIE.

Tune—"Liggeram Cosh."

BLITHE ha'e I been on yon hill,
 As the lambs before me;
 Careless ilka thought and free,
 As the breeze flew o'er me:
 Now nae longer sport and play,
 Mirth or sang can please me;
 Lesley is sae fair and coy,
 Care and anguish seize me.
 Heavy, heavy, is the task,
 Hopeless love declaring:
 Trembling, I dow nocht but glow'r,
 Sighing, dumb, despairing!
 If she winna ease the thraws
 In my bosom swelling,
 Underneath the grass-green sod
 Soon maun be my dwelling.

LOGAN WATER.

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide,
 That day I was my Willie's bride;
 And years sinsyne ha'e o'er us run,
 Like Logan to the simmer sun.
 But now thy flow'ry banks appear
 Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes.
 Again the merry month o' May
 Has made our hills and valleys gay;
 The birds rejoice in leafy bow'rs,
 The bees hum round the breathing flow'rs:
 Blithe morning lifts his rosy eye,
 And ev'ning's tears are tears of joy:
 My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.
 Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
 Among her nestlings sits the thrush;
 Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
 Or wi' his song her cares beguile:
 But I, wi' my sweet nurslings here,
 Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
 Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.
 O wae upon you, men o' state,
 That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
 As ye make monie a fond heart mourn,
 Sae may it on your heads return!
 How can your flinty hearts enjoy
 The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?
 But soon may peace bring happy days,
 And Willie, hame to Logan braes!

BONNIE JEAN.

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
 At kirk and market to be seen,
 When a' the fairest maids were met,
 The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.
 And aye she wrought her mamie's wark,
 And aye she sang sae merrilie:
 The blithest bird upon the bush
 Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.
 But hawks will rob the tender joys
 That bless the little lintwhite's nest;
 And frost will blight the fairest flow'rs,
 And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the bravest lad,
 The flower and pride o' a' the glen;
 And he had owsen, sheep and kye,
 And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryst,
 He danced wi' Jeanie on the down;
 And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
 Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream,
 The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en;
 So trembling, pure, was tender love
 Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mamie's wark,
 And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;
 Yet wist na what her ail might be,
 Or what wad mak' her weel again.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
 And did na joy blink in her e'e,
 As Robie tauld a tale o' love,
 Ae e'enin' on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
 The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
 His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
 And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:

O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee danc;
 O canst thou think to fancy me,
 Or wilt thou leave thy mamie's cot,
 And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
 Or naething else to trouble thee;
 But stray among the heather-bells,
 And tent the waving corn wi' me.

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
 She had nae will to say him na:
 At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
 And love was aye between them twa.

PHILLIS THE FAIR.

Tune—"Robin Adair."

WHILE larks with little wing
 Fann'd the pure air,
 Tasting the breathing spring,
 Forth I did fare:
 Gay the sun's golden eye
 Peep'd o'er the mountains high;
 Such thy morn'! did I cry,
 Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song,
 Glad did I share;
 While yon wild flow'rs among,
 Chance led me there:
 Sweet to the opening day,
 Rosebuds bent the dewy spray;
 Such thy bloom! did I say,
 Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk,
 Doves cooing were,
 I mark'd the cruel hawk
 Caught in a snare:
 So kind may Fortune be,
 Such make his destiny,
 He who would injure thee,
 Phillis the fair.

HAD I A CAVE, &c.

[An unfortunate circumstance which happened to his friend Cunningham, suggested this fine pathetic song to the Poet's fancy.]

To the same tune.

HAD I a cave on some wild, distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar,
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my lost repose,
Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare,
All thy fond plighted vows—fleeing as air?
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury,
Then in thy bosom try
What peace is there!

BY ALLAN STREAM.

Tune—"Allan Water."

By Allan stream I chanced to rove,
While Phœbus sank beyond Benledi;
The winds were whispering thro' the grove,
The yellow corn was waving ready:
I listen'd to a lover's sang,
And thought on youthful pleasures mony;
And ay the wild-wood echoes rang—
O dearly do I love thee, Annie!

O happy be the woodbine bower,
Nae nightly bogle mak' it eerie;
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
The place and time I met my dearie!
Her head upon my throbbing breast,
She, sinking, said, "I'm thine for ever!"
While mony a kiss the seal imprest,
The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' spring's the primrose brae,
The simmer joys the flocks to follow;
How cheery thro' her shortening day
Is autumn, in her weeds o' yellow!
But can they melt the glowing heart,
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure,
Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart,
Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure!

COME, LET ME TAKE THEE.

Tune—"Cauld Kail."

COME, let me take thee to my breast,
And pledge we ne'er shall sunder;
And I shall spurn, as vilest dust,
The world's wealth and grandeur:
And do I hear my Jeanie own
That equal transports move her?
I ask for dearest life alone,
That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' all thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure;
I'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure:
And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever!
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never!

ADOWN WINDING NITH.

ADOWN winding Nith I did wander,
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;
Adown winding Nith I did wander,
Of Phillis to muse and to sing.
*Awa' wi' your belles and your beauties,
They never wi' her can compare;
Whoever has met wi' my Phillis,
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.*

The daisy amused my fond fancy,
So artless, so simple, so wild;
Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis!
For she is simplicity's child.

The rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest:
How fair and how pure is the lily!
But fairer and purer her breast.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie:
Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine,
Its dew-drop o' diamond, her eye.

Her voice is the song of the morning,
That wakes thro' the green-spreading grove,
When Phœbus peeps over the mountains
On music, and pleasure, and love.

But beauty how frail and how fleeting,
The bloom of a fine summer's day!
While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
Will flourish without a decay.

*Awa' wi' your belles and your beauties,
They never wi' her can compare;
Whoever has met wi' my Phillis,
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.*

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?
*For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.*

We twa ha'e ran about the braes,
And pu't the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e paidl't i' the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd,
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fier,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a right good-willie waught,
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

*For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.*

DAINTY DAVIE.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers ;
And now comes in my happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie.

*Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie,
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.*

The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A wandering wi' my Davie.

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then through the dews I will repair
To meet my faithfu' Davie.

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' nature's rest,
I flee to his arms I lo'e best,
And that's my ain dear Davie.

*Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Bonnie Davie, dainty Davie,
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.*

BEHOLD THE HOUR.

Tune—"Oran Gaoil."

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive ;
Thou goest, thou darling of my heart !
Sever'd from thee can I survive ?
But fate has will'd, and we must part.
I'll often greet this surging swell,
Yon distant isle will often hail ;
"E'en here I took the last farewell ;
There latest mark'd her vanish'd sail."

Along the solitary shore,
While flitting sea-fowl round me cry,
Across the rolling, dashing roar,
I'll westward turn my wistful eye :
Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,
Where now my Nancy's path may be !
While through thy sweets she loves to stray,
O tell me, does she muse on me !

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER.

Tune—"Fee him, Father."

Thou hast left me ever, Jamie, thou hast left me
ever ; [ever.
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie, thou hast left me
Aften hast thou vow'd that death only should us
sever ;
Now thou'st left thy lass for aye—I maun see thee
never, Jamie,
I shall see thee never.
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie, thou hast me for-
saken ; [saken.
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie, thou hast me for-
Thou canst love anither jo, while my heart is
breaking.
Soon my weary een I'll close—never mair to waken,
Never mair to waken. [Jamie,

FAIR JENNY.

Tune—"Saw ye my Father?"

WHERE are the joys I have met in the morning,
That danced to the lark's early song ?
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
At evening the wild woods among ?

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
And marking sweet flow'rets so fair :
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,
And grin, surly winter is near ?
No, no, the bees humming round the gay roses
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet long, long too well have I known ;
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow :
Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

DELUDED SWAIN, THE PLEASURE.

Tune—"The Collier's Dochter."

DELUDED swain, the pleasure
The fickle fair can give thee,
Is but a fairy treasure—
Thy hopes will soon deceive thee.

The billows on the ocean,
The breezes idly roaming,
The clouds' uncertain motion—
They are but types of woman.

O ! art thou not ashamed,
To dote upon a feature ?
If man thou wouldst be named,
Despise the silly creature.

Go, find an honest fellow ;
Good claret set before thee :
Hold on till thou art mellow,
And then to bed in glory.

NANCY.

Tune—"The Quaker's Wife."

THINE am I, my faithful fair,
Thine, my lovely Nancy ;
Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
Ev'ry roving fancy.
To thy bosom lay my heart,
There to throb and languish :
Though despair had wrung its core,
That would heal its anguish.

Take away these rosy lips,
Rich with balmy treasure :
Turn away thine eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure.

What is life when wanting love ?
Night without a morning :
Love's the cloudless summer sun,
Nature gay adorning.

BANNOCKBURN.

Tune—"Hey, tuttie, tattie."

Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has after led,
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to glorious victorie !

Now's the day, and now's the hour ;
 See the front o' battle lour ;
 See approach proud Edward's power—
 Edward ! chains and slaverie !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
 Wha sae base as be a slave ?
 Traitor ! coward ! turn and flee !

Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Free-man stand, or free-man fa',
 Caledonian ! on wi' me !

By oppression's woes and pains !
 By our sons in servile chains !
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be—shall be free.

Lay the proud usurpers low !
 Tyrants fall in every foe !
 Liberty's in every blow !
 Forward ! let us do, or die !

HUSBAND, HUSBAND, CEASE YOUR STRIFE.

Tune—"My jo Janet."

HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
 Nor longer idle rave, Sir ;
 Though I am your wedded wife,
 Yet I am not your slave, Sir.
 "One of two must still obey
 Nancy, Nancy ;
 Is it man or woman, say,
 My spouse, Nancy ?"

If 'tis still the lordly word,
 Service and obedience ;
 I'll desert my sov'reign lord,
 And so, good b'ye allegiance !
 "Sad will I be, so bereft,
 Nancy, Nancy ;
 Yet I'll try to make a shift,
 My spouse, Nancy."

My poor heart then break it must,
 My last hour I'm near it :
 When you lay me in the dust,
 Think, think how you will bear it !
 "I will hope and trust in Heaven,
 Nancy, Nancy ;
 Strength to bear it will be given,
 My spouse, Nancy."

Well, Sir, from the silent dead
 Still I'll try to daunt you ;
 Ever round your midnight bed
 Horrid sprites shall haunt you
 "I'll wed another, like my dear
 Nancy, Nancy ;
 Then all hell will fly for fear,
 My spouse, Nancy."

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

Tune—"O'er the Hills," &c.

How can my poor heart be glad,
 When absent from my sailor lad ?
 How can I the thought forego,
 He's on the seas to meet the foe ?
 Let me wander, let me rove,
 Still my heart is with my love ;
 Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
 Are with him that's far away.

*On the seas and far away,
 On stormy seas and far away :
 Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
 Are aye with him that's far away.*

When in summer's noon I faint,
 As weary flocks around me pant,
 Haply in this scorching sun
 My sailor's thund'ring at his gun :
 Bullets, spare my only joy !
 Bullets, spare my darling boy !
 Fate, do with me what you may,
 Spare but him that's far away.

At the starless midnight hour,
 When winter rules with boundless power ;
 As the storms the forest tear,
 And thunders rend the howling air,
 Listening to the doubling roar,
 Surging on the rocky shore,
 All I can—I weep and pray,
 For his weal that's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
 And bid wild war his ravage end,
 Man with brother man to meet,
 And as a brother kindly greet :
 Then may heaven, with prosperous gales,
 Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
 To my arms their charge convey,
 My dear lad that's far away.

*On the seas and far away,
 On stormy seas and far away :
 Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
 Are aye with him that's far away.*

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE ?

Tune—"The Sutor's Dochter."

WILT thou be my dearie ?
 When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
 Wilt thou let me cheer thee ?
 By the treasure of my soul,
 That's the love I bear thee !
 I swear and vow that only thou
 Shall ever be my dearie ;
 Only thou, I swear and vow,
 Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me ;
 Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
 Sayna thou'lt refuse me :
 If it winna, canna be,
 Thou for thine may choose me,
 Let me, lassie, quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me ;
 Lassie, let me quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.

CA' THE YOWES.

Tune—"Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes."

*Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.*

HARK, the mavis' evening sang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang;
Then a-faulding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
Through the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves, that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart.
I can die—but canna part—
My bonnie dearie.

*Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.*

BUT LATELY SEEN.

Tune—"The Winter of Life."

BUT lately seen in gladsome green
The woods rejoice the day,
Through gentle showers the laughing flowers
In double pride were gay:
But now our joys are fled,
On winter blasts awa'!
Yet maiden May, in rich array,
Again shall bring them a'.
But my white pow, nae kindly thowe
Shall melt the snaws of age;
My trunk of eild, but buss or bield,
Sinks in time's wintry rage.
Oh, age has weary days,
And nights o' sleepless pain!
Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,
Why com'st thou not again!

O AY MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.

*O ay my wife she dang me,
An' aft my wife did bang me;
If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Guid faith! she'll soon o'ergang ye.*

ON peace and rest my mind was bent,
And, fool I was! I married;
But never honest man's intent
As cursedly miscarried.

Some sairie comfort still at last,
When a' thir days are done, man,
My pains o' hell on earth are past—
I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.

*O ay my wife she dang me,
An' aft my wife did bang me;
If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Guid faith! she'll soon o'ergang ye.*

TO MARY.

Tune—"Could aught of song."

COULD aught of song declare my pains,
Could artful numbers move thee,
The muse should tell, in labour'd strains,
O Mary, how I love thee!
They who but feign a wounded heart,
May teach the lyre to languish;
But what avails the pride of art,
When wastes the soul with anguish?
Then let the sudden bursting sigh
The heart-felt pang discover;
And in the keen, yet tender eye,
O read th' imploring lover.
For well I know thy gentle mind
Disdains art's gay disguising;
Beyond what fancy e'er refined
The voice of nature prizing.

HERE IS THE GLEN.

Tune—"Banks of Cree."

HERE is the glen, and here the bower,
All underneath the birchen shade;
The village-bell has told the hour—
O what can stay my lovely maid?
'Tis not Maria's whispering call,
'Tis but the balmy breathing gale,
Mix'd with some warbler's dying fall,
The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear!
So calls the woodlark in the grove,
His little, faithful mate to cheer,
At once 'tis music—and 'tis love.
And art thou come? and art thou true?
O welcome, dear, to love and me!
And let us all our vows renew
Along the flowery banks of Cree.

THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE TO HIS MISTRESS.

Tune—"Deil tak' the Wars."

SLEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature?
Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
Numbering ilka bud which Nature
Waters wi' the tears o' joy:
Now thro' the leafy woods,
And by the reeking floods,
Wild Nature's tenants freely, gladly stray;
The lintwhite in his bower
Chants o'er the breathing flower;
The lav'rock to the sky
Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.
Phœbus, gilding the brow o' morning,
Banishes ilk darksome shade,
Nature gladdening and adorning;
Such to me my lovely maid.
When absent frae my fair,
The murky shades o' care
With starless gloom o'ercast my sullen sky:
But when, in beauty's light,
She meets my ravish'd sight,
When through my very heart
Her beaming glories dart—
'Tis then I wake to life, to light, and joy.

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNIE FACE.

Tune—"The Maid's Complaint."

It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face,
Nor shape that I admire,
Altho' thy beauty and thy grace
Might weel awake desire.
Something, in ilka part o' thee,
To praise, to love, I find;
But dear as is thy form to me,
Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungen'rous wish I ha'e,
Nor stronger in my breast,
Than if I canna mak' thee sae,
At least to see thee blest.
Content am I, if Heaven shall give
But happiness to thee;
And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
For thee I'd bear to die.

LOVELY DAVIES.

Tune—"Miss Muir."

O how shall I, unskilfu', try
The poet's occupation,
The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,
That whisper inspiration?
Even they maun dare an effort mair,
Than aught they ever gave us,
Ere they rehearse, in equal verse,
The charms o' lovely Davies.
Each eye it cheers, when she appears,
Like Phœbus in the morning,
When past the shower, and ev'ry flower
The garden is adorning.
As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore,
When winter-bound the wave is;
Sae droops our heart when we maun part
Frae charming lovely Davies.

Her smile's a gift, frae 'boon the lift,
That mak's us mair than princes;
A scepter'd hand, a king's command,
Is in her darting glances.
The man in arms, 'gainst female charms,
Even he her willing slave is;
He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
Of conquering, lovely Davies.

My muse to dream of such a theme,
Her feeble pow'rs surrender;
The eagle's gaze alone surveys
The sun's meridian splendour.
I wad in vain essay the strain,
The deed too daring brave is;
I'll drap the lyre, and mute admire
The charms o' lovely Davies.

SAE FAR AWA'.

Tune—"Dalkeith Maiden Bridge."

O, SAE and heavy should I part,
But for her sake sae far awa';
Unknowing what my way may thwart,
My native land sae far awa'.
Thou that of a' things Maker art,
That form'd this fair sae far awa',
Gi'e body strength, then I'll ne'er start
At this my way sae far awa'.

How true is love to pure desert,
So love to her, sae far awa':
And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,
While oh! she is sae far awa'.
Name other love, name other dart,
I feel but hers, sae far awa';
But fairer never touch'd a heart
Than hers, the fair sae far awa'.

CHLOE.

ALTERED FROM AN OLD ENGLISH SONG.

Tune—"Dainty Davie."

It was the charming month of May,
When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,
One morning by the break of day,
The youthful, charming Chloe
From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes,
'The youthful, charming Chloe.

*Lovely was she by the dæwn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.*

The feather'd people you might see,
Perch'd all around on every tree,
In notes of sweetest melody
They hail the charming Chloe;
Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise,
Out-rivall'd by the radiant eyes
Of youthful, charming Chloe.

*Lovely was she by the dæwn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.*

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

Tune—"Rothiemurchus' Rant."

*Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie, O?*

Now nature cleeds the flowery lea,
And a' is young and sweet like thee;
O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
And say thou'lt be my dearie, O!

And when the welcome simmer-shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower
At sultry noon, my dearie, O!

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way;
Through yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie, O.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest;
Enclasped to my faithfu' breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.

*Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie, O?*

LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN.

Tune—"Duncan Gray."

Let not woman e'er complain
Of inconstancy in love ;
Let not woman e'er complain
Fickle man is apt to rove :
Look abroad through Nature's range,
Nature's mighty law is change ;
Ladies, would it not be strange
Man should then a monster prove ?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies ;
Ocean's ebb and ocean's flow :
Sun and moon but set to rise,
Round and round the seasons go.
Why then ask of silly man
To oppose great Nature's plan ?
We'll be constant while we can—
You can be no more, you know.

FAREWELL, THOU STREAM.

Tune—"Nancy's to the Greenwood gane," &c.

FAREWELL thou stream that winding flows
Around Eliza's dwelling !
O mem'ry ! spare the cruel throes
Within my bosom swelling :
Condemned to drag a hopeless chain,
And yet in secret languish,
To feel a fire in ev'ry vein,
Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
I fain my griefs would cover :
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
Betray the hapless lover.
I know thou doom'st me to despair,
Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me ;
But oh, Eliza, hear one prayer—
For pity's sake forgive me !

The music of thy voice I heard,
Nor wist while it enslaved me ;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
Till fears no more had saved me :
Th' unwary sailor thus aghast,
The wheeling torrent viewing ;
Mid circling horrors sinks at last
In overwhelming ruin.

CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS.

Tune—"Roy's Wife."

*Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy ?
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy ?
Well thou know'st my aching heart,
And canst thou leave me thus for pity ?*

Is this thy plighted, fond regard,
Thus cruelly to part, my Katy ?
Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
An aching, broken heart, my Katy ?

Farewell ! and ne'er such sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, my Katy ;
Thou may'st find those will love thee dear—
But not a love like mine, my Katy.

*Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy ?
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy ?
Well thou know'st my aching heart,
And canst thou leave me thus for pity ?*

O, PHILLY, HAPPY BE THAT DAY

Tune—"The Sow's Tail."

He—O PHILLY, happy be that day
When, roving through the gather'd hay,
My youthfu' heart was stown away,
And by thy charms, my Philly.

She—O Willy, aye I bless the grove
Where first I own'd my maiden love,
While thou didst pledge the Powers above,
To be my ain dear Willy.

He—As songsters of the early year
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
So ilka day to me mair dear
And charming is my Philly.

She—As on the brier the budding rose
Still richer breathes, and fairer blows,
So in my tender bosom grows
The love I bear my Willy.

He—The milder sun and bluer sky,
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye
As is a sight o' Philly.

She—The little swallow's wanton wing,
Though wafting o'er the flowery spring,
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring,
As meeting o' my Willy.

He—The bee that through the sunny hour
Sips nectar in the opening flower,
Compared wi' my delight is poor,
Upon the lips o' Philly.

She—The woodbine in the dewy weat,
When evening shades in silence meet,
Is not sae fragrant or sae sweet
As is a kiss o' Willy.

He—Let fortune's wheel at random rin,
And fools may tine, and knaves may win ;
My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,
And that's my ain dear Philly.

She—What's a' the joys that gowd can gi'e !
I care nae wealth a single flie ;
The lad I love's the lad for me,
And that's my ain dear Willy.

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

Tune—"Lumps o' Pudding."

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
I gi'e them a skelp, as they're creepin' alang,
Wi' a cog o' guid swats, and an auld Scottish sang.

I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome Thought ;
But man is a sodger, and life is a faught :
My mirth and guid humour are coin in my pouch,
And my Freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

A townmond o' trouble, should that be my fa,
A night o' guid fellowship southers it a' :
When at the blithe end o' our journey at last,
Wha the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past !

Blind Chance, let hersnapper and stoyte on her way,
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae :
Come ease, or come travail ; come pleasure or pain,
My warst word is, "Welcome, and welcome again !"

SAW YE MY PHELY.

*Quasi dicat Phillis.**Tune*—"When she cam ben she bobbit."

O SAW ye my dear, my Phely ?
 O saw ye my dear, my Phely ?
 She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new love,
 She winna come hame to her Willy.
 What says she, my dearest, my Phely ?
 What says she, my dearest, my Phely ?
 She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot,
 And for ever disowns thee, her Willy.
 O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely !
 O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely !
 As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
 Thou's broken the heart o' thy Willy.

TO GENERAL DUMOURIER.

A PARODY ON ROBIN ADAIR.

YOU'RE welcome to despots, Dumourier,
 You're welcome to despots, Dumourier !
 How does Dampierre do,
 Aye, and Bournonville too,
 Why did not they come along with you, Dumourier ?
 I will fight France with you, Dumourier ;
 I will fight France with you, Dumourier ;
 I will fight France with you,
 I will take my chance with you ;
 By my soul I'll have a dance with you, Dumourier.
 Then let us fight about, Dumourier ;
 Then let us fight about, Dumourier ;
 Then let us fight about,
 Till freedom's spark is out,
 Then we'll be damn'd, no doubt, Dumourier !

O WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME.

Tune—"Morag."

O WHA is she that lo'es me,
 And has my heart a-keeping ?
 O sweet is she that lo'es me,
 As dew's o' simmer weeping,
 In tears the rose-buds steeping.
*O that's the lassie o' my heart,
 My lassie ever dearer ;
 O that's the queen o' woman-kind,
 And ne'er a ane to peer her.*
 If thou shalt meet a lassie
 In grace and beauty charming,
 That e'en thy chosen lassie,
 Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
 Had ne'er sic powers alarming ;
 If thou hadst heard her talking,
 And thy attentions plighted,
 That ilka body talking
 But her by thee is slighted ;
 And thou art all delighted ;
 If thou hast met this fair one ;
 When frae her thou hast parted,
 If every other fair one
 But her thou hast deserted,
 And thou art broken-hearted ;
*O that's the lassie o' my heart,
 My lassie ever dearer ;
 O that's the queen o' woman-kind,
 And ne'er a ane to peer her.*

MY NANNIE'S AWA'.

Tune—"There'll never be peace," &c.

Now in her green mantle blithe Nature arrays,
 And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
 While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw ;
 But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's awa'.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
 And violets bathe in the weat o' the morn ;
 They pain my sad bosom sae sweetly they blaw,
 They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa'.

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
 The shepherd to warn o' the gray-breaking dawn,
 And thou mellow mavis that hails the night-fa',
 Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'.

Come autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and gray,
 And soothe me wi' tidings o' nature's decay :
 The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
 Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa'.

HERE'S A HEALTH.

Tune—"The Bonnets o' blue."

HERE'S a health to them that's awa',
 Here's a health to them that's awa' ;
 And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
 May never guid luck be their fa !
 It's guid to be merry and wise,
 It's guid to be honest and true,
 It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
 And bide by the buff and the blue.
 Here's a health to them that's awa',
 And here's to them that's awa' ;
 Here's a health to Charlie, the chief o' the clan,
 Although that his band be sma'.
 May liberty meet wi' success !
 May prudence protect her frae evil !
 May tyrants and tyranny time in the mist,
 And wander their way to the devil !
 Here's a health to them that's awa',
 And here's to them that's awa' ;
 Here's a health to Tammie, the Norland laddie,
 That lives at the lug o' the law !
 Here's freedom to him that wad read,
 Here's freedom to him that wad write !
 There's nae ever fear'd that the truth should be
 heard,
 But they wham the truth wad indite.
 Here's a health to them that's awa',
 And here's to them that's awa' ;
 Here's Maitland and Wycombe, and wha does na
 like 'em,
 We'll build in a hole o' the wa'.
 Here's the timmer that's red at the heart,
 Here's fruit that's sound at the core !
 May he that would turn the buff and blue coat,
 Be turn'd to the back o' the door.
 Here's a health to them that's awa',
 And here's to them that's awa' ;
 Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain worth gowd,
 Though bred amang mountains o' snaw !
 Here's friends on baith sides o' the Forth,
 And friends on baith sides o' the Tweed,
 And wha would betray old Albion's rights,
 May they never eat of her bread.

O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

Tune—"Cordwainers' March."

O LAY thy loof in mine, lass,
 In mine, lass, in mine, lass;
 And swear on thy white hand, lass,
 That thou wilt be my ain.
 A slave to Love's unbounded sway,
 He aft has wrought me meikle wae;
 But now he is my deadly fae,
 Unless thou be my ain.

There's mony a lass has broke my rest,
 That for a blink I ha'e lo'ed best,
 But thou art queen within my breast,
 For ever to remain.

O lay thy loof in mine, lass,
 In mine, lass, in mine, lass,
 And swear on thy white hand, lass,
 That thou wilt be my ain.

CALEDONIA.

Tune—"The Caledonian Hunt's Delight."

THERE was once a day, but old Time then was young,
 That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,
 From some of your northern deities sprung,
 (Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine?)
 From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,
 To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would:
 Her heavenly relations there fixed her reign,
 And pledged her their godheads to warrant it good.

A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,
 The pride of her kindred, the heroine grew:
 Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore—
 "Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall
 rue!"

With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,
 To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn;
 But chiefly the woods were her favourite resort;
 Her darling amusement, the hounds and the horn.

Long quiet she reigned; till thitherward steers
 A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand*:
 Repeated, successive, for many long years,
 They darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the
 land:

Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,
 They'd conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside:
 She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly—
 The daring invaders they fled or they died.

The fell harpy-raven took wing from the North,
 The scourge of the seas and the dread of the
 shore†;

The wild Scandinavian boar issued forth
 To wanton in carnage, and wallow in gore‡;
 O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,
 No arts could appease them, no arms could repel;
 But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd.
 As Largs well can witness, and Luncartie tell§.

The Cameleon-savage disturb'd her repose,
 With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife;
 Provoked beyond bearing at last she arose,
 And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life||:

* The Romans. † The Saxons. ‡ The Danes.

§ The two famous battles in which the Danes or Norwegians were defeated.

|| The Highlanders of the Isles.

The Anglian lion, the terror of France,
 Oft prowling, ensanguined the Tweed's silver
 But taught by the bright Caledonian lance, [flood;
 He learned to fear in his own native wood.

Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free,
 Her bright course of glory for ever shall run:
 For brave Caledonia immortal must be;
 I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun:
 Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll choose,
 The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base;
 But brave Caledonia's the hypotenuse;
 Then ergo she'll match them, and match them
 always*.

O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET.

Tune—"Let me in this ae night."

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet?
 Or art thou wakin', I would wit?
 For love has bound me, hand and fit,
 And I would fain be in, jo.

*O let me in this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night;
 For pity's sake this ae night,
 O rise and let me in, jo.*

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
 Nae star blinks through the driving sleet;
 Tak' pity on my weary feet,
 And shield me frae the rain, jo.

The bitter blast that round me blows,
 Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
 The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
 Of a' my grief and pain, jo.

*O let me in this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night;
 For pity's sake this ae night,
 O rise and let me in, jo.*

HER ANSWER.

O TELL na me o' wind and rain,
 Upbraid na me wi' could disdain!
 Gae back the gate ye cam' again,
 I winna let you in, jo.

*I tell you now this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night;
 And ance for a' this ae night,
 I winna let you in, jo.*

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
 That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
 Is nocht to what poor she endures,
 That's trusted faithless man, jo.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
 Now trodden like the vilest weed:
 Let simple maid the lesson read,
 The weird may be her ain, jo.

The bird that charm'd his summer-day,
 Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
 Let witless, trusting woman say
 How aft her fate's the same, jo.

*I tell you now this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night;
 And ance for a' this ae night,
 I winna let you in, jo.*

* This singular figure of poetry refers to the famous proposition of Pythagoras, the 47th of Euclid. In a right-angled triangle, the square of the hypotenuse is always equal to the squares of the two other sides.

IS THERE, FOR HONEST POVERTY.

Tune—"For a' that, and a' that."

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that !
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that ;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that !
What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray, and a' that ;
Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that ;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men, for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd—a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that ;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that :
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that ;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that !

A king can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree and a' that ;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

ON CHLORIS BEING ILL.

Tune—"Aye wakin', O."

*Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.*

CAN I cease to care ?
Can I cease to languish,
While my darling fair
Is on the couch of anguish ?

Every hope is fled,
Every fear is terror ;
Slumber even I dread,
Every dream is horror.

Hear me, Pow'rs divine !
Oh, in pity hear me !
Take aught else of mine,
But my Chloris spare me !

*Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.*

TO MR. CUNNINGHAM.

Tune—"The hopeless Lover."

Now spring has clad the groves in green,
And strew'd the lea wi' flowers ;
The furrow'd, waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers ;
While ilka thing in nature join
Their sorrows to forego,
O why thus all alone are mine
The weary steps of woe !

The trout within yon wimpling burn
Glides swift, a silver dart,
And safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art :
My life was ance that careless stream,
That wanton trout was I ;
But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
Has seorch'd my fountains dry.

The little flow'ret's peaceful lot,
In yonder cliff that grows,
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows,
Was mine ; till love has o'er me past,
And blighted a' my bloom,
And now beneath the withering blast,
My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs,
And climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blithe her dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye ;
As little reck'd I sorrow's power,
Until the flowery snare
O' witching love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall o' care.

O had my fate been Greenland snows,
Or Afric's burning zone,
Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes,
So Peggy ne'er I'd known.
The wretch whose doom is, "hope nae mair !"
What tongue his woes can tell !
Within whose bosom, save despair
Nae kinder spirits dwell.

CALEDONIA.

Tune—"Humours of Glen."

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands
reckon, [fume,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the per-
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow
broom.

Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly un-
seen :
For there, lightly tripping among the wild flowers,
A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Though rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave ;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud
palace, [slave !

What are they ? The haunt of the tyrant and
The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling foun-
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain ; [tains,
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

ADDRESS TO THE WOODLARK.

Tune—"Where'll bonnie Ann lie?" or "Loch-Eroch-Side."

O STAY, sweet warbling woodlark, stay !
Nor quit for me the trembling spray ;
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing, fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art ;
For surely that wad touch her heart,
Wha kills me wi' disdaining.

Say was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind ?
Och, nocht but love and sorrow join'd,
Sic notes o' woe could wauken.

Thou tells o' never-ending care ;
O' speechless grief, and dark despair ;
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair !
Or my poor heart is broken !

HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS.

ALTERED FROM AN OLD ENGLISH SONG.

Tune—"John Anderson, my jo."

How cruel are the parents
Who riches only prize,
And to the wealthy booby,
Poor woman sacrifice.

Meanwhile the hapless daughter
Has but a choice of strife ;
To shun a tyrant father's hate,
Become a wretched wife.

The ravening hawk pursuing,
The trembling dove thus flies,
To shun impelling ruin,
A while her pinions tries ;
Till of escape despairing,
No shelter or retreat,
She trusts the ruthless falconer,
And drops beneath his feet.

CHLORIS.

Tune—"De'il tak' the wars."

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion,
Round the wealthy, titled bride :
But when compared with real passion,
Poor is all that princely pride.

What are the showy treasures ?
What are the noisy pleasures ?

The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art :
The polish'd jewel's blaze
May draw the wond'ring gaze,
And courtly grandeur bright
The fancy may delight,

But never, never can come near the heart.

But did you see my dearest Chloris,
In simplicity's array ;
Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
Shrinking from the gaze of day.
O then, the heart alarming,
And all resistless charming,

In Love's delightful fetters she chains the willing
Ambition would disown [soul !

The world's imperial crown,
Even Avarice would deny
His worshipp'd deity,

And feel through every vein Love's raptures roll.

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

Tune—"Push about the Jorum."

April, 1795.

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat ?

Then let the loons beware, Sir,
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
And volunteers on shore, Sir,
The Nith shall run to Corsincon,
And Criffel sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally !

O let us not like snarling tykes
In wrangling be divided ;
Till slap come in an unco loon
And wi' a rung decide it.
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang oursel's united ;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted.

The kettle o' the kirk and state,
Perhaps a clout may fail in't ;
But de'il a foreign tinkler loon
Shall ever ca' a nail in't.
Our fathers' bluid the kettle bought,
And wha wad dare to spoil it,
By heaven ! the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
And the wretch his true-born brother,
Who would set the mob aboon the throne,
May they be damn'd together !
Who will not sing, "God save the King,"
Shall hang as high's the steeple ;
But while we sing, "God save the King,"
We'll ne'er forget the People.

THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

Tune—"This is no my ain House."

O this is no my ain lassie,
Fair though the lassie be ;
O weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e.

I SEE a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place :
It wants, to me, the witchin' grace,
The kind love that's in her e'e.

She's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall ;
And aye it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her e'e.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean
To steal a blink, by a' unseen ;
But gleg as light are lovers' een,
When kind love is in the e'e.

It may escape the courtly sparks ;
It may escape the learned clerks ;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her e'e.

O this is no my ain lassie,
Fair though the lassie be ;
O weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOPER.

Tune—"The Lothian Lassie."

LAST MAY a braw wooper cam' down the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me ;
[said there was naething I hated like men—
The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me, believe me,
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me !

He spak' o' the darts in my bonnie black een,
And vow'd for my love he was dying ;
I said he might die when he liked, for Jean—
The Lord forgi'e me for lying, for lying,
The Lord forgi'e me for lying !

A weel-stocked mailen, himsel' for the laird,
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers :
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or cared,
But thought I might ha'e waur offers, waur offers,
But thought I might ha'e waur offers.

But what wad ye think ? in a fortnight or less,
The de'il tak' his taste to gae near her !
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess—
Guess ye how, the jad ! I could bear her, could
bear her,

Guess ye how, the jad ! I could bear her.

But a' the niest week as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there !
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shoulder I gae him a blink,
Lest neebors might say I was saucy ;
My wooper he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
Gin she had recover'd her hearin',
And how her new shoon fit her auld shackl't feet,
But, heavens ! how he fell a swearin', a swearin',
But heavens ! how he fell a swearin'.

He begged, for Gudesake ! I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow ;
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

O BONNIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

Tune—"I wish my love was in a mire."

O BONNIE was yon rosy brier,
That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man ;
And bonnie she, and ah, how dear !
It shaded frae the e'enin' sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
How pure amang the leaves sae green ;
But purer was the lover's vow,
They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
That crimson rose, how sweet and fair !
But love is far a sweeter flower
Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine ;
And I the world nor wish, nor scorn,
Its joys and griefs alike resign.

THE TITHER MORN.

To a Highland Air.

THE tither morn,
When I forlorn,
Aneath an aik sat moaning,
I did na trow
I'd see my jo,
Beside me, ere the gloaming,
But he sae trig,
Jap o'er the rig,
And dawtlingly did cheer me,
When I, what reck !
Did least expec'
To see my lad so near me.

His bonnet he,
A thought ajee,
Cock'd sprush when first he clasp'd me ;
And I, I wat,
Wi' fainness grat,
While in his grips he press'd me.
De'il tak' the war !
I late and air
Ha'e wish'd since Jock departed ;
But now as glad
I'm wi' my lad,
As short-syne broken-hearted.

Fu' aft at e'en,
Wi' dancing keen,
When a' were blythe and merry,
I cared na by,
Sae sad was I
In absence o' my dearie.
But, praise be blest !
My mind's at rest,
I'm happy wi' my Johnny :
At kirk and fair,
I'se ay be there,
And be as canty's ony.

COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

[This is altered from an old favourite song of the same name.]

Tune—"Coming through the rye."

COMING through the rye, poor body,
Coming through the rye,
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Coming through the rye.
Jenny's a' wat, poor body,
Jenny's seldom dry ;
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Coming through the rye.

*Gin a body meet a body—
Coming through the rye ;
Gin a body kiss a body—
Need a body cry ?*

Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the glen,
Gin a body kiss a body—
Need a' body ken ?
Jenny's a' wat, poor body
Jenny's seldom dry ;
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Coming through the rye.

GLOSSARY.

[In the present edition the original Glossary has been carefully examined, and much augmented. In all the Poems and Songs, where the Scotch words vary, in orthography or pronunciation, from English ones merely by literal elision (such as *an'* for *and*, *ha'e* for *have*, *singin'* for *singing*, &c.), apostrophes have been uniformly inserted, to indicate the place of dropped letters; by which means the English admirers of our Poet will the more readily understand his verses. Such words, therefore, have been retrenched altogether from the glossary; and those purely Scotch only (or, being English, having Scotch meanings) will be found below.—Ed.]

“THE *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *oo* is commonly spelt *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scottish language, is marked *oo* or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scottish words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scottish diphthong *ae*, always, and *ea*, very often, sound like the French *e* masculine. The Scottish diphthong *ey* sounds like the Latin *et*.”—BURNS.

A BACK, away, aloof
Abeigh, at a shy distance
Aboon, above, up, over
Abroad, abroad, in sight
Abreed, in breadth
Ade, caudle; a cordial
Ae, one
Aff, off; aff-loof, off-hand, unpremeditated
Afore, before
Aft, oft
After, often
Aglie, awry, wrong
Ablins, perhaps
Aik, an oak
Ain, own
Ain, ear, ear'sie, soon
Airlie, earnest-money
Ailrn, iron
Airt, quarter of the hea-
vies; to direct
Aith, an oath
Aits, oats
Aiver, an old horse
Aizle, a hot cinder
Aje, ajar; on one side
Alake, alas!
Alane, alone
Akwart, awkward
Amait, 'maist, almost
Ane, once
Ane, one, an
Anent, concerning; fore-
uent, over-against
Anither, another
Ane, ashes
Aster, abroad, stirring
Atween, between
Aught, possession; as, in *a'*
my *ught*, in all my stock
Auld, old; auld-war!, an-
te-diluvian, out-of-date,
absurd; auld-used, experi-
enced
Auld-farran, auld-farrant,
quaint, cunning, prudent;
precocious in mind
Aumis, alms; amnis-dish,
charity plate or box
Ava, at all
AWN, the beard of barley,
oats, &c.; awnie, bearded
Ayont, beyond

BA', ball
Buckets, ash-boards
Basklins, comin', coming
back, returning
Bae, did bid
Baide, endured, did stay
Baggie, the belly
Baille, borough magistrate,
alderman
Bairn, a child
Bairn-time, a family of
children, a brood
Bailb, both
Bair, to swear, to curse
Band, bonds, bonds-
man
Bane, bone; bany, bony
Bang, to beat, to strive
Bannocks, flat, round, soft
cakes
Bardie, diminutive of bard;
Sir Bardie, our poet
Bareft, barefooted
Barm, yeast
Barmie, yeasty
Batch, a crew, a gang
Batts, bottles
Baudrons, a cat
Bauld, bold
Bawber, a halfpenny
Bawk, a ridge, a bank

Baws'n't, having a white
stripe down the face
Be, to let be, to give over
Bear, big, barley
Beast, full-grown animal
Beastie, dimin. of beast
Beet, to add fuel to fire
Beld, half
Bell, flower; in the bell, in
blossom
Belyve, by and by
Ben, in; into the room;
benmost, inmost
Bethankit, grace-after meat
Beuk, a book
Bicker, a kind of wooden
dish; a short rack
Biel, or bield, shelter
Bie, wealthy, plentiful,
comfortable
Big, bigg, to build
Bigin', building, a house
Biggit, built
Bill, a bull
Billie, a brother; a young
fellow, a companion
Bing, a heap of grain, pota-
toes, &c.
Birk, birch-tree
Birkie, lively young fellow
Birling, noise of partridges,
&c. when they spring
Bit, crisis, nick of time
Bizz, a bustle; to buzz
Bizzie, busy
Blae, blue; livid
Blastie, ash-rivelled dwarf,
a term of contempt
Blastit, blasted, degenerate
Blate, bashful, sheepish
Blather or blether, bladder
Blaud, a good piece of any-
thing; to slap
Blaw, to blow, to boast
Bleat, bleat, to bleat
Bleezing, blazing
Bliellum, idle talking fellow
Blether, talk idly, nonsense
Blethrin, talking idly
Blink, a gleam; a little
while; a smiling look; to
look kindly; to shine by
fits
Blinker, a term of contempt
Blinkin', smirking
Bloom, blossom; blooming,
blossoming
Blue-zown, an authorised
beggar, such as *Edie Ochil-*
tree; they were generally
invalid soldiers, and their
"badges" conferred dona-
tions and privileges, now
abolished
Bluid, blude, blood
Bluntie, one abashed
Blype, a shred, a strip
Bock, to vomit, to gush in-
temperately
Bocked, gushed, vomited
Bodlie, a small copper coin
Bogles, spirits, hobgoblins
Bode, recess or hole in a
wall
Bonnie, or bonny, hand-
some, beautiful
Boord, a board
Boorzie, the shrub elder
Boost, behaved, must needs
Bore, hole in a wall, crevice
Botch, an angry tumour
Bousing, drinking
Bow-dill, cabbage
Bowt, bended, crooked

Brackens, fern
Brae, a hillock, a declivity
Braid, broad; braid Scotch
or Scots, plain language
Brain'd't, reeled forward
Bratk, a kind of harrow
Braking, to run rashly
Braid, broke, made insol-
vent
Branks, a kind of wooden
curb for horses
Brash, a sudden illness
Brats, clothes, aprons, &c.
Brattle, a short race, hurry
Braw, fine, handsome
Brawly, or brawlie, very
diligent, busily, heartily
Braxie, a morbid swell
Breastie, dimin. of breast
Breastit, did spring forth
Breechan, breechans, fern
Bree, liquor; barley-bree,
ale, whiskey
Breef, an irresistible spell
Breeks, breeches
Brent, smooth; Brent new,
quite new; Brent brow,
high smooth forehead
Brie, brow; e'-brie, eye-
brow
Brig, a bridge
Briakot, the breast
Britther, a brother
Brook, a badger
Brogie, a trick
Broo, broth, liquid, water
Broose, a race at weddings
Brose, atrabaut; water-
brose, oatmeal gruel
Browst, brewing; browster-
wife, tavern landlady
Brugh, burgh, a borough
Bruilzie, a broil
Brunstane, brimstone
Brunt, did burn, burnt
Brust, to burst, burst
Buckie, spirited lad
Buff, a blow; buff our beef,
beat one soundly
Bught, a time
Bughtin'-time, time of col-
lecting ewes to be milked
Burd, stout-made
Bum, hum as a bee, exalt
Bum-clock, a humming
beetle
Bumming, humming as of
bees
Bummlie, to blunder
Bummler, a blunderer
Bunker, a window-seat
Burdies, dimin. of birds
Bure, did bore; bure the
gree, bore the belly
Burn, water, a brook, a
rivulet
Burnie, diminutive of burn
Busk, to put on dress;
buskit, dressed
Buskie, bushy
Buss, a bush
But, without
But an' ben, kitchen and
parlour; two rooms
Butching, killing
Bye himself, lunatic
Bye attour, besides that
Bye, a bee-hive, a swarm
Byre, a cow-house
CA', to call, to name, to drive
Cav, or ca'd, called, driven,
calved
Cadger, costermonger

Cadie (cadet), younger son,
jackland; menial
Caff, chaff
Caird, a tinker; gipsy man
Cairn, a heap of stones serv-
ing as a rude kind of mon-
ument; also a pinnace
Cavie, small enclosure
for calves
Callan, callant, a boy
Caller, fresh, sound
Caint, camp trull
Canny, or cannie, gently,
careful; softly; quietly
Cant, chant, song
Cantie, or canty, cheerful
Cantrip, a charm, a spell
Cane, key-stone
Careerin', moving cheerily
Carkin', fretting, gnawing,
corroding
Carl-hemp, male stalk
Carle, an old man
Carline, a stout old woman
Cartes, cards
Caudron, a cauldron
Cauk and keel, chalk and
red or black-lead pencils
Cauld, call, cold
Caup, a wooden drinking
vessel; a cup
Cawp, a coop; chicken-
cavie, hen-roost
Chanter, part of a bagpipe
Chap, a man, fellow
Chapmen, billies, pedlars,
petty traders (not buyers)
Chaup, a stroke, a blow
Cheekit, cheeked
Cheep, chirping, to chirp
Chiel, chield, young fellow
Chimla or chimlie, chimney
a fire-grate, a fire-side
Chimla-lug, the fire-side
Chittering, chattering
Chivvering, trembling
Chow, to chew; check-
forth, side by side
Chuffie, fat-faced
Clachan, a country town, or
village having a church
Claise, or claes, clothes
Claitb, cloth
Claiting, clothing
Clavie, clavers, nonsense
Clanb, did climb
Clasp, clapper of a mill
Clarkit, kept accounts
Clash, an idle tale, story of
the day; to scandalize
Clatter, idle stories
Claught, snatched at
Claut, a handful, a quantity
Claw to clean, to scrape
Clauted, scraped
Cleed, to clothe
Cleokit, hooked on; having
caught
Clinkin', jerking, quating
Clinkumblit, bell-ringer;
clinkum, beadle
Clips, wool-shears
Clismachlaver, idle talk
Clow to cluck, to hatch;
a beacle
Clockin', clucking, hatch-
ing; clockin-time, brood-
ing-time
Cloutie, hoof
Cloutie, Clouts, the devil
Clour, a bump or swelling
after a blow
Cluck, a cluck
Coble, a fishing-boat

Cockernony, lock of hair
Cried on a girl's head; a cap
Cod, a pillow
Coff, bought
Cog, a wooden dish; sieve
Coggie, diminutive of cog
Colla, from *Kyle*, a district
of Arrhyre
Collie, a name for country
curs
Collieshangie, a dog-fight;
over; cawp the cran, com-
pletely overturn; a gang
Cootie, a wooden kitchen
dish; fowls whose legs
are clad with feathers
are also said to beootie
Corbies, ravens
Corn, oats; corn, oat-fad
Cooter, inhabitant of a cot
Couthie, kind, loving;
kindly, lovingly
Cove, a cave
Cow, to diminish
Cowe, to terrify, to keep
under, to lop; a fright;
a branch of furze, &c.
Cowp, to barter, to tumble
Chapmen billies, pedlars,
petty traders (not buyers)
Chaup, a stroke, a blow
Cowpit, tumbled
Covvie, a colt
Cozie, snug; cozily, snugly
Crabbi, fretful
Crack, conversation, to
converse
Craft, or croft, a grass field
Crook, a Craig; throat
Crackie, cracky
Craiks, cries or calls incess-
antly; landrails
Crambo-clink, or crambo-
jingle, rhyme, doggerel
verses
Crank, the noise of an un-
greased wheel; bad verse
Cranks, fretful, capious
Craneuch, hoar frost
Crap, a crop, to crop
Craw, a row of a cock; a
crew, a row
Crazed, wroth
Creel, a large basket; my
head (or senses) is in a
creel—I am stupefied, or
under a delusion
Creebie, chair, stool of re-
pentance
Creeshie, greasy
Crood, or croud, to coo as
a dove
Croon, a continued moan
Crooning, humming
Crouchie, crook-backed
Crouse, cheerful, cou-
rageous, boastful
Crowdie, a composition of
oatmeal and bollewater,
sometimes from the broth
of beef, mutton, &c.
Crowdie-time, breakfast-
time
Crownin', crawling
Crump, crisp
Crummock, a cow with
crooked horns
Cuif, coof, a blockhead

Or, jaund, jaid; also: a
 giddy young girl
 Jag, a puncture; to prick
 Jauk, to dally, to trifle
 Jaup, a splash, a jerk of
 water; juice, jaups, dis-
 turbed fluid
 Jaw, coarse saltery; to
 pour out as water
 Jee, ajee, ajar; wrong bias
 Juliet, a girl; a giddy girl
 Jimp, to jump; slender,
 handsome; scanty
 Jink, to dodge, to turn a
 corner, a sudden turning
 Jinkler, that turns quickly;
 a sprightly girl; a wag
 Jirk, jirk, a jerk
 Jotcleag, a clasp-knife
 Jo, Jo (Joy), a lover
 Joke, to joke; to bow the
 head; to conceal
 Jow, to jow, the swinging
 motion and peeling-sound
 of a large bell
 Jundie, to drive against

 KAE, a daw
 Kail, kale, cowslip; broth
 Kail-ronn, stem of colewort
 Kail, rams, &c., paid as
 rent by a farmer
 Kebars, rafters
 Keckback, a cheese
 Keckle, catches; laugh
 Kef, a kick, country
 Kelpies, mischievous spi-
 rits, said to haunt fords
 and ferries at night
 Ken, to know; ken't known
 Kenna, a horse
 Keespeckle, easily known
 Ke, fleece
 Killy, dim. of Kilmaronach
 Kilt, to truss up the clothes
 Kinnamer, a hammer, a girl,
 a gossip; a country woman
 Kint, kindred; kin', kind
 King's-hood, a certain part
 of the entrails of the ox
 Kint, kintie, country
 Kintara, horse, a stallion
 Kirk, church, chapel
 Kirn, the harvest supper;
 a churn
 Kisten, to christen
 Kist, a chest
 Kitchen, seasoning, sa-
 voury accompaniment
 Kith, kindred
 Kittle, to tickle, ticklish;
 slippery; coquetish
 Kitlen, a young cat
 Knaggy, knotty, showing
 the bones
 Knappin'-hammer, a ham-
 mer for breaking stones
 Knowe, a round hillock
 Knurl, dwarf
 Knurled, gnarled, knotty
 Knur, to twist
 Kutchie, a cowslip
 Kye, coos; buckskin-kye,
 buffaloes
 Kyle, a district in Ayrshire
 Kyle, the kyle
 Kye, to discover, to show
 one's self

 LABOUR, thrash, beat; try
 Laid, a lad
 Laddell, ind. boy
 Laggan, the angle between
 the side and bottom of a
 wooden dish
 Laidh, low
 Laid (last), burial-place
 Laird, landlord; chieftain,
 lord of the manor
 Lairing, sinkin snow, &c.
 Laidh, loath
 Laidh, loath, bashful, reserved
 Lallans, lowlands; Scot-
 tish dialect
 Lambie, dim. of lamb
 Lampion, lampion, a kind of
 lantern
 Lan', land, estate; lan'-
 afore, foremost plough-
 horse
 Lan'-ahin', the hindmost one
 Lang, long; lay lane, thy
 lane, myself, &c. alone
 Lanely, lonely
 Lang, long, to weary
 Lasp, idle leap
 Lasp, to leave, remainder
 Laverock, the lark; lave-
 rock-height, high as the
 clouds
 Lawin', reckoning
 Lawin', reckoning
 Lay, or ley, lea; pasture
 ground, unploughed

 Lead, to, to truse
 Lea-rie, grassy ridge
 Lear, or lair, learning
 Laddy, lady
 Lee, a lie
 Leal, long, leal
 Lessome, pleasant
 Leeze-me, a phrase of en-
 dearment, I am happy or
 proud of these
 Leister, a kind of fish-dag
 Lewid, did laugh
 Leuk, a look; to look
 Libbet, gelded
 Lick, a blow; licket, lick-
 ed; beaten
 Liein, lying
 Litt, sky, firmament
 Lightly, to undervalue;
 sneeringly
 Lilled, a tune; to sing
 Linnin, a kept-mistress, a
 strumpet
 Link, to trip-along; fall to
 Linn, a waterway, precipice
 Link, flag; lint 'il' the bell,
 wax in flower
 Lintwhite, linnet; flaxen
 Lippened, trusted to
 Loan, or loaning, the place
 of milking; country lane
 Loo, lake; lilt, a handle
 Loo, the palm of the hand
 Loo, did let; let fly
 Looves, plural of loof
 Loun, a fellow, a ragamuf-
 fin; woman of easy virtue
 Loo, jump, leap
 Lowe, a flame; lowan,
 blazing
 Lowrie, Lawrence
 Lowe, to take
 Lucky, Mother such a one
 Luf, the ear, a handle
 Lugget, having a handle
 Luggie, small hooped wood-
 en dish; a handle
 Lum, the chimney
 Lunardi, a kind of high-
 crowned lady's bonnet,
 so termed in honour of
 the Italian aeronaut of
 that name
 Lunt, a column of smoke;
 to smoke
 Lyart, silvery, light-col-
 oured; grey; sere

 MAE, hair, more
 Maist, most; 'maist, almost
 Maistly, mostly
 Maist, fair, estate
 Mallie, Molly, Mary
 Mang, among
 Manse, the parish minis-
 ter's house
 Mantel, a mantle
 Mark, marks, (This and
 several other nouns
 which in English require
 an s, to form the plural,
 are in Scotch the same
 words sheep, deer, the
 same in both numbers.)
 Marled, party-coloured
 Mar's year, the year 1715
 Mar, a mark
 Mask, to mash; to infuse
 Maskin-pot, a tea-pot
 Masons, free-masons
 Maikin, a hare
 Maun, must; manna; may
 not
 Maut, maul; groanin'maut,
 liquor provided for a
 lyin'-in or christening
 Mavis, the thrush
 Maw, mow; mawn, mown
 Meare, a mare
 Meikle, or Mickle, much
 Melancholious, mournful
 Men, men, or grain sent
 to be ground
 Mell, to meddle, associate
 with; also a mallet
 Melvie, to soil with meal
 Men, to fill, amend
 Menase, good manse
 Menase, ill-bred, rude
 Merle, a blackbird
 Messin, a small dog
 Mess John, a clergyman,
 the parish priest
 Midden, a dunghill
 Midden-creels, dungbaskets
 Midden-hole, gutter at the
 bottom of a dung-hill
 Min, prim, effeminate
 Min, mind, resemblance
 Mind't, mind it, resolved,
 intending; remember it
 (To mind, in the Scotch
 dialect, generally means,
 to recollect.)

 Minnie, mother, dam
 Milk, murky, murkiness;
 dark, darkness
 Mince't, to abuse, call names
 Mischanter, evil; cross-ac-
 cident
 Misdier'd, mischievous,
 unmanly; led astray
 Miss, a kept-woman
 Mistek, mistake
 Mither, to mither, many
 Moxie, maul, &c.; raked
 in the moors, buried
 Moop, to nibble as a sheep
 Moorlan', of or belonging
 to moor, a mole
 Morn, next day, to-morrow
 Motty, full of dusty par-
 ticles
 Mou', the mouth
 Moudie, a mole
 Mouse, dim. of mouse
 Muckle, great, big, much
 Muir, a moor
 Muses'-stank, Helicon
 Mused, dim. of muse
 Muskil, kail, thin and poor
 vegetable broth
 Mutchkin, liquid measure
 of nearly an English pint
 Mystic-knot, convolve of
 gossips

 NA, no, not, nor; nae, no;
 not any; naething, na-
 thing, nothing
 Nae, a horse, a nag
 Nane, none
 Nappy, ale
 Near-hand, nearly
 Neebor, neighbour
 Neglect, neglected
 Neuk, nook, corner
 Nick, to cut
 Nicket, cut off
 Niece, or neist, next
 Nieve, a fish
 Niffer, an exchange
 Nines (paint to the), de-
 pict to the life
 Nil, a nut
 Niocht, nothing
 Nowte, black cattle

 OCHUR, name of mountains
 O' haith, O' faith! an oath
 O' handbill; ler-oe,
 great-grandchild
 Ony, or Onie, any
 Or, is often used for ere,
 before
 Ors, a raft, superfluous;
 ors things, strait articles
 Oughlins, in least degree
 Ourie, shivering, drooping
 Outlers, outlers, cattle not
 in the fold
 Out-ower, over, across
 Ower, ower, over, upon, too
 Ower-hip, a way of fetch-
 ing a blow with the ham-
 mer of the arm
 Oswen, oxen

 PACK, intimate, familiar;
 twelve stone of wool
 Pauch, waded, trampled
 about; crawling walk
 Paunch, paunch
 Patrick, a partridge
 Pang, to cram
 Pavis, to thrust
 Parrich, oatmeal pudding
 Pat, did put; a pot
 Pattie, or pette, a plough-
 scraper
 Paudie, proud, haughty
 Pawky, pawkie, or pawkie,
 cunning, sly
 Pay t, paid, beat; pay their
 skin, beat them
 Pech, to breathe the breath
 short, as in an asthma
 Pechan, the stomach
 Pate, a domesticated sheep
 Pettie, to cherish
 Pettibeg, the cat
 Phraic, fair speeches, to
 flatter; phraisin, flattery
 Pibroch, Celtic war-song
 adapted to the bag-pipe
 Pickie, a small quantity
 Pickie, a horse, bad rider
 Piles, grains, particles
 Pin, a wooden skewer
 Pine, pain, uneasiness
 Pin (Scots), nearly two
 English shillings
 Pit, to put

 PLACK, an old Scottish coin,
 of small value
 Plackless, penniless
 Plaid, plaidie, an outer
 loose garment
 Platie, dim. of plate
 Plaw, a plough
 Plew, or pleugh, a plough
 Pliskie, a trick
 Pliver, a plover
 Pluck, offence, trick
 Pock, a hole, a small scab
 Pound, to seize on cattle,
 take goods in execution
 Poortie, poverty
 Pout, to pout; a gaillard
 Pout, to pluck at
 Pouse, pouse, to push, to
 penetrate
 Pout, a hare's ear
 Poutie, a poult; a chick
 Pow, the head, the skull
 Powin, pony, a little horse
 Poudre, pouter, powder;
 pouthery, powdering
 Preen, a pie
 Prent, print; printing
 Prie, to taste; prie't, tasted
 Prie, proof
 Prig, to cheapen, to dis-
 count, to cheat
 Primsie, to prance, haggling
 Primsie, to demure, precise
 Propone, to lay down, to
 propose
 Provosts, provosts, chief
 magistrates of boroughs
 Pu't, to pull; pu't, did pull
 Puir, poor
 Pund, pound
 Pury, magpie
 Pys, pick
 Pyle, a particle; pyle o'
 caff, a single grain of chaff

 QUAK, quake; cry of a duck
 Quait, to quit; quitted
 Quait, a cow, from one to
 two years old
 Quo, quoth, said

 RAGWED, heavy ragwort
 Raible, to rattle nonsense
 Raize,

- Skalth, harm, damage
 Skallum, a reckless fellow
 Skelp, a slap; to strike;
 to walk briskly
 Skelpie-limmer, a young
 lady; term of reproach
 Skelpin' on, brisk motion
 Skiegh, skeigh, proud, nice,
 high-mettled; skittish
 Skiekin, thin, tinselly
 Skinking ware, trashy slops
 Skirl, shriek, ery shrilly
 Skirl't, shrieked
 Sklent, slanted; to run askant,
 to deviate from the line
 Skreigh, a scream, also to
 scream; to neigh
 Skyte, a blast
 Slae, also
 Slade, did slide
 Slap-gate, breach in a fence
 Slaps, slops, drags, remains
 Slaw, slow
 Sle, sly; sleek't, slyest
 Sleekit, sleek, sly
 Slidderly, slippery
 Sloken, to make thirst, &c.
 Slype, to fall over
 Slypet o'er, slipped, fell
 Smeddum, powder; mettles;
 sense; red smeddum,
 precipitate of mercury
 Smee, smoo, smooze
 Smiddy, a smithy
 Smoor, to smother
 Smoutie, sooty; obscene
 Smyrtie, a numerous collec-
 tion of small individuals
 Snapper, stumble
 Snash, reprimand; abuse
 Suaw, snow; to snow
 Suaw broo, melting snow
 Sneeky-sneek, latch of a door
 Sned, to lop, to cut off;
 to sned besoms, throw
 snugh wondies, to make
 brooms, willow baskets
 Sneeshing, snuff
 Sneeshin-bill, a snuff-box
 Snell, bitter, biting
 Snick-drawing, tricky
 Snirtle, sneer
 Snool, one whose spirit is
 broken with oppressive
 slavery; to submit tamely;
 to meek
 Snoove, to go smoothly and
 constantly; to sneak
 Sonnet, a song
 Snooks, to scent or snuff as
 a dog
 Soneie, having sweet engag-
 ing looks, comely, plump
 soon, to swim
 Spae, a fool
 Sooth, truth! a petty oath
 Sough, or sugh, a sigh, a
 sound dying on the ear
 Souk, sick, draught
 Souple, flexible, supple
 Souter, a cobbler, a shoe-
 maker
 Southron, English
 Sovens, a dish made of the
 seeds of oatmeal soured
 Sowp, a spoonful, a small
 quantity of any thing
 liquid
 Sowth, to try over a tune
 with a low whistle
 Sowther, solder; to solder,
 to cement
 Spae, to prophesy, to divine
 Spak, spoke
 Spaul, a limb
 Spat, spot
 Sparge, to sprinkle, to
 besprinkle; to dash; to soil
 Spaviet, having the spavin
 Spent, to waste; to disgust
 Spear, or spear, a sweeping
 current after rain or thaw
 Speel, to climb
 Spence, inner room of a cot
 Spier, to ask; to inquire
 Splatter, a splutter; to
 splutter
 Spieuchan, a tobacco-pouch
 Splore, a frolic, noise, riot
 Spoute, leaps
 Sprachle, to scramble
 Speckled, speckled
 Spring, a quick air in
 music, a Scotch reel;
 'play'd mysel' a bonny
 spring, done myself a
 great injury
 Spirit, a rush-like plant
 Sprush, spruce, smart
 Spunk, brimstone match;
 fire, mettles, wit
 Spunkie-mispeale, fiery;
 will-o'-the-wisp, ignis fatuus
 Spurtle, a stick used in
 making haggis-pudding
 Squad, a crew, a party
 Squatter, to flutter as if
 wild duck, &c.
 Squattle, to squat, sprawl
 Squeel, a scream, a scream;
 to scream
 Stacher, to stagger
 Stack, rick of corn, hay, &c.
 Staggle, dimin. of stag
 Staiwart, strong, stout
 Stan't, to stand; stan't, did
 stand
 Stane, a stone
 Stang, sting, stung
 Stank, a pool of standing
 water; a wet ditch
 Starp, stop
 Starke, stout, potent
 Starns, starnies, stars
 Startle, to run as cattle
 struck by the gadfly
 Staumtel, a blockhead;
 half-witted creature
 Staw, did steal; a surfeit
 Stech, to cram the belly
 Stech, to shut; a stitch
 Steem, to melt; to stir
 Steeve, firm, compact
 Stell, a still
 Sten, to rear as a horse
 Stents, tribute, dues of
 any kind
 Stey, steep
 Stibble, stubble; stibble-
 rig, the reaper who takes
 the less
 Stick an stowe, totally, al-
 together
 Stile, a crutch; to halt,
 to limp
 Stimpert, the eighth part
 of a Winchester bushel
 Stipend, clergyman's pay
 Stirk, a cow or bullock
 Stork, a plant or sprout of
 colwort, cabbage, &c.
 Stoiteder, staggered, tot-
 tery
 Stook, a sheaf; stooked,
 made up in shocks as corn
 Stoor, sounding hollow,
 strong and hoarse
 Stour, a numbing blow
 Stot, an ox
 Stomp, or stomp, a kind of
 jug with a handle
 Stoure, or stour, dust
 Stowlin, by stealth
 Stown, stolen
 Stoyte, stumbling walk
 Strake, did strike
 Strail, stroke; did strike
 Straitik, stroked
 Strathespey, lively High-
 land tune or dance
 Strauk, straight
 Streek, to stretch; streekit,
 stretched
 Striddle, straddle
 Strine, to spit; to urinate
 Studdle, an anvil
 Strunt, spirituous liquor;
 walk sturdily; be piqued
 Start to trouble; inquiet-
 ness; sturtin, frightened
 Sucker, sugar
 Sud, should
 Sump'h, a fool, stupid fellow
 Swaid, a sword
 Swald, swelled
 Swank, stately, well built
 Swankie, or swanker, a
 strapping fellow or girl
 Swat, did sweat
 Swat, a sample
 Swats, drink, ale
 Swat, very extremely averse
 Swat, a fox
 Swoor, swore, did swear
 Swinge, to beat, to whip
 Swirl, a curve, an eddying
 blast or pool-knot in wood
 Swirle, gnarled, knotty
 Swith, get away!
 Swither, hesitate in choice
 Thib, (the foul), Satan
 Taigre, target; to examine
 Tamtalian, an old feudal
 castle on the south-east
 coast of Scotland
 Tangle, kind of sea-weed
 Tap, the top
 Tapetless, heedless, foolish
 Tapsalterie, topsy-turvy
 Tarrow, to murmur at
 one's allowance
 Tarro't, murmured
 Tarry-brecks, a sailor
 Tassie (Fr. tasse), drink-
 ing-cup, beaker
 Tauld, or tald, told
 Taulpie, a foolish thought-
 less young woman
 Tauted, tawed, or tautie
 hair, coated together
 Tawie, that allows itself
 peaceably to be handled
 Teat, a small quantity; a
 handful
 Tedding, spreading after
 the mower
 Temper-pin, part of a spin-
 ning-wheel
 Tenner's-bite, early bait
 Tent, a field pulpit; heed,
 caution; take heed
 Tentie, heedful, cautious
 Tentless, regardless, heed-
 less
 Tough, tough
 Thack, thatch; thack-an-
 rap (figuratively), cloth-
 ing an necessities
 Thae, thir, these
 Thaim, them
 Thairms, fiddle-strings
 Theekit, thached
 Theegither, together
 Themsel', themselves
 Thick, intimate, familiar
 Thievess, cold, dry; said
 of a person's demeanour
 Thirl, to thrill
 Thirled, thrilled, vibrated
 Thole, to suffer, to endure
 Thowe, a thaw; to thaw
 Thow's, thowless, slack,
 lazy
 Thrang, throng, a crowd;
 thickly; much occupied
 Thrawe, throw, windpipe
 Thraw, to turn, to sprain,
 to twist; to counterwork
 obstinately or maliciously
 Thrawin, twisting, &c.
 Thrawn, strained, twisted;
 cross-grained (in temper)
 Threap, to maintain by dint
 of obstinate assertion
 Threshin, threshing
 Threeten, thirteen
 Thristle, thistle
 Through, to go on with,
 to make out
 Throuther, thro'ither, pell-
 mell, confusedly
 Thud, a blow producing a
 dull heavy sound
 Thumpit, thumped
 Throos, a fox
 Tightly, strictly; seve-
 rely
 Till, to; till't, to it
 Timmer, timber; also trees
 Timne, to lose; tint, lost
 Tinkler, a tinker
 Tint the gate, lost the way
 Tip, tuip, top, a ram
 Tippence, two-pence; tip-
 penny, country ale
 Tirl, to make a slight noise;
 to uncover
 Tirlin, uncovering
 Tirlin, a tub
 Tittle, female cousin
 Tittle, to whisper
 Tittlin', whispering
 Tocher, marriage portion
 Toes in blood
 Toddle, to totter, like a
 child; tottlin', tottering
 Toom, empty; to empty
 Toosle, to swing, to toss
 Toun, a hamlet; also a farm-
 house
 Tont, the blast of a horn
 or trumpet, to blow a
 horn, &c.
 Tow, a rope; wallow in a
 tow, dangle in a halter
 Towmond, a twelvemonth
 Towrie, rough, sluggish
 Toy, a very old fashion of
 female head-dress
 Toyte, to totter like old age
 Traced, put in traces
 Trans, shifts of a vehicle
 Transmogrified, trans-
 formed
 Trashtrie, trash, rubbish
 Travy, trousers
 Trig, spruce, neat
 Trimly, excellently
 Trowth, truth; by my
 truth!
 Tryste, country wake, fair
 Trysted, appointed; to
 tryste, to make an ap-
 pointment
 Try't, tried
 Trow-hide, of which, in
 old times, plough-traces
 were frequently made
 Tug or tow, leather or rope
 Tualie, a quarrel; to quar-
 rel, to fight
 Twae, two; twa-three, a few
 'Twad, it would
 Twa, twelve; the twalt,
 twelfth; twal, small beer
 Twort, a small quantity,
 one English pennyworth
 Twin, to part
 Tyke, a dog
 Unco, strange, uncouth;
 very, very great, prudi-
 gious; unco folks, stran-
 gers; uncos, uncommon
 events; news
 Unfauld, to unfold
 Unken'd, unknown
 Unskeir, unsure
 Unswaid, undamaged
 Unswetting, unknowingly
 Urchin, a hedgehog
 Varous, vap'rin, vapour-
 ing, bullying, bragging
 Vauntie, vain, proud
 Vera, very
 Verla, a ring round a cane,
 collar, &c.
 Wa', wall
 Wab, web
 Wab, wab, waver
 Wad, would; to bet, a bet,
 a pledge; to wed
 Wadna, would not
 Wae, wae, sorrowful; wae
 worth I was to
 Wae'u, woodie, hangman's
 rope
 Wae'stups! or wae's me!
 Wail, O the pity
 Waft, waft
 Waifu', wae'u', wailing
 Wair, ware, to lay out, to
 expend
 Wale, choice; to choose
 Waile, chose, chosen
 Wale, ample, large, plump;
 also an exclamation of
 distress
 Wallop (in a tether) be
 hanged
 Wame (womb), the belly
 Wame'n', a belly-full
 Wauk, wauk, unucky
 Wanner, wander
 Wanrestful, restless
 Wark, work
 Wark-loom (best), mem-
 brum viri
 Warl', or world, world
 Warlock, a wizard; war-
 lock-bark, a spell
 Warlk-knows, knolls of
 haunted rocks
 Warly', worldly, eager in
 amassing wealth
 Warrant, a warrant; to
 warrant
 Warst, worst
 Warsted, or warsted,
 wrestled; rolled over
 Was (often stands for) wast
 Wa's, wails
 Wastie, prodigality
 Wat, wet; I wat, I wot, I
 know; red-wat-shod, over
 the shoes in blood
 Water-brose, brose made
 of oatmeal and water
 Wattle, a twig, a wand
 Wauke, to swing, to toss
 to waddle
 Waught, draught; willie-
 waught, hearty pull
 Wauk, wake
 Wauken, waking, awake
 Waukit, thickened as ful-
 lers do cloth; callous
 Waukrie, wakeful
 Wauke, worse, to worst
 Wau'r't, worsted, overcome
 Ways (come thy), come
 away
 Wean, or weanie, a child
 Weave, weasand
 Weave stockings, knit hose
 Wee, little; wee thies,
 little ones; wee bit, a
 little matter
 Weel, well; weel-fa'd,
 well-favoured, handsome
 Weelfare, welfare
 Weet, rain, wetness
 Weird, fate
 We've, we shall
 Wha, who
 Whaizle, to wheeze
 Whalpit, whelped
 Whang, a leathern small beer
 of a piece of cheese, bread,
 &c.; give the strappado
 Where, where; where'er,
 wherever
 Whae, whose
 What-reck, nevertheless
 Whaup, the curlew
 Wheep, fly nimble, to jerk;
 Whang, a leathern small beer
 Whide, the motion of a hare,
 running but not fright-
 ened; a lie
 Whiddin, running as a
 hare or cone
 Whigmeeries, whims,
 fancies, crochets
 Whingein, crying, com-
 plaining, fretting
 Whins, fence bushes
 Whirligigums, useless or-
 naments
 Whisk, silence!
 Whistle, to lash
 Whistling (heard), cat-like
 Whitter, whet; a hearty
 draught of liquor
 Whittle, a knife
 Whunstone, a whinstone
 Whup, whip
 Whyles, whiles, sometimes
 Wick, to strike a stone in
 an oblique direction; a
 term in the winter diver-
 sion of curling
 Wicker, wicker, (i.e. the
 smaller sort)
 Widdie, twisted like a
 withy; contemptible; one
 deserving the gallows
 Wiele, a small whirlpool
 Wime, wind, a wind, or endear-
 ing term for wife
 Willyart, bewildered
 Wimple, to meander
 Wilt, to wilt; to get, to earn
 Win', wind, a wind; winds;
 also to winnow
 Win't, winded, as a bottom
 of yarn; winnin, winding
 Wime, will not
 Wincock, a window
 Winsome, comely, vaunted
 Wintle, a staggering motion;
 to stagger, to reel
 Wime, an oath
 Wias, to wish; to have a
 strong desire
 Wit, to know
 Wist, wist, without
 Witless, simple, easily im-
 posed on
 Wizen'd, dried, shrunk
 Wonner, an intruder
 Wons, dwells
 Wool, wool
 Woodie, a rope, properly
 one made of withies
 Wude, beuile, bewildered;
 the garter knotted out-
 wardly below the knee
 Wordy, worthy
 Wraet, worsted
 Wroag, an exclamation of
 pleasure or wonder
 Wrack, to tease, to vex
 Wraith, wrath; also a spirit
 Treated exactly like a living
 person, boding his death
 Wrag, wrong, to wrong
 Wreatil, dried snow
 Wreastles, lawyers
 Wud, enraged
 Wud-mad, distracted
 Wummie, a wimple
 Wude, beuile, bewildered
 Wylie-cost, a flannel vest
 Wyte, blame; to blame
 Yand, a kitchen garden
 Yee, the pronoun is fre-
 quently used for thou
 Yearlings, yearlings, born
 in the same year, coevals
 Yell, barren, milkless
 Yell, to kick, to jerk
 Yerkit, jerked, lashed
 Yestreen, yesternight, the
 night before
 Yee, a gate, looks as leads
 to a farm-yard or field
 Yeuking, itching
 Yill, ale
 Yird, earth
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 Yowe, yowie, a ewe
 Yule, Christmas

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THE END.



THE LIVES
OF
DONNE, WOTTON, HOOKER, HERBERT,
AND
SANDERSON.



WRITTEN
BY IZAAK WALTON.

LONDON:
INGRAM, COOKE, AND CO. 227, STRAND.
1853..

THE LIVES
OF
DONNE, WOTTON, HOOKER, HERBERT
AND
SANDERSON.

WRITTEN
BY IZAAK WALTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY NUMEROUS BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

"These were honourable men in their generations."

ECCLES. xliv. 7.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AND REVEREND FATHER IN GOD,

GEORGE LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER,

AND

PRELATE OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER*.

My Lord,

I did, some years past, present you with a plain relation of the life of Mr. Richard Hooker, that humble man, to whose memory, princes and the most learned of this nation, have paid a reverence at the mention of his name. And now, with Mr. Hooker's, I present you, also, the life of that pattern of primitive piety, Mr. George Herbert; and with his the life of Dr. Donne, and your friend Sir Henry Wotton, all reprinted. The two first were written under your roof: for which reason, if they were worth it, you might justly challenge a Dedication. And indeed, so you might of Dr. Donne's, and Sir Henry Wotton's: because, if I had been fit for this undertaking, it would not have been by acquired learning or study, but by the advantage of forty years' friendship, and thereby, with hearing and discours-

ing with your Lordship, that hath enabled me to make the relation of these Lives passable—if they prove so—in an eloquent and captious age.

And indeed, my Lord, though these relations be well-meant sacrifices to the memory of these worthy men; yet I have so little confidence in my performance, that I beg pardon for superscribing your name to them: and desire all that know your Lordship, to apprehend this not as a dedication,—at least by which you receive any addition of honour;—but rather as an humble, and a more public acknowledgement, of your long-continued, and your now daily favours to

My Lord,

Your most affectionate, and most humble servant,

IZAACK WALTON.

TO THE READER.

THOUGH the several introductions to these several lives have partly declared the reasons how and why I undertook them, yet since they are come to be reviewed, and augmented, and reprinted, and the four† are now become one book, I desire leave to inform you that shall become my reader, that when I sometime look back upon my education and mean abilities, it is not without some little wonder at myself, that I am come to be publicly in print. And though I have in those introductions declared some of the accidental reasons that occasioned me to be so, yet let me add this to what is there said: that by my undertaking to collect some notes for Sir Henry Wotton's writing the Life of Dr. Donne, and by Sir Henry's dying before he performed it, I became like those men that enter

easily into a law-suit or a quarrel, and having begun, cannot make a fair retreat and be quiet, when they desire it: and really, after such a manner, I became engaged into a necessity of writing the Life of Dr. Donne, contrary to my first intentions; and that begot a like necessity of writing the life of his and my ever-honoured friend, Sir Henry Wotton.

And having writ these two lives, I lay quiet twenty years, without a thought of either troubling myself or others by any new engagement in this kind; for I thought I knew my unfitness: but, about that time, Dr. Gauden‡, then Lord Bishop of Exeter, published the Life of Mr. Richard Hooker, so he called it, with so many dangerous mistakes, both of him and his books, that discoursing of them with his Grace, Gilbert, that now is Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, he enjoin'd me to examine some circumstances, and then rectify the bishop's mistakes, by giving the world a fuller and a truer account of Mr. Hooker and his books, than that bishop had done: and I know I have done so. And let me tell the reader, that till his Grace had laid this injunction upon me, I could not

* Dr. George Morley, who was distinguished for his unshaken loyalty and attachment to Charles I., and by his exemplary conduct as a divine. Though nominated one of the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, he refused to take part in their councils, and sought a refuge abroad, where he continued constantly and scrupulously to exercise his pastoral functions among his fellow-exiles at Antwerp, and subsequently at Breda. Until the Scottish expedition he was a constant attendant on Charles II., who, however, prohibited him from following on that occasion; but when he returned at the Restoration, Dr. Morley was first made Dean of Christchurch, and then Bishop of Worcester, and in 1662 was translated to the see of Winchester. For further particulars, see Wood's *Athenæ Oxoniensis*.

† The Life of Dr. Sanderson was not written when this address was first published.

‡ Dr. Gauden is now, upon sufficient evidence, believed to have been the author of the greater part, if not the whole of that remarkable book, the *Eikon Basilike*, which was long attributed to Charles I. Dr. Gauden certainly had a great share in it; but Mr. D'Israeli is still of opinion that some passages in it could not have been written by any other than Charles himself. Dr. Gauden was a conscientious man, and was celebrated as a preacher.

admit a thought of any fitness in me to undertake it: but when he had twice enjoined me to it, I then declined my own, and trusted his judgment, and submitted to his commands; concluding that, if I did not, I could not forbear accusing myself of disobedience, and indeed of ingratitude for his many favours. Thus I became engaged into the third life.

For the life of that great example of holiness, Mr. George Herbert, I profess it to be so far a free-will offering, that it was writ chiefly to please myself; but yet not without some respect to posterity: for though he was not a man that the next age can forget, yet many of his particular acts and virtues might have been neglected or lost, if I had not collected and presented them to the imitation of those that shall succeed us: for I humbly conceive writing to be both a safer and truer preserver of men's virtuous actions than tradition, especially as it is managed in this age. And I am also to tell the reader, that though this Life of Mr. Herbert was not writ by me in haste, yet I intended it a review, before it should be made public: but that was not allowed me, by reason of my absence from London when it was printing; so that the reader may find in it some mistakes, some double expressions, and some not very proper, and some that might have been contracted, and some faults that are not justly chargeable upon me, but the printer; and yet I hope none so great, as may not by this confession purchase pardon from a good-natured reader.

And now I wish that as that learned Jew, Josephus, and others, so these men had also writ their own lives: but since it is not the fashion of these times, I wish

their relations or friends would do it for them, before delays make it too difficult. And I desire this the more, because it is an honour due to the dead, and a generous debt due to those that shall live, and succeed us, and would to them prove both a content and satisfaction. For when the next age shall (as this does) admire the learning and clear reason which that excellent casuist, Doctor Sanderson (the late Bishop of Lincoln), hath demonstrated in his sermons and other writings; who, if they love virtue, would not rejoice to know that this good man was as remarkable for the meekness and innocence of his life as for his great and useful learning, and indeed as remarkable for his fortitude in his long and patient suffering (under them that then called themselves the godly party) for that doctrine which he had preached and printed in the happy days of the nation's and the church's peace? and who would not be content to have the like account of Dr. Field*, that great schoolman, and others of noted learning? And though I cannot hope that my example or reason can persuade to this undertaking, yet I please myself, that I shall conclude my Preface with wishing that it were so.

I. W.

* Dr. Richard Field, chaplain to James I., and Dean of Gloucester, died Nov. 21st, 1616. He was the friend of Mr. Richard Hooker, and one of the most learned men of the age. But although well skilled to shine in the scholastic disputes of his time, he discouraged such vain exhibitions of worldly learning; for, as has been well said of him, "it was his ambition to conciliate, not to irritate."

THE

COPY OF A LETTER WRIT TO MR. IZAAK WALTON,

BY

DR. KING, LORD BISHOP OF CHICHESTER†

HONEST IZAAK,

THOUGH a familiarity of more than forty years' continuance and the constant experience of your love, even in the worst of the late sad times, be sufficient to endear

† Dr. Henry King, Bishop of Chichester, son of Dr. John King, Bishop of London, and great-nephew of Robert King, the first Bishop of Oxford and the last Abbot of Osney. — He was the author of a metrical translation of the Psalms, — of several poems in English, Latin, and Greek; and he also published several sermons and religious tracts. Being disinclined to go all lengths with the high-church party, he was suspected of puritanism; and at a time when the king judged it advisable to conciliate that party—"when," says Jacob, "it was conceived that the most effectual method for the restitution of episcopacy was to prefer persons not only of unblameable lives and eminent for their learning, but such as were generally beloved by all disinterested people," Dr. King, then Dean of Rochester, was advanced to the see of Chichester. But his merits could not save him, and during the ascendancy of Cromwell, Dr. King was obliged to leave the kingdom. He returned at the Restoration, and survived that event nine years, dying on the 1st of October, 1669.

our friendship; yet I must confess my affection much improved, not only by evidences of private respect to many that know and love you, but by your new demonstration of a public spirit, testified in a diligent, true, and useful collection of so many material passages as you have now afforded me in the life of venerable Mr. Hooker: of which, since desired by such a friend as yourself, I shall not deny to give the testimony of what I know concerning him and his learned books: but shall first here take a fair occasion to tell you, that you have been happy in choosing to write the lives of three such persons, as posterity hath just cause to honour; which they will do the more for the true relation of them by your happy pen: of all which I shall give you my unfeigned censure ‡.

I shall begin with my most dear and incomparable friend, Dr. Donne, late dean of St. Paul's church, who not only trusted me as his executor, but three days before his death delivered into my hands those excellent

‡ Censure is here and in other places used in the sense of judgment.

sermons of his, now made public ; professing before Dr. Winniff*, Dr. Monford†, and, I think, yourself then present at his bed-side, that it was by my restless opportunity, that he had prepared them for the press : together with which (as his best legacy) he gave me all his sermon notes, and his other papers, containing an extract of near fifteen hundred authors. How these were got out of my hands, you, who were the messenger for them, and how lost both to me and yourself, is not now seasonable to complain : but since they did miscarry, I am glad that the general demonstration of his worth was so fairly preserved and represented to the world by your pen in the history of his life ; indeed, so well, that, beside others, the best critic of our later time (Mr. John Hales‡, of Eton College) affirmed to me, “ he had not seen a life written with more advantage to the subject, or more reputation to the writer, than that of Dr. Donne.”

After the performance of this task for Dr. Donne, you undertook the like office for our friend Sir Henry Wotton : betwixt which two there was a friendship begun in Oxford, continued in their various travels, and more confirmed in the religious friendship of age ; and doubtless this excellent person had writ the life of Dr. Donne, if death had not prevented him ; by which means, his and your pre-collections for that work fell to the happy manage of your pen : a work which you would have declined, if imperious persuasions had not been stronger than your modest resolutions against it. And I am thus far glad that the first life was so imposed upon you, because it gave an unavoidable cause of writing the second : if not, it is too probable we had wanted both ; which had been a prejudice to all lovers of honour and ingenious learning. And let me not leave my friend Sir Henry without this testimony

* Dr. Thomas Winniff, successively Dean of Gloucester and of St. Paul's, was promoted to the bishopric of Lincoln in 1641, on the translation of Dr. Williams to York. His promotion, in consequence of his principles, which were suspected to lean too much towards puritanism, became a source of care and discomfort, and he was at last under the necessity of retiring to a country parish, Lambourn in Essex, where he died in 1654. Lord Clarendon, in such a case an impartial witness, naming this prelate and four other divines who were appointed bishops at the same time as he, characterises them all as “ of the greatest eminency in the church, frequent preachers, and not a man to whom the faults of the then governing clergy were imputed, or against whom the least objection could be made.”

† Dr. Thomas Mountfort, canon residentiary of St. Paul's, died February 27th, 1632.

‡ John Hales, an eminent divine and critic, usually distinguished by the appellation of “ The ever-memorable,” Greek Professor in the University of Oxford, and afterwards Fellow of Eton College. From his vast erudition, he was called “ The Walking Library,” and was esteemed one of the greatest scholars in Europe. Sir David Dalrymple, Lord Hailes, who edited a beautiful edition of his works, says, that “ they who are acquainted with the literary and political history of England, will perceive that the leading men of all parties, however different and discordant, have, with a wonderful unanimity, concurred in praise of the ever-memorable Mr. John Hales of Eton.” Hales was a staunch royalist, and suffered severely during the usurpation of Cromwell, and was reduced to sell a part of his valuable library to Cornelius Bee, a bookseller in London, for 700*l.* ; but there appears no reason to give credit to the story generally current that he died in extreme poverty, since in his will, which is dated on the day of his death, he bequeathes several legacies, as well in money as in books and rings. He died on the 19th of May, 1656, aged 72 years.

added to yours ; that he was a man of as florid a wit, and as elegant a pen, as any former (of ours, which in that kind is most excellent) age hath ever produced.

And now, having made this voluntary observation of our two deceased friends, I proceed to satisfy your desire concerning what I know and believe of the ever-memorable Mr. Hooker, who was “ schismaticorum malleus,” so great a champion for the church of England's rights, against the factious torrent of separatists that then ran high against church discipline ; and in his unanswerable books continues to be so against the unquiet disciples of their schism, which now, under other names, still carry on their design ; and who (as the proper heirs of their irrational zeal) would again rake into the scarce closed wounds of a newly bleeding state and church.

And first, though I dare not say that I knew Mr. Hooker ; yet as our ecclesiastical history reports to the honour of St. Ignatius, “ that he lived in the time of St. John, and had seen him in his childhood ;” so I also joy that in my minority I have often seen Mr. Hooker with my father, who was after Bishop of London ; from whom, and others, at that time, I have heard most of the material passages which you relate in the history of his life ; and from my father received such a character of his learning, humility, and other virtues, that, like jewels of unvaluable price, they still cast such a lustre, as envy or the rust of time shall never darken.

From my father I have also heard all the circumstances of the plot to defame him ; and how Sir Edwin Sandys outwitted his accusers, and gained their confession : and I could give an account of each particular of that plot, but that I judge it fitter to be forgotten, and rot in the same grave with the malicious authors.

I may not omit to declare, that my father's knowledge of Mr. Hooker was occasioned by the learned Dr. John Spencer, who, after the death of Mr. Hooker, was so careful to preserve his unvaluable sixth, seventh, and eighth books of Ecclesiastical Polity, and his other writings, that he procured Henry Jackson, then of Corpus Christi College, to transcribe for him all Mr. Hooker's remaining written papers ; many of which were imperfect : for his study had been rifled, or worse used, by Mr. Chark, and another, of principles too like his. But these papers were endeavoured to be completed by his dear friend Dr. Spencer§, who bequeathed them as a precious legacy to my father ; after whose death they rested in my hand, till Dr. Abbot||, then Archbishop of Canterbury, commanded them out of

§ President of Corpus Christi College in Oxford. After the death of Mr. Hooker he published the five books of Ecclesiastical Polity, with an excellent preface.

|| Dr. George Abbot, a man of great learning and piety, but whose character has, in consequence of the part he took in the political and religious controversies of the times, been very roughly handled by many historians of opposite opinions. He was much favoured by James I., but his opposition to the projects of Laud brought him into disgrace with Charles. His life has been well written, and his character set in a true light, by Mr. Arthur Onslow, Speaker of the House of Commons. He says, that “ if he had some narrow notions in divinity, they were rather the faults of the age he had his education in, than his ; and the same imputation may be laid on the best and most learned of the reformers. His parts seem to have been strong and masterly, his preaching grave and eloquent, and his style equal to any of that time. He was eminent for piety, and a care for the poor ; and his hospitality fully answered the injunction King James laid on him, which was to carry his house nobly and live like an archbishop.”

my custody, by authorizing Dr. John Barkeham*, to require, and bring them to him to his palace in Lambeth: at which time, I have heard, they were put into the bishop's library, and that they remained there till the martyrdom of Archbishop Laud; and were then by the brethren of that faction given, with all the library, to Hugh Peters†, as a reward for his remarkable service in those sad times of the church's confusion. And, though they could hardly fall into a fouler hand, yet there wanted not other endeavours to corrupt and make them speak that language for which the faction then fought, which indeed was, to subject the sovereign power to the people.

But I need not strive to vindicate Mr. Hooker in this particular: his known loyalty to his prince whilst he lived, the sorrow expressed by King James at his death, the value our late sovereign (of ever-blessed memory) put upon his works, and now the singular character of his worth by you given in the passages of his life, especially in your appendix to it, do sufficiently clear him from that imputation: and I am glad you mention how much value Thomas Stapleton, pope Clement the Eighth, and other eminent men of the Romish persuasion, have put upon his books; having been told the same in my youth by persons of worth that have travelled Italy.

Lastly, I must again congratulate this undertaking of yours, as now more proper to you than any other person, by reason of your long knowledge and alliance to the worthy family of the Cranmers, (my old friends also,) who have been men of noted wisdom; especially Mr. George Cranmer, whose prudence, added to that of Sir Edwin Sandys, proved very useful in the completing of Mr. Hooker's matchless books: one of their letters I herewith send you, to make use of, if you think fit. And let me say further, you merit much from many of Mr. Hooker's best friends then living: namely, from the ever-renowned Archbishop Whitgift, of whose incomparable worth, with the character of the

times, you have given us a more short and significant account than I have received from any other pen. You have done much for the learned Sir Henry Savile, his contemporary and familiar friend; amongst the surviving monuments of whose learning (give me leave to tell you so) two are omitted; his edition of Euclid, but especially his translation of King James's Apology for the Oath of Allegiance, into elegant Latin: which flying in that dress as far as Rome, was by the pope and conclave sent to Salamanca unto Franciscus Suarez‡, (then residing there as president of that college,) with a command to answer it. And it is worth noting, that when he had perfected the work, which he calls, "Defensio Fidei Catholica," it was transmitted to Rome for a view of the Inquisitors; who, according to their custom, blotted out what they pleased, and (as Mr. Hooker hath been used since his death) added whatsoever might advance the pope's supremacy, or carry on their own interest; commonly coupling together "deponere et occidere," the deposing and then killing of princes. Which cruel and unchristian language Mr. John Saltkel§, the amanuensis to Suarez, when he wrote that answer, (but since a convert, and living long in my father's house,) often professed the good old man (whose piety and charity Mr. Saltkel magnified much) not only disavowed, but detested. Not to trouble you further; your reader, (if, according to your desire, my approbation of your work carries any weight) will here find many just reasons to thank you for it; and possibly for this circumstance here mentioned (not known to many) may happily apprehend one to thank him, who heartily wishes your happiness, and is unfeignedly,

Sir,

Your ever faithful
and affectionate old Friend,

HENRY CHICHESTER.

Chichester, Nov. 17, 1664.

‡ A celebrated Jesuit, the author of many controversial and other tracts. He was born in 1548, and died in 1617.

§ Mr. John Saltkel, or Saltkeld, was for some years a member of the church of Rome and a Jesuit. He was profoundly read in theological and other authors; but being for the fame of his learning brought before King James, he was so far convinced by his majesty's arguments as to come over to the church of England, for which he was wont to style himself "The Royal Convert;" and the king honoured him so far as to call him "The learned Saltkeld," in his works and writings. Mr. Saltkeld became rector of Church Taunton in Devonshire, in 1635, and was afterwards, for his loyalty, deprived of his preferment. He died at Ulculm, in February 1659-60.

Chaplain to Archbishop Bancroft, as well as to his successor, Dr. Abbot, and Dean of Bocking in Essex; an able divine and an amiable man. To his knowledge in divinity he added other literary accomplishments, being an accurate historian, well skilled in coins and antiquities, and so great a proficient in heraldry, that he is generally supposed to have been the author of that celebrated work which was published in the name of John Guillim.

† The history of this warlike chaplain of Cromwell's is too well known to need further notice here. He was a man of considerable talents, but very little principle. Of his behaviour during his trial and at his execution, see the State Trials.

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There are no colours in the fairest sky
So fair as these. The feather whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropped from an angel's wing. With moistened eye
We read of faith and purest charity
In statesman, priest, and humble citizen.
Oh ! could we copy their mild virtues, then
What joy to live, what blessedness to die !
Methinks their very names shine still and bright,
Apart—like glow-worms on a summer night;
Or lonely tapers when from far they fling
A guiding ray ; or seen—like stars on high,
Satellites burning in a lucid ring
Around meek Walton's heavenly memory.

WORDSWORTH.

THE
LIFE OF DR. JOHN DONNE.

LATE

DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, LONDON.

INTRODUCTION,

AS ORIGINALLY PREFIXED TO THE FIRST COLLECTION OF HIS
SERMONS IN 1640.

If that great master of language and art, Sir Henry Wotton, the late Provost of Eton College, had lived to see the publication of these sermons, he had presented the world with the author's life exactly written; and it was pity he did not, for it was a work worthy his undertaking, and he fit to undertake it: betwixt whom and the author there was so mutual a knowledge, and such a friendship contracted in their youth, as nothing but death could force a separation. And, though their bodies were divided, their affections were not; for that learned knight's love followed his friend's fame beyond death and the forgetful grave; which he testified by entreating me, whom he acquainted with his design, to inquire of some particulars that concerned it, not doubting but my knowledge of the author, and love to his memory, might make my diligence useful. I did most gladly undertake the employment, and continued it with great content, till I had made my collection ready to be augmented and completed by his matchless pen; but then death prevented his intentions.

When I heard that sad news, and heard also that these sermons were to be printed, and want the author's life, which I thought to be very remarkable, indignation or grief—indeed I know not which—transported me so far, that I reviewed my forsaken collections, and resolved the world should see the best plain picture of the author's life that my artless pencil, guided by the hand of truth, could present to it.

And if I shall now be demanded, as once Pompey's poor bond-man was*, "the grateful wretch had been left alone on the sea-shore, with the forsaken dead body of his once glorious lord and master; and was then gathering the scattered pieces of an old broken boat, to make a funeral pile to burn it, which was the custom of the Romans—Who art thou, that alone hast the honour to bury the body of Pompey the Great?" So, who am I, that do thus officiously set the author's memory on fire? I hope the question will prove to have in it more of wonder than disdain; but wonder indeed the reader may, that I, who profess myself artless, should presume with my faint light to show forth his life, whose very name makes it illustrious! But be this to the disadvantage of the person represented: certain I am, it is to the advantage of the beholder, who shall here see the author's picture in a natural dress, which ought to beget faith in what is spoken; for he that wants skill to deceive may safely be trusted.

* Plutarch.

And if the author's glorious spirit, which now is in heaven, can have the leisure to look down and see me, the poorest, the meanest of all his friends, in the midst of this officious duty, confident I am that he will not disdain this well-meant sacrifice to his memory; for whilst his conversation made me and many others happy below, I know his humility and gentleness were then eminent; and I have heard divines say, those virtues that were but sparks upon earth, become great and glorious flames in heaven.

Before I proceed further, I am to entreat the reader to take notice, that when Doctor Donne's Sermons were first printed, this was then my excuse for daring to write his life; and I dare not now appear without it.

MASTER JOHN DONNE was born in London, in the year 1573, of good and virtuous parents: and though his own learning and other multiplied merits may justly appear sufficient to dignify both himself and his posterity, yet the reader may be pleased to know that his father was masculinely and lineally descended from a very ancient family in Wales, where many of his name now live, that deserve and have great reputation in that country.

By his mother he was descended of the family of the famous and learned Sir Thomas More, some time lord chancellor of England; as also from that worthy and laborious judge Rastall†,

† William Rastall, the son of John Rastall, a celebrated printer, who married Elizabeth, the sister of Sir Thomas More. William Rastall was born in London in 1508. He studied at Oxford, and afterwards entered at Lincoln's Inn, but upon the change of religion retired to Louvain. On the accession of Queen Mary he returned to England, and in 1554 was made a serjeant-at-law, one of the commissioners for the prosecution of heretics, and a little before Mary's death, one of the justices of Common Pleas. Queen Elizabeth renewed his patent as justice, but he preferred retiring to Louvain, where he died on the 27th of August, 1565. It does not appear certain whether it were he or his brother John, who being a justice of the peace was commonly but improperly called "Justice Rastall," who published "A Collection (abridged) of the Statutes in force and use," in 1557, often reprinted. It contains copies of statutes not elsewhere extant, and in some instances more complete transcripts of several acts than are commonly printed in the Statutes at large.

who left posterity the vast statutes of the law of this nation most exactly abridged.

He had his first breeding in his father's house, where a private tutor had the care of him, until the tenth year of his age; and, in his eleventh year, was sent to the University of Oxford, having at that time a good command both of the French and Latin tongue. This, and some other of his remarkable abilities, made one then give this censure of him: "That this age had brought forth another *Picus Mirandula**, of whom story says that he was rather born than made wise by study."

There he remained for some years in Hart Hall, having, for the advancement of his studies, tutors of several sciences to attend and instruct him, till time made him capable, and his learning expressed in public exercises declared him worthy, to receive his first degree in the schools, which he forborne by advice from his friends, who, being for their religion of the Romish persuasion, were conscionably averse to some parts of the oath that is always tendered at those times, and not to be refused by those that expect the titular honour of their studies.

About the fourteenth year of his age, he was transplanted from Oxford to Cambridge, where, that he might receive nourishment from both soils, he staid till his seventeenth year; all which time he was a most laborious student, often changing his studies, but endeavouring to take no degree, for the reasons formerly mentioned.

About the seventeenth year of his age he was removed to London, and then admitted into Lincoln's Inn, with an intent to study the law; where he gave great testimonies of his wit, his learning, and of his improvement in that profession, which never served him for other use than an ornament and self-satisfaction.

His father died before his admission into this society; and, being a merchant, left him his portion in money. It was 3000*l*. His mother, and those to whose care he was committed, were watchful to improve his knowledge, and to that end appointed him tutors, both in the mathematics and in all the other liberal sciences, to attend him. But with these arts, they were advised to instil into him particular principles of the Romish church; of which those tutors professed, though secretly, themselves to be members.

They had almost obliged him to their faith, having for their advantage, besides many opportunities, the example of his dear and pious parents, which was a most powerful persuasion, and did work much upon him, as he professeth in his Preface to his *Pseudo-Martyr*, a book of which the reader shall have some account in what follows.

He was now entered into the eighteenth year of his age; and at that time had betrothed himself to no religion that might give him any other denomination than a Christian. And reason and piety had both persuaded him that there could be no such sin as schism, if an adherence to some visible church were not necessary.

About the nineteenth year of his age, he, being

* *Picus*, prince of *Mirandula*, was born in 1463, and having resigned his sovereignty to his nephew, he died in 1494. He is said to have made such a wonderful progress in study, as to understand twenty-two languages at the age of eighteen years, and at the age of twenty-four to dispute with great success "*de omni scibili*."

then unresolved what religion to adhere to, and considering how much it concerned his soul to choose the most orthodox, did therefore, though his youth and health promised him a long life, to rectify all scruples that might concern that, presently lay aside all study of the law, and of all other sciences that might give him a denomination; and began seriously to survey and consider the body of divinity, as it was then controverted betwixt the Reformed and the Roman church. And as God's blessed Spirit did then awaken him to the search, and in that industry did never forsake him (they be his own words)†, so he calls the same Holy Spirit to witness this protestation; that in that disquisition and search, he proceeded with humility and diffidence in himself; and by that which he took to be the safest way, namely, frequent prayers, and an indifferent affection to both parties; and, indeed, Truth had too much light about her to be hid from so sharp an inquirer; and he had too much ingenuity, not to acknowledge he had found her.

Being to undertake this search, he believed the Cardinal Bellarmine‡ to be the best defender of the Roman cause, and therefore betook himself to the examination of his reasons. The cause was weighty, and wilful delays had been inexcusable both towards God and his own conscience: he therefore proceeded in this search with all moderate haste, and about the twentieth year of his age did show the then Dean of Gloucester§, whose name my memory hath now lost, all the cardinal's works marked with many weighty observations under his own hand, which works were bequeathed by him, at his death, as a legacy to a most dear friend.

About a year following, he resolved to travel; and the Earl of Essex going first the Cales||, and after the Island voyages—the first anno 1596, the second 1597, he took the advantage of those opportunities, waited upon his lordship, and was an eye-witness of those happy and unhappy employments.

But he returned not back into England, till he had staid some years, first in Italy and then in Spain, where he made many useful observations of those countries, their laws and manner of government, and returned perfect in their languages.

The time that he spent in Spain was, at his first going into Italy, designed for travelling to the Holy Land, and for viewing Jerusalem and the sepulchre of our Saviour. But at his being in the furthest parts of Italy, the disappointment of company, or of a safe convoy, or the uncertainty of returns of money into those remote parts, denied him that happiness, which he did often occasionally mention with a deploration.

Not long after his return into England, that exemplary pattern of gravity and wisdom, the

† In his Preface to *Pseudo-Martyr*.

‡ One of the most celebrated controversial writers of his time, and a distinguished member of the Society of Jesus. He died on the 17th Sept., 1621, aged sixty-nine years. The work alluded to in the text is entitled, "*Disputationes de Controversiis Christianæ Fidei, adversus sui temporis Hereticos*." Cologne, 1610, folio, 4 vols.

§ Dr. Anthony Rudd, born in Yorkshire, and fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. He died Bishop of St. David's in 1614.

|| Cadiz.

Lord Ellesmere*, then keeper of the great seal, and Lord Chancellor of England, taking notice of his learning, languages, and other abilities, and much affecting his person and behaviour, took him to be his chief secretary, supposing and intending it to be an introduction to some more weighty employment in the state; for which, his lordship did often protest, he thought him very fit.

Nor did his lordship, in this time of Master Donne's attendance upon him, account him to be so much his servant, as to forget he was his friend; and, to testify it, did always use him with much courtesy, appointing him a place at his own table, to which he esteemed his company and discourse to be a great ornament.

He continued that employment for the space of five years, being daily useful, and not mercenary to his friends. During which time he, I dare not say unhappily, fell into such a liking as, with her approbation, increased into a love with a young gentlewoman that lived in that family, who was niece to the Lady Ellesmere†, and daughter to Sir George More‡, then chancellor of the garter and lieutenant of the Tower.

Sir George had some intimation of it, and, knowing prevention to be a great part of wisdom, did therefore remove her with much haste from that to his own house at Lothesley, in the county of Surrey; but too late, by reason of some faithful promises which were so interchangeably passed, as never to be violated by either party.

These promises were only known to themselves;

* Thomas Egerton, Lord Ellesmere, the son of Sir Richard Egerton of Ridley, in Cheshire, was born about the year 1540. He was early distinguished at the bar, and on the 6th of May, 1596, the great seal was committed to him, with the title of lord-keeper. James I. created him Baron Ellesmere, and constituted him Lord Chancellor of England, an office which he filled to within a very short time of his death in the most upright and exemplary manner. When at last, being overwhelmed by age, he had by repeated entreaties prevailed on the king to relieve him from the burden which pressed too heavily on one weighed down by the load of seventy-six years, James did so with expressions of heartfelt sorrow at parting with so valued a servant, and testified his sense of his merit by creating him Viscount of Brackley. He shortly after announced his intention of raising him to an earldom, an honour which, although he did not live to receive, was conferred on his son, John Egerton, who was created Earl of Bridgewater. Lord Ellesmere was distinguished for his literary acquirements as well as by legal knowledge. His person was singularly dignified. Lloyd, in his *State Worthies*, page 756, observes that "Christendom afforded not a person which carried more gravity in his countenance and behaviour than Sir Thomas Egerton, inasmuch that many have gone to the Chancery on purpose only to see his venerable garb (happy they who had no other business), and were highly pleased at so acceptable a picture." He died at York House in the Strand, on the 15th of March, 1617, in his seventy-seventh year, "in a good old age, and full of virtuous fame." He was buried at Doddlestone, in Cheshire, on the 6th of April following.

† This lady was sister to Sir George More, and widow of Sir John Wooley, of Pirford in Surrey, knight. Sir Francis Wooley, hereafter mentioned, was her son.

‡ Only son and heir of Sir William More. He was born Nov. 28th, 1553, and was educated at Exeter College, Oxford, whence he removed to the inns of court. About 1597, he was knighted; in 1610, was made Chancellor of the Garter; and in 1615, Lieutenant of the Tower. He frequently sat in Parliament for the borough of Guildford. He died Oct. 16th, 1632.

and the friends of both parties used much diligence and many arguments to kill or cool their affections to each other, but in vain; for love is a flattering mischief, that hath denied aged and wise men a foresight of those evils that too often prove to be the children of that blind father; a passion, that carries us to commit errors with as much ease as whirlwinds move feathers, and begets in us an unwearied industry to the attainment of what we desire. And such an industry did, notwithstanding much watchfulness against it, bring them secretly together—I forbear to tell the manner how, and at last to a marriage too, without the allowance of those friends whose approbation always was, and ever will be, necessary to make even a virtuous love become lawful.

And that the knowledge of their marriage might not fall, like an unexpected tempest, on those that were unwilling to have it so, and that pre-apprehensions might make it the less enormous when it was known, it was purposely whispered into the ears of many that it was so, yet by none that could affirm it. But, to put a period to the jealousies of Sir George, doubt often begetting more restless thoughts than the certain knowledge of what we fear, the news was, in favour to Mr. Donne, and with his allowance, made known to Sir George, by his honourable friend and neighbour Henry, Earl of Northumberland§; but it was to Sir George so immeasurably unwelcome, and so transported him, that, as though his passion of anger and inconsideration might exceed theirs of love and error, he presently engaged his sister, the Lady Ellesmere, to join with him to procure her lord to discharge Mr. Donne of the place he held under his lordship. This request was followed with violence; and though Sir George were remembered that errors might be over punished, and desired therefore to forbear, till second considerations might clear some scruples, yet he became restless until his suit was granted, and the punishment executed. And though the lord chancellor did not, at Mr. Donne's dismissal, give him such a commendation as the great emperor Charles the Fifth did of his secretary Eraso, when he parted with him, to his son and successor, Philip the Second, saying, "That in his Eraso, he gave to him a greater gift than all his estate, and all the kingdoms which he then resigned to him;" yet the lord chancellor said, "He parted with a friend, and such a secretary as was fitter to serve a king than a subject."

Immediately after his dismissal from his service, he sent a sad letter to his wife, to acquaint her with it: and after the subscription of his name, writ—

"JOHN DONNE, ANNE DONNE, UN-DONE."

And God knows it proved too true; for this bitter

§ Henry Percy, ninth earl of Northumberland, born in April, 1564. Though not himself engaged in the Gunpowder Plot, but being a staunch supporter of the Stuarts he suffered severely for the share which his cousin Thomas Percy took in that affair. He was imprisoned fifteen years in the Tower, and only released upon payment of £20,000. He died Nov. 5th, 1632. He was particularly distinguished for his attachment to learning; and during his confinement he allowed salaries for eminent scholars to attend upon him; and he also enjoyed the converse of Sir Walter Raleigh, his fellow prisoner. He had a peculiar talent for the mathematics; and, on account of his love for the occult sciences, he was sometimes called Henry the Wizard.

physic of Mr. Donne's dismissal was not enough to purge out all Sir George's choler; for he was not satisfied till Mr. Donne and his sometime compupil in Cambridge, that married him, namely, Samuel Brooke, who was after doctor in divinity and master of Trinity College, and his brother Mr. Christopher Brooke, sometime Mr. Donne's chamber-fellow in Lincoln's Inn, who gave Mr. Donne his wife, and witnessed the marriage, were all committed to three several prisons.

Mr. Donne was first enlarged, who neither gave rest to his body or brain, nor to any friend in whom he might hope to have an interest, until he had procured an enlargement for his two imprisoned friends.

He was now at liberty, but his days were still cloudy: and being past these troubles, others did still multiply upon him; for his wife was, to her extreme sorrow, detained from him; and though, with Jacob, he endured not an hard service for her, yet he lost a good one, and was forced to make good his title, and to get possession of her by a long and restless suit in law; which proved troublesome and sadly chargeable to him, whose youth, and travel, and needless bounty, had brought his estate into a narrow compass.

It is observed, and most truly, that silence and submission are charming qualities, and work most upon passionate men; and it proved so with Sir George; for these, and a general report of Mr. Donne's merits, together with his winning behaviour, which, when it would entice, had a strange kind of elegant irresistible art. These and time had so dispassionated Sir George, that as the world had approved his daughter's choice, so he also could not but see a more than ordinary merit in his new son; and this at last melted him into so much remorse—for love and anger are so like agues, as to have hot and cold fits; and love in parents, though it may be quenched, yet is easily rekindled, and expires not till death denies mankind a natural heat—that he laboured his son's restoration to his place, using to that end both his own and his sister's power to her lord, but with no success: for his answer was, that though he was unfeignedly sorry for what he had done, yet it was inconsistent with his place and credit, to discharge and readmit servants at the request of passionate petitioners.

Sir George's endeavour for Mr. Donne's readmission was by all means to be kept secret; for men do more naturally reluct for errors than submit to put on those blemishes that attend their visible acknowledgment. But, however, it was not long before Sir George appeared to be so far reconciled, as to wish their happiness, and not to deny them his paternal blessing, but yet refused to contribute any means that might conduce to their livelihood.

Mr. Donne's estate was the greatest part spent in many and chargeable travels, books, and dear-bought experience: he out of all employment that might yield a support for himself and wife, who had been curiously and plentifully educated; both their natures generous, and accustomed to confer, and not to receive, courtesies: these and other considerations, but chiefly that his wife was to bear a part in his sufferings, surrounded him with many sad thoughts, and some apparent apprehensions of want.

But his sorrows were lessened and his wants prevented, by the seasonable courtesy of their noble kinsman, Sir Francis Wolly, of Pirford, in Surrey, who entreated them to a cohabitation with him; where they remained with much freedom to themselves, and equal content to him, for some years; and as their charge increased—she had yearly a child—so did his love and bounty.

It hath been observed by wise and considering men, that wealth hath seldom been the portion, and never the mark to discover good people; but that Almighty God, who disposeth all things wisely, hath of his abundant goodness denied it—he only knows why—to many, whose minds he hath enriched with the greater blessings of knowledge and virtue, as the fairer testimonies of his love to mankind: and this was the present condition of this man of so excellent erudition and endowments; whose necessary and daily expenses were hardly reconcilable with his uncertain and narrow estate. Which I mention, for that at this time there was a most generous offer made him for the moderating of his worldly cares, the declaration of which shall be the next employment of my pen.

God hath been so good to his church, as to afford it in every age some such men to serve at his altar as have been piously ambitious of doing good to mankind; a disposition, that is so like to God himself, that it owes itself only to Him who takes a pleasure to behold it in his creatures. These times* he did bless with many such, some of which still live to be patterns of apostolical charity, and of more than human patience. I have said this, because I have occasion to mention one of them in my following discourse—namely, Dr. Morton†, the most laborious and learned Bishop of Durham; one that God hath blessed with perfect intellectuals and a cheerful heart at the age of ninety-four years, and is yet living; one, that in his days of plenty had so large a heart as to use his large revenue to the encouragement of learning and virtue, and is now, be it spoken with sorrow, reduced to a narrow estate, which he embraces without repining; and still shows the beauty of his mind by so liberal a hand, as if this were an age in which to-morrow were to care for itself. I have taken a pleasure in giving the reader a short but true character of this good man, my friend, from whom I received this following relation. He sent to Mr. Donne, and entreated to borrow an hour of his time for a conference the next day. After their meeting, there was not many minutes

* 1648.

† Dr. Morton was a most excellent prelate, zealous, learned, and charitable. He was descended from the same family as the celebrated Cardinal Morton, the zealous adherent of the unfortunate Henry VI. and the calumniated minister of Henry VII. Dr. Morton suffered much during the ascendancy of the parliament, and in his time of need found an asylum under the roof of Sir Christopher Yelverton, where he undertook the education of that gentleman's son, the celebrated Sir Henry Yelverton. His grateful pupil thus commemorates his ancient tutor. "He was an ancient bishop, and had all the qualifications fit for his order, either to adorn or govern a church; but above all, he was eminent for his invincible patience under so many violent persecutions and almost necessities, always rejoicing in his losses, and protesting that he thought himself richer with nothing and a good conscience than those who had devoured his goodly bishopric." He died on the 22nd of September, 1659, in the ninety-fifth year of his age.

passed before he spake to Mr. Donne to this purpose :—"Mr. Donne, the occasion of sending for you is to propose to you what I have often revolved in my own thought since I last saw you, which, nevertheless, I will not declare but upon this condition, that you shall not return me a present answer, but forbear three days, and bestow some part of that time in fasting and prayer; and after a serious consideration of what I shall propose, then return to me with your answer. Deny me not, Mr. Donne; for it is the effect of a true love, which I would gladly pay as a debt due for yours to me."

This request being granted, the doctor expressed himself thus :—

"Mr. Donne, I know your education and abilities; I know your expectation of a state-employment, and I know your fitness for it; and I know too the many delays and contingencies that attend court promises: and let me tell you that my love, begot by our long friendship and your merits, hath prompted me to such an inquisition after your present temporal estate, as makes me no stranger to your necessities, which I know to be such as your generous spirit could not bear, if it were not supported with a pious patience. You know I have formerly persuaded you to wave your court-hopes, and enter into holy orders, which I now again persuade you to embrace, with this reason added to my former request—the king hath yesterday made me Dean of Gloucester, and I am also possessed of a benefice, the profits of which are equal to those of my deanery; I will think my deanery enough for my maintenance, who am, and resolve to die, a single man, and will quit my benefice, and estate you in it; which the patron is willing I shall do, if God shall incline your heart to embrace this motion. Remember, Mr. Donne, no man's education or parts make him too good for this employment, which is to be an ambassador for the God of glory—that God, who by a vile death opened the gates of life to mankind. Make me no present answer, but remember your promise, and return to me the third day with your resolution."

At the hearing of this, Mr. Donne's faint breath and perplexed countenance gave a visible testimony of an inward conflict; but he performed his promise, and departed without returning an answer till the third day, and then his answer was to this effect :—

"My most worthy and most dear friend, since I saw you, I have been faithful to my promise, and have also meditated much of your great kindness, which hath been such as would exceed even my gratitude; but that it cannot do; and more I cannot return you; and I do that with a heart full of humility and thanks, though I may not accept of your offer: but, sir, my refusal is not for that I think myself too good for that calling, for which kings, if they think so, are not good enough: nor for that my education and learning, though not eminent, may not, being assisted with God's grace and humility, render me in some measure fit for it: but I dare make so dear a friend as you are, my confessor: some irregularities of my life have been so visible to some men, that though I have, I thank God, made my peace with him by penitential resolutions against them, and by the assistance of his grace banished them my affections; yet this,

which God knows to be so, is not so visible to man as to free me from their censures, and it may be that sacred calling from a dishonour. And besides, whereas it is determined by the best of casuists, that God's glory should be the first end, and a maintenance the second motive to embrace that calling; and though each man may propose to himself both together, yet the first may not be put last without a violation of conscience, which he that searches the heart will judge. And truly my present condition is such, that if I ask my own conscience, whether it be reconcilable to that rule, it is at this time so perplexed about it, that I can neither give myself nor you an answer. You know, sir, who says, 'Happy is that man whose conscience doth not accuse him for that thing which he does.' To these I might add other reasons that dissuade me; but I crave your favour that I may forbear to express them, and thankfully decline your offer."

This was his present resolution, but the heart of man is not in his own keeping; and he was destined to this sacred service by a higher hand; a hand so powerful, as at last forced him to a compliance; of which I shall give the reader an account before I shall give a rest to my pen.

Mr. Donne and his wife continued with Sir Francis Wolley till his death*: a little before which time, Sir Francis was so happy as to make a perfect reconciliation betwixt Sir George, and his forsaken son and daughter; Sir George conditioning by bond, to pay to Mr. Donne 800*l.* at a certain day, as a portion with his wife, or 20*l.* quarterly for their maintenance, as the interest for it, till the said portion was paid.

Most of those years that he lived with Sir Francis, he studied the Civil and Canon Laws; in which he acquired such a perfection, as was judged to hold proportion with many who had made that study the employment of their whole life.

Sir Francis being dead, and that happy family dissolved, Mr. Donne took for himself a house in Mitcham,—near to Croydon in Surrey,—a place noted for good air and choice company: there his wife and children remained; and for himself he took lodgings in London, near to Whitehall, whither his friends and occasions drew him very often, and where he was as often visited, by many of the nobility and others of this nation, who used him in their counsels of greatest consideration, and with some rewards for his better subsistence.

Nor did our own nobility only value and favour him, but his acquaintance and friendship was sought for by most ambassadors of foreign nations, and by many other strangers, whose learning or business occasioned their stay in this nation.

He was much importuned by many friends to make his constant residence in London; but he still denied it, having settled his dear wife and children at Mitcham, and near some friends that were bountiful to them and him; for they, God knows, needed it: and that you may the better now judge of the then present condition of his mind and fortune, I shall present you with an extract collected out of some few of his many letters.

—And the reason why I did not send an answer to your last week's letter, was, because it

* In 1610.

then found me under too great a sadness ; and at present 'tis thus with me : There is not one person, but myself, well of my family : I have already lost half a child, and, with that mischance of hers, my wife is fallen into such a discomposure, as would afflict her too extremely, but that the sickness of all her other children stupifies her, of one of which, in good faith, I have not much hope : and these meet with a fortune so ill provided for physick, and such relief, that if God should ease us with burials, I know not how to perform even that : but I flatter myself with this hope, that I am dying too ; for I cannot waste faster than by such griefs. As for,—

From my hospital at Miteham,
Aug. 10. JOHN DONNE.

Thus he did bemoan himself : and thus in other letters.

— For, we hardly discover a sin, when it is but an omission of some good, and no accusing act : with this or the former I have often suspected myself to be overtaken ; which is, with an over-earnest desire of the next life : and, though I know it is not merely a weariness of this, because I had the same desire when I went with the tide, and enjoyed fairer hopes than I now do ; yet I doubt worldly troubles have increased it : 'tis now spring, and all the pleasures of it displease me ; every other tree blossoms, and I wither : I grow older, and not better ; my strength diminisheth, and my load grows heavier ; and yet I would fain be or do something ; but that I cannot tell what, is no wonder in this time of my sadness ; for to choose is to do ; but to be no part of any body, is as to be nothing : And so I am, and shall so judge myself, unless I could be so incorporated into a part of the world, as by business to contribute some sustentation to the whole. This I made account ; I began early, when I understood the study of our laws ; but was diverted by leaving that, and embracing the worst voluptuousness, an hydroptic immoderate desire of human learning and languages : beautiful ornaments indeed to men of great fortunes, but mine was grown so low as to need an occupation ; which I thought I entered well into, when I subjected myself to such a service as I thought might exercise my poor abilities : and there I stumbled, and fell too ; and now I am become so little, or such a nothing, that I am not a subject good enough for one of my own letters.—Sir, I fear my present discontent does not proceed from a good root, that I am so well content to be nothing, that is, dead. But, sir, though my fortune hath made me such, as that I am rather a sickness or a disease of the world, than any part of it, and therefore neither love it, nor life ; yet I would gladly live to become some such thing as you should not repent loving me : Sir, your own soul cannot be more zealous for your good, than I am ; and God, who loves that zeal in me, will not suffer you to doubt it : You would pity me now, if you saw me write, for my pain hath drawn my head so much awry, and holds it so, that my eye cannot follow my pen. I therefore receive you into my prayers with mine own weary soul, and commend myself to yours. I doubt not but next week will bring you good news, for I have either mending or dying on my

side : but, if I do continue longer thus, I shall have comfort in this, that my blessed Saviour in exercising his justice upon my two worldly parts, my fortune and my body, reserves all his mercy for that which most needs it, my soul ! which is, I doubt, too like a porter, that is very often near the gate, and yet goes not out. Sir, I profess to you truly, that my loathness to give over writing now, seems to myself a sign that I shall write no more.—

Your poor friend, and
God's poor patient,

Sept. 7. JOHN DONNE.

By this you have seen a part of the picture of his narrow fortune, and the perplexities of his generous mind ; and thus it continued with him for about two years, all which time his family remained constantly at Miteham ; and to which place he often retired himself, and destined some days to a constant study of some points of controversy betwixt the English and Roman Church, and especially those of Supremacy and Allegiance : and to that place and such studies he could willingly have wedded himself during his life : but the earnest persuasion of friends became at last to be so powerful, as to cause the removal of himself and family to London, where Sir Robert Drewry*, a gentleman of a very noble estate, and a more liberal mind, assigned him and his wife an useful apartment in his own large house in Drury-lane, and not only rent free, but was also a cherisher of his studies, and such a friend as sympathized with him and his, in all their joy and sorrows.

At this time of Mr. Donne's and his wife's living in Sir Robert's house, the Lord Hay was, by King James, sent upon a glorious embassy to the then French king, Henry the Fourth ; and Sir Robert put on a sudden resolution to accompany him to the French court, and to be present at his audience there. And Sir Robert put on as sudden a resolution, to solicit Mr. Donne to be his companion in that journey. And this desire was suddenly made known to his wife, who was then with child, and otherwise under so dangerous a habit of body, as to her health, that she professed an unwillingness to allow him any absence from her ; saying, Her divining soul boded her some ill in his absence ; and therefore desired him not to leave her. This made Mr. Donne lay aside all thoughts of the journey, and really to resolve against it.

* The eldest son of Sir William Drury of Howsted, in Suffolk, who was killed in a duel in France in 1589. When he was not more than fourteen, he accompanied the Earl of Essex to the unsuccessful siege of Rouen, and was knighted on that occasion. He married Anne, daughter of Sir Nicholas Bacon of Redgrave, in Suffolk. In 1610 he lost his daughter Dorothy, to whose memory Dr. Donne composed two poems, "An Anatomie of the World," and "The Progress of the Soule." In March of the same year, Sir Robert built and endowed an almshouse for widows, at Ilawsted ; and in 1612, went with Dr. Donne to Paris. Walton seems to have fallen into an error respecting the date and occasion of this journey, since Lord Hay was not sent as ambassador to Paris until July, 1616, and Sir Robert Drury died on the 2d of April, 1615. Drury House stood at the lower end of Drury-lane and upper end of Wych-street. It was afterwards the seat of William, Earl of Craven, who made considerable additions to it, and gave it the name of Craven House. The remains of Craven House were taken down in 1809, and the Olympic theatre now stands on part of its site.

But Sir Robert became restless in his persuasions for it, and Mr. Donne was so generous as to think he had sold his liberty, when he received so many charitable kindnesses from him; and told his wife so; who did therefore, with an unwilling-willingness, give a faint consent to the journey, which was proposed to be but for two months; for about that time they determined their return. Within a few days after this resolve, the ambassador, Sir Robert, and Mr. Donne, left London; and were the twelfth day got all safe to Paris. Two days after their arrival there, Mr. Donne was left alone in that room, in which Sir Robert, and he and some other friends, had dined together. To this place Sir Robert returned within half an hour; and as he left, so he found, Mr. Donne alone: but in such an ecstasy, and so altered as to his looks, as amazed Sir Robert to behold him; insomuch that he earnestly desired Mr. Donne to declare what had befallen him in the short time of his absence. To which Mr. Donne was not able to make a present answer: but, after a long and perplexed pause, did at last say, "I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you: I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms: this I have seen since I saw you." To which Sir Robert replied, "Sure, sir, you have slept since I saw you; and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake." To which Mr. Donne's reply was: "I cannot be surer that I now live, than that I have not slept since I saw you: and am as sure, that at her second appearing, she stopped, and looked me in the face, and vanished."—Rest and sleep had not altered Mr. Donne's opinion the next day: for he then affirmed this vision with a more deliberate, and so confirmed a confidence, that he inclined Sir Robert to a faint belief that the vision was true.—It is truly said, that desire and doubt have no rest; and it proved so with Sir Robert; for he immediately sent a servant to Drewry-house, with a charge to hasten back, and bring him word, whether Mrs. Donne were alive; and, if alive, in what condition she was as to her health. The twelfth day the messenger returned with this account,—that he found and left Mrs. Donne very sad, and sick in her bed; and that, after a long and dangerous labour, she had been delivered of a dead child. And, upon examination, the abortion proved to be the same day, and about the very hour, that Mr. Donne affirmed he saw her pass by him in his chamber.

This is a relation that will beget some wonder, and it well may; for most of our world are at present possessed with an opinion, that visions and miracles are ceased. And, though it is most certain, that two lutes being both strung and tuned to an equal pitch, and then one played upon, the other, that is not touched, being laid upon a table at a fit distance, will—like an echo to a trumpet—warble, a faint audible harmony in answer to the same tune; yet many will not believe there is any such thing as a sympathy of souls; and I am well pleased, that every reader do enjoy his own opinion. But if the unbelieving will not allow the believing reader of this story a liberty to believe that it may be true, then I wish him to consider, many wise men have believed

that the ghost of Julius Cæsar did appear to Brutus, and that both St. Austin, and Monica his mother, had visions in order to his conversion. And though these, and many others—too many to name—have but the authority of human story, yet the incredible reader may find in the Sacred story*, that Samuel did appear to Saul eve after his death—whether really or not I undertake not to determine.—And Bildad, in the Book of Job, says these words†: "A spirit passed before my face; the hair of my head stood up; fear and trembling came upon me, and made all my bones to shake." Upon which words I will make no comment, but leave them to be considered by the incredulous reader; to whom I will also commend this following consideration: That there be many pious and learned men, that believe our merciful God hath assigned to every man a particular guardian angel, to be his constant monitor; and to attend him in all his dangers, both of body and soul. And the opinion that every man hath his particular angel may gain some authority by the relation of St. Peter's miraculous deliverance out of prison‡, not by many, but by one angel. And this belief may yet gain more credit, by the reader's considering, that when Peter after his enlargement knocked at the door of Mary the mother of John, and Rhode, the maid-servant, being surprised with joy that Peter was there, did not let him in, but ran in haste, and told the disciples—who were then and there met together—that Peter was at the door; and they, not believing it, said she was mad: yet, when she again affirmed it, though they then believed it not, yet they concluded, and said, "It is his angel."

More observations of this nature, and inferences from them, might be made to gain the relation of a firmer belief: but I forbear, lest I, that intended to be but a relator, may be thought to be an engaged person for the proving what was related to me; and yet I think myself bound to declare, that though it was not told me by Mr. Donne himself, it was told me—now long since—by a person of honour, and of such intimacy with him, that he knew more of the secrets of his soul than any person then living: and I think he told me the truth; for it was told with such circumstances, and such asseveration, that—to say nothing of my own thoughts—I verily believe he that told it me, did himself believe it to be true.

I forbear the reader's farther trouble, as to the relation, and what concerns it; and will conclude mine, with commending to his view a copy of verses given by Mr. Donne to his wife at the time he then parted from her. And I beg leave to tell, that I have heard some critics, learned both in languages and poetry, say, that none of the Greek or Latin poets did ever equal them.

A VALEDICTION, FORBIDDING TO MOURN.

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls, to go,

While some of their sad friends do say,

"The breath goes now," and some say, "No:"

So let us melt, and make no noise,

No tear-floods, nor sigh tempests move;

'Twere profanation of our joys,

To tell the laity our love.

* I Sam. xxviii. 14.

† Job iv. 13-16.

‡ Acts xii. 7-10. Ib. 13-15.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears:
Men reckon what it did or meant:
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers' love
—Whose soul is sense—cannot admit
Absence, because that doth remove
Those things which elemented it.

But we, by a love so far refined,
That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
Care not hands, eyes, or lips to miss.

Our two souls therefore, which are one,
—Though I must go,—endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If we be two? we are two so
As stiff twin-compasses are two:
Thy soul, the fix'd foot, makes no show
To move, but does if th' other do.

And though thine in the centre sit,
Yet, when my other far does roam,
Thine leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as mine comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
Like th' other foot, obliquely run:
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And me to end where I begun.

I return from my account of the vision, to tell the reader, that both before Mr. Donne's going into France, at his being there, and after his return, many of the nobility and others that were powerful at court, were watchful and solicitous to the king for some secular employment for him. The king had formerly both known and put a value upon his company, and had also given him some hopes of a state employment; being always much pleased when Mr. Donne attended him, especially at his meals; where there were usually many deep discourses of general learning, and very often friendly disputes, or debates of religion, between his majesty and those divines, whose places required their attendance on him at those times; particularly the Dean of the Chapel, who then was Bishop Montague*—the publisher of

* The fifth son to Sir Edward Montague, and brother to Edward, the first lord Montague, of Broughton, eminent for his learning and liberality, and usually called "King James's Ecclesiastical Favourite." He was created Bishop of Bath and Wells by King James, and afterwards translated to the see of Winchester, which he filled only two years, dying in 1618. He was buried in the Abbey church of Bath, which, while he filled the see of Bath and Wells, he repaired and beautified at a great expense, having been incited to this act of munificence in the following manner. When he held his primary visitation in the church at Bath, the business being done and the benediction given, Sir John Harrington stood up in the midst of the congregation, and addressed his lordship in a Latin poem on the ruinous state of the buildings of the church, and concluded with a prophecy of its future flourishing and beautiful condition under the auspices of the bishop.

To nempe ad decus hoc peperit Natura; replevit
Dolibus eximiis Deus: ars perfecta polivit;
In gremio refoves ter magni gratia regis
Ditavitque bonis tanta ad molimina nativ.
Huc tua te virtus sorte ancillante, propellit,
Euge; opus hoc miræ pietatis perfice.

The bishop, so far from being displeased at this bold and unusual address, answered it in a short Latin speech, and promised to restore the cathedral.

the learned and eloquent works of his majesty—and the most Reverend Doctor Andrews†, the late learned Bishop of Winchester, who was then the king's almoner.

About this time there grew many disputes, that concerned the oath of supremacy and allegiance, in which the king had appeared, and engaged himself by his public writings now extant; and his majesty discoursing with Mr. Donne, concerning many of the reasons which are usually urged against the taking of those oaths, apprehended such a validity and clearness in his stating the questions, and his answers to them, that his majesty commanded him to bestow some time in drawing the arguments into a method, and then to write his answers to them; and, having done that, not to send, but be his own messenger, and bring them to him. To this he presently and diligently applied himself, and within six weeks brought them to him under his own hand-writing, as they be now printed; the book bearing the name of Pseudo-Martyr, printed anno 1610.

When the king had read and considered that book, he persuaded Mr. Donne to enter into the ministry; to which, at that time, he was, and appeared, very unwilling, apprehending it—such was his mistaken modesty—to be too weighty for his abilities; and though his majesty had promised him a favour, and many persons of worth mediated with his majesty for some secular employment for him,—to which his education had apted him—and particularly the Earl of Somerset‡, when in his greatest height of favour; who being then at Theobald's with the king, where one of the clerks of the council died that night, the earl posted a messenger for Mr. Donne to come to him immediately, and at Mr. Donne's coming, said, "Mr. Donne, to testify the reality of my affection, and my purpose to prefer you, stay in this garden till I go up to the king, and bring you word that you are clerk of the council: doubt not my doing this, for I know the king loves you, and know the king will not deny me." But the king gave a positive denial to all requests, and, having a discerning spirit, replied, "I know Mr. Donne is a learned man, has the abilities of a learned divine, and will prove a powerful preacher; and my desire is to prefer him that way, and in that way I will deny you nothing for him." After that time, as he professeth§, the king descended to a persuasion, almost to a solicitation, of him to enter into sacred orders: which, though he then denied not, yet he deferred it for almost three years. All which time he applied himself to an incessant

† One of the translators of King James's Bible; a man celebrated for his learning and piety. He is said to have possessed a critical and accurate knowledge of at least fifteen modern tongues. His writings were numerous; but that best known, and perhaps most deservedly so, is his Manual of Devotion, which was seldom out of his hand for some time before his death, and was found worn with his fingers and wet with his tears. A modern editor thus recommends it to the reader:—"When thou hast bought the book, enter into thy closet and shut the door; pray with Bishop Andrews for one week, and he will be thy companion for the residue of thy years; he will be pleasant in thy life, and in thy death he will not forsake thee." He departed this life at Winchester House in Southwark, on the 25th of September 1626, in the seventy-first year of his age.

‡ The notorious Robert Carr.

§ In his Book of Devotions.

study of textual divinity, and to the attainment of a greater perfection in the learned languages, Greek and Hebrew.

In the first and most blessed times of Christianity, when the clergy were looked upon with reverence, and deserved it, when they overcame their opposers by high examples of virtue, by a blessed patience and long-suffering, those only were then judged worthy the ministry, whose quiet and meek spirits did make them look upon that sacred calling with an humble adoration and fear to undertake it; which indeed requires such great degrees of humility, and labour, and care, that none but such were then thought worthy of that celestial dignity. And such only were then sought out, and solicited to undertake it. This I have mentioned, because forwardness and inconsideration could not, in Mr. Donne, as in many others, be an argument of insufficiency or unfitness; for he had considered long, and had many strifes within himself concerning the strictness of life, and competency of learning, required in such as enter into sacred orders; and doubtless, considering his own demerits, did humbly ask God with St. Paul, "Lord, who is sufficient for these things?" and with meek Moses, "Lord, who am I?" And sure, if he had consulted with flesh and blood, he had not for these reasons put his hand to that holy plough. But God, who is able to prevail, wrestled with him, as the angel did with Jacob, and marked him; marked him for his own; marked him with a blessing, a blessing of obedience to the motions of his blessed Spirit. And then, as he had formerly asked God with Moses, "Who am I?" so now, being inspired with an apprehension of God's particular mercy to him, in the king's and others' solicitations of him, he came to ask King David's thankful question, "Lord, who am I, that thou art so mindful of me?" So mindful of me, as to lead me for more than forty years through this wilderness of the many temptations and various turnings of a dangerous life; so merciful to me, as to move the learnedest of kings to descend to move me to serve at the altar! So merciful to me, as at last to move my heart to embrace this holy motion! Thy motions I will and do embrace: and I now say with the blessed Virgin, "Be it with thy servant as seemeth best in thy sight:" and so, blessed Jesus, I do take the cup of salvation, and will call upon thy name, and will preach thy gospel.

Such strifes as these St. Austin had, when St. Ambrose endeavoured his conversion to Christianity; with which he confesseth he acquainted his friend Alipius. Our learned author,—a man fit to write after no mean copy—did the like. And declaring his intentions to his dear friend Dr. King, then Bishop of London, a man famous in his generation, and no stranger to Mr. Donne's abilities,—for he had been chaplain to the lord chancellor, at the time of Mr. Donne's being his lordship's secretary—that reverend man did receive the news with much gladness; and, after some expressions of joy, and a persuasion to be constant in his pious purpose, he proceeded with all convenient speed to ordain him first deacon, and then priest not long after.

Now the English church had gained a second St. Austin; for I think none was so like him before his conversion, none so like St. Ambrose

after it: and if his youth had the infirmities of the one, his age had the excellencies of the other; the learning and holiness of both.

And now all his studies, which had been occasionally diffused, were all concentrated in divinity. Now he had a new calling, new thoughts, and a new employment for his wit and eloquence. Now, all his earthly affections were changed into divine love; and all the faculties of his own soul were engaged in the conversion of others; in preaching the glad tidings of remission to repenting sinners, and peace to each troubled soul. To these he applied himself with all care and diligence: and now such a change was wrought in him, that he could say with David, "O how amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord God of hosts!" Now he declared openly, that when he required a temporal, God gave him a spiritual blessing. And that he was now gladder to be a door-keeper in the house of God, than he could be to enjoy the noblest of all temporal employments.

Presently after he entered into his holy profession, the king sent for him, and made him his chaplain in ordinary, and promised to take a particular care for his preferment.

And, though his long familiarity with scholars and persons of greatest quality, was such as might have given some men boldness enough to have preached to any eminent auditory; yet his modesty in this employment was such that he could not be persuaded to it, but went usually accompanied with some one friend to preach privately in some village, not far from London; his first sermon being preached at Paddington. This he did, till his majesty sent and appointed him a day to preach to him at Whitehall; and, though much were expected from him, both by his majesty and others, yet he was so happy—which few are—as to satisfy and exceed their expectations: preaching the word so, as showed his own heart was possessed with those very thoughts and joys that he laboured to distil into others: a preacher in earnest; weeping sometimes for his auditory, sometimes with them; always preaching to himself, like an angel from a cloud, but in none; carrying some, as St. Paul was, to heaven in holy raptures, and enticing others by a sacred art and courtship to amend their lives: here picturing a vice so as to make it ugly to those that practised it; and a virtue so as to make it beloved, even by those that loved it not; and all this with a most particular grace and an unexpressible addition of comeliness.

There may be some that may incline to think—such indeed as have not heard him—that my affection to my friend hath transported me to an immoderate commendation of his preaching. If this meets with any such, let me entreat, though I will omit many, yet that they will receive a double witness for what I say; it being attested by a gentleman of worth,—Mr. Chidley*, a frequent hearer of his sermons—in part of a funeral elegy writ by him on Dr. Donne; and is a known truth, though it be in verse.

— Each altar had his fire—
He kept his love, but not his object; wit
He did not banish, but transplanted it;

* Mr. John Chudleigh, M.A., of Wadham College in Oxford, and the eldest son of Sir George Chudleigh, Bart., of Alston, in Devonshire.

Taught it both time and place, and brought it home
To piety, which it doth best become.

* * * * *

For say, had ever pleasure such a dress?
Have you seen crimes so shaped, or loveliness
Such as his lips did clothe Religion in?
Had not reproof a beauty passing Sin?
Corrupted Nature sorrow'd that she stood
So near the danger of becoming good.
And, when he prech'd, she wish'd her ears exempt
From piety, that had such power to tempt.
How did his sacred flattery beguile
Men to amend?—

More of this, and more witnesses, might be brought;
but I forbear and return.

That summer, in the very same month in which he entered into sacred orders, and was made the king's chaplain, his majesty then going his progress, was entreated to receive an entertainment in the University of Cambridge: and Mr. Donne attending his majesty at that time, his majesty was pleased to recommend him to the University, to be made doctor in divinity. Doctor Harsnett*—after Archbishop of York—was then Vice-Chancellor, who, knowing him to be the author of that learned book the Pseudo-Martyr, required no other proof of his abilities, but proposed it to the University, who presently assented, and expressed a gladness, that they had such an occasion to entitle him to be theirs.

His abilities and industry in his profession were so eminent, and he so known and so beloved by persons of quality, that within the first year of his entering into sacred orders, he had fourteen advowsons of several benefices presented to him; but they were in the country, and he could not leave his beloved London, to which place he had a natural inclination, having received both his birth and education in it, and there contracted a friendship with many, whose conversation multiplied the joys of his life; but an employment that might affix him to that place would be welcome, for he needed it.

Immediately after his return from Cambridge, his wife died†, leaving him a man of a narrow unsettled estate, and—having buried five—the careful father of seven children then living, to whom he gave a voluntary assurance, never to bring them under the subjection of a step-mother; which promise he kept most faithfully, burying with his tears all his earthly joys in his most dear and deserving wife's grave, and betook himself to a most retired and solitary life.

In this retiredness, which was often from the sight of his dearest friends, he became crucified to the world, and all those vanities, those imaginary pleasures, that are daily acted on that restless stage; and they were as perfectly crucified to him. Nor is it hard to think—being, passions may be both changed and heightened by accidents—but that that abundant affection which once was betwixt him and her, who had long been the delight of his eyes, and the companion of his

youth; her with whom he had divided so many pleasant sorrows and contented fears as common people are not capable of;—not hard to think but that she being now removed by death, a commensurable grief took as full a possession of him as joy had done; and so indeed it did; for now his very soul was elemented of nothing but sadness; now grief took so full a possession of his heart, as to leave no place for joy. If it did, it was a joy to be alone, where, like a pelican in the wilderness, he might bemoan himself without witness or restraint, and pour forth his passions like Job in the days of his affliction. Oh that I might have the desire of my heart! Oh that God would grant the thing that I long for! For then, as the grave is become her house, so I would hasten to make it mine also; that we two might there make our beds together in the dark. Thus, as the Israelites sat mourning by the rivers of Babylon, when they remembered Sion; so he gave some ease to his oppressed heart by thus venting his sorrows: thus he began the day, and ended the night; ended the restless night and began the weary day in lamentations. And thus he continued, till a consideration of his new engagements to God, and St. Paul's—"Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel!" dispersed those sad clouds that had then benighted his hopes, and now forced him to behold the light.

His first motion from his house was to preach where his beloved wife lay buried,—in St. Clement's church, near Temple Bar, London,—and his text was a part of the Prophet Jeremy's Lamentation: "Lo, I am the man that have seen affliction."

And, indeed, his very words and looks testified him to be truly such a man; and they, with the addition of his sighs and tears, expressed in his sermon, did so work upon the affections of his hearers, as melted and moulded them into a companionable sadness; and so they left the congregation; but then their houses presented them with objects of diversion, and his presented him with nothing but fresh objects of sorrow, in beholding many helpless children, a narrow fortune, and a consideration of the many cares and casualties that attend their education.

In this time of sadness he was importuned by the grave benchers of Lincoln's Inn—who were once the companions and friends of his youth—to accept of their Lecture, which, by reason of Dr. Gataker's‡ removal from thence, was then void; of which he accepted, being most glad to renew his intermitted friendship with those whom he so much loved, and where he had been a Saul,—though not to persecute Christianity, or to deride it, yet in his irregular youth to neglect the visible practice of it,—there to become a Paul, and preach salvation to his beloved brethren.

And now his life was as a shining light among his old friends; now he gave an ocular testimony of the strictness and regularity of it: now he might say, as St. Paul adviseth his Corinthians, "Be ye followers of me, as I follow Christ, and

* Dr. Samuel Harsnett, Master of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, was vice-chancellor of that university in 1605 and 1614, successively Bishop of Chichester and of Norwich, and Archbishop of York. He died March 12, 1630.

† Mrs. Donne died August 15th, 1617, on the seventh day after the birth of her twelfth child, and was buried in the parish church of St. Clement Danes, where a monument is erected to her memory.

‡ Mr. Thomas Gataker was, in the words of Echard, "remarkable for his skill in Greek and Hebrew, and the most celebrated among the assembly of divines;" and he adds, "It is hard to say which was most remarkable, his exemplary piety and charity, his polite literature, or his humility and modesty in refusing preferment." He died in 1654, in the eightieth year of his age.

walk as ye have me for an example ;" not the example of a busy-body, but of a contemplative, a harmless, an humble, and an holy life and conversation.

The love of that noble Society was expressed to him many ways ; for, besides fair lodgings that were set apart and newly furnished for him with all necessities, other courtesies were also daily added ; indeed so many, and so freely, as if they meant their gratitude should exceed his merits : and in this love-strife of desert and liberality, they continued for the space of two years, he preaching faithfully and constantly to them, and they liberally requiting him. About which time the Emperor of Germany died, and the palsgrave, who had lately married the Lady Elizabeth, the king's only daughter, was elected and crowned King of Bohemia, the unhappy beginning of many miseries in that nation.

King James, whose motto—*Beati pacifici*—did truly speak the very thoughts of his heart, endeavoured first to prevent, and after to compose, the discords of that discomposed state ; and, amongst other his endeavours, did then send the Lord Hay, Earl of Doncaster, his ambassador to those unsettled princes ; and, by a special command from his majesty, Dr. Donne was appointed to assist and attend that employment to the Princes of the Union ; for which the earl was most glad, who had always put a great value on him, and taken a great pleasure in his conversation and discourse : and his friends at Lincoln's Inn were as glad ; for they feared that his immoderate study, and sadness for his wife's death, would, as Jacob said, "make his days few," and, respecting his bodily health, "evil" too ; and of this there were many visible signs.

At his going, he left his friends of Lincoln's Inn, and they him, with many reluctations : for, though he could not say as St. Paul to his Ephesians, "Behold, you, to whom I have preached the kingdom of God, shall from henceforth see my face no more ;" yet he, believing himself to be in a consumption, questioned, and they feared it : all concluding that his troubled mind, with the help of his unintermitted studies, hastened the decays of his weak body. But God, who is the God of all wisdom and goodness, turned it to the best ; for this employment—to say nothing of the event of it—did not only divert him from those too serious studies and sad thoughts, but seemed to give him a new life, by a true occasion of joy, to be an eye-witness of the health of his most dear and most honoured mistress, the Queen of Bohemia, in a foreign nation ; and to be a witness of that gladness which she expressed to see him : who, having formerly known him a courtier, was much joyed to see him in a canonical habit, and more glad to be an ear-witness of his excellent and powerful preaching.

About fourteen months after his departure out of England, he returned to his friends of Lincoln's Inn, with his sorrows moderated, and his health improved ; and there betook himself to his constant course of preaching.

About a year after his return out of Germany, Dr. Carey* was made bishop of Exeter, and by

* Valentine Carey, Master of Christ's College in Cambridge and Dean of St. Paul's, is said to have been born in Northumberland. He was consecrated Bishop of

his removal the deanery of St. Paul's being vacant, the king sent to Dr. Donne, and appointed him to attend him at dinner the next day. When his majesty was sat down, before he had eat any meat, he said after his pleasant manner, "Dr. Donne, I have invited you to dinner ; and, though you sit not down with me, yet I will carve to you of a dish that I know you love well ; for, knowing you love London, I do therefore make you Dean of Paul's ; and, when I have dined, then do you take your beloved dish home to your study, say grace there to yourself, and much good may it do you."

Immediately after he came to his deanery, he employed workmen to repair and beautify the chapel ; suffering, as holy David once vowed, "his eyes and temples to take no rest, till he had first beautified the house of God."

The next quarter following, when his father-in-law, Sir George Moore,—whom time had made a lover and admirer of him—came to pay to him the conditioned sum of twenty pounds, he refused to receive it ; and said—as good Jacob did when he heard his beloved son Joseph was alive, "It is enough."—You have been kind to me and mine : I know your present condition is such as not to abound, and I hope mine is, or will be such as not to need it : I will therefore receive no more from you upon that contract ;" and in testimony of it freely gave him up his bond.

Immediately after his admission into his deanery, the vicarage of St. Dunstan in the West, London, fell to him by the death of Dr. White†, the advowson of it having been given to him long before by his honourable friend Richard Earl of Dorset, then the patron, and confirmed by his brother the late deceased Edward‡, both of them men of much honour.

By these, and another ecclesiastical endowment which fell to him about the same time, given to him formerly by the Earl of Kent, he was enabled to become charitable to the poor, and kind to his friends, and to make such provision for his children that they were not left scandalous, as relating to their or his profession and quality.

The next parliament, which was within that present year, he was chosen prolocutor to the convocation, and about that time was appointed by his majesty, his most gracious master, to preach very many occasional sermons, as at St. Paul's Cross, and other places. All which employments he performed to the admiration of the representative body of the whole clergy of this nation.

He was once, and but once, clouded with the king's displeasure, and it was about this time ; which was occasioned by some malicious whis-

Exeter November 20th, 1620. He died on the 10th of June, 1626.

† Dr. Thomas White was a native of Bristol, where his memory yet flourishes, being preserved by the almshouses which he erected and endowed there. He was also a benefactor to Sion College, and founded a lecture on moral philosophy at Oxford. He stood high as a preacher, but was not known as an author otherwise than by the publication of some sermons. He died 1st March, 1623.

‡ A nobleman of high talents and accomplishments. His name is familiar to us as having been one of the parties concerned in the melancholy duel with his intimate friend Lord Bruce, the particulars of which are related in the Guardian, Nos. 129-133.

perer, who had told his majesty that Dr. Donne had put on the general humour of the pulpits, and was become busy in insinuating a fear of the king's inclining to popery, and a dislike of his government; and particularly for the king's then turning the Evening Lectures into catechising, and expounding the Prayer of our Lord, and of the Belief, and Commandments. His majesty was the more inclinable to believe this, for that a person of nobility, and great note, betwixt whom and Dr. Donne there had been a great friendship, was at this very time discarded the court—I shall forbear his name, unless I had a fairer occasion—and justly committed to prison; which begot many rumours in the common people, who in this nation think they are not wise, unless they be busy about what they understand not, and especially about religion.

The king received this news with so much discontent and restlessness, that he would not suffer the sun to set and leave him under this doubt; but sent for Dr. Donne, and required his answer to the accusation; which was so clear and satisfactory, that the king said, he was right glad he rested no longer under the suspicion. When the king had said this, Doctor Donne kneeled down, and thanked his majesty, and protested his answer was faithful, and free from all collusion, and therefore desired that he might not rise, till, as in like cases, he always had from God, so he might have from his majesty, some assurance that he stood clear and fair in his opinion. At which the king raised him from his knees with his own hands, and protested he believed him; and that he knew he was an honest man, and doubted not but that he loved him truly. And, having thus dismissed him, he called some lords of his council into his chamber, and said, with much earnestness, "My Doctor is an honest man; and, my lords, I was never better satisfied with an answer than he hath now made me; and I always rejoice when I think that by my means he became a divine."

He was made dean in the fiftieth year of his age; and in his fifty-fourth year, a dangerous sickness seized him, which inclined him to a consumption; but God, as Job thankfully acknowledged, "preserved his spirit," and kept his intellectuals as clear and perfect as when that sickness first seized his body; but it continued long, and threatened him with death, which he dreaded not.

In this distemper of body, his dear friend, Dr. Henry King,—then chief residentiary of that church, and late Bishop of Chichester—a man generally known by the clergy of this nation, and as generally noted for his obliging nature, visited him daily; and observing that his sickness rendered his recovery doubtful, he chose a seasonable time to speak to him to this purpose.

"Mr. Dean, I am, by your favour, no stranger to your temporal estate, and you are no stranger to the offer lately made us, for the renewing a lease of the best prebend's corps belonging to our church; and you know it was denied, for that our tenant being very rich, offered to fine at so low a rate as held not proportion with his advantages: but I will either raise him to an higher sum, or procure that the other residentiaries shall join to accept of what was offered: one of these, I can and will by your favour do without delay, and without any trouble either to your body or mind.

I beseech you to accept of my offer, for I know it will be a considerable addition to your present estate, which I know needs it."

To this, after a short pause, and raising himself upon his bed, he made this reply:—

"My most dear friend, I most humbly thank you for your many favours, and this in particular; but in my present condition I shall not accept of your proposal; for doubtless there is such a sin as sacrilege; if there were not, it could not have a name in Scripture: and the primitive clergy were watchful against all appearances of that evil; and indeed then all Christians looked upon it with horror and detestation, judging it to be even an open defiance of the power and providence of Almighty God, and a sad presage of a declining religion. But instead of such Christians, who had selected times set apart to fast and pray to God, for a pious clergy, which they then did obey, our times abound with men that are busy and litigious about trifles and church-ceremonies, and yet so far from scrupling sacrilege, that they make not so much as a quere what it is: but I thank God I have; and dare not now upon my sick bed, when Almighty God hath made me useless to the service of the church, make any advantages out of it. But if he shall again restore me to such a degree of health as again to serve at his altar, I shall then gladly take the reward which the bountiful benefactors of this church have designed me; for God knows my children and relations will need it. In which number, my mother,—whose credulity and charity has contracted a very plentiful to a very narrow estate—must not be forgotten. But Dr. King, if I recover not, that little worldly estate that I shall leave behind me—that very little, when divided into eight parts—must, if you deny me not so charitable a favour, fall into your hands, as my most faithful friend and executor; of whose care and justice I make no more doubt, than of God's blessing, on that which I have conscientiously collected for them; but it shall not be augmented on my sick-bed; and this I declare to be my unalterable resolution."

The reply to this was only a promise to observe his request.

Within a few days, his distempers abated; and as his strength increased, so did his thankfulness to Almighty God, testified in his most excellent Book of Devotions, which he published at his recovery; in which the reader may see the most secret thoughts that then possessed his soul, paraphrased and made public: a book that may not unfitly be called a "Sacred Picture of Spiritual Ecstasies," occasioned and applicable to the emergencies of that sickness; which book, being a composition of meditations, disquisitions, and prayers, he writ on his sick bed; herein imitating the holy patriarchs, who were wont to build their altars in that place where they had received their blessings.

This sickness brought him so near to the gates of death, and he saw the grave so ready to devour him, that he would often say, his recovery was supernatural: but that God that then restored his health, continued it to him till the fifty-ninth year of his life; and then, in August, 1630, being with his eldest daughter, Mrs. Harvey, at Abury Hatch, in Essex, he there fell into a fever, which, with the help of his constant infirmity—vapours from

the spleen—hastened him into so visible a consumption, that his beholders might say, as St. Paul of himself, "He dies daily;" and he might say with Job, "My welfare passeth away as a cloud, the days of my affliction have taken hold of me, and weary nights are appointed for me."

Reader, this sickness continued long, not only weakening, but wearying him so much, that my desire is, he may now take some rest; and that before I speak of his death, thou wilt not think it an impertinent digression to look back with me upon some observations of his life, which, whilst a gentle slumber gives rest to his spirits, may, I hope, not unfitly exercise thy consideration.

His marriage was the remarkable error of his life; an error, which, though he had a wit able and very apt to maintain paradoxes, yet he was very far from justifying it: and though his wife's competent years, and other reasons, might be justly urged to moderate severe censures, yet he would occasionally condemn himself for it: and doubtless it had been attended with a heavy repentance, if God had not blessed them with so mutual and cordial affections, as in the midst of their sufferings made their bread of sorrow taste more pleasantly, than the banquets of dull and low-spirited people.

The recreations of his youth were poetry, in which he was so happy, as if nature and all her varieties had been made only to exercise his sharp wit and high fancy; and in those pieces which were facetiously composed and carelessly scattered,—most of them being written before the twentieth year of his age—it may appear by his choice metaphors, that both nature and all the arts joined to assist him with their utmost skill.

It is a truth, that in his penitential years, viewing some of those pieces that had been loosely—God knows, too loosely—scattered in his youth, he wished they had been abortive, or so short-lived that his own eyes had witnessed their funerals: but, though he was no friend to them, he was not so fallen out with heavenly poetry, as to forsake that; no, not in his declining age; witnessed then by many divine sonnets, and other high, holy, and harmonious composures. Yea, even on his former sick-bed he wrote this heavenly hymn, expressing the great joy that then possessed his soul, in the assurance of God's favour to him when he composed it:—

AN HYMN

TO GOD THE FATHER.

Wilt thou forgive that sin where I begun,

Which was my sin, though it were done before?

Wilt thou forgive that sin through which I run,

And do run still, though still I do deplore?

When thou hast done, thou hast not done,

For I have more.

Wilt thou forgive that sin, which I have won

Others to sin, and made my sin their door?

Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shun

A year or two,—but wallow'd in a score?

When thou hast done, thou hast not done,

For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun

My last thread, I shall perish on the shore;

But swear by thyself, that at my death thy Son

Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore;

And having done that, thou hast done,

I fear no more.

I have the rather mentioned this hymn, for that he caused it to be set to a most grave and solemn tune, and to be often sung to the organ by the choristers of St. Paul's church, in his own hearing; especially at the evening service; and at his return from his customary devotions in that place, did occasionally say to a friend, "The words of this hymn have restored to me the same thoughts of joy that possessed my soul in my sickness, when I composed it. And, O the power of church-music! that harmony added to this hymn has raised the affections of my heart, and quickened my graces of zeal and gratitude; and I observe that I always return from paying this public duty of prayer and praise to God, with an unexpressible tranquillity of mind, and a willingness to leave the world."

After this manner did the disciples of our Saviour, and the best of Christians in those ages of the church nearest to his time, offer their praises to Almighty God. And the reader of St. Augustine's life may there find, that towards his dissolution he wept abundantly, that the enemies of Christianity had broke in upon them, and profaned and ruined their sanctuaries, and because their public hymns and lauds were lost out of their churches. And after this manner have many devout souls lifted up their hands, and offered acceptable sacrifices unto Almighty God, where Dr. Donne offered his, and now lies buried.

But now*, oh Lord, how is that place become desolate!

Before I proceed further, I think fit to inform the reader, that not long before his death he caused to be drawn a figure of the body of Christ extended upon an anchor, like those which painters draw, when they would present us with the picture of Christ crucified on the cross: his varying no otherwise, than to affix him not to a cross, but to an anchor—the emblem of Hope;—this he caused to be drawn in little, and then many of those figures thus drawn to be engraven very small in heliotropium stones, and set in gold; and of these he sent to many of his dearest friends, to be used as seals, or rings, and kept as memorials of him, and of his affection to them.

His dear friends and benefactors, Sir Henry Goodier†, and Sir Robert Drewry, could not be of that number; nor could the Lady Magdalen Herbert‡, the mother of George Herbert, for they had put off mortality, and taken possession of the grave before him: but Sir Henry Wotton, and Dr. Hall§, the then late deceased bishop of Norwich,

* 1656.

† Son and heir of Sir William Goodier, of Monkskirby, in Warwickshire, knight, one of the gentlemen of the privy chamber to King James I.

‡ The mother of Mr. George Herbert and of the celebrated Lord Herbert, of Cherbury. She survived her husband, Richard Herbert, Esq., many years; and after his death distinguished herself by the care she gave to the education of her children, who both owed much of their future fame to her attention. She died 11th of July, 1627, and was buried at Chelsea.

§ Dr. Joseph Hall, bishop of Norwich, thus characterised by Camden:—"The learned have given him this character,—that he was 'our English Seneca;' dexterous at controversy, not unhappy at Comments, very good at Characters, better in Sermons, best of all in Meditations and Contemplations." He died on the 8th of September, 1656, in the eighty-second year of his age, and was buried

were; and so were Dr. Duppa*, bishop of Salisbury, and Dr. Henry King, bishop of Chichester, lately deceased—men in whom there was such a commixture of general learning, of natural eloquence, and Christian humility, that they deserve a commemoration by a pen equal to their own, which none have exceeded.

And in this enumeration of his friends, though many must be omitted, yet that man of primitive piety, Mr. George Herbert, may not. I mean that George Herbert, who was the author of "The Temple; or, Sacred Poems and Ejaculations." A book, in which by declaring his own spiritual conflicts, he hath comforted and raised many a dejected and discomposed soul, and charmed them into sweet and quiet thoughts: a book, by the frequent reading whereof, and the assistance of that Spirit that seemed to inspire the author, the reader may attain habits of peace and piety, and all the gifts of the Holy Ghost and heaven: and may, by still reading, still keep those sacred fires burning upon the altar of so pure a heart, as shall free it from the anxieties of this world, and keep it fixed upon things that are above. Betwixt this George Herbert and Dr. Donne there was a long and dear friendship, made up by such a sympathy of inclinations, that they coveted and joyed to be in each other's company; and this happy friendship was still maintained by many sacred endearments; of which that which followeth may be some testimony.

TO MR. GEORGE HERBERT;

SENT HIM WITH ONE OF MY SEALS OF THE ANCHOR AND CHRIST.

A sheaf of snakes used heretofore to be my seal, which is the crest of our poor family.

Qui prius assuetus serpentum falce tabellas
Signare, hæc nostræ symbola parva domûs,
Adscitus domui Domini—

Adopted in God's family, and so
My old coat lost, into new arms I go.
The cross, my seal in baptism, spread below,
Does by that form into an anchor grow.
Crosses grow anchors, bear as thou shouldst do
Thy cross, and that cross grows an anchor too.
But he that makes our crosses anchors thus,
Is Christ, who there is crucified for us.
Yet with this I may my first serpents hold;
—God gives new blessings, and yet leaves the old—
The serpent may, as wise, my pattern be;
My poison, as he feeds on dust, that's me.
And, as he rounds the earth to murder, sure
He is my death; but on the cross, my cure.
Crucify nature then; and then implore
All grace from him, crucified there before.

in the churchyard of Higham, in compliance with the express directions in his will, that he should not be buried in the church. "I do not," said he, "hold God's house a meet repository for the dead bodies of the greatest saints."

* Dr. Bryan Duppa, translated from the see of Chichester to that of Salisbury, was deprived of all his preferment at the breaking out of the rebellion. Having faithfully continued his attendance on the king to the time of his death, he retired to Richmond in Surrey, where he passed his time in study and devotion. At the Restoration he was promoted to Winchester, and died March 26, 1662. He was, says Wood, "a person of so clear and eminent candour, that he left not the least spot upon his life or function."

When all is cross, and that cross anchor grown,
This seal's a catechism, not a seal alone.
Under that little seal great gifts I send,
Both works and prayers, pawns and fruits of a friend.
O! may that Saint that rides on our great seal,
To you that bear his name, large bounty deal.

JOHN DONNE.

IN SACRAM ANCHORAM PISCATORIS

GEORGE HERBERT.

Quòd crux nequibat fixa clavique additi,
—Tenere Christum scilicet ne ascenderet,—
Tuive Christum—

Although the cross could not Christ here detain,
When nail'd unto 't, but he ascends again;
Nor yet thy eloquence here keep him still,
But only whilst thou speak'st—this anchor will:
Nor canst thou be content, unless thou to
This certain anchor add a seal, and so
The water and the earth both unto thee
Do owe the symbol of their certainty.
Let the world reel, we and all ours stand sure,
This holy cable's from all storms secure.

GEORGE HERBERT.

I return to tell the reader, that, besides these verses to his dear Mr. Herbert, and that hymn that I mentioned to be sung in the choir of St. Paul's church, he did also shorten and beguile many sad hours by composing other sacred ditties; and he writ an hymn on his death-bed, which bears this title,

AN HYMN TO MY GOD, IN MY SICKNESS.

March 23, 1630.

Since I am coming to that holy room,
Where, with thy choir of saints, for evermore
I shall be made thy music, as I come
I tune my instrument here at the door,
And, what I must do then, think here before.

Since my physicians by their loves are grown
Cosmographers; and I their map, who lie
Flat on this bed—

* * * * *

So, in his purple wrapt, receive me, Lord!
By these, his thorns, give me his other crown:
And, as to other souls I preach'd thy word,
Be this my text, my sermon to mine own,
"That he may raise therefore the Lord throws down."

If these fall under the censure of a soul, whose too much mixture with earth makes it unfit to judge of these high raptures and illuminations, let him know, that many holy and devout men have thought the soul of Prudentius to be most refined, when, not many days before his death, he charged it to present his God each morning and evening with a new and spiritual song; justified by the example of king David and the good king Hezekiah, who, upon the renovation of his years, paid his thankful vows to Almighty God in a royal hymn, which he concludes in these words; "The Lord was ready to save; therefore I will sing my songs to the stringed instruments all the days of my life in the temple of my God."

The latter part of his life may be said to be a continued study; for as he usually preached once a week, if not oftener, so after his sermon he never

gave his eyes rest, till he had chosen out a new text, and that night cast his sermon into a form, and his text into divisions; and the next day betook himself to consult the fathers, and so commit his meditations to his memory, which was excellent. But upon Saturday he usually gave himself and his mind a rest from the weary burthen of his week's meditations, and usually spent that day in visitation of friends, or some other diversions of his thoughts; and would say, that "he gave both his body and mind that refreshment, that he might be enabled to do the work of the day following, not faintly, but with courage and cheerfulness."

Nor was his age only so industrious, but in the most unsettled days of his youth, his bed was not able to detain him beyond the hour of four in a morning; and it was no common business that drew him out of his chamber till past ten: all which time was employed in study; though he took great liberty after it. And if this seem strange, it may gain a belief by the visible fruits of his labours; some of which remain as testimonies of what is here written: for he left the resultance of 1400 authors, most of them abridged and analysed with his own hand: he left also six score of his sermons, all written with his own hand; also an exact and laborious treatise concerning self-murder, called *Biathanatos*; wherein all the laws violated by that act are diligently surveyed, and judiciously censured: a treatise written in his younger days, which alone might declare him then not only perfect in the civil and canon law, but in many other such studies and arguments, as enter not into the consideration of many that labour to be thought great clerks, and pretend to know all things.

Nor were these only found in his study, but all businesses that passed of any public consequence, either in this or any of our neighbour-nations, he abbreviated either in Latin, or in the language of that nation, and kept them by him for useful memorials. So he did the copies of divers letters and cases of conscience that had concerned his friends, with his observations and solutions of them; and divers other businesses of importance, all particularly and methodically digested by himself.

He did prepare to leave the world before life left him; making his will when no faculty of his soul was damped or made defective by pain or sickness, or he surprised by a sudden apprehension of death; but it was made with mature deliberation, expressing himself an impartial father, by making his children's portions equal; and a lover of his friends, whom he remembered with legacies fitly and discreetly chosen and bequeathed. I cannot forbear a nomination of some of them; for methinks they be persons that seem to challenge a recordation in this place; as namely, to his brother-in-law, Sir Thomas Grimes, he gave that striking clock, which he had long worn in his pocket; to his dear friend and executor, Dr. King, —late bishop of Chichester, that model of gold of the Synod of Dort, with which the States presented him at his last being at the Hague; and the two pictures of Padre Paolo and Fulgentio, men of his acquaintance when he travelled Italy, and of great note in that nation for their remarkable learning.

To his ancient friend, Dr. Brook,—that married

him—Master of Trinity College in Cambridge, he gave the picture of the Blessed Virgin and Joseph. — To Dr. Winniff—who succeeded him in the deanery—he gave a picture called the "Skeleton." —To the succeeding dean, who was not then known, he gave many necessities of worth, and useful for his house; and also several pictures and ornaments for the chapel, with a desire that they might be registered, and remain as a legacy to their successors.—To the Earls of Dorset and Carlisle he gave several pictures; and so he did to many other friends; legacies, given rather to express his affection, than to make any addition to their estates; but unto the poor he was full of charity, and unto many others, who, by his constant and long-continued bounty, might entitle themselves to be his *alms-people*: for all these he made provision, and so largely, as, having then six children living, might to some appear more than proportionable to his estate. I forbear to mention any more, lest the reader may think I trespass upon his patience: but I will beg his favour to present him with the beginning and end of his will.

"In the name of the blessed and glorious Trinity,—Amen. I, John Donne, by the mercy of Christ Jesus, and by the calling of the Church of England, Priest, being at this time in good health and perfect understanding,—praised be God therefore—do hereby make my last will and testament in manner and form following:

"First, I give my gracious God an entire sacrifice of body and soul, with my most humble thanks for that assurance which his blessed Spirit implants in me now of the salvation of the one, and the resurrection of the other; and for that constant and cheerful resolution, which the same Spirit hath established in me, to live and die in the religion now professed in the Church of England. In expectation of that resurrection, I desire my body may be buried—in the most private manner that may be—in that place of St. Paul's Church, London, that the now residentiaries have at my request designed for that purpose, &c.—And this my last will and testament, made in the fear of God,—whose mercy I humbly beg, and constantly rely upon in Jesus Christ—and in perfect love and charity with all the world—whose pardon I ask, from the lowest of my servants, to the highest of my superiors—written all with my own hand, and my name subscribed to every page, of which there are five in number.

"Sealed December 13, 1630."

Nor was this blessed sacrifice of charity expressed only at his death, but in his life also, by a cheerful and frequent visitation of any friend whose mind was dejected, or his fortune necessitous: he was inquisitive after the wants of prisoners, and redeemed many from prison, that lay for their fees or small debts: he was a continual giver to poor scholars, both of this and foreign nations. Besides what he gave with his own hand, he usually sent a servant or a discreet and trusty friend, to distribute his charity to all the prisons in London, at all the festival times of the year, especially at the birth and resurrection of our Saviour. He gave a hundred pounds at one time to an old friend, whom he had known live plentifully, and by a too liberal heart and care-

lessness, became decayed in his estate ; and when the receiving of it was denied, by the gentleman's saying, "he wanted not,"—for the reader may note, that as there be some spirits so generous as to labour to conceal and endure a sad poverty, rather than expose themselves to those blushes that attend the confession of it ; so there be others to whom nature and grace have afforded such sweet and compassionate souls, as to pity and prevent the distresses of mankind ;—which I have mentioned because of Dr. Donne's reply, whose answer was, "I know you want not what will sustain nature ; for a little will do that ; but my desire is, that you, who in the days of your plenty have cheered and raised the hearts of so many of your dejected friends, would now receive this from me, and use it as a cordial for the cheering of your own ;" and upon these terms it was received. He was a happy reconciler of many differences in the families of his friends and kindred, which he never undertook faintly ; for such undertakings have usually faint effects, and they had such a faith in his judgment and impartiality, that he never advised them to any thing in vain. He was, even to her death, a most dutiful son to his mother, careful to provide for her supportation, of which she had been destitute, but that God raised him up to prevent her necessities ; who, having sucked in the religion of the Roman church with the mother's milk, spent her estate in foreign countries, to enjoy a liberty in it, and died in his house but three months before him.

And to the end it may appear how just a steward he was of his Lord and Master's revenue, I have thought fit to let the reader know that, after his entrance into his deanery, as he numbered his years, he, at the foot of a private account, to which God and his angels were only witnesses with him, computed first his revenue, then what was given to the poor and other pious uses, and lastly, what rested for him and his ; and having done that, he then blessed each year's poor remainder with a thankful prayer ; which, for that they discover a more than common devotion, the reader shall partake some of them in his own words :—

So all is that remains this year —

Deo Opt. Max. benigno largitori, à me, et ab iis quibus hæc à me reservantur, gloria et gratia in æternum. Amen.

TRANSLATED THUS.

To God, all good, all great, the benevolent bestower, by me, and by them, for whom, by me, these sums are laid up, be glory and grace ascribed for ever. Amen.

So that this year, God hath blessed me and mine with,—

Multiplicatæ sunt super nos misericordiæ tuæ, Domine.

TRANSLATED THUS.

Thy mercies, Oh Lord, are multiplied upon us.

Da, Domine, ut quæ ex immensâ bonitate tuâ nobis elargiri dignatus sis, in quorumcunque manus devenerint, in tuam semper cedant gloriam. Amen.

TRANSLATED THUS.

Grant, oh Lord, that what out of thine infinite bounty thou hast vouchsafed to lavish upon us, into whosoever hands it may devolve, may always be improved to thy glory. Amen.

Infine horum sex annorum manet :—

Quid habeo quod non accepi à Domino? Largitur etiam ut quæ largitus est sua iterum fiant, bono eorum usu ; ut quemadmodum nec officiis hujus mundi, nec loci in quo me posuit dignitati, nec servis, nec egenis, in toto hujus anni curriculo mihi conscius sum me defuisse ; ita et liberi, quibus quæ supersunt, supersunt, grato animo ea accipiant, et beneficium autorem recognoscant. Amen.

TRANSLATED THUS.

At the end of these six years remains :—

What have I which I have not received from the Lord ? He bestows, also, to the intent that what he hath bestowed may revert to him by the proper use of it : that, as I have not consciously been wanting to myself during the whole course of the past year, either in discharging my secular duties, in retaining the dignity of my station, or in my conduct towards my servants and the poor,—so my children, for whom remains whatever is remaining, may receive it with gratitude, and acknowledge the beneficent giver. Amen.

But I return from my long digression.

We left the author sick in Essex, where he was forced to spend much of that winter, by reason of his disability to remove from that place ; and having never, for almost twenty years, omitted his personal attendance on his majesty in that month in which he was to attend and preach to him, nor having ever been left out of the roll and number of Lent preachers, and there being then (in January, 1630) a report brought to London, or raised there, that Dr. Donne was dead, that report gave him occasion to write the following letter to a dear friend :—

"Sir,

"This advantage you and my other friends have by my frequent fevers, that I am so much the oftener at the gates of heaven ; and this advantage by the solitude and close imprisonment that they reduce me to after, that I am so much the oftener at my prayers, in which I shall never leave out your happiness ; and I doubt not, among his other blessings, God will add some one to you for my prayers. A man would almost be content to die, if there were no other benefit in death, to hear of so much sorrow and so much good testimony from good men as I (God be blessed for it) did upon the report of my death ; yet I perceive it went not through all ; for one writ to me, that some (and he said of my friends) conceived I was not so ill as I pretended, but withdrew myself to live at ease, discharged of preaching. It is an unfriendly, and God knows, an ill-grounded interpretation ; for I have always been sorer when I could not preach, than any could be they could not hear me. It hath been my desire, and God may be pleased to grant it, that I might die in the pulpit ; if not that, yet that I might take my death in the pulpit ; that is, die the sooner by occasion of those labours. Sir, I hope to see you presently after Candlemas, about which time will fall my Lent sermon at court, except my lord chamberlain believe me to be dead, and so leave me out of the roll : but as long as I live, and am not speechless, I would not willingly decline that service. I have better leisure to write than you to read, yet I would not willingly oppress you with too much letter. God so bless you and your son, as I wish to

"Your poor friend and servant

"In Christ Jesus,
"J. DONNE."

Before that month ended, he was appointed to preach upon his old constant day, the first Friday in Lent. He had notice of it, and had in his sickness so prepared for that employment, that as he had long thirsted for it, so he resolved his weakness should not hinder his journey; he came therefore to London some few days before his appointed day of preaching. At his coming thither, many of his friends, who with sorrow saw his sickness had left him but so much flesh as did only cover his bones, doubted his strength to perform that task, and did therefore dissuade him from undertaking it, assuring him, however, it was like to shorten his life; but he passionately denied their requests, saying, he would not doubt that that God, who in so many weaknesses had assisted him with an unexpected strength, would now withdraw it in his last employment; professing an holy ambition to perform that sacred work. And when, to the amazement of some beholders, he appeared in the pulpit, many of them thought he presented himself not to preach mortification by a living voice, but mortality by a decayed body, and a dying face. And doubtless many did secretly ask that question in Ezekiel*. Do these bones live? or, can that soul organise that tongue, to speak so long time as the sand in that glass will move towards its centre, and measure out an hour of this dying man's unspent life? Doubtless it cannot. And yet, after some faint pauses in his zealous prayer, his strong desires enabled his weak body to discharge his memory of his preconceived meditations, which were of dying, the text being, "To God the Lord belong the issues from death." Many that then saw his tears, and heard his faint and hollow voice, professing they thought the text prophetically chosen, and that Dr. Donne had preached his own funeral sermon.

Being full of joy that God had enabled him to perform this desired duty, he hastened to his house; out of which he never moved, till, like St. Stephen, he was carried by devout men to his grave.

The next day after his sermon, his strength being much wasted, and his spirits so spent as indisposed him to business or to talk, a friend, that had often been a witness of his free and facetious discourse, asked him, "Why are you sad?" To whom he replied, with a countenance so full of cheerful gravity, as gave testimony of an inward tranquillity of mind, and of a soul willing to take a farewell of this world; and said,—

"I am not sad; but most of the night past I have entertained myself with many thoughts of several friends that have left me here, and are gone to that place from which they shall not return; and that within a few days I also shall go hence, and be no more seen. And my preparation for this change is become my nightly meditation upon my bed, which my infirmities have now made restless to me. But at this present time, I was in a serious contemplation of the Providence and Goodness of God to me; to me, who am less than the least of his mercies; and looking back upon my life past, I now plainly see it was his hand that prevented me from all temporal employment; and that it was his will I should never settle nor thrive till I entered into the ministry; in which I have now lived almost twenty years—

I hope to his glory,—and by which, I most humbly thank him, I have been enabled to requite most of those friends which showed me kindness when my fortune was very low, as God knows it was: and,—as it hath occasioned the expression of my gratitude,—I thank God most of them have stood in need of my requital. I have lived to be useful and comfortable to my good father-in-law, Sir George More, whose patience God hath been pleased to exercise with many temporal crosses. I have maintained my own mother, whom it hath pleased God, after a plentiful fortune in her younger days, to bring to great decay in her very old age. I have quieted the consciences of many that have groaned under the burthen of a wounded spirit, whose prayers I hope are available for me. I cannot plead innocence of life, especially of my youth; but I am to be judged by a merciful God, who is not willing to see what I have done amiss. And though of myself I have nothing to present to him but sins and misery, yet I know he looks not upon me now as I am of myself, but as I am in my Saviour, and hath given me, even at this present time, some testimonies by his Holy Spirit, that I am of the number of his elect: I am therefore full of inexpressible joy, and shall die in peace."

I must here look so far back, as to tell the reader that at his first return out of Essex, to preach his last sermon, his old friend and physician, Dr. Fox—a man of great worth—came to him to consult his health; and that after a sight of him, and some queries concerning his distempers, he told him, that by cordials, and drinking milk twenty days together, there was a probability of his restoration to health; but he passionately denied to drink it. Nevertheless, Dr. Fox, who loved him most entirely, wearied him with solicitations, till he yielded to take it for ten days; at the end of which time he told Dr. Fox, he had drunk it more to satisfy him, than to recover his health; and that he would not drink it ten days longer, upon the best moral assurance of having twenty years added to his life; for he loved it not; and was so far from fearing death, which to others is the king of terrors, that he longed for the day of his dissolution.

It is observed, that a desire of glory or commendation is rooted in the very nature of man; and that those of the severest and most mortified lives, though they may become so humble as to banish self-flattery, and such weeds as naturally grow there; yet they have not been able to kill this desire of glory, but that, like our radical heat, it will both live and die with us; and many think it should do so; and we want not sacred examples to justify the desire of having our memory to outlive our lives; which I mention, because Dr. Donne, by the persuasion of Dr. Fox, easily yielded at this very time to have a monument made for him; but Dr. Fox undertook not to persuade him how, or what monument it should be; that was left to Dr. Donne himself.

A monument being resolved upon, Dr. Donne sent for a carver to make for him in wood the figure of an urn, giving him directions for the compass and height of it; and to bring with it a board, of the just height, of his body. "These being got, then without delay a choice painter was got to be in readiness to draw his picture, which

* Chap. xxxviii. 3.

was taken as followeth :—Several charcoal fires being first made in his large study, he brought with him into that place his winding-sheet in his hand, and having put off all his clothes, had this sheet put on him, and so tied with knots at his head and feet, and his hands so placed, as dead bodies are usually fitted, to be shrouded and put into their coffin or grave. Upon this urn he thus stood, with his eyes shut, and with so much of the sheet turned aside as might show his lean, pale, and death-like face, which was purposely turned towards the east, from whence he expected the second coming of his and our Saviour Jesus." In this posture he was drawn at his just height ; and when the picture was fully finished, he caused it to be set by his bed-side, where it continued and became his hourly object till his death, and was then given to his dearest friend and executor Dr. Henry King, then chief residentiary of St. Paul's, who caused him to be thus carved in one entire piece of white marble, as it now stands in that church ; and by Dr. Donne's own appointment, these words were to be affixed to it as an epitaph :

JOHANNES DONNE,

SAC. THEOL. PROFESS.

POST VARIA STUDIA, QUIBUS AB ANNIS

TENERIMIS FIDELITER, NEC INFELICITER

INCUBUIT ;

INSTINCTU ET IMPULSU SP. SANCTI, MONUIT

ET HORTATU

REGIS JACOBI, ORDINES SACROS AMPLEXUS,

ANNO SUI JESU, MDCLXIV. ET SUE ÆTATIS XLII.

DECANATU HUIUS ECCLESIE INDUTUS,

XXVII. NOVEMBRIS, MDCLXXI.

EXUTUS MORTE ULTIMO DIE MARTII, MDCLXXII.

HIC, LICET IN OCCIDUO CINERE, ASPICIT EUM

CUJUS NOMEN EST ORIENS.

And now, having brought him through the many labyrinths and perplexities of a various life, even to the gates of death and the grave ; my desire is, he may rest, till I have told my reader that I have seen many pictures of him, in several habits, and at several ages, and in several postures : and I now mention this, because I have seen one picture of him, drawn by a curious hand, at his age of eighteen, with his sword, and what other adornments might then suit with the present fashions of youth, and the giddy gaieties of that age ; and his motto then was —

I now shall I be changed,
Before I am changed !

And if that young and his now dying picture were at this time set together, every beholder might say, "Lord ! how much is Dr. Donne already changed before he is changed !" And the view of them might give my reader occasion to ask himself with some amazement, "Lord ! how much may I also, that am now in health, be changed before I am changed ; before this vile, this changeable body shall put off mortality !" and therefore to prepare for it. But this is not writ so much for my reader's memento, as to tell him, that Dr. Donne would often in his private discourses, and often publicly in his sermons, mention the many changes both of his body and mind ; especially of his mind from a vertiginous giddiness ; and would as often, say, His great and most blessed change was from a temporal to a spiritual employment ; in which he was so happy, that he accounted

the former part of his life to be lost ; and the beginning of it to be from his first entering into sacred orders, and serving his most merciful God at his altar.

Upon Monday, after the drawing this picture, he took his last leave of his beloved study ; and, being sensible of his hourly decay, retired himself to his bed-chamber ; and that week sent at several times for many of his most considerable friends, with whom he took a solemn and deliberate farewell, commending to their considerations some sentences useful for the regulation of their lives ; and then dismissed them, as good Jacob did his sons, with a spiritual benediction. The Sunday following, he appointed his servants, that if there were any business yet undone, that concerned him or themselves, it should be prepared against Saturday next ; for after that day he would not mix his thoughts with anything that concerned this world ; nor ever did ; but, as Job, so he waited for the appointed day of his dissolution.

And now he was so happy as to have nothing to do but to die, to do which, he stood in need of no longer time ; for he had studied it long, and to so happy a perfection, that in a former sickness he called God to witness* he was that minute ready to deliver his soul into his hands, if that minute God would determine his dissolution. In that sickness he begged of God the constancy to be preserved in that estate for ever ; and his patient expectation to have his immortal soul disrobed from her garment of mortality, makes me confident, that he now had a modest assurance that his prayers were then heard, and his petition granted. He lay fifteen days earnestly expecting his hourly change ; and in the last hour of his last day, as his body melted away, and vapoured into spirit, his soul having, I verily believe, some revelation of the beatifical vision, he said, "I were miserable if I might not die ;" and after those words, closed many periods of his faint breath by saying often, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done." His speech, which had long been his ready and faithful servant, left him not till the last minute of his life, and then forsook him, not to serve another master—for who speaks like him—but died before him ; for that it was then become useless to him, that now conversed with God on earth, as angels are said to do in heaven, only by thoughts and looks. Being speechless, and seeing heaven by that illumination by which he saw it, he did, as St. Stephen, look steadfastly into it, till he saw the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God his father ; and being satisfied with this blessed sight, as his soul ascended, and his last breath departed from him, he closed his own eyes, and then disposed his hands and body into such a posture, as required not the least alteration by those that came to shroud him.

Thus variable, thus virtuous was the life : thus excellent, thus exemplary was the death of this memorable man.

He was buried in that place of St. Paul's church, which he had appointed for that use some years before his death ; and by which he passed daily to pay his public devotions to Almighty God—who was then served twice a day by a public form of prayer and praises in that place :—but he was not buried privately, though he desired it ; for,

* In his Book of Devotions, written then.

beside an unnumbered number of others, many persons of nobility, and of eminency for learning, who did love and honour him in his life, did show it at his death, by a voluntary and sad attendance of his body to the grave, where nothing was so remarkable as a public sorrow.

To which place of his burial some mournful friend repaired, and, as Alexander the Great did to the grave of the famous Achilles, so they strewed his with an abundance of curious and costly flowers; which course, they,—who were never yet known,—continued morning and evening for many days, not ceasing, till the stones, that were taken up in that church, to give his body admission into the cold earth—now his bed of rest—were again by the mason's art so levelled and firmed as they had been formerly, and his place of burial undistinguishable to common view.

The next day after his burial, some unknown friend, some one of the many lovers and admirers of his virtue and learning, writ this epitaph with a coal on the wall over his grave :—

Reader ! I am to let thee know,
Donne's body only lies below ;
For, could the grave his soul comprise,
Earth would be richer than the skies !

Nor was this all the honour done to his reverend ashes ; for, as there be some persons that will not receive a reward for that for which God accounts himself a debtor, persons that dare trust God with their charity, and without a witness ; so there was by some grateful unknown friend, that thought Dr. Donne's memory ought to be perpetuated, an hundred marks sent to his two faithful friends* and executors, towards the making of his monument. It was not for many years known by whom ; but, after the death of Dr. Fox, it was known that it was he that sent it ; and he lived to see as lively a representation of his dead friend, as marble can express : a statue indeed so like Dr. Donne, that—as his friend Sir Henry Wotton hath expressed himself,—It seems to breathe faintly, and posterity shall look upon it as a kind of artificial miracle.

He was of stature moderately tall ; of a straight and equally-proportioned body, to which all his words and actions gave an unexpressible addition of comeliness.

The melancholy and pleasant humour were in him so tempered, that each gave advantage to the other, and made his company one of the delights of mankind.

His fancy was unimitably high, equalled only by his great wit ; both being made useful by a commanding judgment.

His aspect was cheerful, and such as gave a silent testimony of a clear knowing soul, and of a conscience at peace with itself.

His melting eye showed that he had a soft heart, full of noble compassion ; of too brave a soul to offer injuries, and too much a Christian not to pardon them in others.

He did much contemplate—especially after he entered into his sacred calling—the mercies of Almighty God, the immortality of the soul, and the joys of Heaven : and would often say in a kind of sacred ecstasy,—“ Blessed be God that he is God, only and divinely like himself.”

* Dr. King and Dr. Montford.

He was by nature highly passionate, but more apt to reluct at the excesses of it. A great lover of the offices of humanity, and of so merciful a spirit, that he never beheld the miseries of mankind without pity and relief.

He was earnest and unwearied in the search of knowledge, with which his vigorous soul is now satisfied, and employed in a continual praise of that God that first breathed it into his active body : that body, which once was a temple of the Holy Ghost, and is now become a small quantity of Christian dust :—

But I shall see it re-animated.

Feb. 15, 1639.

I. W.

AN EPITAPH

WRITTEN BY

DOCTOR CORBET†, LATE BISHOP OF OXFORD,
ON HIS FRIEND DR. DONNE.

HE that would write an epitaph for thee,
And write it well, must first begin to be
Such as thou wert ; for none can truly know
Thy life and worth, but he that hath lived so :
He must have wit to spare, and to hurl down,
Enough to keep the gallants of the town.
He must have learning plenty ; both the laws,
Civil and common, to judge any cause.
Divinity, great store, above the rest,
Not of the last edition, but the best.
He must have language, travel, all the arts,
Judgment to use, or else he wants thy parts.
He must have friends the highest, able to do,
Such as Mæcenæ and Augustus too.
He must have such a sickness, such a death,
Or else his vain descriptions come beneath.
He that would write an epitaph for thee,
Should first be dead ;—let it alone for me.

TO THE MEMORY OF

MY EVER-DESIRED FRIEND, DOCTOR DONNE.
AN ELEGY

BY H. KING, LATE BISHOP OF CHICHESTER.

To have lived eminent, in a degree
Beyond our loftiest thoughts, that is, like thee ;
Or t' have had too much merit is not safe,
For such excesses find no epitaph.

At common graves we have poetic eyes
Can melt themselves in easy elegies ;
Each quill can drop his tributary verse,
And pin it, like the hatchments, to the hearse ;
But at thine, poem or inscription
—Rich soul of wit and language—we have none.
Indeed a silence does that tomb befit,
Where is no herald left to blazon it.
Widow'd Invention justly doth forbear
To come abroad, knowing thou art not there :
Late her great patron, whose prerogative
Maintain'd and clothed her so, as none alive
Must now presume to keep her at thy rate,
Tho' he the Indies for her dower estate.

† Dr. Richard Corbet, in 1632 translated from the see of Oxford to that of Norwich, died in 1635. He was in his younger years one of the most celebrated wits in the university of Oxford, afterwards admired for his quaint and eloquent preaching, and much commended for his great liberality and munificence, and particularly in promoting the repair of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Or else, that awful fire which once did burn
In thy clear brain, now fallen into thy urn,
Lives there, to fright rude empirics from thence,
Which might profane thee by their ignorance.
Whoever writes of thee, and in a style
Unworthy such a theme, does but revile
Thy precious dust, and wakes a learned spirit,
Which may revenge his rapes upon thy merit :
For all a low-pitch'd fancy can devise
Will prove at best but hallow'd injuries.

Thou like the dying swan didst lately sing,
Thy mournful dirge in audience of the king ;
When pale looks and faint accents of thy breath,
Presented so to life that piece of death,
That it was fear'd and prophesied by all
Thou thither cam'st to preach thy funeral.
Oh ! hadst thou in an elegiac knell
Rung out unto the world thine own farewell,
And in thy high victorious numbers beat
The solemn measures of thy grieved retreat.
Thou might'st the poet's service now have miss'd
As well as then thou didst prevent the priest ;
And never to the world beholden be,
So much as for an epitaph for thee.

I do not like the office ; nor is't fit
Thou, who didst lend our age such sums of wit,
Shouldst now re-borrow from her bankrupt mine
That ore to bury thee which first was thine :
Rather still leave us in thy debt ; and know,
Exalted soul, more glory 'tis to owe
Thy memory what we can never pay,
Than with embased coin those rites defray.

Commit we then thee to thyself, nor blame
Our drooping loves, that thus to thine own frame
Leave thee executor, since but thine own
No pen could do thee justice, nor bays crown
Thy vast deserts ; save that we nothing can
Depute, to be thy ashes' guardian.

So jewellers no art or metal trust,
To form the diamond, but the diamond's dust.

II. K.

AN ELEGY ON DR. DONNE.

BY IZAAK WALTON.

OUR Donne is dead ! and we may sighing say,
We had that man, where language chose to stay,
And show her utmost power. I would not praise
That, and his great wit, which in our vain days
Make others proud ; but as these served to unlock
That cabinet his mind, where such a stock
Of knowledge was reposed, that I lament
Our just and general cause of discontent.

And I rejoice I am not so severe,
But as I write a line, to weep a tear
For his decease ; such sad extremities
Can make such men as I write elegies.

And wonder not ; for when so great a loss
Falls on a nation, and they slight the cross,
God hath raised prophets to awaken them
From their dull lethargy ; witness my pen,
Not used to upbraid the world, though now it must
Freely and boldly, for the cause is just.

Dullage ! Oh, I would spare thee, but thou 'rt worse :
Thou art not only dull, but hast a curse

Of black ingratitude ; if not, couldst thou
Part with this matchless man, and make no vow
For thee and thine successively to pay
Some sad remembrance to his dying day ?

Did his youth scatter Poetry, wherein
Lay Love's Philosophy ? was every sin
Pictured in his sharp Satires, made so foul,
That some have fear'd sin's shapes, and kept theirsoul
Safer by reading verse ; did he give days,
Past marble monuments, to those whose praise
He would perpetuate ? did he—I fear
Envy will doubt—these at his twentieth year ?

But, more matur'd, did his rich soul conceive,
And in harmonious holy numbers weave
A Crown of Sacred Sonnets, * fit t' adorn
A dying martyr's brow, or to be worn
On that blest head of Mary Magdalen,
After she wiped Christ's feet, but not till then ;
Did he—fit for such penitents as she
And he to use—leave us a Litany,
Which all devout men love, and doubtless shall,
As times grow better, grow more classical ?
Did he write Hymns, for piety and wit,
Equal to those great grave Prudentius writ ?
Spake he all languages ? knew he all laws ?
The grounds and use of physic ; but, because
'Twas mercenary, waved it ? went to see
That happy place of Christ's nativity ?
Did he return and preach him ? preach him so,
As since St. Paul none ever did ? they know—
Those happy souls that heard him—know this truth.
Did he confirm thy aged ? convert thy youth ?
Did he these wonders ? and is his dear loss
Mourn'd by so few ? few for so great a cross.

But sure the silent are ambitious all
To be close mourners of his funeral.
If not, in common pity they forbear
By repetitions to renew our care :
Or knowing grief conceived and hid, consumes
Man's life insensibly,—as poison's fumes
Corrupt the brain,—take silence for the way
T' enlarge the soul from these walls, mud and clay,
—Materials of this body—to remain
With him in heaven, where no promiscuous pain
Lessens those joys we have ; for with him all
Are satisfied with joys essential.

Dwell on these joys, my thoughts ! Oh ! do not call
Grief back, by thinking on his funeral.
Forget he loved me : waste not my swift years,
Which haste to David's seventy, fill'd with fears
And sorrows for his death ; forget his parts,
They find a living grave in good men's hearts :
And, for my first is daily paid for sin,
Forget to pay my second sigh for him :
Forget his powerful preaching, and forget
I am his convert. Oh my frailty ! let
My flesh be no more heard ; it will obtrude
This lethargy : so should my gratitude,
My vows of gratitude should so be broke,
Which can no more be, than his virtues, spoke
By any but himself : for which cause, I
Write no encomiums, but this elegy ;
Which, as a free-will offering, I here give
Fame and the world ; and parting with it, grieve
I want abilities fit to set forth
A monument, as matchless as his worth.

IZ. WA.

April 7, 1631.

* La Corona.

THE

LIFE OF SIR HENRY WOTTON, KNIGHT,

LATE
PROVOST OF ETON COLLEGE.

SIR HENRY WOTTON—whose life I now intend to write—was born in the year of our redemption 1568, in Bocton-hall,—commonly called Bocton, or Boughton-place, or palace,—in the parish of Bocton Malherbe, in the fruitful country of Kent. Bocton-hall being an ancient and goodly structure, beautifying and being beautified by the parish church of Bocton Malherbe adjoining unto it, and both seated within a fair park of the Wottons, on the brow of such a hill, as gives the advantage of a large prospect, and of equal pleasure to all beholders.

But this house and church are not remarkable for any thing so much, as for that the memorable family of the Wottons have so long inhabited the one, and now lie buried in the other, as appears by their many monuments in that church: the Wottons being a family that hath brought forth divers persons eminent for wisdom and valour; whose heroic acts, and noble employments, both in England and in foreign parts, have adorned themselves and this nation; which they have served abroad faithfully, in the discharge of their great trust, and prudently in their negotiations with several princes; and also served at home with much honour and justice, in their wise managing a great part of the public affairs thereof, in the various times both of war and peace.

But lest I should be thought by any, that may incline either to deny or doubt this truth, not to have observed moderation in the commendation of this family; and also for that I believe the merits and memory of such persons ought to be thankfully recorded, I shall offer to the consideration of every reader, out of the testimony of their pedigree and our chronicles, a part—and but a part—of that just commendation which might be from thence enlarged, and shall then leave the indifferent reader to judge whether my error be an excess or defect of commendations.

Sir Robert Wotton, of Bocton Malherbe, knight, was born about the year of Christ 1460: he, living in the reign of King Edward the Fourth, was by him trusted to be Lieutenant of Guisnes, to be Knight Porter, and Comptroller of Calais, where he died, and lies honourably buried.

Sir Edward Wotton of Bocton Malherbe, knight,—son and heir of the said Sir Robert—was born in the year of Christ 1489, in the reign of King Henry the Seventh; he was made treasurer of Calais, and of the Privy Council to King Henry the Eighth, who offered him to be Lord Chancellor of England: but, saith Holinshed*, out of a virtuous modesty, he refused it.

Thomas Wotton of Bocton Malherbe, Esquire, son and heir of the said Sir Edward, and the father of our Sir Henry, that occasions this relation, was born in the year of Christ 1521. He was a gentleman excellently educated, and studious in all the liberal arts; in the knowledge whereof he attained unto a great perfection; who, though he had—besides those abilities, a very noble and plentiful estate, and the ancient interest of his predecessors—many invitations from Queen Elizabeth to change his country recreations and retirement for a court, offering him a knighthood,—she was then with him at his Bocton-hall,—and that to be but as an earnest of some more honourable and more profitable employment under her; yet he humbly refused both, being a man of great modesty, of a most plain and single heart, of an ancient freedom, and integrity of mind. A commendation which Sir Henry Wotton took occasion often to remember with great gladness, and thankfully to boast himself the son of such a father; from whom indeed he derived that noble ingenuity that was always practised by himself, and which he ever both commended and cherished in others. This Thomas was also remarkable for hospitality, a great lover and much beloved of his country; to which may justly be added, that he was a cherisher of learning, as appears by that excellent antiquary, Mr. William Lambarde†, in his “Perambulation of Kent.”

* In his Chronicle.

† This celebrated lawyer and antiquary was born 18th Oct. 1536. He was bred to the law, and in 1597 was made Keeper of the Rolls, and in 1600 Keeper of the Records in the Tower. His principal works were a collection and Latin translation of the Saxon laws; a Discourse on the English Courts of Justice; another on the office of justices; and the Perambulation of Kent. He died on the 19th of August, 1601.

This Thomas had four sons, Sir Edward, Sir James, Sir John, and Sir Henry.

Sir Edward was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, and made Comptroller of Her Majesty's Household. "He was," saith Camden, "a man remarkable for many and great employments in the state, during her reign, and sent several times ambassador into foreign nations. After her death, he was by King James made Comptroller of his Household, and called to be of his Privy Council, and by him advanced to be Lord Wotton, Baron of Merley in Kent, and made Lord Lieutenant of that county."

Sir James, the second son, may be numbered among the martial men of his age, who was, in the thirty-eighth of Queen Elizabeth's reign—with Robert, Earl of Sussex, Count Lodowick of Nassau, Don Christophoro, son of Antonio, king of Portugal, and divers other gentlemen of nobleness and valour—knighted in the field near Cadiz in Spain, after they had gotten great honour and riches, besides a notable retaliation of injuries, by taking that town.

Sir John, being a gentleman excellently accomplished, both by learning and travel, was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, and by her looked upon with more than ordinary favour, and with intentions of preferment; but death in his younger years put a period to his growing hopes.

Of Sir Henry my following discourse shall give an account :—

"The descent of these fore-named Wottons was all in a direct line, and most of them and their actions in the memory of those with whom we have conversed; but if I had looked so far back as to Sir Nicholas Wotton, who lived in the reign of King Richard the Second, or before him upon divers others of great note in their several ages, I might by some be thought tedious; and yet others may more justly think me negligent, if I omit to mention Nicholas Wotton, the fourth son of Sir Robert, whom I first named.

This Nicholas Wotton was doctor of law, and sometime dean both of York and Canterbury; a man whom God did not only bless with a long life, but with great abilities of mind, and an inclination to employ them in the service of his country, as is testified by his several employments*, having been sent nine times ambassador unto foreign princes; and by his being a Privy Councillor to King Henry the Eighth, to Edward the Sixth, to Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth; who also, after he had been, during the wars between England, Scotland, and France, three several times—and not unsuccessfully—employed in committees for settling of peace betwixt this and those kingdoms, died, saith learned Camden, "full of commendations for wisdom and piety." He was also, by the will of King Henry the Eighth, made one of his executors, and chief secretary of state to his son, that pious prince, Edward the Sixth. Concerning which Nicholas Wotton, I shall say but this little more; that he refused—being offered it by Queen Elizabeth—to be Archbishop of Canterbury†,—and that he died not rich, though he lived in that time of the dissolution of abbeyes.

More might be added; but by this it may appear, that Sir Henry Wotton was a branch of such a kindred, as left a stock of reputation to their

* Camden in his *Britannia*.

† Holinshed.

posterity: such reputation as might kindle a generous emulation in strangers, and preserve a noble ambition in those of his name and family, to perform actions worthy of their ancestors.

And that Sir Henry Wotton did so, might appear more perfectly than my pen can express it, if of his many surviving friends, some one of higher parts and employments, had been pleased to have commended his to posterity; but since some years are now past, and they have all—I know not why—forborne to do it, my gratitude to the memory of my dead friend, and the renewed request of some‡ that still live solicitous to see this duty performed; these have had a power to persuade me to undertake it; which truly I have not done but with distrust of mine own abilities; and yet so far from despair, that I am modestly confident my humble language shall be accepted, because I shall present all readers with a commixture of truth, and Sir Henry Wotton's merits.

This being premised, I proceed to tell the reader, that the father of Sir Henry Wotton was twice married; first to Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir John Rudstone, knight, after whose death, though his inclination was averse to all contentions, yet necessitated he was to several suits in law; in the prosecution whereof, which took up much of his time, and were the occasion of many discontents, he was, by divers of his friends, earnestly persuaded to a re-marriage; to whom he as often answered, that if ever he did put on a resolution to marry, he was seriously resolved to avoid three sorts of persons; namely,

Those that had children;

Those that had law-suits;

And those that were of his kindred.

And yet, following his own law-suits, he met, in Westminster Hall, with Mrs. Eleonora Morton, widow to Robert Morton, of Kent, Esquire, who was also engaged in several suits in law; and he, observing her comportment at the time of hearing one of her causes before the judges, could not but at the same time both compassionate her condition and affect her person; for the tears of lovers, or beauty dressed in sadness, are observed to have in them a charming eloquence, and to become very often too strong to be resisted; which I mention, because it proved so with this Thomas Wotton; for although there were in her a concurrence of all those accidents against which he had so seriously resolved, yet his affection to her grew then so strong that he resolved to solicit her for a wife, and did, and obtained her.

By her, who was the daughter of Sir William Finch, of Eastwell, in Kent, he had only Henry, his youngest son. His mother undertook to be tutoress unto him during much of his childhood, for whose care and pains he paid her each day with such visible signs of future perfection in learning, as turned her employment into a pleasing trouble; which she was content to continue, till his father took him into his own particular care, and disposed of him to a tutor in his own house at Bocton.

And when time and diligent instruction had made him fit for a removal to a higher form,

‡ Sir Edward Bysshe, Clarenceux King of Arms, Mr. Charles Cotton, and Mr. Nic. Oudert, sometime Sir Henry Wotton's servant.

which was very early, he was sent to Winchester school; a place of strict discipline and order, that so he might in his youth be moulded into a method of living by rule, which his wise father knew to be the most necessary way to make the future part of his life both happy to himself, and useful for the discharge of all business, whether public or private.

And that he might be confirmed in this regularity, he was, at a fit age, removed from that school, to be a commoner of New College, in Oxford; both being founded by William Wickham, Bishop of Winchester.

There he continued till about the eighteenth year of his age, and was then transplanted into Queen's College; where, within that year, he was, by the chief of that college, persuasively enjoined to write a play for their private use. It was the Tragedy of Tancredo, which was so interwoven with sentences, and for the method and exact personating those humours, passions, and dispositions, which he proposed to represent, so performed, that the gravest of that society declared, he had, in a slight employment, given an early and a solid testimony of his future abilities. And though there may be some sour dispositions which may think this not worth a memorial, yet that wise knight, Baptista Guarini*, whom learned Italy accounts one of her ornaments, thought it neither an uncomely nor an unprofitable employment for his age.

But I pass to what will be thought more serious.

About the twentieth year of his age he proceeded master of arts, and at that time read in Latin three lectures *De Oculo*; wherein he having described the form, the motion, the curious composure of the eye, and demonstrated how of those very many, every humour and nerve performs its distinct office, so as the God of order hath appointed, without mixture or confusion; and all this to the advantage of man, to whom the eye is given, not only as the body's guide, but whereas all other of his senses require time to inform the soul, this in an instant apprehends and warns him of danger, teaching him in the very eyes of others to discover wit, folly, love, and hatred. After he had made these observations, he fell to dispute this optic question:—Whether we see by the emission of the beams from within, or reception of the species from without? And after that and many other like learned disquisitions, he, in the conclusion of his lectures, took a fair occasion to beautify his discourse with a commendation of the blessing and benefit of seeing; by which we do not only discover Nature's secrets, but, with a continued content (for the eye is never weary of seeing), behold the great light of the world, and by it discover the fabric of the heavens, and both the order and motion of the celestial orbs; nay, that if the eye look but downward, it may rejoice to behold the bosom of the earth, our common mother, embroidered and adorned with numberless and various flowers, which man sees daily grow up to perfection, and then silently moralise his own condition, who, in a short time, like those very flowers, decays, withers, and quickly returns again to that earth from which both had their first being.

* The celebrated author of *Il Pastor Fido*. He was born at Ferrara in 1537, and died at Venice the 7th Oct. 1612.

These were so exactly debated, and so rhetorically heightened, as, among other admirers, caused that learned Italian, Albericus Gentilis†, then professor of the civil law in Oxford, to call him *Henrice mi ocelle*; which dear expression of his was also used by divers of Sir Henry's dearest friends, and by many other persons of note during his stay in the university.

But his stay there was not long, at least not so long as his friends once intended; for the year after Sir Henry proceeded master of arts, his father, whom Sir Henry did never mention without this or some like reverential expression, as, "That good man, my father," or, "My father, the best of men;" about that time, this good man changed this for a better life, leaving to Sir Henry, as to his other younger sons, a rent-charge of a hundred marks a year, to be paid for ever out of some one of his manors of a much greater value.

And here, though this good man be dead, yet I wish a circumstance or two that concerns him may not be buried without a relation, which I shall undertake to do, for that I suppose they may so much concern the reader to know, that I may promise myself a pardon for a short digression.

In the year of our redemption 1553, Nicholas Wotton, dean of Canterbury, whom I formerly mentioned, being then ambassador in France, dreamed that his nephew, this Thomas Wotton, was inclined to be a party in such a project as, if he were not suddenly prevented, would turn both to the loss of his life, and ruin of his family.

Doubtless the good dean did well know that common dreams are but a senseless paraphrase on our waking thoughts, or of the business of the day past, or are the result of our over-engaged affections, when we betake ourselves to rest, and knew that the observation of them may turn to silly superstitions, as they too often do. But, though he might know all this, and might also believe that prophecies are ceased, yet doubtless he could not but consider that all dreams are not to be neglected or cast away without all consideration, and did therefore rather lay this dream aside than intend totally to lose it; and dreaming the same again the night following, when it became a double dream, like that of Pharaoh, of which double dreams the learned have made many observations, and considering that it had no dependence on his waking thoughts, much less on the desires of his heart, then he did more seriously consider it; and remembered that Almighty God was pleased in a dream to reveal and to assure Monica‡, the mother of St. Austin, that he, her son, for whom she wept so bitterly, and prayed so much, should at last become a Christian. This, I believe, the good dean considered; and considering also that Almighty God, though the causes of dreams be often unknown, hath even in these latter times also, by a certain illumination of the soul in sleep, discovered many things that human

† This noted civilian having left Italy along with his father, Matthew Gentilis, who had embraced the reformed religion, came into England, and died at London in 1608, aged 58 years. He published three books: "De Jure Belli," which proved very useful to Grotius in his great work; "De Jure Belli et Pacis;" and also a tractate, "De Latinitate Veteris Bibliorum Versionis," with other works.

‡ St. Austin's Confession.

wisdom could not foresee ; upon these considerations he resolved to use so prudent a remedy, by way of prevention, as might introduce no great inconvenience either to himself or to his nephew. And to that end he wrote to the queen (it was Queen Mary), and besought her that she would cause his nephew, Thomas Wotton, to be sent for out of Kent ; and that the lords of her council might interrogate him in some such feigned questions as might give a colour for his commitment into a favourable prison ; declaring that he would acquaint her majesty with the true reason of his request, when he should next become so happy as to see and speak to her majesty*.

It was done as the dean desired, and in prison I must leave Mr. Wotton, till I have told the reader what followed.

At this time a marriage was concluded betwixt our Queen Mary and Philip, king of Spain ; and though this was concluded with the advice, if not by the persuasion, of her privy council, as having many probabilities of advantage to this nation, yet divers persons of a contrary persuasion did not only declare against it, but also raised forces to oppose it ; believing, as they said, it would be a means to bring England to be under a subjection to Spain, and make those of this nation slaves to strangers.

And of this number, Sir Thomas Wyat, of Boxley Abbey, in Kent, betwixt whose family and the family of the Wottons there had been an ancient and entire friendship, was the principal actor ; who, having persuaded many of the nobility and gentry, especially of Kent, to side with him, and he being defeated and taken prisoner, was legally arraigned and condemned, and lost his life ; so did the Duke of Suffolk and divers others, especially many of the gentry of Kent, who were then in several places executed as Wyat's assistants.

And of this number, in all probability, had Mr. Wotton been, if he had not been confined ; for though he could not be ignorant that another man's treason makes it mine by concealing it, yet he durst confess to his uncle, when he returned into England, and then came to visit him in prison, that he had more than an intimation of Wyat's intentions, and thought he had not continued actually innocent, if his uncle had not so happily dreamed him into a prison ; out of which place when he was delivered by the same hand that caused his commitment, they both considered the dream more seriously, and then both joined in praising God for it ; that God, who ties himself to no rules, either in preventing of evil, or in showing of mercy to those whom of good pleasure he hath chosen to love.

And this dream was the more considerable, because that God, who in the days of old did use to speak to his people in visions, did seem to speak to many of this family in dreams ; of which I will also give the reader one short particular of this Thomas Wotton, whose dreams did usually prove true, both in foretelling things to come, and dis-

covering things past, and the particular is this.—This Thomas, a little before his death, dreamed that the university treasury was robbed by townsmen and poor scholars, and that the number was five ; and being that day to write to his son Henry at Oxford, he thought it worth so much pains as, by a postscript in his letter, to make a slight inquiry of it. The letter, which was writ out of Kent, and dated three days before, came to his son's hands the very morning after the night in which the robbery was committed ; and when the city and university were both in a perplexed inquiry of the thieves, then did Sir Henry Wotton show his father's letter, and by it such light was given of this work of darkness, that the five guilty persons were presently discovered and apprehended, without putting the university to so much trouble as the casting of a figure.

And it may yet be more considerable, that this Nicholas and Thomas Wotton should both, being men of holy lives, of even tempers, and much given to fasting and prayer, foresee and foretell the very days of their own death. Nicholas did so, being then seventy years of age, and in perfect health. Thomas did the like in the sixty-fifth year of his age ; who, being then in London, where he died, and foreseeing his death there, gave direction in what manner his body should be carried to Bocton ; and though he thought his uncle Nicholas worthy of that noble monument which he built for him in the cathedral church of Canterbury, yet this humble man gave direction concerning himself, to be buried privately, and especially without any pomp at his funeral. This is some account of this family, which seemed to be beloved of God.

But it may now seem more than time that I return to Sir Henry Wotton at Oxford, where, after his optic lecture, he was taken into such a bosom friendship with the learned Albericus Gentilis, whom I formerly named, that, if it had been possible, Gentilis would have breathed all his excellent knowledge, both of the mathematics and law, into the breast of his dear Harry, for so Gentilis used to call him ; and though he was not able to do that, yet there was in Sir Henry such a propensity and connaturalness to the Italian language, and those studies whereof Gentilis was a great master, that the friendship between them did daily increase, and proved daily advantageous to Sir Henry, for the improvement of him in several sciences during his stay in the university.

From which place, before I shall invite the reader to follow him into a foreign nation, though I must omit to mention divers persons that were then in Oxford, of memorable note for learning, and friends to Sir Henry Wotton, yet I must not omit the mention of a love that was there begun betwixt him and Dr. Donne, sometime dean of St. Paul's ; a man of whose abilities I shall forbear to say anything, because he who is of this nation, and pretends to learning or ingenuity, and is ignorant of Dr. Donne, deserves not to know him. The friendship of these two I must not omit to mention, being such a friendship as was generously elemented ; and as it was begun in their youth, and in a university, and there maintained by correspondent inclinations and studies, so it lasted till age and death forced a separation.

* The author of the "Account of the Deans of Canterbury," has ingeniously conjectured that this dream of the good dean was a mere political contrivance, the result of deep deliberation, to preserve the life of his nephew, whose intimacy with Sir Thomas Wyatt would probably have induced him to join in the conspiracy.

In Oxford he staid till about two years after his father's death, at which time he was about the twenty-second year of his age; and having to his great wit added the ballast of learning and knowledge of the arts, he then laid aside his books, and betook himself to the useful library of travel, and a more general conversation with mankind; employing the remaining part of his youth, his industry, and fortune, to adorn his mind, and to purchase the rich treasure of foreign knowledge; of which, both for the secrets of nature, the dispositions of many nations, their several laws and languages, he was the possessor in a very large measure; as I shall faithfully make to appear, before I take my pen from the following narration of his life.

In his travels, which was almost nine years before his return into England, he staid but one year in France, and most of that in Geneva, where he became acquainted with Theodore Beza*, then very aged, and with Isaac Casaubon†, in whose house, if I be rightly informed, Sir Henry Wotton was lodged, and there contracted a most worthy friendship with that man of rare learning and ingenuity.

Three of the remaining eight years were spent in Germany, the other five in Italy, the stage on which God appointed he should act a great part of his life; where, both in Rome, Venice, and Florence, he became acquainted with the most eminent men for learning and all manner of arts, as picture, sculpture, chemistry, architecture, and other manual arts, even arts of inferior nature; of all which he was a most dear lover, and a most excellent judge.

He returned out of Italy into England about the thirtieth year of his age, being then noted by many both for his person and comportment; for indeed he was of a choice shape, tall of stature, and of a most persuasive behaviour, which was so mixed with sweet discourse and civilities as gained him much love from all persons with whom he entered into an acquaintance.

And whereas he was noted in his youth to have a sharp wit, and apt to jest; that, by time, travel, and conversation, was so polished, and made so useful, that his company seemed to be one of the delights of mankind; insomuch as Robert, earl of Essex, then one of the darlings of fortune, and in

greatest favour with Queen Elizabeth, invited him first into a friendship, and, after a knowledge of his great abilities, to be one of his secretaries; the other being Mr. Henry Cuffe‡, sometime of Merton College in Oxford, and there also the acquaintance of Sir Henry Wotton in his youth; Mr. Cuffe being then a man of no common note in the university for his learning; nor, after his removal from that place, for the great abilities of his mind, nor indeed for the fatality of his end.

Sir Henry Wotton, being now taken into a serviceable friendship with the Earl of Essex, did personally attend his counsels and employments in two voyages at sea against the Spaniard, and also in that, which was the earl's last, into Ireland; that voyage wherein he then did so much provoke the queen to anger, and worse at his return into England, upon whose immovable favour the earl had built such sandy hopes as encouraged him to those undertakings which, with the help of a contrary faction, suddenly caused his commitment to the Tower.

Sir Henry Wotton observing this, though he was not of that faction (for the earl's followers were also divided into their several interests) which encouraged the earl to those undertakings which proved so fatal to him and divers of his confederation, yet, knowing treason to be so comprehensive as to take in even circumstances, and out of them to make such positive conclusions as subtle statesmen shall project, either for their revenge or safety; considering this, he thought prevention, by absence out of England, a better security than to stay in it, and there plead his innocence in a prison. Therefore did he, so soon as the earl was apprehended, very quickly, and as privately, glide through Kent to Dover, without so much as looking toward his native and beloved Bocton; and was, by the help of favourable winds and liberal payment of the mariners, within sixteen hours after his departure from London, set upon the French shore; where he heard, shortly after, that the earl was arraigned, condemned, and beheaded; and that his friend Mr. Cuffe was hanged, and divers other persons of eminent quality executed.

The times did not look so favourably upon Sir Henry Wotton, as to invite his return into England: having therefore procured of Sir Edward Wotton, his elder brother, an assurance that his annuity should be paid him in Italy, thither he went, happily renewing his intermitted friendship and interest, and indeed his great content in a new conversation with his old acquaintance in that nation, and more particularly in Florence, which city is not more eminent for the great duke's court, than for the great recourse of men of choicest note for learning and arts, in which number he

* This well known reformer, the successor of Calvin, died at Geneva the 13th of October, 1605, aged eighty-six years.

† This illustrious scholar, pronounced by Joseph Scaliger to be the best Grecian of his time, was born at Geneva in 1559. He read lectures on the belles-lettres, first at his native place, and afterwards at Paris. Henry IV. of France appointed him his librarian, and in vain attempted to withdraw him from his profession of the reformed religion. After that king's death he obtained the permission of the queen regent to visit England for a limited time, and he accompanied Sir Henry Wotton thither in October 1610. He was received with much distinction by King James, who granted him a pension of three hundred pounds, as also two prebends, one at Canterbury and the other at Westminster. He likewise wrote to the queen regent, to desire Casaubon might remain longer in England than she had first allowed him. But Casaubon did not long enjoy these advantages, as a painful disease in the bladder proved fatal on the 1st of July, 1614, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument was erected to his memory by Morton, Bishop of Durham.

‡ A man of considerable wit, learning, and talents, who was ruined by an ambitious and restless disposition. He was born at Hinton St. George, in Somersetshire, about 1500. In 1576 he was entered of Trinity College, Oxford, but was expelled from thence for some sarcasms on the founder. His learning obtained him admission into Merton College, where he was made Greek professor; but this office he abandoned to follow the fortunes of the Earl of Essex, over whose mind he contrived to gain great ascendancy. He is said to have been mainly instrumental in persuading Essex to engage in the mad scheme which terminated with his ruin. Cuffe shared his patron's fate. He was hanged at Tyburn on the 30th of March, 1601.

there met with his old friend Signior Vietta, a gentleman of Venice, and then taken to be secretary to the Great Duke of Tuscany.

After some stay in Florence, he went the fourth time to visit Rome, where, in the English College, he had very many friends; their humanity made them really so, though they knew him to be a dissenter from many of their principles of religion; and having enjoyed their company, and satisfied himself concerning some curiosities that did partly occasion his journey thither, he returned back to Florence, where a most notable accident befel him; an accident that did not only find new employment for his choice abilities, but did introduce him to a knowledge and interest with our King James, then king of Scotland, which I shall proceed to relate.

But first I am to tell the reader, that though Queen Elizabeth, or she and her council, were never willing to declare her successor, yet James, then king of the Scots, was confidently believed by most to be the man upon whom the sweet trouble of kingly government would be imposed; and the queen declining very fast, both by age and visible infirmities, those that were of the Romish persuasion in point of religion, even Rome itself, and those of this nation, knowing that the death of the queen and the establishing of her successor were taken to be critical days for destroying or establishing the protestant religion in this nation, did therefore improve all opportunities for preventing a protestant prince to succeed her. And as the pope's excommunication of Queen Elizabeth* had, both by the judgment and practice of the jesuited papist, exposed her to be warrantably destroyed; so, if we may believe an angry adversary, a secular priest†, against a jesuit, you may believe that about that time there were many endeavours, first to excommunicate, and then to shorten the life of King James.

Immediately after Sir Henry Wotton's return from Rome to Florence, which was about a year before the death of Queen Elizabeth, Ferdinand the Great Duke of Florence‡ had intercepted certain letters, that discovered a design to take away the life of James, the then king of Scots. The duke abhorring this fact, and resolving to endeavour a prevention of it, advised with his secretary Vietta, by what means a caution might be best given to that king; and after consideration it was resolved to be done by Sir Henry Wotton, whom Vietta first commended to the duke, and the duke had noted and approved of above all the English that frequented his court.

* Pope Pius V., without any previous admonition or citation, had passed a private sentence of excommunication upon Queen Elizabeth, which in 1576 he caused to be published, and to be fixed upon the gate of the palace of the Bishop of London.

† William Watson, a secular priest, published a book known as his *Quodlibets*, written with great acrimony against the Jesuits, exhibiting their arts of equivocation and mental reservation. He was, however, himself hanged for high treason in conspiring the death of King James I., together with William Clark, a popish priest, and George Brook, brother to Lord Cobham, in 1603. He practised the arts he had deprecated, for he deceived his accomplices by persuading them "that the king before his coronation was not an actual but a political king, and therefore no treason could be committed against him."

‡ Ferdinand I., of the house of the Medici.

Sir Henry was gladly called by his friend Vietta to the duke, who, after much profession of trust and friendship, acquainted him with the secret; and being well instructed, despatched him into Scotland with letters to the king, and with those letters such Italian antidotes against poison as the Scots till then had been strangers to.

Having parted from the duke, he took up the name and language of an Italian; and thinking it best to avoid the line of English intelligence and danger, he posted into Norway, and through that country towards Scotland, where he found the king at Stirling. Being there, he used means, by Bernard Lindsey, one of the king's bed-chamber, to procure him a speedy and private conference with his majesty, assuring him, that the business which he was to negotiate was of such consequence, as had caused the Great Duke of Tuscany to enjoin him suddenly to leave his native country of Italy, to impart it to his king.

This being by Bernard Lindsey made known to the king, the king, after a little wonder—mixed with jealousy—to hear of an Italian ambassador, or messenger, required his name,—which was said to be Octavio Baldi, and appointed him to be heard privately at a fixed hour that evening.

When Octavio Baldi came to the presence-chamber door, he was requested to lay aside his long rapier—which, Italian-like, he then wore; and being entered the chamber, he found there with the king three or four Scotch lords standing distant in several corners of the chamber: at the sight of whom he made a stand; which the king observing, bade him be bold, and deliver his message; for he would undertake for the secrecy of all that were present. Then did Octavio Baldi deliver his letters and his message to the king in Italian; which when the king had graciously received, after a little pause, Octavio Baldi steps to the table, and whispers to the king in his own language, that he was an Englishman, beseeching him for a more private conference with his majesty, and that he might be concealed during his stay in that nation; which was promised and really performed by the king, during all his abode there, which was about three months; all which time was spent with much pleasantness to the king, and with as much to Octavio Baldi himself, as that country could afford; from which he departed as true an Italian as he came thither.

To the Duke at Florence he returned with a fair and grateful account of his employment; and within some few months after his return, there came certain news to Florence, that Queen Elizabeth was dead; and James, king of the Scots, proclaimed king of England. The duke knowing travel and business to be the best schools of wisdom, and that Sir Henry Wotton had been tutored in both, advised him to return presently to England, and there joy the king with his new and better title, and wait there upon fortune for a better employment.

When King James came into England, he found amongst other of the late queen's officers, Sir Edward, who was after Lord Wotton, comptroller of the house, of whom he demanded, if he knew one Henry Wotton, that had spent much time in foreign travel? The lord replied he knew him well, and that he was his brother. Then the king, asking where he then was, was answered, at Venice

or Florence; but by late letters from thence he understood he would suddenly be at Paris. "Send for him," said the king, "and when he shall come into England, bid him repair privately to me." The Lord Wotton, after a little wonder, asked the king if he knew him. To which the king answered, "You must rest unsatisfied of that till you bring the gentleman to me."

Not many months after this discourse, the Lord Wotton brought his brother to attend the king, who took him in his arms, and bade him welcome by the name of Octavio Baldi, saying, he was the most honest, and therefore the best dissembler that ever he met with: and said, "Seeing I know you neither want learning, travel, nor experience, and that I have had so real a testimony of your faithfulness and abilities to manage an ambassage, I have sent for you to declare my purpose: which is, to make use of you in that kind hereafter." And indeed the king did so, most of those two-and-twenty years of his reign; but before he dismissed Octavio Baldi from his present attendance upon him, he restored him to his old name of Henry Wotton, by which he then knighted him.

Not long after this, the king having resolved according to his motto—*beati pacifici*—to have a friendship with his neighbour kingdoms of France and Spain; and also, for divers weighty reasons, to enter into an alliance with the State of Venice, and to that end to send ambassadors to those several places, did propose the choice of these employments to Sir Henry Wotton; who, considering the smallness of his own estate,—which he never took care to augment,—and knowing the courts of great princes to be sumptuous, and necessarily expensive, inclined most to that of Venice, as being a place of more retirement, and best suiting with his genius, who did ever love to join with business, study, and a trial of natural experiments; for both which, fruitful Italy, that darling of nature, and cherisher of all arts, is so justly famed in all parts of the Christian world.

Sir Henry having, after some short time and consideration, resolved upon Venice, and a large allowance being appointed by the king for his voyage thither, and a settled maintenance during his stay there, he left England, nobly accompanied through France to Venice, by gentlemen of the best families and breeding that this nation afforded: they were too many to name; but these two, for the following reasons, may not be omitted. Sir Albertus Morton,* his nephew, who went his secretary, and William Bedel,† a man of choice learning and sanctified wisdom, who went his chaplain.

And though his dear friend Dr. Donne—then a private gentleman—was not one of the number that did personally accompany him in this voyage, yet the reading of this following letter, sent by him to Sir Henry Wotton, the morning before he left England, may testify he wanted not his friend's best wishes to attend him.

* Son of Sir George Morton, of Esture, in Kent. He was several times employed as an envoy by King James, and at one period officiated as secretary to the Princess Elizabeth at Heidelberg. He sat in Parliament as representative of the University of Cambridge. He died Nov. 1625.

† Afterwards Bishop of Kilmore in Ireland. See more of him, page 34.

SIR,

After those reverend papers, whose soul is
Our good and great king's loved hand and fear'd name:
By which to you he derives much of his,
And, how he may, makes you almost the same;

A taper of his torch; a copy writ
From his original, and a fair beam
Of the same warm and dazzling sun, though it
Must in another sphere his virtue stream:

After those learned papers, which your hand
Hath stored with notes of use and pleasure too;
From which rich treasury you may command
Fit matter whether you will write or do:

After those loving papers which friends send
With glad grief to your seaward steps, farewell,
And thicken on you now as prayers ascend
To heaven on troops at a good man's passing-bell:

Admit this honest paper, and allow
It such an audience as yourself would ask;
What you would say at Venice, this says now,
And has for nature what you have for task.

To swear much love; nor to be changed before
Honour alone will to your fortune fit;
Nor shall I then honour your fortune more,
Than I have done your honour-wanting wit.

But 'tis an easier load—though both oppress—
To want, than govern greatness; for we are
In that, our own and only business;
In this, we must for others' vices care.

'Tis therefore well your spirits now are placed
In their last furnace, in activity,
Which fits them; schools, and courts, and wars o'erpast
To touch and taste in any best degree.

For me—if there be such a thing as I—
Fortune—if there be such a thing as she—
Finds that I bear so well her tyranny,
That she thinks nothing else so fit for me.

But, though she part us, to hear my oft prayers
For your increase, God is as near me here:
And, to send you what I shall beg, his stairs
In length and ease are alike everywhere.

J. DONNE.

Sir Henry Wotton was received by the State of Venice with much honour and gladness, both for that he delivered his ambassage most elegantly in the Italian language, and came also in such a juncture of time, as his master's friendship seemed useful for that republic. The time of his coming thither was about the year 1604, Leonardo Donato being then duke; a wise and resolved man, and to all purposes such—Sir Henry Wotton would often say it—as the State of Venice could not then have wanted; there having been formerly, in the time of Pope Clement the Eighth, some contests about the privileges of churchmen, and the power of the civil magistrate; of which, for the information of common readers I shall say a little, because it may give light to some passages that follow.

About the year 1603, the republic of Venice made several injunctions against lay-persons giving lands or goods to the church, without licence from the civil magistrate; and in that inhibition they expressed their reasons to be, "For that when any goods or land once came into the hands of

the Ecclesiastics, it was not subject to alienation ; by reason whereof—the lay-people being at their death charitable even to excess,—the clergy grew every day more numerous, and pretended an exemption from all public service and taxes, and from all secular judgment ; so that the burden grew thereby too heavy to be borne by the laity.”

Another occasion of difference was, that about this time complaints were justly made by the Venetians against two clergymen, the abbot of Nervesa, and a canon of Vicenza, for committing such sins as I think not fit to name : nor are these mentioned with an intent to fix a scandal upon any calling ;—for holiness is not tied to ecclesiastical orders,—and Italy is observed to breed the most virtuous and most vicious men of any nation. These two having been long complained of at Rome in the name of the State of Venice, and no satisfaction being given to the Venetians, they seized the persons of this abbot and canon, and committed them to prison.

The justice or injustice of such, or the like power, then used by the Venetians, had formerly had some calm debates betwixt the former Pope Clement the Eighth and that republic : I say, calm, for he did not excommunicate them ; considering, as I conceive, that in the late council of Trent, it was at last, after many politic disturbances and delays, and endeavours to preserve the pope's present power, in order to a general reformation of those many errors, which were in time crept into the church, declared by that council, “That though discipline and especial excommunication be one of the chief sinews of Church-government, and intended to keep men in obedience to it ; for which end it was declared to be very profitable ; yet it was also declared, and advised to be used with great sobriety and care, because experience had informed them, that when it was pronounced unadvisedly or rashly, it became more contemned than feared.” And, though this was the advice of that council at the conclusion of it, which was not many years before this quarrel with the Venetians ; yet this prudent, patient Pope Clement dying, Pope Paul the Fifth, who succeeded him,—though not immediately, yet in the same year,—being a man of a much hotter temper, brought this difference with the Venetians to a much higher contention ; objecting those late acts of that State to be a diminution of his just power, and limited a time of twenty-four days for their revocation ; threatening if he were not obeyed, to proceed to the excommunication of the republic, who still offered to show both reason and ancient custom to warrant their actions. But this pope, contrary to his predecessor's moderation, required absolute obedience without disputes.

Thus it continued for about a year, the pope still threatening excommunication, and the Venetians still answering him with fair speeches, and no compliance ; till at last the pope's zeal to the Apostolic See did make him to excommunicate the duke, the whole senate, and all their dominions, and, that done, to shut up all their churches ; charging the whole clergy to forbear all sacred offices to the Venetians, till their obedience should render them capable of absolution.

But this act of the pope's did but the more confirm the Venetians in their resolution not to

obey him : and to that end, upon the hearing of the pope's interdict, they presently published, by sound of trumpet, a proclamation to this effect :—

“That whosoever hath received from Rome any copy of a Papal Interdict, published there, as well against the law of God, as against the honour of this nation, shall presently render it to the Council of Ten, upon pain of death. And made it loss of estate and nobility, but to speak in the behalf of the Jesuits*.”

Then was Duado their ambassador called home from Rome, and the Inquisition presently suspended by order of the state : and the flood-gates being thus set open, any man that had a pleasant or scoffing wit, might safely vent it against the pope, either by free speaking, or by libels in print ; and both became very pleasant to the people.

Matters thus heightened, the State advised with Father Paul, a holy and learned friar, (the author of the History of the Council of Trent,) whose advice was, neither to provoke the pope, nor lose their own right : he declaring publicly in print, in the name of the State, “That the pope was trusted to keep two keys, one of prudence, and the other of power : and that, if they were not both used together, power alone is not effectual in an excommunication.”

And thus these discontents and oppositions continued, till a report was blown abroad, that the Venetians were all turned Protestants ; which was believed by many, for that it was observed that the English Ambassador was so often in conference with the senate, and his chaplain Mr. Bedel, more often with Father Paul, whom the people did not take to be his friend : and also, for that the republic of Venice was known to give commission to Gregory Justiniano, then their ambassador in England, to make all these proceedings known to the king of England, and to crave a promise of his assistance, if need should require : and in the mean time they required the king's advice and judgment ; which was the same that he gave to Pope Clement, at his first coming to the crown of England ;—that pope then moving him to an union with the Roman church ;—namely, To endeavour the calling of a free council, for the settlement of peace in Christendom ; and that he doubted not but that the French king, and divers other princes, would join to assist in so good a work ; and, in the mean time, the sin of this breach, both with his and the Venetian dominions, must of necessity lie at the pope's door.

In this contention—which lasted almost two years—the pope grew still higher, and the Venetians more and more resolved and careless ; still acquainting King James with their proceedings, which was done by the help of Sir Henry Wotton, Mr. Bedel, and Padre Paulo, whom the Venetians did then call to be one of their Consulters of State, and with his pen to defend their just cause : which was by him so performed, that the pope saw plainly he had weakened his power by exceeding it, and offered the Venetians absolution upon very easy terms ; which the Venetians still slighting, did at last obtain by that which was scarce so much as a show of acknowledging it : for they

* The Venetians had at this time banished the Jesuits from their territories, because they had rendered themselves peculiarly obnoxious by their implicit adherence to the papal power.

made an order, that in that day in which they were absolved, there should be no public rejoicing, nor any bonfires that night, lest the common people might judge that they desired an absolution, or were absolved for committing a fault.

These contests were the occasion of Padre Paulo's knowledge and interest with King James; for whose sake principally, Padre Paulo compiled that eminent history of the remarkable Council of Trent; which history was, as fast as it was written, sent in several sheets in letters by Sir Henry Wotton, Mr. Bedel, and others, unto King James, and the then Bishop of Canterbury, into England, and there first made public, both in English and the universal language.

For eight years after Sir Henry Wotton's going into Italy, he stood fair and highly valued in the king's opinion; but at last became much clouded by an accident, which I shall proceed to relate.

At his first going ambassador into Italy, as he passed through Germany, he stayed some days at Augusta; where, having been in his former travels well known by many of the best note for learning and ingeniousness,—those that are esteemed the virtuosi of that nation,—with whom he passing an evening in merriments, was requested by Christopher Flecmore to write some sentence in his Albo;—a book of white paper, which for that purpose many of the German gentry usually carry about them:—and Sir Henry Wotton consenting to the motion, took an occasion, from some accidental discourse of the present company, to write a pleasant definition of an ambassador in these very words:

“*Legatus est vir bonus, peregrinè missus ad mentium Reipublice causâ.*”

Which Sir Henry Wotton could have been content should have been thus Englished:

“An ambassador is an honest man, sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country.”

About the word for *lie*—being the hinge upon which the conceit was to turn—was not so expressed in Latin, as would admit, in the hands of an enemy especially, so fair a construction as Sir Henry thought in English. Yet as it was, it slept quietly among other sentences in this Albo, almost eight years, till by accident it fell into the hands of Jasper Scioppius,* a Romanist, a man of a restless spirit and a malicious pen; who, with books against King James, prints this as a principle of that religion professed by the king, and his ambassador Sir Henry Wotton, then at Venice; and in Venice it was presently after written in several glass-windows, and spitefully declared to be Sir Henry Wotton's.

This coming to the knowledge of King James, he apprehended it to be such an oversight, such a weakness, or worse, in Sir Henry Wotton, as caused the king to express much wrath against him: and this caused Sir Henry Wotton to write two apologies, one to Velserus, one of the chiefs of Augusta,

in the universal language,† which he caused to be printed, and given and scattered in the most remarkable places both of Germany and Italy, as an antidote against the venomous books of Scioppius; and another apology to King James; which were both so ingenious, so clear, and so choicely eloquent, that his majesty, who was a pure judge of it, could not forbear, at the receipt thereof, to declare publicly, that Sir Henry Wotton had commuted sufficiently for a greater offence.

And now, as broken bones well set become stronger, so Sir Henry Wotton did not only recover, but was much more confirmed in his majesty's estimation and favour than formerly he had been.

And, as that man of great wit and useful fancy, his friend Dr. Donne, gave in a will of his, a will of conceits, his reputation to his friends, and his industry to his foes, because from thence he received both; so those friends, that in this time of trial laboured to excuse this facetious freedom of Sir Henry Wotton's, were to him more dear, and by him more highly valued; and those acquaintance, that urged this as an advantage against him, caused him by this error to grow both more wise, and—which is the best fruit error can bring forth—for the future to become more industriously watchful over his tongue and pen.

I have told you a part of his employment in Italy; where, notwithstanding the death of his favourer, the Duke Leonardo Donato, who had an undissembled affection for him, and the malicious accusation of Scioppius, yet his interest—as though it had been an entailed love—was still found to live and increase in all the succeeding dukes, during his employment to that state, which was almost twenty years; all which time he studied the dispositions of those dukes, and the other consulters of state; well knowing that he who negotiates a continued business, and neglects the study of dispositions, usually fails in his proposed ends. But in this Sir Henry Wotton did not fail; for, by a fine sorting of fit presents, curious, and not costly entertainments, always sweetened by various and pleasant discourse—with which, and his choice application of stories, and his elegant delivery of all these, even in their Italian language, he first got, and still preserved, such interest in the State of Venice, that it was observed—such was either his merit or his modesty—they never denied him any request.

But all this shows but his abilities, and his fitness for that employment: it will therefore be needful to tell the reader what use he made of the interest which these procured him: and that indeed was rather to oblige others than to enrich himself; he still endeavouring that the reputation of the English might be maintained, both in the German Empire and in Italy; where many gentlemen, whom travel had invited into that nation, received from him cheerful entertainments, advice for their behaviour, and, by his interest, shelter or deliverance from those accidental storms of adversity which usually attend upon travel.

* A German, educated as a Protestant, but who embraced the tenets of the Romish church on reading the Annals of Baronius. His writings are virulent in the extreme, and nothing but the utter extirpation of the Protestants could satisfy his fiery zeal. In his latter days he pretended to prophesy, but could obtain little attention to his vaticinations. He died at Padua in 1640.

† Mark Velsar, or Welsar, was born at Augsburg, June 20th, 1558, of a noble and ancient German family. He pursued his studies at Rome under the celebrated Muretus, and upon his return into his native city, having acquired great reputation at the bar, became one of its first magistrates. He was distinguished for his learning, and was a patron of learned men.

And because these things may appear to the reader to be but generals, I shall acquaint him with two particular examples : one of his merciful disposition, and one of the nobleness of his mind ; which shall follow.

There had been many English soldiers brought by commanders of their own country, to serve the Venetians for pay against the Turk : and those English, having by irregularities, or improvidence, brought themselves into several galleys and prisons, Sir Henry Wotton became a petitioner to that state for their lives and enlargement ; and his request was granted : so that those—which were many hundreds, and there made the sad examples of human misery, by hard imprisonment and unpitied poverty in a strange nation—were by his means released, relieved, and in a comfortable condition sent to thank God and him, for their lives and liberty in their own country.

And this I have observed as one testimony of the compassionate nature of him, who was, during his stay in those parts, as a city of refuge for the distressed of this and other nations.

And for that which I offer as a testimony of the nobleness of his mind, I shall make way to the reader's clearer understanding of it, by telling him, that besides several other foreign employments, Sir Henry Wotton was sent thrice ambassador to the Republic of Venice. And at his last going thither, he was employed ambassador to several of the German princes, and more particularly to the Emperor Ferdinando the Second ; and that his employment to him, and those princes, was to incline them to equitable conditions for the restoration of the Queen of Bohemia and her descendants, to their patrimonial inheritance of the Palatinate.

This was, by his eight months' constant endeavours and attendance upon the emperor, his court, and council, brought to a probability of a successful conclusion, without bloodshed. But there were at that time two opposite armies in the field ; and as they were treating, there was a battle fought*, in the managery whereof there were so many miserable errors on the one side,—so Sir Henry Wotton expresses it in a dispatch to the king—and so advantageous events to the emperor, as put an end to all present hopes of a successful treaty ; so that Sir Henry, seeing the face of peace altered by that victory, prepared for a removal from that court ; and at his departure from the emperor, was so bold as to remember him, That the events of every battle move on the unseen wheels of Fortune, which are this moment up, and down the next ; and therefore humbly advised him to use his victory so soberly, as still to put on thoughts of peace. Which advice, though it seemed to be spoken with some passion,—his dear mistress the Queen of Bohemia being concerned in it—was yet taken in good part by the Emperor ; who replied, That he would consider his advice. And though he looked on the king his master, as an abettor of his enemy, the Palsgrave ; yet for Sir Henry himself, his behaviour had been such during the manage of the treaty, that he took him to be a person of much honour and merit ; and

did therefore desire him to accept of that jewel, as a testimony of his good opinion of him : which was a jewel of diamonds of more value than a thousand pounds.

This jewel was received with all outward circumstances and terms of honour by Sir Henry Wotton. But the next morning, at his departing from Vienna, he, at his taking leave of the Countess of Sabrina,—an Italian lady, in whose house the Emperor had appointed him to be lodged, and honourably entertained—acknowledged her merits, and besought her to accept of that jewel, as a testimony of his gratitude for her civilities ; presenting her with the same that was given him by the Emperor : which being suddenly discovered, and told to the Emperor, was by him taken for a high affront, and Sir Henry Wotton told so by a messenger. To which he replied, That though he received it with thankfulness, yet he found in himself an indisposition to be the better for any gift that came from an enemy to his royal mistress, the Queen of Bohemia ; for so she was pleased he should always call her. Many other of his services to his Prince and this nation might be insisted upon ; as, namely, his procurations of privileges and courtesies with the German Princes, and the Republic of Venice, for the English Merchants : and what he did by direction of King James with the Venetian State, concerning the Bishop of Spalato's† return to the Church of Rome. But for the particulars of these, and many more that I meant to make known, I want a view of some papers that might inform me,—his late Majesty's Letter-Office having now suffered a strange alienation,—and indeed I want time too ; for the printer's press stays for what is written : so that I must haste to bring Sir Henry Wotton in an instant from Venice to London, leaving the reader to make up what is defective

† Marcus Antonius de Dominis, Archbishop of Spalato in Dalmatia, was born about 1561 at Arba, and educated at Padua. This very remarkable man was one among the very few who having once become members of the Jesuits' Society have renounced the doctrines of that order. His books, "*De Republica Ecclesiastica*," introduced him to Bedel, who has been before mentioned, who, when at Venice in the capacity of chaplain to Sir Henry Wotton, read and corrected them. De Dominis returned to England with Bedel, and published his work in London. Having reconciled himself to the English church, he was received with all possible marks of respect. He preached and wrote against the Romish religion, and the king gave him the deanery of Windsor, the mastership of the Savoy, and the rich living of West Hidesley, in Berkshire. Ambition appears to have been the ruling spirit with De Dominis ; he could not be content with the marks of distinction he received in England, and evidently had expected to have greater things done for him. This frame of mind led him to give ready ear to Gondemar, the Spanish ambassador, one of the most accomplished intriguers and finished ambassadors, according to the worst version of Sir Henry Wotton's definition, that ever existed. He returned to Rome in 1622 and abjured his errors. But he was disappointed in his hopes of promotion there, for the very first opportunity was taken of taxing him with heresy. He was seized and thrown into prison, where he died in 1625. It was discovered after his death that his opinions were not agreeable to the church of Rome ; upon which his corpse was dug up, and burnt with his writings, in Flora's Field, by a decree of the Inquisition. We are indebted to him for Father Paul's "*History of the Council of Trent*," the manuscript of which he procured for Archbishop Abbot.

* The fatal battle near Prague in November 1620, when the Prince of Anhalt, general of the Bohemian forces, was totally defeated.

in this place, by the small supplement of the inscription under his arms, which he left at all those houses where he rested, or lodged, when he returned from his last embassy into England.

Henricus Wottonius Anglo-Cantianus, Thomæ optimi viri filius natus minimus, a Serenissimo Jacobo I. Mag. Brit. Rege, in equestrem titulum adscitus, ejusdemque ter ad Rempubliam Venetam Legatus Ordinarius, semel ad Confederatarum Provinciarum Ordines in Juliaciensi negotio. Bis ad Carolum Emanuel, Sabaudie Ducem; semel ad Unitos Superioris Germaniæ Principes in Conventu Heilbrunensi, postremò ad Archiducem Leopoldum, Ducem Wittembergensem, Civitates Imperiales, Argentinam, Ulmanque, et ipsum Romanorum Imperatorem Ferdinandum Secundum, Legatus Extraordinarius, tandem hoc didicit, *Animas fieri sapientiores quiescendo.*

To London he came the year before King James died; who having, for the reward of his foreign service, promised him the reversion of an office, which was fit to be turned into present money, which he wanted, for a supply of his present necessities; and also granted him the reversion of the Master of the Rolls' place, if he outlived charitable Sir Julius Cæsar*, who then possessed it, and then grown so old, that he was said to be kept alive beyond nature's course, by the prayers of those many poor which he daily relieved.

But these were but in hope; and his condition required a present support: for in the beginning of these employments he sold to his elder brother, the Lord Wotton, the rent-charge left by his good father; and—which is worse—was now at his return indebted to several persons, whom he was not able to satisfy, but by the king's payment of his arrears, due for his foreign employments. He had brought into England many servants, of which some were German and Italian artists: this was part of his condition, who had many times hardly sufficient to supply the occasions of the day: for it may by no means be said of his providence, as himself said of Sir Philip Sidney's wit, "That it was the very measure of congruity," he being always so careless of money, as though our Saviour's words, "Care not for to-morrow," were to be literally understood.

But it pleased the God of Providence, that in this juncture of time, the provostship of his majesty's college of Eton, became void by the death of Mr. Thomas Murray†, for which there were, as the place deserved, many earnest and powerful suitors to the king. And Sir Henry, who had for many years—like Sisyphus—rolled the

restless stone of a state-employment, knowing experimentally that the great blessing of sweet content was not to be found in multitudes of men or business, and that a college was the fittest place to nourish holy thoughts, and to afford rest both to his body and mind, which his age—being now almost threescore years—seemed to require, did therefore use his own, and the interest of all his friends, to procure that place. By which means, and quitting the king of his promised reversionary offices, and a piece of honest policy,—which I have not time to relate,—he got a grant of it from his majesty‡.

And this was a fair satisfaction to his mind: but money was wanting to furnish him with those necessities which attend removes, and a settlement in such a place; and, to procure that, he wrote to his old friend Mr. Nicholas Pey, for his assistance. Of which Nicholas Pey I shall here say a little, for the clearing of some passages that I shall mention hereafter.

He was in his youth a clerk, or in some such way a servant to the Lord Wotton, Sir Henry's brother; and by him, when he was comptroller of the king's household, was made a great officer in his majesty's house. This and other favours being conferred upon Mr. Pey—in whom there was a radical honesty—were always thankfully acknowledged by him, and his gratitude expressed by a willing and unwearied serviceableness to that family even till his death. To him Sir Henry Wotton wrote, to use all his interest at court, to procure five hundred pounds of his arrears,—for less would not settle him in the college; and the want of such a sum wrinkled his face with care,—'twas his own expression,—and, that money being procured, he should the next day after find him in his college, and Invidiæ remedium writ over his study door.

This money, being part of his arrears, was, by his own, and the help of honest Nicholas Pey's interest at court, quickly procured him, and he as quickly in the college; the place where indeed his happiness then seemed to have its beginning, the college being to his mind as a quiet harbour to a sea-faring man after a tempestuous voyage; where, by the bounty of the pious founder, his very food and raiment were plentifully provided for him in

marriage of the prince with the Infanta of Spain, occasioned his imprisonment for some time, along with Dr. George Hackwell, Archdeacon of Surrey, the author of "A Discourse against the Spanish Match." He died on the 1st of April, 1623.

§ He was instituted to the provostship on the 26th of July, 1623, having obtained the appointment by surrendering a grant of the reversion of the mastership of the Rolls and of another office. Although his two immediate predecessors were laymen, yet he took orders (probably from some legal doubt, as we find that in the reign of Charles II. upon the application of Waller for the same post, the council decided that the office could only be held by a clergyman), and was ordained deacon in 1627. The value of this preferment in the reign of Henry VIII. is known from the following story, told by Lloyd in his "State Worthies," p. 79. "Sir Thomas Wyatt one day told the king that he had found out a living of one hundred pounds in the year, more than enough, and prayed him to bestow it upon him. 'Truly,' said the king, 'we have no such in England.' 'Yes, sir,' said Sir Thomas, 'the Provostship of Eton, where a man has his diet, his lodging, his horse-ment, his servants' wages, his riding charges, and a one hundred pounds per annum besides.'"

* Sir Julius Cæsar, alias Adelmare, was the eldest son of Cæsar Dalmarius, an Italian, physician to Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth. His bounty was so extensive that he might be called "the almoner general of the nation." He printed a catalogue of the books, parchments, and papers belonging to the Court of Requests, in quarto, of singular use to antiquaries, but now almost as scarce as the MSS. themselves. (Peck's Desid. Cur. lib. xiv. p. 17.) This venerable lawyer died on the 28th of April, 1639, in the 79th year of his age. He lies buried in Great St. Helen's Church, London, under a monument, having an inscription importing that "He was willing to pay his debt to nature whenever God pleased," engraven on the representation of a deed with a seal annexed to it.

† The successor of Sir Henry Savile in the provostship of Eton College. He was a native of Scotland, tutor and secretary to Prince Charles. His zeal in opposing the

kind, and more money than enough ; where he was freed from all corroding cares, and seated on such a rock as the waves of want could not probably shake ; where he might sit in a calm, and, looking down, behold the busy multitude turmoiled and tossed in a tempestuous sea of trouble and dangers ; and, as Sir William Davenant * has happily expressed the like of another person,

Laugh at the graver business of the state,
Which speaks men rather wise than fortunate.

Being thus settled according to the desires of his heart, his first study was the statutes of the college ; by which he conceived himself bound to enter into holy orders, which he did, being made deacon with all convenient speed. Shortly after which time, as he came in his surplice from the church-service, an old friend, a person of quality, met him so attired, and joyed him of his new habit. To whom Sir Henry Wotton replied, " I thank God and the king, by whose goodness I now am in this condition—a condition which that emperor Charles the Fifth seemed to approve ; who, after so many remarkable victories, when his glory was great in the eyes of all men, freely gave up his crown, and the many cares that attended it, to Philip his son, making a holy retreat to a cloisteral life, where he might, by devout meditations, consult with God, which the rich or busy men seldom do, and have leisure both to examine the errors of his life past, and prepare for that great day, wherein all flesh must make an account of their actions : and after a kind of tempestuous life, I now have the like advantage from him that makes the outgoings of the morning to praise him ; even from my God, whom I daily magnify for this particular mercy of an exemption from business, a quiet mind, and a liberal maintenance, even in this part of my life, when my age and infirmities seem to sound me a retreat from the pleasures of this world, and invite me to contemplation, in which I have ever taken the greatest felicity."

And now to speak a little of the employment of his time in the college. After his customary public devotions, his use was to retire into his study, and there to spend some hours in reading the Bible, and authors in divinity, closing up his meditations with private prayer ; this was, for the most part, his employment in the forenoon. But when he was once sat to dinner, then nothing but cheerful thoughts possessed his mind, and those still increased by constant company at his table, of such persons as brought thither additions both of learning and pleasure ; but some part of most days was usually spent in philosophical conclusions. Nor did he forget his innate pleasure of angling, which he would usually call his idle time not idly spent, saying often, he would rather live five May months than forty Decembers.

He was a great lover of his neighbours, and a bountiful entertainer of them very often at his table, where his meat was choice, and his discourse better.

* Well known as the godson, or as some say, and he himself was not unwilling to have believed, a rather nearer relation than *god-son*, to Shakspeare. He succeeded Ben Jonson in the office of poet laureate, but his productions, suited only to the vitiated taste of the times, have now lost all consideration. He died in April, 1668, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

He was a constant cherisher of all those youths in that school, in whom he found either a constant diligence, or a genius that prompted them to learning ; for whose encouragement he was, beside many other things of necessity and beauty, at the charge of setting up in it two rows of pillars, on which he caused to be choicely drawn the pictures of divers of the most famous Greek and Latin historians, poets, and orators, persuading them not to neglect rhetoric, because Almighty God has left mankind affections to be wrought upon. And he would often say, " That none despised eloquence, but such dull souls as were not capable of it." He would also often make choice of some observations out of those historians and poets ; and would never leave the school, without dropping some choice Greek or Latin apophthegm or sentence, that might be worthy of a room in the memory of a growing scholar.

He was pleased constantly to breed up one or more hopeful youths, which he picked out of the school, and took into his own domestic care, and to attend him at his meals ; out of whose discourse and behaviour he gathered observations for the better completing of his intended work of education ; of which, by his still striving to make the whole better, he lived to leave but part to posterity.

He was a great enemy to wrangling disputes of religion ; concerning which I shall say a little, both to testify that, and to show the readiness of his wit.

Having at his being in Rome made acquaintance with a pleasant priest, who invited him one evening to hear their vesper music at church, the priest seeing Sir Henry stand obscurely in a corner, sends to him, by a boy of the choir, this question, writ in a small piece of paper : " Where was your religion to be found before Luther ?" To which question Sir Henry presently underwrit, " My religion was to be found then, where yours is not to be found now, in the written word of God."

The next vesper, Sir Henry went purposely to the same church, and sent one of the choir-boys with this question to his honest, pleasant friend, the priest : " Do you believe all those many thousands of poor Christians were damned, that were excommunicated because the Pope and the Duke of Venice could not agree about their temporal power ? even those poor Christians that knew not why they quarrelled. Speak your conscience." To which he underwrit in French, " Monsieur, excusez-moi."

To one that asked him, " Whether a papist may be saved ?" he replied, " You may be saved without knowing that. Look to yourself."

To another, whose earnestness exceeded his knowledge, and was still railing against the papists, he gave this advice : " Pray, sir, forbear till you have studied the points better ; for the wise Italians have this proverb, ' He that understands amiss concludes worse.' And take heed of thinking the farther you go from the church of Rome, the nearer you are to God."

And to another that spake indiscreet and bitter words against Arminius, I heard him reply to this purpose :—

" In my travel towards Venice, as I passed through Germany, I rested almost a year at Ley-

den, where I entered into an acquaintance with Arminius, then the professor of divinity in that university—a man much talked of in this age, which is made up of opposition and controversy. And indeed, if I mistake not Arminius in his expressions, as so weak a brain as mine is may easily do, then I know I differ from him in some points; yet I profess my judgment of him to be, that he was a man of most rare learning, and I knew him to be of a most strict life, and of a most meek spirit. And that he was so mild appears by his proposals to our Master Perkins* of Cambridge, from whose book, “Of the Order and Causes of Salvation,” which first was writ in Latin, Arminius took the occasion of writing some queries to him concerning the consequents of his doctrine; intending them, it is said, to come privately to Mr. Perkins’ own hands, and to receive from him a like private and a like loving answer. But Mr. Perkins died before those queries came to him, and it is thought Arminius meant them to die with him; for, though he lived long after, I have heard he forbore to publish them, but since his death his sons did not. And it is pity, if God had been so pleased, that Mr. Perkins did not live to see, consider, and answer those proposals himself; for he was also of a most meek spirit, and of great and sanctified learning. And though, since their deaths, many of high parts and piety have undertaken to clear the controversy, yet for the most part they have rather satisfied themselves than convinced the dissenting party. And, doubtless, many middle-witted men, which yet may mean well, many scholars that are not in the highest form for learning, which yet may preach well, men that are but preachers, and shall never know, till they come to heaven, where the questions stick betwixt Arminius and the church of England, if there be any, will yet in this world be tampering with and thereby perplexing the controversy, and do therefore justly fall under the reproof of St. Jude, for being busy-bodies, and for meddling with things they understand not.”

And here it offers itself, I think not unfitly, to tell the reader that a friend of Sir Henry Wotton’s being designed for the employment of an ambassador, came to Eton, and requested from him some experimental rules for his prudent and safe carriage in his negotiations. To whom he smilingly gave this for an infallible aphorism: that, to be in safety himself, and serviceable to his country, he should always, and upon all occasions, speak the truth; it seems a state paradox, for, says Sir Henry Wotton, “you shall never be believed, and by this means your truth will secure yourself, if you shall ever be called to any account; and it will also put your adversaries, who will still hunt counter, to a loss in all their disquisitions and undertakings.”

Many more of this nature might be observed, but they must be laid aside; for I shall here make a little stop, and invite the reader to look back with me, whilst, according to my promise, I shall say a little of Sir Albertus Morton and Mr. William Bedel, whom I formerly mentioned.

* Mr. William Perkins, of Christ College, in the University of Cambridge, where he died in 1602. He was minister of St. Andrew’s parish, in Cambridge. “His life,” says Fuller, “was so pious, so spotless, that malice was afraid to bite at his credit, into which she knew her teeth could not enter.”

I have told you that are my reader, that, at Sir Henry Wotton’s first going ambassador into Italy, his cousin, Sir Albertus Morton, went his secretary; and I am next to tell you, that Sir Albertus died secretary of state to our late king; but cannot, am not able to express the sorrow that possessed Sir Henry Wotton, at his first hearing the news that Sir Albertus was by death lost to him and this world. And yet the reader may partly guess by these following expressions; the first in a letter to his Nicholas Pey, of which this that followeth is a part.

“— And, my dear Nich., when I had been here almost a fortnight, in the midst of my great contentment, I received notice of Sir Albertus Morton his departure out of this world, who was dearer to me than mine own being in it: what a wound it is to my heart, you that knew him, and know me, will easily believe: but our Creator’s will must be done, and unrepiningly received by his own creatures, who is the Lord of all nature and of all fortune, when he taketh to himself now one and then another, till that expected day, wherein it shall please him to dissolve the whole, and wrap up even the heaven itself as a scroll of parchment. This is the last philosophy that we must study upon earth; let us therefore, that yet remain here, as our days and friends waste, reinforce our love to each other; which of all virtues, both spiritual and moral, hath the highest privilege, because death itself cannot end it. And my good Nich.” &c.

This is a part of his sorrow thus expressed to his Nich. Pey: the other part is in this following elegy, of which the reader may safely conclude it was too hearty to be dissembled.

TEARS

WEPT AT THE GRAVE OF SIR ALBERTUS MORTON,
BY HENRY WOTTON.

Silence, in truth, would speak my sorrow best,
For deepest wounds can least their feelings tell:
Yet, let me borrow from mine own unrest,
A time to bid him, whom I loved, farewell.

Oh, my unhappy lines! you that before
Have served my youth to vent some wanton cries,
And now, congealed with grief, can scarce implore
Strength to accent, Here my Albertus lies.

This is that sable stone, this is the cave
And womb of earth, that doth his corse embrace:
While others sing his praise, let me engrave
These bleeding numbers to adorn the place.

Here will I paint the characters of woe;
Here will I pay my tribute to the dead;
And here my faithful tears in showers shall flow,
To humanize the flints on which I tread.

Where, though I mourn my matchless loss alone,
And none between my weakness judge and me;
Yet even these pensive walls allow my moan,
Whose doleful echoes to my plaints agree.

But is he gone? and live I rhyming here,
As if some muse would listen to my lay?
When all, distuned, sit waiting for their dear,
And bathe the banks where he was wont to play.

Dwell then in endless bliss with happy souls,
Discharged from Nature’s and from Fortune’s trust;
Whilst on this fluid globe my hour-glass rolls,
And runs the rest of my remaining dust.

II. W.

This concerning his Sir Albertus Morton.

And for what I shall say concerning Mr. William Bedel, I must prepare the reader by telling him, that when King James sent Sir Henry Wotton ambassador to the State of Venice, he sent also an ambassador to the King of France*, and another to the King of Spain. With the ambassador of France went Joseph Hall, late Bishop of Norwich, whose many and useful works speak his great merit; with the ambassador to Spain went James Wadsworth; and with Sir Henry Wotton went William Bedel.

These three chaplains to these three ambassadors were all bred in one university, all of one college†, all beneficed in one diocese, and all most dear and entire friends. But in Spain, Mr. Wadsworth met with temptations, or reasons, such as were so powerful as to persuade him (who of the three was formerly observed to be the most averse to that religion that calls itself catholic) to disclaim himself a member of the church of England, and to declare himself for the church of Rome; discharging himself of his attendance on the ambassador, and betaking himself to a monasterial life, in which he lived very regularly, and so did.

When Dr. Hall, the late Bishop of Norwich, came into England, he wrote to Mr. Wadsworth (it is the first epistle in his printed *Decades*) to persuade his return, or to show the reason of his apostacy. The letter seemed to have in it many sweet expressions of love; and yet there was in it some expression that was so unpleasant to Mr. Wadsworth, that he chose rather to acquaint his old friend Mr. Bedel with his motives; by which means there passed, betwixt Mr. Bedel and Mr. Wadsworth, divers letters, which be extant in print, and did well deserve it; for in them there seems to be a controversy, not of religion only, but who should answer each other with most love and meekness; which I mention the rather, because it too seldom falls out to be so in a book war.

There is yet a little more to be said of Mr. Bedel, for the greatest part of which the reader is referred to this following letter of Sir Henry Wotton's, written to our late King Charles the First:

"May it please your most gracious Majesty, Having been informed that certain persons have, by the good wishes of the Archbishop of Armagh, been directed hither, with a most humble petition unto your Majesty, that you will be pleased to make Mr. William Bedel—now resident upon a small benefice in Suffolk—governor of your College at Dublin, for the good of that Society; and myself being required to render unto your Majesty some testimony of the said William Bedel, who was long my chaplain at Venice, in the time of my first employment there, I am bound in all conscience and truth—so far as your Majesty will vouchsafe to accept my poor judgment—to affirm

* James Hay, then Viscount Doncaster, a great favourite with James I., and employed by him on many missions, and created successively Baron Hay, of Sanley in Yorkshire, Viscount Doncaster, and Earl of Carlisle. He was famed for his high breeding and graceful manners, and particularly distinguished himself by expensive magnificence, which he carried to such an excess as to leave no relies of a large fortune behind him at his death, which took place 25th April 1636.

† Emanuel College in Cambridge.

of him, that I think hardly a fitter man for that charge could have been propounded unto your Majesty in your whole kingdom, for singular erudition and piety, conformity to the rights of the church, and zeal to advance the cause of God, wherein his travails abroad were not obscure in the time of the excommunication of the Venetians.

For it may please your Majesty to know, that this is the man whom Padre Paulo took, I may say, into his very soul, with whom he did communicate the inwardest thoughts of his heart; from whom he professed to have received more knowledge in all divinity, both scholastical and positive, than from any that he had ever practised in his days; of which all the passages were well known to the king your father, of most blessed memory. And so, with your Majesty's good favour, I will end this needless office; for the general fame of his learning, his life, and christian temper, and those religious labours which himself hath dedicated to your majesty, do better describe him than I am able.

"Your majesty's

"Most humble and faithful servant,

"H. WOTTON."

To this letter I shall add this; that he was—to the great joy of Sir Henry Wotton—made governor of the said college; and that, after a fair discharge of his duty and trust there, he was thence removed to be bishop of Kilmore §. In both places his life was so holy, as seemed to equal the primitive Christians: for as they, so he kept all the ember-weeks, observed—besides his private devotions—the canonical hours of prayer very strictly, and so he did all the feasts and fast-days of his mother, the church of England. To which I may add, that his patience and charity were both such, as showed his affections were set upon things that are above; for indeed, his whole life brought forth the fruits of the Spirit; there being in him such a remarkable meekness, that as St. Paul advised his Timothy in the election of a bishop, "that he have a good report of those that be without ||;" so had he: for those that were without, even those that in point of religion were of the Roman persuasion,—of which there were very many in his diocese,—did yet—such is the power of visible piety—ever look upon him with respect and reverence, and testified it by a concealing, and safe protecting him from death in the late horrid rebellion in Ireland, when the fury of the wild Irish knew no distinction of persons; and yet, there and then he was protected and cherished by those of a contrary persuasion; and there and then he died, not by violence or misusage, but by grief in a quiet prison (1629). And with him was lost many of his learned writings which were thought worthy of preservation; and amongst the rest was lost the Bible, which by many years' labour, and conference, and study, he had translated into the Irish tongue, with an intent to have printed it for public use.

More might be said of Mr. Bedel, who, I told the reader, was Sir Henry Wotton's first chaplain; and much of his second chaplain, Isaac Bargrave, doctor in divinity, and the late learned and hospitable Dean of Canterbury; as also of the merits of many others, that had the happiness to attend Sir

‡ Aug. 1627.

§ Sept. 3, 1629.

|| 1 Tim. iii. 7.

Henry in his foreign employments: but the reader may think that in this digression I have already carried him too far from Eton College, and therefore I shall lead him back as gently and as orderly as I may to that place, for a further conference concerning Sir Henry Wotton.

Sir Henry Wotton had proposed to himself, before he entered into his collegiate life, to write the life of Martin Luther, and in it the history of the Reformation, as it was carried on in Germany: for the doing of which he had many advantages by his several embassies into those parts, and his interest in the several princes of the empire; by whose means he had access to the records of all the Hans Towns, and the knowledge of many secret passages that fell not under common view; and in these he had made a happy progress, as was well known to his worthy friend, Dr. Duppa, the late reverend bishop of Salisbury. But in the midst of this design, his late majesty King Charles the First, that knew the value of Sir Henry Wotton's pen, did, by a persuasive loving violence—to which may be added a promise of 500*l.* a year—force him to lay Luther aside, and betake himself to write the history of England; in which he proceeded to write some short characters of a few kings, as a foundation upon which he meant to build; but, for the present, meant to be more large in the story of Henry the Sixth, the founder of that college, in which he then enjoyed all the worldly happiness of his present being. But Sir Henry died in the midst of this undertaking, and the footsteps of his labours are not recoverable by a more than common diligence.

This is some account both of his inclination, and the employment of his time in the college, where he seemed to have his youth renewed by a continual conversation with that learned society, and a daily recourse of other friends of choicest breeding and parts; by which that great blessing of a cheerful heart was still maintained; he being always free, even to the last of his days, from that peevishness which usually attends age.

And yet his mirth was sometimes damped by the remembrance of divers old debts, partly contracted in his foreign employments, for which his just arrears due from the king would have made satisfaction: but being still delayed with court-promises, and finding some decays of health, he did, about two years before his death, out of a christian desire that none should be a loser by him, make his last will; concerning which a doubt still remains, namely, whether it discovered more holy wit, or conscionable policy. But there is no doubt but that his chief design was a christian endeavour that his debts might be satisfied.

And that it may remain as such a testimony, and a legacy to those that loved him, I shall here impart it to the reader, as it was found written with his own hand.

In the name of God Almighty and all-merciful, I, Henry Wotton, provost of his majesty's college by Eton, being mindful of mine own mortality, which the sin of our first parents did bring upon all flesh, do by this last will and testament thus dispose of myself, and the poor things I shall leave in this world. My soul I bequeath to the immortal God my Maker, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, my blessed redeemer and mediator, through his all sole-sufficient satisfaction for the sins of the

whole world, and efficient for his elect; in the number of whom I am one by his mere grace, and thereof most unremovably assured by his Holy Spirit, the true eternal Comforter. My body I bequeath to the earth, if I shall end my transitory days at or near Eton, to be buried in the chapel of the said college, as the Fellows shall dispose thereof, with whom I have lived—my God knows—in all loving affection; or if I shall die near Bocton Malherbe, in the county of Kent, then I wish to be laid in that parish church, as near as may be to the sepulchre of my good father, expecting a joyful resurrection with him in the day of Christ.

After this account of his faith, and this surrender of his soul to that God that inspired it, and this direction for the disposal of his body, he proceeded to appoint that his executors should lay over his grave a marble stone, plain, and not costly: and considering that time moulders even marble to dust,—for *—monuments themselves must die; therefore did he—waving the common way—think fit rather to preserve his name—to which the son of Sirach adviseth all men—by a useful apophthegm, than by a large enumeration of his descent or merits, of both which he might justly have boasted; but he was content to forget them, and did choose only this prudent, pious sentence, to discover his disposition, and preserve his memory.

It was directed by him to be thus inscribed:

Hic jacet hujus sententiæ primus author:

DISPUTANDI PRURITUS, ECCLESIIARUM SCABIES.

Nomen alias quære.

Which may be Englished thus.

Here lies the first author of this sentence:

THE ITCH OF DISPUTATION WILL PROVE THE SCAB OF
THE CHURCH.

Inquire his name elsewhere.

And if any shall object, as I think some have, that Sir Henry Wotton was not the first author of this sentence: but that this, or a sentence like it, was long before his time; to him I answer, that Solomon says, "Nothing can be spoken, that hath not been spoken; for there is no new thing under the sun." But grant, that in his various reading he had met with this, or a like sentence, yet reason mixed with charity should persuade all readers to believe, that Sir Henry Wotton's mind was then so fixed on that part of the communion of saints which is above, that a holy lethargy did surprise his memory. For doubtless, if he had not believed himself to be the first author of what he said, he was too prudent first to own, and then expose it to the public view and censure of every critic. And questionless it will be charity in all readers to think his mind was then so fixed on heaven, that a holy zeal did transport him; and that, in this sacred ecstasy, his thoughts were then only of the church triumphant, into which he daily expected his admission; and that Almighty God was then pleased to make him a prophet, to tell

Juven. Sat. x. 146.

the church militant, and particularly that part of it in this nation, where the weeds of controversy grow to be daily both more numerous and more destructive to humble piety ; and where men have consciences that boggle at ceremonies, and yet scruple not to speak and act such sins as the ancient humble Christians believed to be a sin to think ; and where, our reverend Hooker says, "former simplicity, and softness of spirit, is not now to be found, because Zeal hath drowned Charity, and Skill Meekness." It will be good to think, that these sad changes have proved this epitaph to be a useful caution unto us of this nation ; and the sad effects thereof in Germany have proved it to be a mournful truth.

This by way of observation concerning his epitaph ; the rest of his will follows in his own words.

"Further, I the said Henry Wotton, do constitute and ordain to be joint executors of this my last will and testament, my two grand-nephews, Albert Morton, second son to Sir Robert Morton, knight, late deceased, and Thomas Bargrave, eldest son to Dr. Bargrave, Dean of Canterbury, husband to my right virtuous and only niece. And I do pray the foresaid Dr. Bargrave, and Mr. Nicholas Pey, my most faithful and chosen friends, together with Mr. John Harrison, one of the fellows of Eton College, best acquainted with my books, and pictures, and other utensils, to be supervisors of this my last will and testament. And I do pray the foresaid Dr. Bargrave, and Mr. Nicholas Pey, to be solicitors for such arrears as shall appear due unto me from his majesty's exchequer at the time of my death ; and to assist my forenamed executors in some reasonable and conscientious satisfaction of my creditors, and discharge of my legacies now specified ; or that shall be hereafter added unto this my testament, by any codicil or schedule, or left in the hands, or in any memorial with the aforesaid Mr. John Harrison. And first, to my most dear sovereign and master, of incomparable goodness,—in whose gracious opinion I have ever had some portion, as far as the interest of a plain honest man,—I leave four pictures at large of those dukes of Venice, in whose time I was there employed, with their names written on the back side, which hang in my great ordinary dining-room, done after the life by Edoardo Fialetto : likewise a table of the Venetian College, where ambassadors had their audience, hanging over the mantle of the chimney in the said room, done by the same hand, which containeth a draught in little, well resembling the famous Duke Leonardo Donato, in a time which needed a wise and constant man. Item. The picture of a Duke of Venice, hanging over against the door, done either by Titiano, or some other principal hand, long before my time. Most humbly beseeching his majesty, that the said pieces may remain in some corner of any of his houses, for a poor memorial of his most humble vassal.

"Item. I leave his said majesty all the papers and negotiations of Sir Nich. Throgmorton, knight, during his famous employment under Queen Elizabeth, in Scotland and in France ; which contain divers secrets of state, that perchance his majesty will think fit to be preserved in his paper-office, after they have been perused

and sorted by Mr. Secretary Windebank *, with whom I have heretofore, as I remember, conferred about them. They were committed to my disposal by Sir Arthur Throgmorton, his son, to whose worthy memory I cannot better discharge my faith, than by assigning them to the highest place of trust. Item. I leave to our most gracious and virtuous Queen Mary, Dioscorides, with the plants naturally coloured, and the text translated by Matthiolo, in the best language of Tuscany, whence her said majesty is lineally descended, for a poor token of my thankful devotion, for the honour she was once pleased to do my private study with her presence. I leave to the most hopeful prince, the picture of the elected and crowned queen of Bohemia, his aunt, of clear and resplendent virtues, through the clouds of her fortune. To my lord's grace of Canterbury now being, I leave my picture of divine love, rarely copied from one in the king's galleries, of my presentation to his majesty ; beseeching him to receive it as a pledge of my humble reverence to his great wisdom. And to the most worthy lord bishop of London, lord high treasurer of England, in true admiration of his Christian simplicity and contempt of earthly pomp, I leave a picture of Heraclitus bewailing, and Democritus laughing at the world ; most humbly beseeching the said lord archbishop his grace, and the lord bishop of London, of both whose favours I have tasted in my life-time, to intercede with our most gracious sovereign after my death, in the bowels of Jesus Christ, that out of compassionate memory of my long services,—wherein I more studied the public honour than mine own utility,—some order may be taken out of my arrears due in the exchequer, for such satisfaction of my creditors, as those whom I have ordained supervisors of this my last will and testament shall present unto their lordships, without their farther trouble ; hoping likewise in his majesty's most indubitable goodness, that he will keep me from all prejudice, which I may otherwise suffer by any defect of formality in the demand of my said arrears. To — for a poor addition to his cabinet, I leave, as emblems of his attractive virtues and obliging nobleness, my great loadstone, and a piece of amber, of both kinds naturally united, and only differing in degree of concoction, which is thought somewhat rare. Item, a piece of crystal sexangular—as they grow all—grasping divers several things within it, which I bought among the Rhetian Alps, in the very place where it grew ; recommending most humbly unto his lordship, the reputation of my poor name in the point of my debts, as I have done to the forenamed spiritual lords, and am heartily sorry that I have no better token of my humble thankfulness to his honoured person. Item. I leave to Sir Francis Windebank, one of his majesty's principal secretaries of state,—whom I found my great friend in point of necessity,—the Four Seasons of old Bassano, to hang near the eye in his parlour, being in little form, which I bought at Venice, where I first entered into his most worthy acquaintance.

* Son of Sir John Windebank, of Haines Hill in Berkshire. He was knighted and made secretary of state in 1632, but in 1646, being accused of protecting Romish priests and recusants, he was obliged to fly to Paris, where he died in exile.

"To the above-named Dr. Bargrave, dean of Canterbury, I leave all my Italian books not disposed in this will. I leave to him likewise my viol de gamba, which hath been twice with me in Italy, in which country I first contracted with him an unremoveable affection. To my other supervisor, Mr. Nicholas Pey, I leave my chest, or cabinet of instruments and engines of all kinds of uses: in the lower box whereof, are some* fit to be bequeathed to none but so entire an honest man as he is. I leave him likewise forty pounds for his pains in the solicitation of my arrears; and am sorry that my ragged estate can reach no farther to one that hath taken such care for me in the same kind, during all my foreign employments. To the library at Eton College, I leave all my manuscripts not before disposed, and to each of the fellows a plain ring of gold, enamelled black, all save the verge, with this motto within, *Amor unit omnia*.

"This is my last will and testament, save what shall be added by a schedule thereunto annexed, written on the first of October, in the present year of our redemption 1637, and subscribed by myself, with the testimony of these witnesses.

"Nich. Oudert.
Geo. Lash."

"HENRY WOTTON."

And now, because the mind of man is best satisfied by the knowledge of events, I think fit to declare, that every one that was named in his will did gladly receive their legacies: by which, and his most just and passionate desires for the payment of his debts, they joined in assisting the overseers of his will; and by their joint endeavours to the king,—than whom none was more willing—conscienceable satisfaction was given for his just debts.

The next thing wherewith I shall acquaint the reader is, that he went usually once a year, if not oftener, to the beloved Bocton Hall, where, he would say, he found a cure for all cares, by the cheerful company, which he called the living furniture of that place: and a restoration of his strength, by the connaturalness of that which he called his genial air.

He yearly went also to Oxford. But the summer before his death he changed that for a journey to Winchester College, to which school he was first removed from Bocton. And as he returned from Winchester towards Eton College, said to a friend, his companion in that journey, how useful was that advice of a holy monk, who persuaded his friend to perform his customary devotions in a constant place, because in that place we usually meet with those very thoughts which possessed us at our last being there! And I find it thus far experimentally true, that at my now being in that school, and seeing that very place where I sat when I was a boy, occasioned me to remember those very thoughts of my youth which then possessed me: sweet thoughts indeed, that promised my growing years numerous pleasures, without mixtures of cares; and those to be enjoyed when time—which I therefore thought slow-paced—had changed my youth into manhood. But age and

experience have taught me that those were but empty hopes; for I have always found it true, as my Saviour did foretell, "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." Nevertheless, I saw there a succession of boys using the same recreations, and, questionless, possessed with the same thoughts that then possessed me. Thus one generation succeeds another, both in their lives, recreations, hopes, fears, and death.

After his return from Winchester to Eton, which was about five months before his death, he became much more retired and contemplative: in which time he was often visited by Mr. John Hales†,—learned Mr. John Hales,—then a fellow of that College, to whom upon an occasion he spake to this purpose: "I have, in my passage to my grave, met with most of those joys of which a discursive soul is capable; and been entertained with more inferior pleasures than the sons of men are usually made partakers of: nevertheless, in this voyage I have not always floated on the calm sea of content; but have often met with cross winds and storms, and with many troubles of mind and temptations to evil. And yet, though I have been, and am a man compassed about with human frailties, Almighty God hath by his grace prevented me from making shipwreck of faith and a good conscience, the thought of which is now the joy of my heart, and I most humbly praise him for it: and I humbly acknowledge that it was not myself, but he that hath kept me to this great age, and let him take the glory of his great mercy.—And, my dear friend, I now see that I draw near my harbour of death; that harbour that will secure me from all the future storms and waves of this restless world; and I praise God I am willing to leave it, and expect a better; that world wherein dwelleth righteousness; and I long for it!"

These and the like expressions were then uttered by him at the beginning of a feverish distemper, at which time he was also troubled with an asthma, or short spitting: but after less than twenty fits, by the help of familiar physic and a spare diet, this fever abated, yet so as to leave him much weaker than it found him; and his asthma seemed also to be overcome in a good degree by his forbearing tobacco, which, as many thoughtful men do, he also had taken somewhat immoderately. This was his then present condition, and thus he continued till about the end of October, 1639, which was about a month before his death, at which time he again fell into a fever, which though he seemed to recover, yet these still left him so weak, that they, and those other common infirmities that accompany age, were wont to visit him like civil friends, and after some short time to leave him,—came now both oftener and with more violence, and at last took up their constant habitation with him, still weakening his body and abating his cheerfulness; of both which he grew more sensible, and did the oftener retire into his study, and there made many papers that had passed his pen, both in the days of his youth and in the busy part of his life, useless, by a fire made there to that purpose. These, and several unusual expressions to his servants and friends, seemed to foretell that the day of his death drew near; for which he seemed to those many friends that observed him, to be well prepared, and to

* In it were Italian locks, picklocks, screws to force open doors, and many things of worth and rarity, that he had gathered in his foreign travel.

† See page 40.

be both patient and free from all fear, as several of his letters writ on this his last sick-bed may testify. And thus he continued till about the beginning of December following, at which time he was seized more violently with a quotidian fever; in the tenth fit of which fever, his better part, that part of Sir Henry Wotton which could not die, put off mortality with as much content and cheerfulness as human frailty is capable of, being then in great tranquillity of mind, and in perfect peace with God and man.

And thus the circle of Sir Henry Wotton's life—that circle which began at Bocton, and in the circumference thereof did first touch at Winchester School, then at Oxford, and after upon so many remarkable parts and passages in Christendom—that circle of his life was by death thus closed up and completed, in the seventy and second year of his age, at Eton College; where, according to his will, he now lies buried, with his motto on a plain gravestone over him: dying worthy of his name and family, worthy of the love and favour of so many princes, and persons of eminent wisdom and learning, worthy of the trust committed unto him, for the service of his prince and country.

And all readers are requested to believe, that he was worthy of a more worthy pen, to have preserved his memory, and commended his merits to the imitation of posterity.

Iz. W^a.

AN

ELEGY ON SIR HENRY WOTTON,

WRIT BY

MR. ABRAHAM COWLEY.

What shall we say, since silent now is he,
Who when he spoke all things would silent be?
Who had so many languages in store,
That only Fame shall speak of him in more.
Whom England now no more return'd, must see;
He's gone to Heaven, on his fourth embassy.
On earth he travell'd often, not to say,
He'd been abroad to pass loose time away;
For in whatever land he chanced to come,
He read the men and manners, bringing home
Their wisdom, learning, and their piety,
As if he went to conquer, not to see.
So well he understood the most and best
Of tongues that Babel sent into the west;
Spoke them so truly, that he had, you'd swear,
Not only lived, but been born everywhere.
Justly each nation's speech to him was known,
Who for the world was made, not us alone;
Nor ought the language of that man be less,
Who in his breast had all things to express.
We say that learning's endless, and blame Fate
For not allowing life a longer date,
He did the utmost bounds of knowledge find,
And found them not so large as was his mind;
But, like the brave Pellean youth, did moan,
Because that art had no more worlds than one.
And when he saw that he through all had past,
He died—lest he should idle grow at last.

A. COWLEY.

THE
LIFE OF MR. RICHARD HOOKER,

THE AUTHOR OF THOSE LEARNED BOOKS

OF

THE LAWS OF ECCLESIASTICAL POLITY.

TO THE READER.

I THINK it necessary to inform my reader, that Dr. Gauden (the late Bishop of Worcester) hath also lately wrote and published the life of Mr. Hooker. And though this be not writ by design to oppose what he hath truly written; yet I am put upon a necessity to say, that in it there be many material mistakes, and more omissions. I conceive some of his mistakes did proceed from a belief in Mr. Thomas Fuller, who had too hastily published what he hath since most ingenuously retracted. And for the bishop's omissions, I suppose his more weighty business and want of time made him pass over many things without that due examination, which my better leisure, my diligence, and my accidental advantages, have made known unto me.

And now for myself, I can say, I hope, or rather know, there are no material mistakes in what I here present to you that shall become my reader. Little things that I have received by tradition (to which there may be too much and too little faith given) I will not at this distance of time undertake to justify; for, though I have used great diligence, and compared relations and circumstances, and

probable results and expressions; yet I shall not impose my belief upon my reader; I shall rather leave him at liberty: but, if there shall appear any material omission, I desire every lover of truth and the memory of Mr. Hooker, that it may be made known unto me. And to incline him to it, I here promise to acknowledge and rectify any such mistake in a second impression, which the printer says he hopes for; and by this means my weak but faithful endeavours may become a better monument, and in some degree more worthy the memory of this venerable man.

I confess, that when I consider the great learning and virtue of Mr. Hooker, and what satisfaction and advantages many eminent scholars and admirers of him have had by his labours; I do not a little wonder that in sixty years no man did undertake to tell posterity of the excellences of his life and learning, and the accidents of both; and sometimes wonder more at myself, that I have been persuaded to it; and indeed I do not easily pronounce my own pardon, nor expect that my reader shall, unless my introduction shall prove my apology, to which I refer him.

INTRODUCTION.

I HAVE been persuaded, by a friend whom I reverence, and ought to obey, to write the Life of RICHARD HOOKER; the happy author of five—if not more—of the eight learned books of The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity. And though I have undertaken it, yet it hath been with some unwillingness: because I foresee that it must prove to me, and especially at this time of my age, a work of much labour, to inquire, consider, research, and determine what is needful to be known concerning him. For I knew him not in his life, and must therefore not only look back to his death,—now sixty-four years past—but almost fifty years beyond that, even to his childhood and youth; and gather thence such observations and prognostics, as may at least adorn, if not prove necessary for the completing of what I have undertaken.

This trouble I foresee, and foresee also that it is impossible to escape censures; against which I will not hope my well-meaning and diligence can protect me,—for I consider the age in which I live—and shall therefore but entreat of my reader a suspension of his censures, till I have made known unto him some reasons, which I myself would now gladly believe do make me in some measure fit for this undertaking: and if these reasons shall not acquit me from all censures, they may at least abate of their

severity, and this is all I can probably hope for. My reasons follow.

About forty years past—for I am now past the seventy of my age—I began a happy affinity with William Crammer,—now with God,—grand-nephew unto the great archbishop of that name; a family of noted prudence and resolution; with him and two of his sisters I had an entire and free friendship; one of them was the wife of Dr. Spencer*, a bosom friend and sometime com-pupil with Mr. Hooker in Corpus Christi College in Oxford, and after president of the same. I name them here, for that I shall have occasion to mention them in the following discourse; as also George Crammer, their brother, of whose useful abilities my reader may have a more authentic testimony than my pen can purchase for him, by that of our learned Camden and others.

This William Crammer and his two fore-named sisters had some affinity, and a most familiar friendship, with Mr. Hooker, and had had some part of their education with him in his house, when he was parson of Bishops-

* A noted preacher, and chaplain to James I. He published Hooker's five books of Ecclesiastical Polity, with an excellent preface, about four years after Hooker's death. He died on the 3rd of April 1614, and was buried at Oxford.

Bourne, near Canterbury, in which city their good father then lived. They had, I say, a part of their education with him, as myself, since that time, a happy cohabitation with them; and having some years before read part of Mr. Hooker's works with great liking and satisfaction, my affection to them made me a diligent inquisitor into many things that concerned him; as namely, of his person, his nature, the management of his time, his wife, his family, and the fortune of him and his. Which enquiry hath given me much advantage in the knowledge of what is now under my consideration, and intended for the satisfaction of my reader.

I had also a friendship with the Reverend Dr. Usher*, the late learned Archbishop of Armagh; and with Dr. Morton, the late learned and charitable Bishop of Durham: as also the learned John Hales, of Eton College; and with them also—who loved the very name of Mr. Hooker—I have had many discourses concerning him; and from them, and many others that have now put off mortality, I might have had more informations, if I could then have admitted a thought of any fitness, for what by persuasion I have now undertaken. But though that full harvest be irrecoverably lost, yet my memory hath preserved some gleanings, and my diligence made such additions to them, as I hope will prove useful to the completing of what I intend; in the discovery of which I shall be faithful, and with this assurance put a period to my introduction.

It is not to be doubted, but that Richard Hooker was born at Heavy-tree, near, or within the precincts, or in the city of Exeter; a city which may justly boast that it was the birth-place of him and Sir Thomas Bodley; as, indeed, the county may, in which it stands, that it hath furnished this nation with Bishop Jewel, Sir Francis Drake, Sir Walter Raleigh, and many others, memorable for their valour and learning. He was born about the year of our Redemption 1553, of parents that were not so remarkable for their extraction or riches, as for their virtue and industry, and God's blessing upon both; by which they were enabled to educate their children in some degree of learning, of which our Richard Hooker may appear to be one fair testimony, and that nature is not so partial as always to give the great blessings of wisdom and learning, and with them the greater blessings of virtue and government, to those only that are of a more high and honourable birth.

His complexion—if we may guess by him at the age of forty—was sanguine, with a mixture of choler; and yet his motion was slow even in his youth, and so was his speech, never expressing an earnestness in either of them, but an humble gravity suitable to the aged. And it is observed, —so far as inquiry is able to look back at this distance of time,—that at his being a school-boy he was an early questioner, quietly inquisitive. Why this was, and that was not, to be remembered? Why this was granted, and that denied? This being mixed with a remarkable modesty, and a sweet serene quietness of nature, and with them a quick apprehension of many perplexed

parts of learning, imposed then upon him as a scholar, made his master and others to believe him to have an inward blessed divine light, and therefore to consider him to be a little wonder. For in that, children were less pregnant, less confident, and more malleable, than in this wiser, but not better age.

This meekness and conjuncture of knowledge, with modesty in his conversation, being observed by his schoolmaster, caused him to persuade his parents—who intended him for an apprentice—to continue him at school till he could find out some means, by persuading his rich uncle, or some other charitable person, to ease them of a part of their care and charge; assuring them that their son was so enriched with the blessings of nature and grace, that God seemed to single him out as a special instrument of his glory. And the good man told them also, that he would double his diligence in instructing him, and would neither expect nor receive any other reward than the content of so hopeful and happy an employment.

This was not unwelcome news, and especially to his mother, to whom he was a dutiful and dear child; and all parties were so pleased with this proposal, that it was resolved so it should be. And in the mean time his parents and master laid a foundation for his future happiness, by instilling into his soul the seeds of piety, those conscientious principles of loving and fearing God, of an early belief, that he knows the very secrets of our souls; that he punisheth our vices, and rewards our innocence; that we should be free from hypocrisy, and appear to man what we are to God, because first or last the crafty man is caught in his own snare. These seeds of piety were so seasonably planted, and so continually watered with the daily dew of God's blessed Spirit, that his infant virtues grew into such holy habits, as did make him grow daily into more and more favour both with God and man; which, with the great learning that he did after attain to, hath made Richard Hooker honoured in this, and will continue him to be so to succeeding generations.

This good schoolmaster, whose name I am not able to recover,—and am sorry, for that I would have given him a better memorial in this humble monument, dedicated to the memory of his scholar,—was very solicitous with John Hooker, then chamberlain of Exeter, and uncle to our Richard, to take his nephew into his care, and to maintain him for one year in the university, and in the mean time to use his endeavours to procure an admission for him into some college, though it were but in a mean degree; still urging and assuring him, that his charge would not continue long; for the lad's learning and manners were both so remarkable, that they must of necessity be taken notice of; and that doubtless God would provide him some second patron, that would free him and his parents from their future care and charge.

These reasons, with the affectionate rhetoric of his good master, and God's blessing upon both, procured from his uncle a faithful promise, that he would take him into his care and charge before the expiration of the year following, which was performed by him, and with the assistance of the learned Mr. John Jewel†; of whom this may be

† Dr. John Jewel, whose name is so well known as one among the illustrious list of the champions of the reformed

* James Usher, Archbishop of Armagh, was born in Dublin on the 4th of January, 1580. He was educated at Trinity College; in 1620 was made Bishop of Meath, and in 1625 was translated to Armagh. He was a severe sufferer in the Irish rebellion, in which he lost everything except his library, which he fortunately succeeded in preserving. With this chosen treasure he retreated to England, where he spent the remainder of his days in retirement. He died on the 25th of March 1655-56.

noted, that he left, or was about the first of Queen Mary's reign expelled out of, Corpus Christi college in Oxford,—of which he was a fellow,—for adhering to the truth of those principles of religion, to which he had assented and given testimony in the days of her brother and predecessor, Edward the Sixth; and this John Jewel, having within a short time after, a just cause to fear a more heavy punishment than expulsion, was forced, by forsaking this, to seek safety in another nation; and, with that safety, the enjoyment of that doctrine and worship for which he suffered.

But the cloud of that persecution and fear ending with the life of Queen Mary, the affairs of the church and state did then look more clear and comfortable; so that he, and with him many others of the same judgment, made a happy return into England about the first of Queen Elizabeth; in which year this John Jewel was sent a commissioner, or visitor, of the churches of the western parts of this kingdom, and especially of those in Devonshire, in which county he was born; and then and there he contracted a friendship with John Hooker, the uncle of our Richard.

About the second or third year of her reign, this John Jewel was made bishop of Salisbury; and there being always observed in him a willingness to do good, and to oblige his friends, and now a power added to this willingness; this John Hooker gave him a visit in Salisbury, and besought him for charity's sake to look favourably upon a poor nephew of his, whom nature had fitted for a scholar; but the estate of his parents was so narrow, that they were unable to give him the advantage of learning; and that the bishop would therefore become his patron, and prevent him from being a tradesman, for he was a boy of remarkable hopes. And though the bishop knew men do not usually look with an indifferent eye upon their own children and relations, yet he assented so far to John Hooker, that he appointed the boy and his schoolmaster should attend him, about Easter next following, at that place: which was done accordingly; and then, after some questions and observations of the boy's learning, and gravity, and behaviour, the bishop gave his schoolmaster a reward, and took order for an annual pension for the boy's parents; promising also to take him into his care for a future preferment, which he performed: for about the fifteenth year of his age, which was anno 1567, he was by the bishop appointed to remove to Oxford, and there to attend Dr. Cole, then president of Corpus Christi college*. Which he did; and Dr. Cole had—according to a promise made to the bishop—provided for him both a tutor—which was said to be

religion, was born in the parish of Berry Narber, Devon, on the 24th of May, 1522. During the reign of Queen Mary he was forced to take refuge abroad, where he was subjected to trials and sufferings which materially injured his health. On the accession of Elizabeth he returned to England, and was made bishop of Salisbury in 1559. He died on the 23rd of Sept. 1571. His "Apology for the Church of England," was widely celebrated and translated into many languages.

* Dr. John Cole, who exchanged the office of presidentship of Corpus Christi College for that of dean of Lincoln with Dr. Reynolds, suffered persecution under the reign of Queen Mary, and was forced to take refuge in Germany. He is favourably known as one of the assistants of Miles Coverdale in his translation of the Bible.

the learned Dr. John Reynolds†—and a clerk's place in that college: which place, though it were not a full maintenance, yet with the contribution of his uncle, and the continued pension of his patron, the good bishop, gave him a comfortable subsistence. And in this condition he continued unto the eighteenth year of his age, still increasing in learning and prudence, and so much in humility and piety, that he seemed to be filled with the Holy Ghost; and even, like St. John Baptist, to be sanctified from his mother's womb, who did often bless the day in which she bare him.

About this time of his age, he fell into a dangerous sickness, which lasted two months; all which time his mother, having notice of it, did in her hourly prayers as earnestly beg his life of God, as Monica, the mother of St. Augustine did, that he might become a true Christian; and their prayers were both so heard as to be granted. Which Mr. Hooker would often mention with much joy, and as often pray that he might never live to occasion any sorrow to so good a mother; of whom he would often say, he loved her so dearly, that he would endeavour to be good, even as much for hers, as for his own sake.

As soon as he was perfectly recovered from this sickness, he took a journey from Oxford to Exeter, to satisfy and see his good mother, being accompanied with a countryman and companion of his own college, and both on foot; which was then either more in fashion, or want of money, or their humility made it so: but on foot they went, and took Salisbury in their way, purposely to see the good bishop, who made Mr. Hooker and his companion dine with him at his own table: which Mr. Hooker boasted of with much joy and gratitude when he saw his mother and friends: and at the bishop's parting with him, the bishop gave him good counsel, and his benediction, but forgot to give him money; which, when the bishop had considered, he sent a servant in all haste to call Richard back to him: and at Richard's return, the bishop said to him, "Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a horse, which hath carried me many a mile, and, I thank God, with much ease;" and presently delivered into his hand a walking-staff, with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany. And he said, "Richard, I do not give, but lend you my horse: be sure you be honest, and bring my horse back to me at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats, to bear your charges to Exeter; and here is ten groats more, which I charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell her I send her a bishop's benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more, to carry you on foot to the college: and so God bless you, good Richard."

And this, you may believe, was performed by both parties. But, alas! the next news that followed Mr. Hooker to Oxford was, that his learned and charitable patron had changed this for a better life. Which happy change may be believed, for that as he lived, so he died, in devout meditation and prayer; and in both so zealously, that it

† Dr. Reynolds was highly celebrated among the church reformers. He was professor of divinity at Oxford, and the successor of Dr. Cole in the presidentship of Corpus Christi College. He died on the 21st of May, 1607.

became a religious question, Whether his last ejaculations or his soul, did first enter into heaven?

And now Mr. Hooker became a man of sorrow and fear: of sorrow, for the loss of so dear and comfortable a patron; and of fear, for his future subsistence. But Dr. Cole raised his spirits from this dejection, by bidding him go cheerfully to his studies, and assuring him, he should neither want food nor raiment,—which was the utmost of his hopes,—for he would become his patron.

And so he was for about nine months, and not longer; for about that time this following accident did befall Mr. Hooker.

Edwin Sandys*—sometime bishop of London, and after archbishop of York—had also been in the days of Queen Mary, forced, by forsaking this, to seek safety in another nation; where, for some years, Bishop Jewel and he were companions at bed and board in Germany; and where, in this their exile, they did often eat the bread of sorrow, and by that means they there began such a friendship as lasted till the death of Bishop Jewel, which was in September, 1571. A little before which time the two bishops meeting, Jewel had an occasion to begin a story of his Richard Hooker, and in it gave such a character of his learning and manners, that though Bishop Sandys was educated in Cambridge, where he had obliged, and had many friends; yet his resolution was, that his son Edwin should be sent to Corpus Christi college in Oxford, and by all means be pupil to Mr. Hooker, though his son Edwin was not much younger than Mr. Hooker then was: for the bishop said, "I will have a tutor for my son, that shall teach him learning by instruction, and virtue by example: and my greatest care shall be of the last; and, God willing, this Richard Hooker shall be the man into whose hands I will commit my Edwin." And the bishop did so about twelve months, or not much longer, after this resolution.

And doubtless, as to these two, a better choice could not be made; for Mr. Hooker was now in the nineteenth year of his age; had spent five in the university; and had, by a constant, unwearied diligence, attained unto a perfection in all the learned languages; by the help of which, an excellent tutor, and his unintermitted studies, he had made the subtlety of all the arts easy and familiar to him, and useful for the discovery of such learning as lay hid from common searchers. So that by these, added to his great reason, and his restless industry added to both, he did not only know more of causes and effects, but what he knew, he knew better than other men. And with this knowledge he had a most blessed and clear method of demonstrating what he knew, to the great advantage of all his pupils,—which in time were many,—but

especially to his two first, his dear Edwin Sandys, and his as dear George Cranmer; of which there will be a fair testimony in the ensuing relation.

This for Mr. Hooker's learning. And for his behaviour, amongst other testimonies, this still remains of him, that in four years he was but twice absent from the chapel prayers; and that his behaviour there was such, as showed an awful reverence of that God which he then worshipped and prayed to; giving all outward testimonies that his affections were set on heavenly things. This was his behaviour towards God; and for that to man, it is observable, that he was never known to be angry or passionate, or extreme in any of his desires; never heard to repine or dispute with providence, but, by a quiet gentle submission and resignation of his will to the wisdom of his Creator, bore the burthen of the day with patience; never heard to utter an uncomely word: and by this, and a grave behaviour, which is a divine charm, he begot an early reverence unto his person, even from those that at other times and in other companies, took a liberty to cast off that strictness of behaviour and discourse that is required in a collegiate life. And when he took any liberty to be pleasant, his wit was never blemished with scoffing, or the utterance of any conceit that bordered upon, or might beget a thought of looseness in his hearers. Thus mild, thus innocent and exemplary was his behaviour in his college; and thus this good man continued till his death, still increasing in learning, in patience, and piety.

In this nineteenth year of his age, he was, December 24, 1573, admitted to be one of the twenty scholars of the foundation; being elected and so admitted as born in Devon or Hantsire; out of which counties a certain number are to be elected in vacancies by the founder's statutes. And now as he was much encouraged, so now he was perfectly incorporated into this beloved college, which was then noted for an eminent library, strict students, and remarkable scholars. And indeed it may glory, that it had Cardinal Pole†, but more that it had Bishop Jewel, Dr. John Reynolds, and Dr. Thomas Jackson‡, of that foundation. The first famous for his learned Apology for the Church of England, and his Defence of it against Harding. The second, for the learned and wise managing of a public dispute with John Hart, of the Romish persuasion, about the head and faith of the church,

† Reginald Pole, descended from the blood-royal of England, was born at Stourton, in Staffordshire, in 1500. Although advanced to the dignity of cardinal, he had not taken priest's orders, and his noble birth and popular character caused him to be proposed to Queen Mary as a fitting match in the early part of her reign. After the death of Cranmer, he became archbishop of Canterbury. He died the same day with Queen Mary, the 18th of November, 1558. His character is thus favourably portrayed by Hume:—"The benign character of this prelate, the modesty and humanity of his deportment, made him be universally beloved; inasmuch, that in a nation where the most furious persecution was carried on, and where the most violent religious factions prevailed, entire justice, even by most of the reformers, has been done to his merit."

‡ Dr. Thomas Jackson was born at Wilton-on-the-Wear, in Durham, in 1579, and was educated at Queen's and Corpus Christi College, Oxford. He was made prebendary of Winchester in 1635, and Dean of Peterborough in 1638. His principal work is a Commentary on the Creed. He died in 1640.

* Edwin Sandys, one of the translators of the Bible, early embraced the Protestant faith. He was born in 1519, and educated at St. John's College, Cambridge. He suffered imprisonment for advocating, in the pulpit, the cause of Lady Jane Grey. He, however, obtained his liberty, and hastened abroad, where he remained until the accession of Elizabeth. She made him bishop of Worcester; in 1570 he was translated to London, and in 1576 he was created archbishop of York. He died in the year 1588. His sermons retain their reputation to the present day. His son, Sir Edwin Sandys, prebendary of York, was born about 1561, and is well known as the author of the tract entitled, "Europæ Speculum." He was knighted by King James, and died about 1629.

and after printed by consent of both parties. And the third, for his most excellent Exposition of the Creed, and other treatises; all such as have given greatest satisfaction to men of the greatest learning. Nor was Dr. Jackson more note-worthy for his learning, than for his strict and pious life, testified by his abundant love and meekness, and charity to all men.

And in the year 1576, February 23, Mr. Hooker's grace was given him for inceptor of arts; Dr. Herbert Westphaling*, a man of note for learning, being then vice-chancellor: and the act following he was completed master, which was anno 1577, his patron, Dr. Cole, being vice-chancellor that year, and his dear friend, Henry Savile† of Merton College, being then one of the proctors. 'Twas that Henry Savile, that was after Sir Henry Savile, warden of Merton College, and provost of Eton; he which founded in Oxford two famous lectures; and endowed them with liberal maintenance.

It was that Sir Henry Savile that translated and enlightened the history of Cornelius Tacitus, with a most excellent comment; and enriched the world by his laborious and chargeable collecting the scattered pieces of St. Chrysostom, and the publication of them in one entire body in Greek; in which language he was a most judicious critic. It was this Sir Henry Savile that had the happiness to be a contemporary and familiar friend to Mr. Hooker; and let posterity know it.

And in this year of 1577, he was so happy as to be admitted Fellow of the College; happy also in being the contemporary and friend of that Dr. John Reynolds, of whom I have lately spoken, and of Dr. Spencer; both which were after and successively made presidents of Corpus Christi College: men of great learning and merit, and famous in their generations.

Nor was Mr. Hooker more happy in his contemporaries of his time and college, than in the pupilage and friendship of his Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer; of whom my reader may note, that this Edwin Sandys was after Sir Edwin Sandys, and as famous for his *Speculum Europæ*, as his brother George for making posterity beholden to his pen by a learned relation and comment on his dangerous and remarkable Travels; and for his harmonious translation of the Psalms of David, the Book of Job, and other poetical parts of holy writ, into most high and elegant verse. And for Cranmer, his other pupil, I shall refer my reader to the printed testimonies of our learned Mr. Camden, of Fynes Moryson and others.

"This Cranmer,"—says Mr. Camden in his *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*,—"whose christian name was George, was a gentleman of singular hopes, the eldest son of Thomas Cranmer, son of

* A native of Germany, as his name denotes. He was canon of Christchurch, vice-chancellor of the University, and in 1585-6 was consecrated bishop of Hereford. He was a man of great piety, and so remarkable for the gravity of his demeanour, that it was said he was scarcely ever seen to laugh.

† Sir Henry Savile was born at Over Bradley, near Halifax, in Yorkshire, on the 30th November 1547, and was educated at Merton College, Oxford. He was Greek and mathematical preceptor to Queen Elizabeth, and was one of the translators of James the First's Bible. He was knighted in 1604, and died provost of Eton College, on the 19th of February 1621-22.

Edmund Cranmer, the archbishop's brother: he spent much of his youth in Corpus Christi College in Oxford, where he continued master of arts for some time before he removed, and then betook himself to travel, accompanying that worthy gentleman Sir Edwin Sandys into France, Germany, and Italy, for the space of three years; and after their happy return, he betook himself to an employment under Secretary Davison, a privy councillor of note, who, for an unhappy undertaking, became clouded and pitted: after whose fall, he went in place of secretary with Sir Henry Killigrew in his embassy into France: and after his death he was sought after by the most noble Lord Mountjoy, with whom he went into Ireland, where he remained, until in a battle against the rebels near Carlingford, an unfortunate wound put an end both to his life, and the great hopes that were conceived of him, he being then but in the thirty-sixth year of his age."

Betwixt Mr. Hooker and these his two pupils, there was a sacred friendship; a friendship made up of religious principles, which increased daily by a similitude of inclinations to the same recreations and studies; a friendship elemented in youth, and in an university, free from self-ends, which the friendships of age usually are not. And in this sweet, this blessed, this spiritual amity, they went on for many years: and as the holy prophet saith, so they took sweet counsel together, and walked in the house of God as friends. By which means they improved this friendship to such a degree of holy amity, as bordered upon heaven; a friendship so sacred, that when it ended in this world, it began in that next, where it shall have no end.

And, though this world cannot give any degree of pleasure equal to such a friendship; yet obedience to parents, and a desire to know the affairs, manners, laws, and learning of other nations, that they might thereby become the more serviceable unto their own, made them put off their gowns, and leave the college and Mr. Hooker to his studies, in which he was daily more assiduous, still enriching his quiet and capacious soul with the precious learning of the philosophers, casuists, and schoolmen; and with them the foundation and reason of all laws, both sacred and civil; and indeed with such other learning as lay most remote from the track of common studies. And, as he was diligent in these, so he seemed restless in searching the scope and intention of God's Spirit revealed to mankind in the sacred Scripture: for the understanding of which, he seemed to be assisted by the same Spirit with which they were written; He that regardeth truth in the inward parts, making him to understand wisdom secretly. And the good man would often say, that God abhors confusion as contrary to his nature; and as often say, That the Scripture was not writ to beget disputations and pride, and opposition to government; but charity and humility, moderation, obedience to authority, and peace to mankind; of which virtues, he would as often say, no man did ever repent himself on his death-bed. And that this was really his judgment, did appear in his future writings, and in all the actions of his life. Nor was this excellent man a stranger to the more light and airy parts of learning, as music and poetry; all which he had digested and made useful; and of all which the reader will have a fair testimony in what will follow.

In the year 1579, the chancellor of the University was given to understand, that the public Hebrew lecture was not read according to the statutes; nor could be, by reason of a distemper, that had then seized the brain of Mr. Kingsmill, who was to read it; so that it lay long unread, to the great detriment of those that were studious of that language. Therefore, the chancellor writ to his vice-chancellor, and the University, that he had heard such commendations of the excellent knowledge of Mr. Richard Hooker in that tongue, that he desired he might be procured to read it: and he did, and continued to do so till he left Oxford.

Within three months after his undertaking this lecture,—namely, in October 1579,—he was, with Dr. Reynolds and others, expelled his college; and this letter, transcribed from Dr. Reynolds his own hand, may give some account of it.

TO SIR FRANCIS KNOLLES.

I am sorry, right honourable, that I am enforced to make unto you such a suit, which I cannot move, but I must complain of the unrighteous dealing of one of our college; who hath taken upon him, against all law and reason, to expel out of our house both me and Mr. Hooker, and three other of our fellows, for doing that which by oath we were bound to do. Our matter must be heard before the Bishop of Winchester, with whom I do not doubt but we shall find equity. Howbeit, forasmuch as some of our adversaries have said that the bishop is already forestalled, and will not give us such audience as we look for; therefore I am humbly to beseech your honour, that you will desire the bishop, by your letters, to let us have justice; though it be with rigour, so it be justice: our cause is so good, that I am sure we shall prevail by it. Thus much I am bold to request of your honour for Corpus Christi College sake, or rather for Christ's sake; whom I beseech to bless you with daily increase of his manifold gifts, and the blessed graces of his Holy Spirit.

Your honour's in Christ to command,
London, October 9, 1579. JOHN REYNOLDS.

This expulsion was by Dr. John Barfoote, then vice-president of the college, and chaplain to Ambrose Earl of Warwick. I cannot learn the pretended cause; but that they were restored the same month is most certain.

I return to Mr. Hooker in his college, where he continued his studies with all quietness, for the space of three years; about which time he entered into sacred orders, being then made deacon and priest, and, not long after, was appointed to preach at St. Paul's Cross.

In order to which sermon, to London he came, and immediately to the Shunamite's House, which is a house so called, for that, besides the stipend paid the preacher, there is provision made also for his lodging and diet for two days before, and one day after his sermon. This house was then kept by John Churchman, sometime a draper of good note in Watling-street, upon whom poverty had at last come like an armed man, and brought him into a necessitous condition; which, though it be a punishment, is not always an argument of God's disfavour, for he was a virtuous man. I shall not yet give the like testimony of his wife, but leave

the reader to judge by what follows. But to this house Mr. Hooker came so wet, so weary, and weather-beaten, that he was never known to express more passion, than against a friend that dissuaded him from footing it to London, and for finding him no easier horse, supposing the horse trotted when he did not; and at this time also, such a faintness and fear possessed him, that he would not be persuaded two days' rest and quietness, or any other means could be used, to make him able to preach his Sunday's sermon; but a warm bed, and rest, and drink proper for a cold, given him by Mrs. Churchman, and her diligent attendance added unto it, enabled him to perform the office of the day, which was in or about the year 1581.

And in this first public appearance to the world, he was not so happy as to be free from exceptions against a point of doctrine delivered in his sermon, which was, "That in God there were two wills, an antecedent and a consequent will; his first will, that all mankind should be saved; but his second will was, that those only should be saved that did live answerable to that degree of grace which he had offered or afforded them." This seemed to cross a late opinion of Mr. Calvin's, and then taken for granted by many that had not a capacity to examine it, as it had been by him before, and hath been since by Master Henry Mason, Dr. Jackson, Dr. Hammond, and others of great learning, who believe that a contrary opinion entrenches upon the honour and justice of our merciful God. How he justified this, I will not undertake to declare; but it was not excepted against (as Mr. Hooker declares in his rational Answer to Mr. Travers) by John Elmer*, then bishop of London, at this time one of his auditors, and at last one of his advocates too, when Mr. Hooker was accused for it.

But the justifying of this doctrine did not prove of so bad consequence, as the kindness of Mrs. Churchman's curing him of his late distemper and cold; for that was so gratefully apprehended by Mr. Hooker, that he thought himself bound in conscience to believe all that she said; so that the good man came to be persuaded by her, that he was a man of a tender constitution, and that it was best for him to have a wife, that might prove a nurse to him; such a one as might both prolong his life and make it more comfortable, and such a one she could and would provide for him, if he thought fit to marry. And he, not considering that "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light," but, like a true Nathaniel, fearing no guile, because he meant none, did give her such a power as Eleazar was trusted with (you may read it in the book of Genesis), when he was sent to choose a wife for Isaac; for even so he trusted her to choose for him, promising upon a fair summons to return to London, and accept of her choice; and he did so in that or about the year following. Now the wife provided for him was her daughter Joan, who brought him neither beauty nor portion; and for her conditions, they were too like that wife's

* Or rather Aylmer, the tutor of Lady Jane Grey. He was obliged to take refuge at Zurich during the reign of Queen Mary, but returning on the accession of Elizabeth, he was in 1576 advanced to the bishopric of London. He died in 1594.

which is by Solomon compared to a dripping house : so that the good man had no reason to rejoice in the wife of his youth ; but too just cause to say with the holy prophet, "Woe is me, that I am constrained to have my habitation in the tents of Kedar !"

This choice of Mr. Hooker's, if it were his choice, may be wondered at ; but let us consider that the prophet Ezekiel says, "There is a wheel within a wheel," a secret sacred wheel of Providence, most visible in marriages, guided by His hand, that allows not the race to the swift, nor bread to the wise, nor good wives to good men : and He that can bring good out of evil (for mortals are blind to this reason) only knows why this blessing was denied to patient Job, to meek Moses, and to our as meek and patient Mr. Hooker. But so it was ; and let the reader cease to wonder, for affliction is a divine diet, which, though it be not pleasing to mankind, yet Almighty God hath often, very often, imposed it as good, though bitter, physic to those children whose souls are dearest to him.

And by this marriage the good man was drawn from the tranquillity of his college ; from that garden of piety, of pleasure, of peace, and a sweet conversation, into the thorny wilderness of a busy world ; into those corroding cares that attend a married priest, and a country parsonage, which was Drayton-Beauchamp, in Buckinghamshire, not far from Aylesbury, and in the diocese of Lincoln ; to which he was presented by John Cheney, Esq., then patron of it, the 9th of December, 1584, where he behaved himself so as to give no occasion of evil, but, as St. Paul adviseth a minister of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in anguishes, in necessities, in poverty, and no doubt in long-suffering, yet troubling no man with his discontents and wants.

And in this condition he continued about a year, in which time his two pupils, Edwin Sandys and George Crammer, took a journey to see their tutor, where they found him with a book in his hand—it was the Odes of Horace ; he being then, like humble and innocent Abel, tending his small allotment of sheep in a common field ; which he told his pupils he was forced to do then, for that his servant was gone home to dine, and assist his wife to do some necessary household business. But when his servant returned and released him, then his two pupils attended him unto his house, where their best entertainment was his quiet company, which was presently denied them, for Richard was called to rock the cradle ; and the rest of their welcome was so like this, that they staid but till next morning, which was time enough to discover and pity their tutor's condition ; and they having in that time rejoiced in the remembrance, and then paraphrased on many of the innocent recreations of their younger days, and other like diversions, and thereby given him as much present comfort as they were able, they were forced to leave him to the company of his wife Joan, and seek themselves a quieter lodging for next night. But at their parting from him, Mr. Crammer said, "Good tutor, I am sorry your lot is fallen in no better ground, as to your parsonage ; and more sorry that your wife proves not a more comfortable companion, after you have wearied yourself in your restless studies." To whom the good man

replied, "My dear George, if saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I, that am none, ought not to repine at what my wise Creator hath appointed for me ; but labour, as indeed I do daily, to submit mine to his will, and possess my soul in patience and peace."

At their return to London, Edwin Sandys acquaints his father, who was then Archbishop of York, with his tutor's sad condition, and solicits for his removal to some benefice that might give him a more quiet and a more comfortable subsistence ; which his father did most willingly grant him when it should next fall into his power. And not long after this time, which was in the year 1585, Mr. Alvey, Master of the Temple, died, who was a man of a strict life, of great learning, and of so venerable behaviour as to gain so high a degree of love and reverence from all men that he was generally known by the name of Father Alvey. And at the Temple reading, next after the death of this Father Alvey, he, the said Archbishop of York, being then at dinner with the judges, the reader, and the benchers of that society, met with a general condolence for the death of Father Alvey, and with a high commendation of his saint-like life, and of his great merit both towards God and man ; and as they bewailed his death, so they wished for a like pattern of virtue and learning to succeed him. And here came in a fair occasion for the bishop to commend Mr. Hooker to Father Alvey's place, which he did with so effectual an earnestness, and that seconded with so many other testimonies of his worth, that Mr. Hooker was sent for from Drayton-Beauchamp to London, and there the mastership of the Temple proposed unto him by the bishop, as a greater freedom from his country cares, the advantages of a better society, and a more liberal pension than his country parsonage did afford him. But these reasons were not powerful enough to incline him to a willing acceptance of it : his wish was rather to gain a better country living, where he might see God's blessings spring out of the earth, and be free from noise, so he expressed the desire of his heart, and eat that bread which he might more properly call his own, in privacy and quietness. But, notwithstanding this averseness, he was at last persuaded to accept of the bishop's proposal ; and was, by * patent for life, made master of the Temple the 17th of March, 1585, he being then in the thirty-fourth year of his age.

And here I shall make a stop ; and, that the reader may the better judge of what follows, give him a character of the times, and temper of the people of this nation, when Mr. Hooker had his admission into this place—a place which he accepted rather than desired ; and yet here he promised himself a virtuous quietness, that blessed tranquillity which he always prayed and laboured for, that so he might in peace bring forth the fruits of peace, and glorify God by uninterrupted

* This you may find in the Temple Records. William Ermostad was Master of the Temple at the dissolution of the Priory, and died 2 Eliz. (1559).

Richard Alvey, Bat. Divinity, Pat. 13 Febr. 2 Eliz. Magister, sive Custos Domus et Ecclesie Novi Templi, died 27 Eliz. (1585).

Richard Hooker succeeded that year by patent, in terminis, as Alvey had it, and he left it 33 Eliz. (1591).

That year Dr. Balgey succeeded Richard Hooker.

prayers and praises. For this he always thirsted and prayed; but Almighty God did not grant it, for his admission into this place was the very beginning of those oppositions and anxieties, which till then this good man was a stranger to, and of which the reader may guess by what follows.

In this character of the times, I shall, by the reader's favour, and for his information, look so far back as to the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth; a time, in which the many pretended titles to the crown, the frequent treasons, the doubts of her successor, the late civil war, and the sharp persecution for religion that raged to the effusion of so much blood in the reign of Queen Mary, were fresh in the memory of all men; and begot fears in the most pious and wisest of this nation, lest the like days should return again to them, or their present posterity. And the apprehension of these dangers begot a hearty desire of a settlement in the church and state; believing there was no other probable way left to make them sit quietly under their own vines and fig-trees, and enjoy the desired fruit of their labours. But time, and peace, and plenty, begot self-ends; and these begot animosities, envy, opposition, and unthankfulness for those very blessings for which they lately thirsted, being then the very utmost of their desires, and even beyond their hopes.

This was the temper of the times in the beginning of her reign; and thus it continued too long; for those very people that had enjoyed the desires of their hearts in a reformation from the church of Rome, became at last so like the grave, as never to be satisfied, but were still thirsting for more and more; neglecting to pay that obedience, and perform those vows, which they made in their days of adversities and fear: so that in short time there appeared three several interests, each of them fearless and restless in the prosecution of their designs: they may for distinction be called, the active Romanists, the restless non-conformists, of which there were many sorts, and the passive peaceable Protestant. The counsels of the first considered and resolved on in Rome: the second both in Scotland, in Geneva, and in divers selected, secret, dangerous conventicles, both there, and within the bosom of our own nation: the third pleaded and defended their cause by established laws, both ecclesiastical and civil: and if they were active, it was to prevent the other two from destroying what was by those known laws happily established to them and their posterity.

I shall forbear to mention the very many and dangerous plots of the Romanists against the church and state; because what is principally intended in this digression, is an account of the opinions and activity of the non-conformists; against whose judgment and practice Mr. Hooker became at last, but most unwillingly, to be engaged in a book-war; a war which he maintained not as against an enemy, but with the spirit of meekness and reason.

In which number of non-conformists, though some might be sincere, well-meaning men, whose indiscreet zeal might be so like charity as thereby to cover a multitude of their errors; yet of this party there were many that were possessed with a high degree of spiritual wickedness; I mean with an innate restless pride and malice; I do not

mean the visible carnal sins of gluttony and drunkenness, and the like,—from which, good Lord, deliver us!—but sins of a higher nature, because they are more unlike God, who is the God of love, and mercy, and order, and peace; and more like the devil, who is not a glutton, nor can be drunk, and yet is a devil: but I mean those spiritual wickednesses of malice and revenge, and an opposition to government: men that joyed to be the authors of misery, which is properly his work that is the enemy and disturber of mankind; and thereby greater sinners than the glutton or drunkard, though some will not believe it. And of this party there were also many, whom prejudice and a furious zeal had so blinded, as to make them neither to hear reason, nor adhere to the ways of peace: men, that were the very dregs and pest of mankind; men whom pride and self-conceit had made to overvalue their own pitiful crooked wisdom so much, as not to be ashamed to hold foolish and unmannerly disputes against those men whom they ought to reverence, and those laws which they ought to obey; men, that laboured and joyed first to find out the faults, and then speak evil of government, and to be the authors of confusion; men, whom company, and conversation, and custom, had at last so blinded, and made so insensible that these were sins, that like those that perished in the gainsaying of Korah, so these died without repenting of these spiritual wickednesses; of which the practices of Coppinger and Hackett in their lives, and the death of them and their adherents, are, God knows, too sad examples, and ought to be cautions to those men that are inclined to the like spiritual wickednesses.

And in these times, which tended thus to confusion, there were also many of these scruple-mongers, that pretended a tenderness of conscience, refusing to take an oath before a lawful magistrate: and yet these very men in their secret conventicles did covenant and swear to each other, to be assiduous and faithful in using their best endeavours to set up the Presbyterian doctrine and discipline; and both in such a manner as they themselves had not yet agreed on; but up that government must. To which end there were many that wandered up and down, and were active in sowing discontents and sedition, by venomous and secret murmurings, and a dispersion of scurrilous pamphlets and libels against the church and state; but especially against the bishops; by which means, together with venomous and indiscreet sermons, the common people became so fanatic, as to believe the bishops to be Antichrist, and the only obstructers of God's discipline; and at last some of them were given over to so bloody a zeal, and such other desperate delusions, as to find out a text in the Revelation of St. John, that Antichrist was to be overcome by the sword. So that those very men, that began with tender and meek petitions, proceeded to admonitions; then to satirical remonstrances: and at last—having, like Absalom, numbered who was not, and who was, for their cause—they got a supposed certainty of so great a party, that they durst threaten first the bishops, and then the queen and parliament, to all which they were secretly encouraged by the earl of Leicester, then in great favour with her majesty, and the reputed cherisher and patron-general of these pretenders to tenderness of con-

science; his design being, by their means, to bring such an odium upon the bishops, as to procure an alienation of their lands, and a large proportion of them for himself: which avaricious desire had at last so blinded his reason, that his ambitious and greedy hopes seemed to put him into a present possession of Lambeth-house.

And to these undertakings the non-conformists of this nation, were much encouraged and heightened by a correspondence and confederacy with that brotherhood in Scotland; so that here they became so bold, that one* told the queen openly in a sermon, she was like an untamed heifer, that would not be ruled by God's people, but obstructed his discipline. And in Scotland they were more confident; for there† they declared her an atheist, and grew to such a height, as not to be accountable for anything spoken against her, nor for treason against their own king, if it were but spoken in the pulpit; showing at last such a disobedience to him, that his mother being in England, and then in distress, and in prison, and in danger of death, the church denied the king their prayers for her; and at another time, when he had appointed a day of feasting, the church declared for a general fast, in opposition to his authority.

To this height they were grown in both nations, and by these means there was distilled into the minds of the common people such other venomous and turbulent principles, as were inconsistent with the safety of the church and state: and these opinions vented so daringly, that, beside the loss of life and limbs, the governors of the church and state were forced to use such other severities as will not admit of an excuse, if it had not been to prevent the gangrene of confusion, and the perilous consequences of it; which, without such prevention, would have been first confusion, and then ruin and misery to this numerous nation.

These errors and animosities were so remarkable, that they begot wonder in an ingenious Italian, who being about this time come newly into this nation, and considering them, writ scoffingly to a friend in his own country, to this purpose: "That the common people of England were wiser than the wisest of his nation; for here the very women and shopkeepers were able to judge of predestination, and to determine what laws were fit to be made concerning church-government; and then, what were fit to be obeyed or abolished. That they were more able, or at least thought so, to raise and determine perplexed cases of conscience, than the wisest of the most learned colleges in Italy. That men of the slightest learning, and the most ignorant of the common people, were mad for a new, or super, or re-reformation of religion; and that in this they appeared like that man, who would never cease to whet and whet his knife, till there was no steel left to make it

useful." And he concluded his letter with this observation, "That those very men that were most busy in oppositions, and disputations, and controversies, and finding out the faults of their governors, had usually the least of humility and mortification, or of the power of godliness."

And to heighten all these discontents and dangers, there was also sprung up a generation of godless men; men that had so long given way to their own lusts and delusions, and so highly opposed the blessed motions of His Spirit, and the inward light of their own consciences, that they became the very slaves of vice, and had thereby sinned themselves into a belief of that which they would, but could not believe, into a belief, which is repugnant even to human nature;—for the heathens believe that there are many gods;—but these had sinned themselves into a belief that there was no God! and so, finding nothing in themselves but what was worse than nothing, began to wish what they were not able to hope for, namely, that they might be like the beasts that perish! and in wicked company—which is the atheist's sanctuary—were so bold as to say so: though the worst of mankind, when he is left alone at midnight, may wish, but is not then able to think it: even into a belief that there is no God. Into this wretched, this reprobate condition, many had then sinned themselves.

And now, when the church was pestered with them, and with all those other fore-named irregularities; when her lands were in danger of alienation, her power at least neglected, and her peace torn to pieces by several schisms, and such heresies as do usually attend that sin;—for heresies do usually outlive their first authors;—when the common people seemed ambitious of doing those very things that were forbidden and attended with most dangers, that thereby they might be punished, and then applauded and pitied: when they called the spirit of opposition a tender conscience, and complained of persecution, because they wanted power to persecute others: when the giddy multitude raged, and became restless to find out misery for themselves and others; and the rabble would herd themselves together, and endeavour to govern and act in spite of authority; in this extremity of fear, and danger of the church and state, when, to suppress the growing evils of both, they needed a man of prudence and piety, and of a high and fearless fortitude, they were blessed in all by John Whitgift his being made archbishop of Canterbury; of whom Sir Henry Wotton—that knew him well in his youth, and had studied him in his age,—gives this true character: "That he was a man of reverend and sacred memory, and of the primitive temper; such a temper, as when the church by lowliness of spirit did flourish in highest examples of virtue." And indeed this man proved so.

And though I dare not undertake to add to this excellent and true character, of Sir Henry Wotton; yet I shall neither do right to this discourse, nor to my reader, if I forbear to give him a further and short account of the life and manners of this excellent man; and it shall be short, for I long to end this digression, that I may lead my reader back to Mr. Hooker where we left him at the Temple.

John Whitgift was born in the county of Lin-

* Edward Dering, a puritan divine, and a native of Kent, educated at Christ College, Cambridge. He was suspended from his lectureships on account of his non-conformity, but he is commended as a truly religious man, whose pure and virtuous life was followed by a happy death in 1576. He wrote some sermons and a defence of Bishop Jewel's Apology for the Church.

† Vide Bishop Spotswood's History of the Church of Scotland.

coln,* of a family that was ancient ; and noted to be both prudent and affable, and gentle by nature. He was educated in Cambridge ; much of his learning was acquired in Pembroke Hall, where Mr. Bradford the martyr was his tutor : from thence he was removed to Peter House ; from thence to be master of Pembroke Hall ; and from thence to the mastership of Trinity College. About which time the queen made him her chaplain ; and not long after prebend of Ely, and then dean of Lincoln ; and having for many years past looked upon him with much reverence and favour, gave him a fair testimony of both, by giving him the bishopric of Worcester, and, which was not with her a usual favour, forgiving him his first fruits ; then by constituting him vice-president of the principality of Wales. And having experimented his wisdom, his justice, and moderation in the manage of her affairs in both these places, she, in the twenty-sixth of her reign, 1583, made him archbishop of Canterbury, and, not long after, of her privy council ; and trusted him to manage all her ecclesiastical affairs and preferments. In all which removes, he was like the ark, which left a blessing upon the place where it rested ; and in all his employments was like Jehoiada, that did good unto Israel.

These were the steps of this bishop's ascension to this place of dignity and cares : in which place, to speak Mr. Camden's very words in his *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, he devoutly consecrated both his whole life to God, and his painful labours to the good of his church. And yet in this place he met with many oppositions in the regulation of church affairs, which were much disordered at his entrance, by reason of the age and remissness of Bishop Grindal†, his immediate predecessor, the activity of the non-conformists, and their chief assistant the earl of Leicester ; and, indeed, by too many others of the like sacrilegious principles. With these he was to encounter ; and though he wanted neither courage, nor a good cause, yet he foresaw, that without a great measure of the queen's favour, it was impossible to stand in the breach, that had been lately made into the lands and immunities of the church, or indeed to maintain the remaining lands and rights of it. And, therefore, by justifiable sacred insinuations, such as St. Paul to Agrippa,—Agrippa, believest thou ? I know thou believest, he wrought himself into so great a degree of favour with her, as, by his pious use of it, hath got both of them a great degree of fame in this world, and of glory in that into which they are now both entered.

His merits to the queen, and her favours to him were such, that she called him her little black husband, and called his servants her servants : and she saw so visible and blessed a sincerity

shine in all his cares and endeavours for the church's and for her good, that she was supposed to trust him with the very secrets of her soul, and to make him her confessor ; of which she gave many fair testimonies ; and of which one was, that she would never eat flesh in Lent, without obtaining a licence from her little black husband : and would often say, "She pitied him because she trusted him, and had thereby eased herself by laying the burthen of all her clergy-cares upon his shoulders, which he managed with prudence and piety."

I shall not keep myself within the promised rules of brevity in this account of his interest with her majesty, and his care of the church's rights, if in this digression I should enlarge to particulars ; and therefore my desire is, that one example may serve for a testimony of both. And, that the reader may the better understand it, he may take notice, that not many years before his being made archbishop, there passed an act, or acts of parliament, intending the better preservation of the church-lands, by recalling a power which was vested in others to sell or lease them, by lodging and trusting the future care and protection of them only in the crown : and amongst many that made a bad use of this power or trust of the queen's, the earl of Leicester was one ; and the bishop having, by his interest with her majesty, put a stop to the earl's sacrilegious designs, they two fell to an open opposition before her ; after which they both quitted the room, not friends in appearance. But the bishop made a sudden and seasonable return to her majesty, for he found her alone, and spake to her with great humility and reverence, to this purpose.

"I beseech your majesty to hear me with patience, and to believe that yours and the church's safety are dearer to me than my life, but my conscience dearer than both : and therefore give me leave to do my duty, and tell you, that princes are deputed nursing fathers of the church, and owe it a protection ; and therefore God forbid that you should be so much as passive in her ruin, when you may prevent it ; or that I should behold it without horror and detestation ; or should forbear to tell your majesty of the sin and danger of sacrilege. And though you and myself were born in an age of frailties, when the primitive piety and care of the church's lands and immunities are much decayed ; yet, madam, let me beg that you would first consider that there are such sins as profaneness and sacrilege ; and that, if there were not, they could not have names in holy writ, and particularly in the New Testament. And I beseech you to consider, that though our Saviour said, he judged no man ; and, to testify it, would not judge nor divide the inheritance betwixt the two brethren, nor would judge the woman taken in adultery ; yet in this point of the church's rights he was so zealous, that he made himself both the accuser, and the judge, and the executioner too, to punish these sins ; witnessed, in that he himself made the whip to drive the profaners out of the temple, overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and drove them out of it. And I beseech you to consider, that it was St. Paul that said to those Christians of his time that were offended with idolatry, and yet committed sacrilege ; thou that abhorrest idols, dost thou commit

* He was born in 1530 at Great Grimsby, in Lincolnshire, and died at Lambeth on the 29th of February 1603.

† Edmund Grindal, archbishop of Canterbury, was born at Bingham, in Cumberland, in 1519. He was educated at Cambridge, but adhering to the reformed religion, retired to Strasburg during the persecutions of Queen Mary's days. Returning at the accession of Elizabeth, she promoted him first to the bishopric of London, thence he was translated to York, and in 1575 to Canterbury. His indulgence to the puritans brought him into disgrace with the queen, and for some time he was sequestered and confined to his house. In 1582 he resigned his office, and died on the 6th of July 1583.

sacrilege? supposing, I think, sacrilege the greater sin. This may occasion your majesty to consider, that there is such a sin as sacrilege; and to incline you to prevent the curse that will follow it, I beseech you also to consider, that Constantine, the first Christian emperor, and Helena, his mother; that King Edgar, and Edward the Confessor; and indeed many others of your predecessors, and many private Christians, have also given to God, and to his church, much land, and many immunities, which they might have given to those of their own families, and did not; but gave them for ever as an absolute right and sacrifice to God: and with these immunities and lands they have entailed a curse upon the alienators of them: God prevent your majesty and your successors from being liable to that curse, which will cleave unto church-lands as the leprosy to the Jews.

"And to make you, that are trusted with their preservation, the better to understand the danger of it, I beseech you, forget not, that, to prevent these curses, the church's land and power have been also endeavoured to be preserved, as far as human reason and the law of this nation have been able to preserve them, by an immediate and most sacred obligation on the consciences of the princes of this realm. For they that consult *Magna Charta* shall find, that as all your predecessors were at their coronation, so you also were sworn before all the nobility and bishops then present, and in the presence of God, and in his stead to him that anointed you, to maintain the church-lands, and the rights belonging to it; and this you yourself have testified openly to God at the holy altar, by laying your hands on the bible then lying upon it. And not only *Magna Charta*, but many modern statutes, have denounced a curse upon those that break *Magna Charta*; a curse like the leprosy, that was entailed on the Jews: for as that, so these curses have, and will cleave to the very stones of those buildings that have been consecrated to God; and the father's sin of sacrilege hath, and will prove to be entailed on his son and family. And now, madam, what account can be given for the breach of this oath at the last great day, either by your majesty, or by me, if it be wilfully, or but negligently violated, I know not.

"And therefore, good madam, let not the late lord's exceptions against the failings of some few clergymen prevail with you to punish posterity for the errors of this present age; but let particular men suffer for their particular errors; but let God and his church have their inheritance; and though I pretend not to prophesy, yet I beg posterity to take notice of what is already become visible in many families; that church-land added to an ancient and just inheritance, hath proved like a moth fretting a garment, and secretly consumed both: or like the eagle that stole a coal from the altar, and thereby set her nest on fire, which consumed both her young eagles and herself that stole it. And though I shall forbear to speak reproachfully of your father, yet I beg you to take notice, that a part of the church's rights, added to the vast treasures left him by his father, hath been conceived to bring an unavoidable consumption upon both, notwithstanding all his diligence to preserve them.

"And consider, that after the violation of those laws, to which he had sworn in *Magna Charta*,

God did so far deny him his restraining grace, that as King Saul, after he was forsaken of God, fell from one sin to another; so he, till at last he fell into greater sins than I am willing to mention. Madam, religion is the foundation and cement of human societies; and when they that serve at God's altar shall be exposed to poverty, then religion itself will be exposed to scorn, and become contemptible; as you may already observe it to be in too many poor vicarages in this nation. And therefore, as you are by a late act or acts of parliament, entrusted with a great power to preserve or waste the church's lands; yet dispose of them, for Jesus' sake, as you have promised to men, and vowed to God, that is, as the donors intended: let neither falsehood nor flattery beguile you to do otherwise; but put a stop to God's and the Levite's portion, I beseech you, and to the approaching ruins of his church, as you expect comfort at the last great day; for kings must be judged. Pardon this affectionate plainness, my most dear sovereign, and let me beg to be still continued in your favour; and the Lord still continue you in his."

The queen's patient hearing this affectionate speech, and her future care to preserve the church's rights, which till then had been neglected, may appear a fair testimony, that he made hers and the church's good the chiefest of his cares, and that she also thought so. And of this there were such daily testimonies giver, as begot betwixt them so mutual a joy and confidence, that they seemed born to believe and do good to each other; she not doubting his piety to be more than all his opposers, which were many; nor doubting his prudence to be equal to the chiefest of her council, who were then as remarkable for active wisdom, as those dangerous times did require, or this nation did ever enjoy. And in this condition he continued twenty years; in which time he saw some flowings, but many more ebblings of her favour towards all men that had opposed him, especially the Earl of Leicester: so that God seemed still to keep him in her favour, that he might preserve the remaining church-lands and immunities from sacrilegious alienations. And this good man deserved all the honour and power with which she gratified and trusted him; for he was a pious man, and naturally of noble and grateful principles: he eased her of all her church-cares by his wise manage of them; he gave her faithful and prudent counsels in all the extremities and dangers of her temporal affairs, which were very many; he lived to be the chief comfort of her life in her declining age, and to be then most frequently with her, and her assistant at her private devotions; he lived to be the greatest comfort of her soul upon her death-bed, to be present at the expiration of her last breath, and to behold the closing of those eyes that had long looked upon him with reverence and affection. And let this also be added, that he was the chief mourner at her sad funeral; nor let this be forgotten, that, within a few hours after her death he was the happy proclaimer, that King James—her peaceful successor—was heir to the crown.

Let me beg of my reader to allow me to say a little, and but a little, more, of this good bishop, and I shall then presently lead him back to Mr. Hooker; and because I would hasten, I will mention but one part of the bishop's charity and

humility ; but this of both. He built a large almshouse near to his own palace at Croydon in Surrey, and endowed it with maintenance for a master and twenty-eight poor men and women ; which he visited so often, that he knew their names and dispositions ; and was so truly humble, that he called them brothers and sisters ; and whensoever the queen descended to that lowliness to dine with him at his palace in Lambeth,—which was very often,—he would usually the next day shew the like lowliness to his poor brothers and sisters at Croydon, and dine with them at his hospital ; at which time, you may believe, there was joy at the table. And at this place he built also a fair free-school, with a good accommodation and maintenance for the master and scholars. Which gave just occasion for Boyse Sisi, then ambassador for the French king, and resident here, at the bishop's death, to say, "The bishop had published many learned books ; but a free-school to train up youth, and an hospital to lodge and maintain aged and poor people, were the best evidences of Christian learning that a bishop could leave to posterity." This good bishop lived to see King James settled in peace, and then fell into an extreme sickness at his palace in Lambeth ; of which when the king had notice, he went presently to visit him, and found him in his bed in a declining condition and very weak ; and after some short discourse betwixt them, the king at his departure assured him, "He had a great affection for him, and a very high value for his prudence and virtues, and would endeavour to beg his life of God for the good of his church." To which the good bishop replied, "Pro Ecclesia Dei ! Pro Ecclesia Dei !" which were the last words he ever spake ; therein testifying, that as in his life, so at his death, his chiefest care was of God's church.

This John Whitgift was made archbishop in the year 1583. In which busy place he continued twenty years and some months ; and in which time you may believe he had many trials of his courage and patience : but his motto was "Vincit qui patitur," and he made it good.

Many of his trials were occasioned by the then powerful Earl of Leicester, who did still—but secretly—raise and cherish a faction of Non-conformists to oppose him ; especially one Thomas Cartwright,* a man of noted learning, sometime contemporary with the bishop in Cambridge, and of the same college, of which the bishop had been master : in which place there began some emulations,—the particulars I forbear,—and at last open and high oppositions betwixt them ; and in which you may believe Mr. Cartwright was most faulty, if his expulsion out of the university can incline you to it.

And in this discontent after the earl's death,—which was 1588,—Mr. Cartwright appeared a chief cherisher of a party that were for the Geneva church-government ; and, to effect it, he ran himself into many dangers both of liberty and life ; appearing at the last to justify himself and his party in many remonstrances, which he caused to

be printed : and to which the bishop made a first answer, and Cartwright replied upon him ; and then the bishop having rejoined to his first reply, Mr. Cartwright either was, or was persuaded to be, satisfied ; for he wrote no more, but left the reader to be judge which had maintained their cause with most charity and reason. After some silence, Mr. Cartwright received from the bishop many personal favours and betook himself to a more private living, which was at Warwick, where he was made master of an hospital, and lived quietly, and grew rich ; and where the bishop gave him a licence to preach, upon promises not to meddle with controversies, but incline his hearers to piety and moderation : and this promise he kept during his life, which ended 1602, the bishop surviving him but some few months ; each ending his days in perfect charity with the other.

And now after this long digression, made for the information of my reader concerning what follows, I bring him back to venerable Mr. Hooker, where we left him in the Temple, and where we shall find him as deeply engaged in a controversy with Walter Travers,†—a friend and favourite of Mr. Cartwright's—as the bishop had ever been with Mr. Cartwright himself, and of which I shall proceed to give this following account.

And first this ; that though the pens of Mr. Cartwright and the bishop were now at rest, yet there was sprung up a new generation of restless men, that by company and clamours became possessed of a faith, which they ought to have kept to themselves, but could not : men that were become positive in asserting, That a papist cannot be saved : inso much, that about this time, at the execution of the Queen of Scots, the bishop that preached her funeral sermon—which was Dr. Howland, then Bishop of Peterborough—was reviled for not being positive for her damnation. And besides this boldness of their becoming Gods, so far as to set limits to His mercies, there was not only one Martin Mar-prelate, but other venomous books daily printed and dispersed ; books that were so absurd and scurrilous, that the graver divines disdained them an answer. And yet these were grown into high esteem with the common people, till Tom Nash appeared against them all, who was a man of a sharp wit, and the master of a scoffing, satirical, merry pen, which he employed to discover the absurdities of those blind, malicious, senseless pamphlets, and sermons as senseless as they ; Nash's answers being like his books, which bore these, or like titles ; An Almond for a Parrot ; A Fig for my Godson ; Come crack me this Nut, and the like ; so that this merry wit made some sport, and such a discovery of their absurdities, as—which is strange—he put a greater stop to these malicious pamphlets, than a much wiser man had been able.

And now the reader is to take notice, that at the death of Father Alvey, who was master of the Temple, this Walter Travers was lecturer there for the evening sermons, which he preached with great approbation, especially of some citizens, and

* A puritan divine, born in Hertfordshire, about 1535, and educated at St. John's College, Cambridge. On his expulsion from the university he went abroad, and became minister to the English at Antwerp and Middleburgh. Besides his controversial tracts, he wrote a Commentary on the Proverbs, and a Harmony of the Gospels.

† Walter Travers had been a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. He was the intimate friend of Cartwright at the university, and joined him as preacher at Antwerp. Returning to England he was entertained by Lord Burghleigh as chaplain, and by his interest appointed lecturer at the Temple.

the younger gentlemen of that society ; and for the most part approved by Mr. Hooker himself, in the midst of their oppositions. For he continued lecturer a part of his time ; Mr. Travers being indeed a man of competent learning, of a winning behaviour, and of a blameless life. But he had taken orders by the presbytery in Antwerp, —and with them some opinions, that could never be eradicated,—and if in any thing he was transported, it was in an extreme desire to set up that government in this nation ; for the promoting of which he had a correspondence with Theodore Beza at Geneva, and others in Scotland ; and was one of the chiefest assistants to Mr. Cartwright in that design.

Mr. Travers had also a particular hope to set up this government in the Temple, and to that end used his most zealous endeavours to be master of it ; and his being disappointed by Mr. Hooker's admittance, proved the occasion of a public opposition betwixt them in their sermons : many of which were concerning the doctrine and ceremonies of this church : insomuch that, as St. Paul withstood St. Peter to his face, so did they withstand each other in their sermons : for, as one hath pleasantly expressed it, The forenoon sermon spake Canterbury ; and the afternoon Geneva.

In these sermons there was little of bitterness, but each party brought all the reasons he was able to prove his adversary's opinion erroneous. And thus it continued a long time, till the oppositions became so visible, and the consequences so dangerous, especially in that place, that the prudent archbishop put a stop to Mr. Travers his preaching, by a positive prohibition. Against which Mr. Travers appealed, and petitioned Her Majesty's privy council to have it recalled ; where, besides his patron, the Earl of Leicester, he met also with many assisting friends ; but they were not able to prevail with, or against the archbishop, whom the queen had intrusted with all church-power ; and he had received so fair a testimony of Mr. Hooker's principles, and of his learning and moderation, that he withstood all solicitations. But the denying this petition of Mr. Travers, was unpleasant to divers of his party ; and the reasonableness of it became at last to be so publicly magnified by them, and many others of that party, as never to be answered : so that, intending the bishop's and Mr. Hooker's disgrace, they procured it to be privately printed and scattered abroad ; and then Mr. Hooker was forced to appear, and make as public an answer ; which he did, and dedicated it to the archbishop ; and it proved so full an answer, an answer that had in it so much of clear reason, and writ with so much meekness and majesty of style, that the bishop began to have him in admiration, and to rejoice that he had appeared in his cause, and disdained not earnestly to beg his friendship ; even a familiar friendship with a man of so much quiet learning and humility.

To enumerate the many particular points, in which Mr. Hooker and Mr. Travers dissented,—all, or most of which I have seen written,—would prove at least tedious : and therefore I shall impose upon my reader no more than two, which shall immediately follow, and by which he may judge of the rest.

Mr. Travers excepted against Mr. Hooker, for that in one of his sermons he declared, That the

assurance of what we believe by the word of God is not to us so certain as that which we perceive by sense. And Mr. Hooker confesseth he said so, and endeavours to justify it by the reasons following.

First ; I taught that the things which God promises in his word are surer than what we touch, handle, or see : but are we so sure and certain of them ? If we be, why doth God so often prove his promises to us as he doth, by arguments drawn from our sensible experience ? For we must be surer of the proof than of the things proved ; otherwise it is no proof. For example ; how is it that many men looking on the moon, at the same time, every one knoweth it to be the moon as certainly as the other doth ; but many believing one and the same promise, have not all one and the same fulness of persuasion. For how falleth it out, that men being assured of any thing by sense, can be no surer of it than they are ; when as the strongest in faith that liveth upon the earth hath always need to labour, strive, and pray, that his assurance concerning heavenly and spiritual things may grow, increase, and be augmented ?

The sermon that gave him the cause of this his justification, makes the case more plain, by declaring that there is, besides this certainty of evidence, a certainty of adherence. In which having most excellently demonstrated what the certainty of adherence is, he makes this comfortable use of it, comfortable, he says, as to weak believers, who suppose themselves to be faithless, not to believe, when notwithstanding they have their adherence ; the Holy Spirit hath his private operations, and worketh secretly in them, and effectually too, though they want the inward testimony of it.

Tell this, saith he, to a man that hath a mind too much dejected by a sad sense of his sin ; to one that, by a too severe judging of himself, concludes that he wants faith, because he wants the comfortable assurance of it ; and his answer will be, Do not persuade me against my knowledge, against what I find and feel in myself : I do not, I know, I do not believe.—Mr. Hooker's own words follow.—Well then, to favour such men a little in their weakness, let that be granted which they do imagine ; be it, that they adhere not to God's promises, but are faithless, and without belief : but are they not grieved for their unbelief ? They confess they are ; do they not wish it might, and also strive that it may be otherwise ? We know they do. Whence cometh this, but from a secret love and liking, that they have of those things believed ? For no man can love those things which in his own opinion are not ; and if they think those things to be, which they shew they love, when they desire to believe them ; then must it be, that, by desiring to believe, they prove themselves true believers : for without faith no man thinketh that things believed are : which argument all the subtilties of infernal powers will never be able to dissolve. This is an abridgment of part of the reasons Mr. Hooker gives for his justification of this his opinion, for which he was excepted against by Mr. Travers.

Mr. Hooker was also accused by Mr. Travers, for that he in one of his sermons had declared, That he doubted not but that God was merciful to many of our forefathers living in popish supersti-

tion, for as much as they sinned ignorantly : and Mr. Hooker in his answer profeseth it to be his judgment, and declares his reasons for this charitable opinion to be as followeth.

But first, he states the question about justification and works, and how the foundation of faith without works is overthrown ; and then he proceeds to discover that way which natural men and some others have mistaken to be the way, by which they hope to attain true and everlasting happiness : and having discovered the mistaken, he proceeds to direct to that true way, by which, and no other, everlasting life and blessedness is attainable. And these two ways he demonstrates thus :—they be his own words that follow :—“That, the way of nature ; this, the way of grace ; the end of that way, salvation merited, pre-supposing the righteousness of men's works ; their righteousness, a natural ability to do them ; that ability, the goodness of God, which created them in such perfection. But the end of this way, salvation bestowed upon men as a gift : pre-supposing not their righteousness, but the forgiveness of their unrighteousness, justification ; their justification, not their natural ability to do good, but their hearty sorrow for not doing, and unfeigned belief in Him, for whose sake not-doers are accepted, which is their vocation ; their vocation, the election of God, taking them out of the number of lost children ; their election, a mediator in whom to be elected ; this mediation, inexplicable mercy ; this mercy, supposing their misery for whom He vouchsafed to die, and make himself a mediator.”

And he also declareth, There is no meritorious cause for our justification, but Christ : no effectual, but his mercy ; and says also, We deny the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, we abuse, disannul, and annihilate the benefit of his passion, if by a proud imagination we believe we can merit everlasting life, or can be worthy of it. This belief, he declareth, is to destroy the very essence of our justification ; and he makes all opinions that border upon this to be very dangerous. Yet nevertheless, —and for this he was accused,—“considering how many virtuous and just men, how many saints and martyrs have had their dangerous opinions, amongst which this was one, that they hoped to make God some part of amends, by voluntary punishments which they laid upon themselves : because by this, or the like erroneous opinions, which do by consequence overthrow the merits of Christ, shall man be so bold as to write on their graves, Such men are damned ; there is for them no salvation ? St. Austin says, *Errare possum, Hæreticus esse nolo*. And except we put a difference betwixt them that err ignorantly, and them that obstinately persist in it, how is it possible that any man should hope to be saved ? Give me a pope or a cardinal, whom great afflictions have made to know himself, whose heart God hath touched with true sorrow for all his sins, and filled with a love of Christ and his gospel ; whose eyes are willingly open to see the truth, and his mouth ready to renounce all error,—this one opinion of merit excepted, which he thinketh God will require at his hands ;—and because he wanteth, trembleth, and is discouraged, and yet can say, Lord, cleanse me from all my secret sins ! shall I think, because of this, or a like error, such men touch not so much as the hem of Christ's garment ? If they

do, wherefore should I doubt, but that virtue may proceed from Christ to save them ? No, I will not be afraid to say to such a one, You err in your opinion ; but be of good comfort ; you have to do with a merciful God, who will make the best of that little which you hold well ; and not with a captious sophister, who gathereth the worst out of every thing in which you are mistaken.”

But it will be said, says Mr. Hooker, the admittance of merit in any degree overthroweth the foundation, excludeth from the hope of mercy, from all possibility of salvation. (And now Mr. Hooker's own words follow.)

“What, though they hold the truth sincerely in all other parts of Christian faith ; although they have in some measure all the virtues and graces of the Spirit, although they have all other tokens of God's children in them ? although they be far from having any proud opinion, that they shall be saved by the worthiness of their deeds ? although the only thing that troubleth and molesteth them be a little too much dejection, somewhat too great a fear arising from an erroneous conceit that God will require a worthiness in them, which they are grieved to find wanting in themselves ? although they be not obstinate in this opinion ? although they be willing, and would be glad to forsake it, if any one reason were brought sufficient to disprove it ? although the only cause why they do not forsake it ere they die, be their ignorance of that means by which it might be disproved ? although the cause why the ignorance in this point is not removed, be the want of knowledge in such as should be able, and are not, to remove it ?” Let me die, says Mr. Hooker, if it be ever proved that simply an error doth exclude a pope or cardinal in such a case utterly from hope of life. “Surely, I must confess, that if it be an error to think that God may be merciful to save men, even when they err, my greatest comfort is my error : were it not for the love I bear to this error, I would never wish to speak or to live.”

I was willing to take notice of these two points, as supposing them to be very material ; and that, as they are thus contracted, they may prove useful to my reader ; as also for that the answers be arguments of Mr. Hooker's great and clear reason, and equal charity. Other exceptions were also made against him by Mr. Travers, as that he prayed before, and not after, his sermons ; that in his prayers he named bishops ; that he knelt both when he prayed and when he received the sacrament ; and, says Mr. Hooker, in his defence, other exceptions so like these, as but to name, I should have thought a greater fault than to commit them.

And it is not unworthy the noting, that, in the manage of so great a controversy, a sharper proof than this, and one like it, did never fall from the happy pen of this humble man. That like it was upon a like occasion of exceptions, to which his answer was, “Your next argument consists of railing and of reasons : to your railing I say nothing ; to your reasons I say what follows.” And I am glad of this fair occasion to testify the dove-like temper of this meek, this matchless man. And doubtless, if Almighty God had blest the dissenters from the ceremonies and discipline of this church, with a like measure of wisdom and humility, instead of their pertinacious zeal, then obedi-

ence and truth had kissed each other, then peace and piety had flourished in our nation, and this church and state had been blessed like Jerusalem, that is at unity with itself; but this can never be expected, till God shall bless the common people of this nation with a belief that schism is a sin, and they not fit to judge what is schism; and bless them also with a belief, that there may be offences taken which are not given, and that laws are not made for private men to dispute, but to obey.

And this also may be worthy of noting, that these exceptions of Mr. Travers against Mr. Hooker proved to be *felix error*, for they were the cause of his transcribing those few of his sermons which we now see printed with his books, and of his answer to Mr. Travers his Supplication, and of his most learned and useful Discourse of Justification, of Faith, and Works; and by their transcription they fell into such hands as have preserved them from being lost, as too many of his other matchless writings were; and from these I have gathered many observations in this discourse of his life.

After the publication of his answer to the petition of Mr. Travers, Mr. Hooker grew daily into greater repute with the most learned and wise of the nation; but it had a contrary effect in very many of the Temple, that were zealous for Mr. Travers, and for his church discipline; insomuch, that though Mr. Travers left the place, yet the seeds of discontent could not be rooted out of that society, by the great reason, and as great meekness, of this humble man; for though the chief benchers gave him much reverence and encouragement, yet he there met with many neglects and oppositions by those of Master Travers' judgment, insomuch that it turned to his extreme grief; and, that he might unbeguile and win them, he designed to write a deliberate, sober treatise of the church's power to make canons for the use of ceremonies, and by law to impose an obedience to them, as upon her children; and this he proposed to do in Eight Books of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity, intending therein to show such arguments as should force an assent from all men, if reason, delivered in sweet language and void of any provocation, were able to do it; and, that he might prevent all prejudice, he wrote before it a large preface or epistle to the dissenting brethren, wherein there were such bowels of love, and such a commixture of that love with reason, as was never exceeded but in holy writ; and particularly by that of St. Paul to his dear brother and fellow-labourer Philemon, than which none ever was more like this epistle of Mr. Hooker's. So that his dear friend and companion in his studies, Dr. Spencer, might, after his death, justly say, "What admirable height of learning, and depth of judgment dwelt in the lowly mind of this truly humble man—great in all wise men's eyes, except his own; with what gravity and majesty of speech his tongue and pen uttered heavenly mysteries; whose eyes, in the humility of his heart, were always cast down to the ground; how all things that proceeded from him were breathed as from the spirit of love; as if he, like the bird of the Holy Ghost, the dove, had wanted gall: let those that knew him not in his person, judge by these living images of his soul, his writings."

The foundation of these books was laid in the

Temple, but he found it no fit place to finish what he had there designed; he therefore earnestly solicited the archbishop for a remove from that place, to whom he spake to this purpose: "My lord, when I lost the freedom of my cell, which was my college, yet I found some degree of it in my quiet country parsonage; but I am weary of the noise and oppositions of this place, and indeed God and nature did not intend me for contentions, but for study and quietness. My lord, my particular contests with Mr. Travers here have proved the more unpleasant to me, because I believe him to be a good man, and that belief hath occasioned me to examine mine own conscience concerning his opinions; and, to satisfy that, I have consulted the Scripture and other laws, both human and divine, whether the conscience of him, and others of his judgment, ought to be so far complied with as to alter our frame of church government, our manner of God's worship, our praising and praying to him, and our established ceremonies, as often as his and other tender consciences shall require us. And in this examination, I have not only satisfied myself, but have begun a Treatise, in which I intend a justification of the laws of our ecclesiastical polity; in which design God and his holy angels shall at the last great day bear me that witness which my conscience now does, that my meaning is not to provoke any, but rather to satisfy all tender consciences; and I shall never be able to do this, but where I may study, and pray for God's blessing upon my endeavours, and keep myself in peace and privacy, and behold God's blessing spring out of my mother earth, and eat my own bread without oppositions; and therefore, if your grace can judge me worthy of such a favour, let me beg it, that I may perfect what I have begun."

About this time the parsonage or rectory of Boseum, in the diocese of Sarum, and six miles from that city, became void. The Bishop of Sarum is patron of it; but in the vacancy of that see, which was three years betwixt the translation of Bishop Pierce to the see of York and Bishop Caldwell's admission into it, the disposal of that and all benefices belonging to that see, during this said vacancy, came to be disposed of by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and he presented Richard Hooker to it in the year 1591. And Richard Hooker was also in the said year instituted, July 17, to be a minor prebend of Salisbury, the corps to it being Nether-Haven, about ten miles from that city; which prebend was of no great value, but intended chiefly to make him capable of a better preferment in that church. In this Boseum he continued till he had finished four of his eight proposed books of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity, and these were entered into the register-book in Stationers' Hall, the 9th of March, 1592, but not published till the year 1594, and then were with the before-mentioned large and affectionate preface, which he directs to them that seek, as they term it, the reformation of the laws and orders ecclesiastical in the church of England; of which books I shall yet say nothing more, but that he continued his laborious diligence to finish the remaining four during his life; of all which more properly hereafter, but at Boseum he finished and published but only the first four, being then in the thirty-ninth year of his age.

He left Boscum in the year 1595, by a surrender of it into the hands of Bishop Caldwell; and he presented Benjamin Russel, who was instituted into it the 23rd of June in the same year.

The parsonage of Bishop's Bourne, in Kent, three miles from Canterbury, is in that archbishop's gift; but, in the latter end of the year 1594, Dr. William Redman, the rector of it, was made Bishop of Norwich, by which means the power of presenting to it was *pro eâ vice* in the queen; and she presented Richard Hooker, whom she loved well, to this good living of Bourne, the 7th of July, 1595, in which living he continued till his death, without any addition of dignity or profit.

And now having brought our Richard Hooker from his birth-place to this where he found a grave, I shall only give some account of his books, and of his behaviour in this parsonage of Bourne, and then give a rest both to myself and my reader.

His first four books and large epistle have been declared to be printed at his being at Boscum, anno 1594. Next I am to tell, that at the end of these four books there was, when he first printed them, this advertisement to the reader. "I have for some causes thought it at this time more fit to let go these first four books by themselves, than to stay both them and the rest, till the whole might together be published. Such generalities of the cause in question as are here handled, it will be perhaps not amiss to consider apart, by way of introduction unto the books that are to follow concerning particulars; in the meantime the reader is requested to mend the printer's errors, as noted underneath."

And I am next to declare, that his fifth book, which is larger than his first four, was first also printed by itself, anno 1597, and dedicated to his patron, for till then he chose none, the archbishop. These books were read with an admiration of their excellency in this, and their just fame spread itself also into foreign nations. And I have been told, more than forty years past, that either Cardinal Allen or learned Dr. Stapleton*, both Englishmen, and in Italy about the time when Hooker's four books were first printed, meeting with this general fame of them, were desirous to read an author that both the reformed and the learned of their own Romish church did so much magnify; and therefore caused them to be sent for to Rome; and after reading them, boasted to the pope, which then was Clement the Eighth, that though he had lately said, he never met with an English book whose writer deserved the name of author, yet there now appeared a wonder to them, and it would be so to his holiness, if it were in Latin; for a poor obscure English priest had writ four such books of laws and church polity, and in a style that expressed such a grave and so humble a majesty, with such clear demonstration of reason, that in all their readings they had not met with any that exceeded him: and this begot in the pope an earnest desire that Dr. Stapleton should bring the said four books, and, looking on the English, read a part of them to him in Latin;

* Thomas Stapleton was born at Henfield in Sussex, in 1535, and received his education at Winchester, and New College, Oxford; but being attached to the Romish religion he left England, and became professor of divinity at Douay. He died at Louvain in 1598.

which Dr. Stapleton did, to the end of the first book, at the conclusion of which, the pope spake to this purpose:—"There is no learning that this man hath not searched into, nothing too hard for his understanding: this man indeed deserves the name of an author: his books will get reverence by age; for there is in them such seeds of eternity, that, if the rest be like this, they shall last till the last fire shall consume all learning."

Nor was this high, the only testimony and commendations given to his books; for at the first coming of King James into this kingdom, he inquired of the Archbishop Whitgift for his friend Mr. Hooker, that writ the books of Church-polity; to which the answer was, that he died a year before Queen Elizabeth, who received the sad news of his death with very much sorrow; to which the king replied, "And I receive it with no less, that I shall want the desired happiness of seeing and discoursing with that man, from whose books I have received such satisfaction: indeed, my lord, I have received more satisfaction in reading a leaf or paragraph, in Mr. Hooker, though it were but about the fashion of churches, or church-music, or the like, but especially of the sacraments, than I have had in the reading particular large treatises written but of one of those subjects by others, though very learned men: and I observe there is in Mr. Hooker no affected language; but a grave, comprehensive, clear manifestation of reason, and that backed with the authority of the Scripture, the fathers, and schoolmen, and with all law both sacred and civil. And, though many others write well, yet in the next age they will be forgotten; but doubtless there is in every page of Mr. Hooker's book the picture of a divine soul, such pictures of truth and reason, and drawn in so sacred colours, that they shall never fade, but give an immortal memory to the author." And it is so truly true, that the king thought what he spake, that, as the most learned of the nation have, and still do mention Mr. Hooker with reverence, so he also did never mention him but with the epithet of learned, or judicious, or reverend, or venerable Mr. Hooker.

Nor did his son, our late King Charles the First, ever mention him but with the same reverence, enjoining his son, our now gracious king, to be studious in Mr. Hooker's books. And our learned antiquary Mr. Camden†, mentioning the death, the modesty, and other virtues of Mr. Hooker, and magnifying his books, wished, that, for the honour of this, and benefit of other nations, they were turned into the universal language. Which work, though undertaken by many, yet they have been weary, and forsaken it: but the reader may now expect it, having been long since begun and lately finished, by the happy pen of Dr. Earle, now lord bishop of Salisbury, of whom I may justly say,—and let it not offend him, because it is such a truth as ought not to be concealed from posterity, or those that now live, and yet know him not,—that since Mr. Hooker died, none have lived whom God hath blessed with more innocent wisdom, more sanctified learning, or a more pious, peaceable, primitive temper: so that this excellent person seems to be only like himself, and our venerable Richard Hooker; and only fit to make the learned of all nations happy, in knowing what

† In his Annals, 1599.

hath been too long confined to the language of our little island.

There might be many more and just occasions taken to speak of his books, which none ever did or can commend too much ; but I decline them, and hasten to an account of his Christian behaviour and death at Bourne : in which place he continued his customary rules of mortification and self-denial ; was much in fasting, frequent in meditation and prayers, enjoying those blessed returns, which only men of strict lives feel and know, and of which men of loose and godless lives cannot be made sensible ; for spiritual things are spiritually discerned.

At his entrance into this place, his friendship was much sought for by Dr. Hadrian Saravia*, then, or about that time, made one of the prebends of Canterbury ; a German by birth, and sometimes a pastor both in Flanders and Holland, where he had studied, and well considered the controverted points concerning Episcopacy and sacrilege ; and in England had a just occasion to declare his judgment concerning both, unto his brethren ministers of the Low Countries ; which was excepted against by Theodore Beza and others ; against whose exceptions he rejoined, and thereby became the happy author of many learned tracts writ in Latin, especially of three ; one, of "The Degrees of Ministers," and of "The Bishops' Superiority above the Presbytery ;" a second, "Against Sacrilege ;" and a third of "Christian Obedience to Princes ;" the last being occasioned by Gretzerus the Jesuit. And it is observable, that when, in a time of church-tumults, Beza gave his reasons to the chancellor of Scotland for the abrogation of Episcopacy in that nation, partly by letters, and more fully in a treatise of a threefold Episcopacy,—which he calls divine, human, and satanical,—this Dr. Saravia had, by the help of Bishop Whitgift, made such an early discovery of their intentions, that he had almost as soon answered that treatise as it became public ; and he therein discovered how Beza's opinion did contradict that of Calvin's and his adherents ; leaving them to interfere with themselves in point of Episcopacy. But of these tracts it will not concern me to say more, than that they were most of them dedicated to his, and the church of England's watchful patron, John Whitgift, the archbishop ; and printed about the time in which Mr. Hooker also appeared first to the world, in the publication of his first four books of "Ecclesiastical Polity."

This friendship being sought for by this learned doctor, you may believe was not denied by Mr. Hooker, who was by fortune so like him, as to be engaged against Mr. Travers, Mr. Cartwright, and others of their judgment, in a controversy too like Dr. Saravia's ; so that in this year of 1595 and in this place of Bourne, these two excellent persons began a holy friendship, increasing daily to so high and mutual affections, that their two wills seemed to be but one and the same ; and their designs both for the glory of God, and peace

of the church, still assisting and improving each other's virtues, and the desired comforts of a peaceable piety ; which I have willingly mentioned, because it gives a foundation to some things that follow.

This parsonage of Bourne is from Canterbury three miles, and near to the common road that leads from that city to Dover ; in which parsonage Mr. Hooker had not been twelve months, but his books, and the innocency and sanctity of his life became so remarkable, that many turned out of the road, and others—scholars especially—went purposely to see the man, whose life and learning were so much admired : and alas ! as our Saviour said of St. John Baptist, "What went they out to see ? a man clothed in purple and fine linen ?" No, indeed ; but an obscure, harmless man ; a man in poor clothes, his loins usually girt in a coarse gown, or canonical coat ; of a mean stature, and stooping, and yet more lowly in the thoughts of his soul : his body worn out, not with age, but study and holy mortifications ; his face full of heat pimples, begot by his unactivity and sedentary life. And to this true character of his person, let me add this of his disposition and behaviour : God and nature blessed him with so blessed a bashfulness, that as in his younger days his pupils might easily look him out of countenance ; so neither then, nor in his age, did he ever willingly look any man in the face : and was of so mild and humble a nature, that his poor parish-clerk and he did never talk but with both their hats on, or both off, at the same time : and to this may be added, that though he was not purblind, yet he was short or weak-sighted ; and where he fixed his eyes at the beginning of his sermon, there they continued till it was ended : and the reader has a liberty to believe, that his modesty and dim sight were some of the reasons why he trusted Mrs. Churchman to choose his wife.

This parish-clerk lived till the third or fourth year of the late Long Parliament ; betwixt which time and Mr. Hooker's death there had come many to see the place of his burial, and the monument dedicated to his memory by Sir William Cowper, who still lives ; and the poor clerk had many rewards for showing Mr. Hooker's grave-place, and his said monument, and did always hear Mr. Hooker mentioned with commendations and reverence : to all which he added his own knowledge and observations of his humility and holiness ; and in all which discourses the poor man was still more confirmed in his opinion of Mr. Hooker's virtues and learning. But it so fell out, that about the said third or fourth year of the Long Parliament, the then present parson of Bourne was sequestered,—you may guess why,—and a Genevan minister put into his good living. This, and other like sequestrations, made the clerk express himself in a wonder, and say, they had sequestered so many good men, that he doubted, if his good master Mr. Hooker had lived till now, they would have sequestered him too !

It was not long before this intruding minister had made a party in and about the said parish, that were desirous to receive the sacrament as in Geneva ; to which end, the day was appointed for a select company, and forms and stools set about the altar, or communion-table, for them to sit and eat and drink : but when they went about this

* Dr. Hadrian Saravia was a Protestant divine and professor of divinity at Leyden. He was born at Artois in 1531, and came to England in 1587. He was for some time master of the Free Grammar School at Southampton, and was one of the translators of King James's Bible. He was the intimate friend of Archbishop Whitgift. He died in 1613.

work, there was a want of some joint-stools, which the minister sent the clerk to fetch, and then to fetch cushions,—but not to kneel upon. When the clerk saw them begin to sit down, he began to wonder; but the minister bade him cease wondering, and lock the church-door: to whom he replied, “Pray take you the keys, and lock me out: I will never come more into this church; for all men will say, my master Hooker was a good man, and a good scholar; and I am sure it was not used to be thus in his days:” and report says the old man went presently home and died; I do not say died immediately, but within a few days after.

But let us leave this grateful clerk in his quiet grave, and return to Mr. Hooker himself, continuing our observations of his Christian behaviour in this place, where he gave a holy valediction to all the pleasures and allurements of earth; possessing his soul in a virtuous quietness, which he maintained by constant study, prayers, and meditations. His use was to preach once every Sunday, and he, or his curate, to catechise after the Second Lesson in the Evening Prayer. His sermons were neither long nor earnest, but uttered with a grave zeal, and an humble voice: his eyes always fixed on one place, to prevent imagination from wandering; insomuch, that he seemed to study as he spake. The design of his sermons—as indeed of all his discourses—was to show reasons for what he spake; and with these reasons such a kind of rhetoric, as did rather convince and persuade than frighten men into piety; studying not so much for matter,—which he never wanted,—as for apt illustrations, to inform and teach his unlearned hearers by familiar examples, and then make them better by convincing applications; never labouring by hard words, and then by needless distinctions and subdistinctions, to amuse his hearers, and get glory to himself; but glory only to God. Which intention, he would often say, was as discernible in a preacher as a natural from an artificial beauty.

He never failed the Sunday before every Ember-week to give notice of it to his parishioners, persuading them both to fast, and then to double their devotions for a learned and a pious clergy, but especially the last; saying often, that the life of a pious clergyman was visible rhetoric; and so convincing, that the most godless men—though they would not deny themselves the enjoyment of their present lusts—did yet secretly wish themselves like those of the strictest lives. And to what he persuaded others, he added his own example of fasting and prayer; and did usually every Ember-week take from the parish-clerk the key of the church-door, into which place he retired every day, and locked himself up for many hours; and did the like most Fridays and other days of fasting.

He would by no means omit the customary time of procession, persuading all, both rich and poor, if they desired the preservation of love, and their parish-rights and liberties, to accompany him in his perambulation; and most did so: in which perambulation he would usually express more pleasant discourse than at other times, and would then always drop some loving and facetious observations to be remembered against the next year, especially by the boys and young people;

still inclining them, and all his present parishioners, to meekness, and mutual kindnesses and love; because love thinks not evil, but covers a multitude of infirmities.

He was diligent to inquire who of his parish were sick, or any ways distressed, and would often visit them, unsent for; supposing that the fittest time to discover to them those errors, to which health and prosperity had blinded them. And having by pious reasons and prayers moulded them into holy resolutions for the time to come, he would incline them to confession and bewailing their sins, with purpose to forsake them, and then to receive the communion, both as a strengthening of those holy resolutions, and as a seal betwixt God and them of his mercies to their souls, in case that present sickness did put a period to their lives.

And as he was thus watchful and charitable to the sick, so he was as diligent to prevent law-suits; still urging his parishioners and neighbours to bear with each other's infirmities, and live in love, because as St. John says, “He that lives in love, lives in God; for God is love.” And to maintain this holy fire of love constantly burning on the altar of a pure heart, his advice was to watch and pray, and always keep themselves fit to receive the communion, and then to receive it often; for it was both a confirming and strengthening of their graces. This was his advice; and at his entrance or departure out of any house, he would usually speak to the whole family, and bless them by name; insomuch, that as he seemed in his youth to be taught of God, so he seemed in this place to teach his precepts, as Enoch did, by walking with him in all holiness and humility, making each day a step towards a blessed eternity. And though, in this weak and declining age of the world, such examples are become barren, and almost incredible; yet let his memory be blest with this true recordation, because he that praises Richard Hooker, praises God who hath given such gifts to men; and let this humble and affectionate relation of him become such a pattern, as may invite posterity to imitate these his virtues.

This was his constant behaviour, both at Bourne and in all the places in which he lived: thus did he walk with God, and tread the footsteps of primitive piety; and yet, as that great example of meekness and purity, even our blessed Jesus, was not free from false accusations, no more was this disciple of his, this most humble, most innocent, holy man. His was a slander parallel to that of chaste Susannah's by the wicked elders; or that against St. Athanasius, as it is recorded in his life,—for that holy man had heretical enemies,—a slander which this age calls trepanning. The particulars need not a repetition; and that it was false, needs no other testimony than the public punishment of his accusers, and their open confession of his innocency. It was said, that the accusation was contrived by a dissenting brother, one that endured not church-ceremonies, hating him for his book's sake, which he was not able to answer; and his name hath been told me: but I have not so much confidence in the relation, as to make my pen fix a scandal on him to posterity; I shall rather leave it doubtful till the great day of revelation. But this is certain, that he lay under the great charge, and the anxiety of this accusation, and kept it secret to himself for many

months ; and, being a helpless man, had lain longer under this heavy burthen, but that the Protector of the innocent gave such an accidental occasion, as forced him to make it known to his two dearest friends, Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer, who were so sensible of their tutor's sufferings, that they gave themselves no rest, till by their disquisitions and diligence they had found out the fraud, and brought him the welcome news, that his accusers did confess they had wronged him, and begged his pardon. To which the good man's reply was to this purpose: "The Lord forgive them ; and the Lord bless you for this comfortable news. Now have I a just occasion to say with Solomon, friends are born for the days of adversity ; and such you have proved to me. And to my God I say, as did the mother of St. John Baptist, Thus hath the Lord dealt with me, in the day wherein he looked upon me, to take away my reproach among men. And, O my God ! neither my life, nor my reputation, are safe in mine own keeping ; but in thine, who didst take care of me when I yet hanged upon my mother's breast. Blessed are they that put their trust in thee, O Lord ! for when false witnesses were risen up against me ; when shame was ready to cover my face ; when my nights were restless ; when my soul thirsted for a deliverance, as the hart panteth after the rivers of waters ; then thou, Lord, didst hear my complaints, pity my condition, and art now become my deliverer ; and as long as I live I will hold up my hands in this manner, and magnify thy mercies, who didst not give me over as a prey to mine enemies : the net is broken, and they are taken in it. Oh ! blessed are they that put their trust in thee ! and no prosperity shall make me forget those days of sorrow, or to perform those vows that I have made to thee in the days of my affliction ; for with such sacrifices, thou, O God ! art well pleased ; and I will pay them."

Thus did the joy and gratitude of this good man's heart break forth : and it is observable, that as the invitation to this slander was his meek behaviour and dove-like simplicity, for which he was remarkable ; so his Christian charity ought to be imitated. For though the spirit of revenge is so pleasing to mankind, that it is never conquered but by a supernatural grace, revenge being indeed so deeply rooted in human nature, that, to prevent the excesses of it,—for men would not know moderation,—Almighty God allows not any degree of it to any man, but says "Vengeance is mine ;" and though this be said positively by God himself, yet this revenge is so pleasing, that man is hardly persuaded to submit the manage of it to the time, and justice, and wisdom of his Creator, but would hasten to be his own executioner of it. And yet nevertheless, if any man ever did wholly decline, and leave this pleasing passion to the time and measure of God alone, it was this Richard Hooker, of whom I write : for when his slanderers were to suffer, he laboured to procure their pardon ; and when that was denied him, his reply was, "That however he would fast and pray that God would give them repentance, and patience to undergo their punishment. And his prayers were so far returned into his own bosom, that the first was granted, if we may believe a penitent behaviour, and an open confession. And 'tis observable, that after this time he would often say to Dr. Saravia,

"Oh ! with what quietness did I enjoy my soul, after I was free from the fears of my slander ! And how much more after a conflict and victory over my desires of revenge !"

About the year 1600, and of his age forty-six, he fell into a long and sharp sickness, occasioned by a cold taken in his passage by water betwixt London and Gravesend, from the malignity of which he was never recovered ; for after that time, till his death, he was not free from thoughtful days and restless nights : but a submission to His will that makes the sick man's bed easy, by giving rest to his soul, made his very languishment comfortable : and yet all this time he was solicitous in his study, and said often to Dr. Saravia—who saw him daily, and was the chief comfort of his life,—"That he did not beg a long life of God for any other reason, but to live to finish his three remaining books of Polity ; and then, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace ;" which was his usual expression. And God heard his prayers, though he denied the church the benefit of them, as completed by himself ; and 'tis thought he hastened his own death, by hastening to give life to his books. But this is certain, that the nearer he was to his death, the more he grew in humility, in holy thoughts, and resolutions.

About a month before his death, this good man, that never knew, or at least never considered, the pleasures of the palate, became first to lose his appetite, and then to have an averseness to all food, insomuch that he seemed to live some intermitted weeks by the smell of meat only, and yet still studied and writ. And now his guardian angel seemed to foretel him that the day of his dissolution drew near ; for which his vigorous soul appeared to thirst.

In this time of his sickness, and not many days before his death, his house was robbed ; of which he having notice, his question was, Are my books and written papers safe ? And being answered that they were ; his reply was, Then it matters not ; for no other loss can trouble me.

About one day before his death, Dr. Saravia, who knew the very secrets of his soul, for they were supposed to be confessors to each other, came to him, and, after a conference of the benefit, the necessity, and safety of the church's absolution, it was resolved the doctor should give him both that and the sacrament the day following. To which end the doctor came, and, after a short retirement and privacy, they two returned to the company ; and then the doctor gave him, and some of those friends which were with him, the blessed sacrament of the body and blood of our Jesus. Which being performed, the doctor thought he saw a reverend gaiety and joy in his face ; but it lasted not long ; for his bodily infirmities did return suddenly, and became more visible, insomuch that the doctor apprehended death ready to seize him ; yet, after some amendment, left him at night, with a promise to return early the day following ; which he did, and then found him better in appearance, deep in contemplation, and not inclinable to discourse ; which gave the doctor occasion to require his present thoughts. To which he replied, "That he was meditating the number and nature of angels, and their blessed obedience and order, without which, peace could not be in Heaven : and oh ! that it might be so on

earth!" After which words, he said, "I have lived to see this world is made up of perturbations; and I have been long preparing to leave it, and gathering comfort for the dreadful hour of making my account with God, which I now apprehend to be near: and though I have by his grace loved him in my youth, and feared him in mine age, and laboured to have a conscience void of offence to him, and to all men; yet if thou, O Lord! be extreme to mark what I have done amiss, who can abide it? And therefore, where I have failed, Lord, shew mercy to me; for I plead not my righteousness, but the forgiveness of my unrighteousness, for His merits, who died to purchase pardon for penitent sinners. And since I owe thee a death, Lord, let it not be terrible, and then take thine own time; I submit to it: let not mine, O Lord! but let thy will be done." With which expression he fell into a dangerous slumber; dangerous as to his recovery, yet recover he did, but it was to speak only these few words: "Good doctor, God hath heard my daily petitions, for I am at peace with all men, and he is at peace with me; and from that blessed assurance I feel that inward joy, which this world can neither give nor take from me: my conscience beareth me this witness, and this witness makes the thoughts of death joyful. I could wish to live to do the church more service; but cannot hope it, for my days are past as a shadow that returns not." More he would have spoken, but his spirits failed him; and, after a short conflict betwixt nature and death, a quiet sigh put a period to his last breath, and so he fell asleep. And now he seems to rest like Iazarus in Abraham's bosom. Let me here draw his curtain, till with the most glorious company of the patriarchs and apostles, the most noble army of martyrs and confessors, this most learned, most humble, holy man shall also awake to receive

an eternal tranquillity, and with it a greater degree of glory, than common Christians shall be made partakers of.

In the mean time, bless, O Lord! Lord, bless his brethren, the clergy of this nation, with effectual endeavours to attain, if not to his great learning, yet to his remarkable meekness, his godly simplicity, and his Christian moderation; for these will bring peace at the last. And, Lord, let his most excellent writings be blessed with what he designed, when he undertook them: which was, glory to thee, O God! on high, peace in thy church, and good-will to mankind. Amen, amen.

IZAACK WALTON.

This following epitaph was long since presented to the world, in memory of Mr. Hooker, by Sir William Cowper, who also built him a fair monument in Bourne church, and acknowledges him to have been his spiritual father.

Though nothing can be spoke worthy his fame,
Or the remembrance of that precious name,
Judicious Hooker; though this cost be spent
On him, that hath a lasting monument
In his own books; yet ought we to express,
If not his worth, yet our respectfulness.
Church ceremonies he maintain'd; then why
Without all ceremony should he die?
Was it because his life and death should be
Both equal patterns of humility?
Or that perhaps this only glorious one
Was above all, to ask, why had he none?
Yet he, that lay so long obscurely low,
Doth now prefer'd to greater honours go.
Ambitious men, learn hence to be more wise,
Humility is the true way to rise:
And God in me this lesson did inspire,
To bid this humble man, "Friend, sit up high-cr."

APPENDIX.

AND now, having by a long and laborious search satisfied myself, and I hope my reader, by imparting to him the true relation of Mr. Hooker's life, I am desirous also to acquaint him with some observations that relate to it, and which could not properly fall to be spoken of till after his death; of which my reader may expect a brief and true account in the following appendix.

And first, it is not to be doubted but that he died in the forty-seventh, if not in the forty-sixth year of his age; which I mention, because many have believed him to be more aged: but I have so examined it, as to be confident I mistake not; and for the year of his death, Mr. Camden, who, in his *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, 1599, mentions him with a high commendation of his life and learning, declares him to die in the year 1599; and yet in that inscription of his monument, set up at the charge of Sir William Cowper, in Bourne Church, where Mr. Hooker was buried, his death is there said to be in anno 1603; but doubtless both are mistaken; for I have it attested under the hand of William Somner, the archbishop's registrar for the province of Canterbury, that Richard Hooker's will bears date October 26th in anno 1600, and that it was proved the third of December following*.

* And the reader may take notice, that since I first

And that at his death he left four daughters, Alice, Cicely, Jane, and Margaret; that he gave to each of them an hundred pounds; that he left Joan, his wife, his sole executrix; and that, by his inventory, his estate—a great part of it being in books—came to 1092l. 9s. 2d., which was much more than he thought himself worth; and which was not got by his care, much less by the good housewifery of his wife, but saved by his trusty servant, Thomas Lane, that was wiser than his master in getting money for him, and more frugal than his mistress in keeping of it. Of which will of Mr. Hooker's I shall say no more, but that his dear friend Thomas, the father of

writ this appendix to the Life of Mr. Hooker, Mr. Fulman, of Corpus Christi College, hath showed me a good authority for the very day and hour of Mr. Hooker's death, in one of his books of *Polity*, which had been Archbishop Laud's. In which book, besides many considerable marginal notes of some passages of his time, under the bishop's own hand, there is also written in the title-page of that book—which now is Mr. Fulman's—this attestation:—

Richardus Hooker vir summis doctrinæ dotibus ornatus, de ecclesiâ præcipuè Anglicanâ optimè meritis, obiit Novemb. 2, circiter horam secundam postmeridianam, anno 1600.

George Cranmer,—of whom I have spoken, and shall have occasion to say more,—was one of the witnesses to it.

One of his eldest daughters was married to one Chalinor, sometime a schoolmaster in Chichester, and are both dead long since. Margaret, his youngest daughter, was married unto Ezekiel Charke, bachelor in divinity, and rector of St. Nicholas in Harbledown, near Canterbury, who died about sixteen years past, and had a son Ezekiel, now living, and in sacred orders; being at this time rector of Waldron in Sussex. She left also a daughter, with both whom I have spoken not many months past, and find her to be a widow in a condition that wants not, but very far from abounding. And these two attested unto me, that Richard Hooker, their grandfather, had a sister, by name Elizabeth Harvey, that lived to the age of 121 years, and died in the month of September, 1693.

For his other two daughters I can learn little certainly, but have heard they both died before they were marriageable. And for his wife, she was so unlike Jephtha's daughter, that she staid not a comely time to bewail her widowhood; nor lived long enough to repent her second marriage; for which, doubtless, she would have found cause, if there had been but four months betwixt Mr. Hooker's and her death. But she is dead, and let her other infirmities be buried with her.

Thus much briefly for his age, the year of his death, his estate, his wife, and his children. I am next to speak of his books; concerning which I shall have a necessity of being longer, or shall neither do right to myself, or my reader, which is chiefly intended in this appendix.

I have declared in his life, that he proposed eight books, and that his first four were printed anno 1604, and his fifth book first printed, and alone, anno 1597; and that he lived to finish the remaining three of the proposed eight: but whether we have the last three as finished by himself, is a just and material question, concerning which I do declare, that I have been told almost forty years past, by one that very well knew Mr. Hooker and the affairs of his family, that, about a month after the death of Mr. Hooker, Bishop Whitgift, then Archbishop of Canterbury, sent one of his chaplains to inquire of Mrs. Hooker for the three remaining books of Polity writ by her husband; of which she would not, or could not, give any account; and that about three months after that time the bishop procured her to be sent for to London, and then by his procurement she was to be examined by some of her Majesty's council concerning the disposal of those books; but, by way of preparation for the next day's examination, the bishop invited her to Lambeth, and after some friendly questions, she confessed to him, "that one Mr. Charke, and another minister that dwelt near Canterbury, came to her, and desired that they might go into her husband's study, and look upon some of his writings; and that there they two burnt and tore many of them, assuring her, that they were writings not fit to be seen; and that she knew nothing more concerning them." Her lodging was then in King-street in Westminster, where she was found next morning dead in her bed, and her new husband suspected and questioned for it; but he was declared innocent of her death.

And I declare also, that Dr. John Spencer,—mentioned in the life of Mr. Hooker,—who was of Mr. Hooker's college, and of his time there, and betwixt whom there was so friendly a friendship, that they continually advised together in all their studies, and particularly in what concerned these books of Polity—this Dr. Spencer, the three perfect books being lost, had delivered into his hands—I think by Bishop Whitgift—the imperfect books, or first rough draughts of them, to be made as perfect as they might be by him, who both knew Mr. Hooker's handwriting, and was best acquainted with his intentions. And a fair testimony of this may appear by an epistle, first, and usually printed before Mr. Hooker's five books,—but omitted, I know not why, in the last impression of the eight printed together in anno 1662, in which the publishers seem to impose the three doubtful books, to be the undoubted books of Mr. Hooker,—with these two letters,

J. S., at the end of the said epistle, which was meant for this John Spencer; in which epistle the reader may find these words, which may give some authority to what I have here written of his last three books.

"And though Mr. Hooker hastened his own death by hastening to give life to his books, yet he held out with his eyes to behold these Benjamins, these sons of his right hand, though to him they proved Benonies, sons of pain and sorrow. But some evil-disposed minds, whether of malice or covetousness, or wicked blind zeal, it is uncertain, as soon as they were born, and their father dead, smothered them, and by conveying the perfect copies, left unto us nothing but the old, imperfect, mangled draughts, dismembered into pieces; no favour, no grace, not the shadow of themselves remaining in them. Had the father lived to behold them thus defaced, he might rightly have named them Benonies, the sons of sorrow; but being the learned will not suffer them to die and be buried, it is intended the world shall see them as they are; the learned will find in them some shadows and resemblances of their father's face. God grant, that as they were with their brethren dedicated to the church for messengers of peace, so, in the strength of that little breath of life that remaineth in them, they may prosper in their work, and, by satisfying the doubts of such as are willing to learn, they may help to give an end to the calamities of these our civil wars. J. S."

And next the reader may note, that this epistle of Dr. Spencer's was writ and first printed within four years after the death of Mr. Hooker, in which time all diligent search had been made for the perfect copies; and then granted not recoverable, and therefore endeavoured to be completed out of Mr. Hooker's rough draughts, as is expressed by the said Dr. Spencer in the said epistle, since whose death it is now fifty years.

And I do profess by the faith of a Christian, that Dr. Spencer's wife—who was my aunt, and sister to George Cranmer, of whom I have spoken,—told me forty years since, in these, or in words to this purpose:—"That her husband had made up, or finished Mr. Hooker's last three books; and that upon her husband's death-bed, or in his last sickness, he gave them into her hand, with a charge that they should not be seen by any man, but be by her delivered into the hands of the then Archbishop of Canterbury, which was Dr. Abbot, or unto Dr. King, then Bishop of London, and that she did as he enjoined her."

I do conceive, that from Dr. Spencer's, and no other copy, there have been divers transcripts; and I know that these were to be found in several places; as namely, in Sir Thomas Bodley's library; in that of Dr. Andrews, late Bishop of Winton; in the late Lord Conway's; in the Archbishop of Canterbury's; and in the Bishop of Armagh's, and in many others; and most of these pretended to be the author's own hand, but much disagreeing, being indeed altered and diminished, as men have thought fittest to make Mr. Hooker's judgment suit with their fancies, or give authority to their corrupt designs; and for proof of a part of this, take these following testimonies.

Dr. Barnard, sometime chaplain to Dr. Usher, late lord archbishop of Armagh, hath declared in a late book, called *Clavi Traabales*, printed by Richard Hodgkinson, anno 1661, that, in his search and examination of the said bishop's manuscripts, he found the three written books which were supposed the sixth, seventh, and eighth of Mr. Hooker's books of Ecclesiastical Polity: and that in the said three books—now printed as Mr. Hooker's—there are so many omissions, that they amount to many paragraphs, and which cause many incoherencies: the omissions are set down at large in the said printed book, to which I refer the reader for the whole; but think fit in this place to insert this following short part of some of the said omissions.

"First, as there could be in natural bodies no motion of anything, unless there were some first which moved all things, and continued unmoveable; even so in politie

societies there must be some unpunishable, or else no man shall suffer punishment: for sith punishments proceed always from superiors, to whom the administration of justice belongeth; which administration must have necessarily a fountain, that deriveth it to all others, and receiveth not from any, because otherwise the course of justice should go infinitely in a circle, every superior having his superior without end, which cannot be; therefore a well-spring, it followeth, there is; a supreme head of justice, whereunto all are subject, but itself in subjection to none. Which kind of pre-eminency if some ought to have in a kingdom, who but a king shall have it? Kings, therefore, or no man, can have lawful power to judge.

"If private men offend, there is the magistrate over them, which judgeth; if magistrates, they have their prince; if princes, there is heaven, a tribunal before which they shall appear; on earth they are not accountable to any." Here, says the doctor, it breaks off abruptly.

And I have these words also attested under the hand of Mr. Fabian Phillips*, a man of note for his useful books. "I will make oath, if I shall be required, that Dr. Sanderson, the late Bishop of Lincoln, did a little before his death, affirm to me, he had seen a manuscript affirmed to him to be the hand-writing of Mr. Richard Hooker, in which there was no mention made of the king or supreme governors being accountable to the people. This I will make oath, that that good man attested to me.

FABIAN PHILLIPS."

So that there appears to be both omissions and additions in the said last three printed books: and this may probably be one reason why Dr. Sanderson, the said learned bishop,—whose writings are so highly and justly valued,—gave a strict charge near the time of his death, or in his last will, that nothing of his that was not already printed, should be printed after his death.

It is well known how high a value our learned King James put upon the books writ by Mr. Hooker; and known also that our late King Charles—the martyr for the church—valued them the second of all books, testified by his commending them to the reading of his son Charles, that now is our gracious king: and you may suppose that this Charles the First was not a stranger to the three pretended books, because, in a discourse with the Lord Say, in the time of the Long Parliament, when the said lord required the king to grant the truth of his argument, because it was the judgment of Mr. Hooker,—quoting him in one of the three written books, the king replied, "They were not allowed to be Mr. Hooker's books: but, however, he would allow them to be Mr. Hooker's, and consent to what his lordship proposed to prove out of those doubtful books, if he would but consent to the judgment of Mr. Hooker, in the other five, that were the undoubted books of Mr. Hooker."

In this relation concerning these three doubtful books of Mr. Hooker's, my purpose was to inquire, then set down what I observed and know; which I have done, not as an engaged person, but indifferently; and now leave my reader to give sentence, for their legitimization, as to himself, but so as to leave others the same liberty of believing or disbelieving them to be Mr. Hooker's: and it is observable, that as Mr. Hooker advised with Dr. Spencer in the design and manage of these books, so also, and chiefly, with his dear pupil, George Cranmer,—whose sister was the wife of Dr. Spencer—of which this following letter may be a testimony, and doth also give authority to some things mentioned both in this appendix and in the life of Mr. Hooker, and is therefore added.

I. W.

* Mr. Fabian Phillips was a barrister of eminence, particularly noted for his loyalty. He was born at Prestbury, in Gloucestershire, in 1601, and died in 1690. He was the author of several excellent law tracts, as well as of one asserting that Charles I. was a martyr for his people.

GEORGE CRANMER'S

LETTER UNTO MR. RICHARD HOOKER,

February, 1598.

WHAT posterity is likely to judge of these matters concerning church discipline, we may the better conjecture, if we call to mind what our own age, within few years, upon better experience, hath already judged concerning the same. It may be remembered, that at first the greatest part of the learned in the land were either eagerly affected or favourably inclined that way. The books then written for the most part savoured of the disciplinary style; it sounded everywhere in pulpits, and in common phrase of men's speech. The contrary part began to fear they had taken a wrong course; many which impugned the discipline, yet so impugned it, not as not being the better form of government, but as not being so convenient for our state in regard of dangerous innovations thereby like to grow: one man alone there was to speak of,†—whom let no suspicion of flattery deprive of his deserved commendation—who, in the defiance of the one part, and courage of the other, stood in the gap and gave others respite to prepare themselves to the defence, which, by the sudden eagerness and violence of their adversaries, had otherwise been prevented, wherein God hath made good unto him his own impress, *Vincit qui patitur*: for what contumelious indignities he hath at their hands sustained, the world is witness; and what reward of honour above his adversaries God hath bestowed upon him, themselves—though nothing glad thereof—must needs confess. Now of late years the heat of men towards the discipline is greatly decayed; their judgments begin to sway on the other side: the learned have weighed it, and found it light; wise men conceive some fear, lest it prove not only not the best kind of government, but the very bane and destruction of all government. The cause of this change in men's opinions may be drawn from the general nature of error, disguised and clothed with the name of truth; which did mightily and violently possess men at first, but afterwards, the weakness thereof being by time discovered, it lost that reputation, which before it had gained. As by the outside of an house the passers-by are oftentimes deceived, till they see the conveniency of the rooms within; so, by the very name of discipline and reformation, men were drawn at first to cast a fancy towards it, but now they have not contented themselves only to pass by and behold afar off the fore-front of this reformed house; they have entered in, even at the special request of the master-workmen and chief-builders thereof: they have perused the rooms, the lights, the conveniences, and they find them not answerable to that report which was made of them, nor to that opinion which upon report they had conceived: so as now the discipline, which at first triumphed over all, being unmasked, beginneth to droop, and hang down her head.

The cause of change in opinion concerning the discipline is proper to the learned, or to such as by them have been instructed. Another cause there is more open, and more apparent to the view of all, namely, the course of practice, which the reformers have had with us from the beginning. The first degree was only some small difference about the cap and surplice; but not such as either bred division in the church, or tended to the ruin of the government established. This was peaceable; the next degree more stirring. Admonitions were directed to the parliament in peremptory sort against our whole form of regiment. In defence of them, volumes were published in English and in Latin; yet this was no more than writing. Devices were set on foot to erect the practice of the discipline without authority; yet herein some regard of modesty, some moderation was used. Behold at length it brake forth into open outrage, first in writing by Martin, in whose kind of dealing these things may be observed:

† John Whitgift, the archbishop.

1. That whereas T. C. and others his great masters, had always before set out the discipline as a queen, and as the daughter of God; he contrarywise, to make her more acceptable to the people, brought her forth as a vice upon the stage. 2. This conceit of his was grounded—as may be supposed—upon this rare policy, that seeing the discipline was by writing refuted, in Parliament rejected, in secret corners hunted out and derided, it was imagined that by open railing,—which to the vulgar is commonly most plausible,—the state ecclesiastical might have been drawn into such contempt and hatred, as the overthrow thereof should have been most grateful to all men, and in a manner desired by all the common people. 3. It may be noted—and this I know myself to be true—how some of them, although they could not for shame approve so lewd an action, yet were content to lay hold on it to the advancement of their cause, by acknowledging therein the secret judgments of God against the bishops, and hoping that some good might be wrought thereby for his church; as indeed there was, though not according to their construction. For 4thly, contrary to their expectation, that railing spirit did not only not further, but extremely disgrace and prejudice their cause, when it was once perceived from how low degrees of contradiction, at first, to what outrage of contumely and slander, they were at length proceeded; and were also likely to proceed further.

A further degree of outrage was also in fact: certain* prophets did arise, who deeming it not possible that God should suffer that to be undone, which they did so fiercely desire to have done, namely, that his holy saints, the favourers and fathers of the discipline, should be enlarged, and delivered from persecution; and seeing no means of deliverance ordinary, were fain to persuade themselves that God must needs raise some extraordinary means; and being persuaded of none so well as of themselves, they forthwith must needs be the instruments of this great work. Hereupon they framed unto themselves an assured hope, that, upon their preaching out of a peas-cart in Cheapside, all the multitude would have presently joined unto them, and in amazement of mind have asked them, “*Viri fratres, quid agimus?*” whereunto it is likely they would have returned an answer far unlike to that of St. Peter: “Such and such are men unworthy to govern; pluck them down: such and such are the dear children of God; let them be advanced.”

Of two of these men it is meet to speak with all commiseration; yet so, that others by their example may receive instruction, and withal some light may appear, what stirring affections the discipline is like to inspire, if it light upon apt and prepared minds.

Now if any man doubt of what society they were; or if the reformers disclaim them, pretending that by them they were condemned; let these points be considered. 1. Whose associates were they before they entered into this frantic passion? Whose sermons did they frequent? Whom did they admire? 2. Even when they were entering into it, whose advice did they require? and when they were in, whose approbation? whom advertised they of their purpose? whose assistance by prayer did they request? But we deal injuriously with them to lay this to their charge; for they reproved and condemned it. How! did they disclose it to the magistrate, that it might be suppressed; or were they not, rather content to stand aloof off, and see the end of it, as being loath to quench that spirit? No doubt these mad practitioners were of their society, with whom before, and in the practice of their madness, they had most affinity. Hereof read Dr. Bancroft's book.

A third inducement may be to dislike of the discipline, if we consider not only how far the Reformers themselves have proceeded, but what others upon their foundations have built. Here come the Brownists in the first rank, their lineal descendants, who have seized upon a number of strange opinions; whereof, although their ancestors the reformers, were never actually possessed, yet, by right and interest from them derived, the Brownists and

Barrowists have taken possession of them: for if the positions of the reformers be true, I cannot see how the main and general conclusions of Brownism should be false; for upon these two points, as I conceive, they stand.

1. That, because we have no church, they are to sever themselves from us. 2. That without civil authority they are to erect a church of their own. And if the former of these be true, the latter, I suppose, will follow: for if above all things men be to regard their salvation; and if out of the church there be no salvation, it followeth, that, if we have no church, we have no means of salvation; and therefore separation from us in that respect is both lawful and necessary; as also, that men, so separated from the false and counterfeit church, are to associate themselves unto some church; not to ours; to the popish much less; therefore to one of their own making. Now the ground of all these inferences being this, that in our church there is no means of salvation, is out of the reformer's principles most clearly to be proved. For wheresoever any matter of faith unto salvation necessary is denied, there can be no means of salvation; but in the Church of England, the discipline, by them accounted a matter of faith, and necessary to salvation, is not only denied, but impugned, and the professors thereof oppressed. Ergo.

Again,—but this reason perhaps is weak,—every true Church of Christ acknowledgeth the whole Gospel of Christ: the discipline, in their opinion, is a part of the gospel, and yet by our church resisted. Ergo.

Again, the discipline is essentially united to the church; by which term *essentially*, they must mean either an essential part, or an essential property. Both which ways it must needs be, that where that essential discipline is not, neither is there any church. If therefore between them and the Brownists there should be appointed a solemn disputation, whereof with us they have been oftentimes so earnest challengers; it doth not yet appear what other answer they could possibly frame to these and the like arguments wherewith they may be pressed, but fairly to deny the conclusion,—for all the premises are their own—or rather ingeniously to reverse their own principles before laid, whereon so foul absurdities have been so firmly built. What further proofs you can bring out of their high words, magnifying the discipline, I leave to your better remembrance: but, above all points, I am desirous this one should be strongly enforced against them, because it wringeth them most of all, and is of all others, for aught I see, the most unanswerable. You may notwithstanding say, that you would be heartily glad these their positions might be salved, as the Brownists might not appear to have issued out of their loins: but until that be done, they must give us leave to think that they have cast the seed whereout these tares are grown.

Another sort of men there are, which have been content to run on with the Reformers for a time, and to make them poor instruments of their own designs. These are a sort of godless polities, who, perceiving the plot of discipline to consist of these two parts, the overthrow of episcopal, and erection of presbyterial authority; and that this latter can take no place till the former be removed; are content to join with them in the destructive part of discipline, bearing them in hand, that in the other also they shall find them as ready. But when time shall come, it may be they would be as loath to be yoked with that kind of regiment, as now they are willing to be released from this. These men's ends in all their actions is distraction; their pretence and colour, reformation. Those things which under this colour they have effected to their own good, are, 1. By maintaining a contrary faction, they have kept the clergy always in awe, and thereby made them more pliable, and willing to buy their peace. 2. By maintaining an opinion of equality among ministers, they have made way to their own purposes for devouring cathedral churches, and bishop's livings. 3. By exclaiming against abuses in the church, they have carried their own corrupt dealings in the civil state more covertly. For such is the nature of the multitude, that they are not able to appre-

* Hacket and Coppinger.

head many things at once; so as being possessed with a dislike or liking of any one thing, many other in the meantime may escape them without being perceived. 4. They have sought to disgrace the clergy, in entertaining a conceit in men's minds, and confirming it by continual practice, that men of learning, and specially of the clergy, which are employed in the chiefest kind of learning, are not to be admitted to matters of state; contrary to the practice of all well-governed commonwealths, and of our own till these latter years.

A third sort of men there are, though not descended from the reformers, yet in part raised and greatly strengthened by them; namely, the cursed crew of atheists. This also is one of those points, which I am desirous you should handle most effectually, and strain yourself therein to all points of motion and affection; as in that of the Brownists, to all strength and sinews of reason. This is a sort most damnable, and yet by the general suspicion of the world at this day most common. The causes of it which are in the parties themselves, although you handle in the beginning of the fifth book, yet here again they may be touched: but the occasions of help and furtherance, which by the reformers have been yielded unto them, are, as I conceive, two; namely, senseless preaching, and disgracing of the ministry: for how should not men dare to impugn that, which neither by force of reason, nor by authority of persons, is maintained? But in the parties themselves these two causes I conceive of atheism: 1. More abundance of wit than judgment, and of witty than judicious learning; whereby they are more inclined to contradict anything, than willing to be informed of the truth. They are not therefore men of sound learning for the most part, but smatterers; neither is their kind of dispute so much by force of argument, as by scoffing; which humour of scoffing, and turning matters most serious into merriment, is now become so common, as we are not to marvel what the Prophet means by the "seat of scornors," nor what the Apostles, by foretelling of "scornors to come:" for our own age hath verified their speech unto us: which also may be an argument against these scoffers and atheists themselves, seeing it hath been so many ages ago foretold, that such men the latter days of the world should afford: which could not be done by any other spi it, save that whereunto things future and present are alike. And even for the main question of the resurrection, whereat they stick so mightily, was it not plainly foretold, that men should in the latter times say, Where is the promise of his coming? Against the creation, the ark, and divers other points, exceptions are said to be taken, the ground whereof is superfluity of wit, without ground of learning and judgment. A second cause of atheism is sensuality, which maketh men desirous to remove all stops and impediments of their wicked life; among which because religion is the chiefest, so as neither in this life without shame they can persist therein, nor—if that be true—without torment in the life to come; they therefore whet their wits to annihilate the joys of heaven, wherein they see—if any such be—they can have no part, and likewise the pains of hell, wherein their portion must needs be very great. They labour therefore, not that they may not deserve those pains, but that, deserving them, there may be no such pains to seize upon them. But what conceit can be imagined more base, than that man should strive to persuade himself even against the secret instinct, no doubt, of his own mind, that his soul is as the soul of a beast, mortal, and corruptible with the body? Against which barbarous opinion their own atheism is a very strong argument. For, were not the soul a nature separable from the body, how could it enter into discourse of things merely spiritual, and nothing at all pertaining to the body? Surely the soul were not able to conceive anything of heaven, no not so much as to dispute against heaven, and against God, if there were not in it somewhat heavenly, and derived from God.

The last which have received strength and encouragement from the Reformers are papists; against whom, although they are most bitter enemies, yet unwittingly they have given them great advantage. For what can

any enemy rather desire than the breach and dissension of those which are confederates against him? Wherein they are to remember, that if our communion with papists in some few ceremonies do so much strengthen them, as is pretended, how much more doth this division and rent among ourselves, especially seeing it is maintained to be, not in light matters only, but even in matters of faith and salvation? Which over-reaching speech of theirs, because it is so open an advantage for the Barrowist and the Papist, we are to wish and hope for, that they will acknowledge it to have been spoken rather in heat of affection, than with soundness of judgment; and that through their exceeding love to that creature of discipline which themselves have bred, nourished, and maintained, their mouth in commendation of her did so often overflow.

From hence you may proceed—but the means of connexion I leave to yourself—to another discourse, which I think very meet to be handled either here or elsewhere at large; the parts whereof may be these: 1. That in this cause between them and us, men are to sever the proper and essential points and controversy from those which are accidental. The most essential and proper are these two: overthrow of episcopal and erection of presbyterial authority. But in these two points whosoever joineith with them, is accounted of their number; whosoever in all other points agreeeth with them, yet thinketh the authority of bishops not unlawful, and of elders not necessary, may justly be severed from their retinue. Those things therefore, which either in the persons, or in the laws and orders themselves, are faulty, may be complained on, acknowledged, and amended, yet they no whit the nearer their main purpose: for what if all errors by them supposed in our Liturgy were amended, even according to their own hearts' desire; if non-residence, pluralities, and the like, were utterly taken away; are their lay-elders therefore presently authorised? or their sovereign ecclesiastical jurisdiction established?

But even in their complaining against the outward and accidental matters in church government, they are many ways faulty. 1. In their end, which they propose to themselves. For in declaiming against abuses, their meaning is not to have them redressed, but, by disgracing the present state, to make way for their own discipline. As therefore in Venice, if any senator should discourse against the power of their senate, as being either too sovereign, or too weak in government, with purpose to draw their authority to a moderation, it might well be suffered; but not so, if it should appear he spake with purpose to induce another state by depraving the present. So in all causes belonging either to church or commonwealth, we are to have regard what mind the complaining part doth bear, whether of amendment or innovation; and accordingly either to suffer or suppress it. Their objection therefore is frivolous. Why, may not men speak against abuses? Yes; but with desire to cure the part affected, not to destroy the whole. 2. A second fault is in their manner of complaining, not only because it is for the most part in bitter and reproachful terms, but also it is to the common people, who are judges incompetent and insufficient, both to determine anything amiss, and for want of skill and authority to amend it. Which also discovereth their intent and purpose to be rather destructive than corrective. 3. Those very exceptions which they take are frivolous and impertinent. Some things indeed they accuse as impious; which if they may appear to be such, God forbid they should be maintained.

Against the rest it is only alleged, that they are idle ceremonies without use, and that better and more profitable might be devised. Wherein they are doubly deceived; for neither is it a sufficient plea to say, this must give place, because a better may be devised; because in our judgments of better and worse, we oftentimes conceive amiss, when we compare those things which are in devise with those which are in practice: for the imperfections of the one are hid, till by time and trial they be discovered: the others are already manifest and open to all. But last of all,—which is a point in my opinion of great regard, and which I am desirous to have enlarged,—they do not

see that for the most part when they strike at the state ecclesiastical, they secretly wound the civil state, for personal faults; What can be said against the church, which may not also agree to the commonwealth? In both, statesmen have always been, and will be always, men; sometimes blinded with error, most commonly perverted by passions: many unworthy have been and are advanced in both; many worthy not regarded. And as for abuses, which they pretend to be in the laws themselves; when they inveigh against non-residence, do they take it a matter lawful or expedient in the civil state, for a man to have a great and gainful office in the north, himself continually remaining in the south? He that hath an office let him attend his office. When they condemn plurality of livings spiritual to the pit of hell, what think they of the infinity of temporal promotions? By the great philosopher, Pol. lib. ii. cap. 9, it is forbidden as a thing most dangerous to commonwealths, that by the same man many great offices should be exercised. When they deride our ceremonies as vain and frivolous, were it hard to apply their exceptions even to those civil ceremonies, which at the coronation, in parliament, and all courts of justice, are used? Were it hard to argue even against

circumcision, the ordinance of God, as being a cruel ceremony? against the Passover, as being ridiculous—shed, girt, a staff in their hand, to eat a lamb?

To conclude: you may exhort the clergy,—or what if you direct your conclusion not to the clergy in general, but only to the learned in or of both universities?—you may exhort them to a due consideration of all things, and to a right esteem and valuing of each thing in that degree wherein it ought to stand. For it oftentimes falleth out, that what men have either devised themselves, or greatly delighted in, the price and the excellency thereof they do admire above desert. The chiefest labour of a Christian should be to know, of a minister to preach, Christ crucified: in regard whereof, not only worldly things, but things otherwise precious, even the discipline itself is vile and base. Whereas now, by the heat of contention, and violence of affection, the zeal of men towards the one hath greatly decayed their love to the other. Hereunto therefore they are to be exhorted to preach Christ crucified, the mortification of the flesh, the renewing of the spirit; not those things which in time of strife seem precious, but—passions being allayed—are vain and childish.

G. C.

LIFE OF MR. GEORGE HERBERT,

PREBENDARY OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

INTRODUCTION.

IN a late retreat from the business of this world, and those many little cares with which I have too often cumbered myself, I fell into a contemplation of some of those historical passages that are recorded in sacred story; and more particularly of what had passed betwixt our blessed Saviour, and that wonder of women, and sinners, and mourners, Saint Mary Magdalen. I call her saint, because I did not then, nor do now consider her, as when she was possessed with seven devils; not as when her wanton eyes and dishevelled hair, were designed and managed to charm and ensnare amorous beholders. But I did then, and do now consider her, as after she had expressed a visible and sacred sorrow for her sensualities; as after those eyes had wept such a flood of penitential tears as did wash, and that hair had wiped, and she most passionately kissed the feet of hers and our blessed Jesus. And I do now consider, that because she loved much, not only much was forgiven her; but that beside that blessing of having her sins pardoned, and the joy of knowing her happy condition, she also had from him a testimony, that her alabaster box of precious ointment poured on his head and feet, and that spikenard, and those spices that were by her dedicated to embalm and preserve his sacred body to putrefaction, should so far preserve her own memory, that these demonstrations of her sanctioned love, and of her officious and generous gratitude, should be recorded and mentioned wheresoever his gospel should be read; intending thereby, that as his, so her name should also live to succeeding generations, even till time itself shall be no more.

Upon occasion of which fair example, I did lately look back, and not without some content,—at least to myself,—that I have endeavoured to deserve the love, and preserve the memory, of my two deceased friends, Dr. Donne and Sir Henry Wotton, by declaring the several employments and various accidents of their lives. And though Mr. George Herbert—whose life I now intend to write—were to me a stranger as to his person, for I have only seen him, yet since he was, and was worthy to be, their friend, and very many of his have been mine, I judge it may not be unacceptable to those that knew any of them in their lives, or do now know them by mine, or their own writings, to see this conjunction of them after their deaths; without which, many things that concerned them, and some things that concerned the age in which they lived, would be less perfect, and lost to posterity.

For these reasons I have undertaken it: and if I have prevented any abler person, I beg pardon of him and my reader.

GEORGE HERBERT was born the third day of April, in the year of our redemption 1593. The place of his birth was near to the town of Montgomery, and in that castle that did then bear the name of that town and county: that castle was then a place of state and strength, and had been successively happy in the family of the Herberts, who had long possessed it; and with it, a plentiful estate, and hearts as liberal to their poor neighbours. A family, that hath been blessed with men of remarkable wisdom, and a willingness to serve their country, and, indeed, to do good to all mankind; for which they are eminent. But alas! this family did in the late rebellion suffer extremely in their estates; and the heirs of that castle saw it laid level with that earth, that was too good to bury those wretches that were the cause of it.

The father of our George was Richard Herbert, the son of Edward Herbert, knight, the son of Richard Herbert, knight, the son of the famous Sir Richard Herbert of Colebrook, in the county of Monmouth, banneret, who was the youngest brother of that memorable William Herbert, earl of Pembroke, that lived in the reign of our King Edward the Fourth.

His mother was Magdalen Newport, the youngest daughter of Sir Richard, and sister to Sir Francis Newport of High-Arkall, in the county of Salop, knight, and grandfather of Francis Lord Newport, now controller of his majesty's household. A family, that for their loyalty have suffered much in their estates, and seen the ruin of that excellent structure, where their ancestors have long lived, and been memorable for their hospitality.

The mother of George Herbert, of whose person, and wisdom, and virtue, I intend to give a true account in a seasonable place, was the happy mother of seven sons and three daughters, which she would often say was Job's number, and Job's distribution; and as often bless God, that they were neither defective in their shapes, or in their reason: and very often reprove them that did not praise God for so great a blessing. I shall give the reader a short account of their names, and not say much of their fortunes.

Edward, the eldest, was first made knight of the Bath, at that glorious time of our late prince Henry's being installed knight of the Garter; and after many years' useful travel, and the attainment of many languages, he was by King James sent ambassador resident to the then French king, Lewis the Thirteenth. There he continued about two years; but he could not subject himself to a compliance with the humours of the Duke de Luynes, who was then the great and powerful favourite at court: so that upon a complaint to our king, he was called back into England in some displeasure; but at his return he gave such an honourable account of his employment, and so justified his comportment to the duke and all the court, that he was suddenly sent back upon the same embassy, from which he returned in the beginning of the reign of our good king Charles the First, who made him first Baron of Castle-land, and not long after of Cherbury in the county of Salop. He was a man of great learning and reason, as appears by his printed book *De Veritate*, and by his history of the reign of King Henry the Eighth, and by several other tracts.

The second and third brothers were Richard and William, who ventured their lives to purchase honour in the wars of the Low Countries, and died officers in that employment. Charles was the fourth, and died fellow of New College in Oxford. Henry was the sixth, who became a menial servant to the crown in the days of king James, and hath continued to be so for fifty years; during all which time he hath been master of the revels; a place that requires a diligent wisdom, with which God hath blessed him. The seventh son was Thomas, who, being made captain of a ship in that fleet with which Sir Robert Mansell was sent against Algiers, did there show a fortunate and true English valour. Of the three sisters I need not say more, than that they were all married to persons of worth, and plentiful fortunes; and lived to be examples of virtue, and to do good in their generations.

I now come to give my intended account of George, who was the fifth of these seven brothers.

George Herbert spent much of his childhood in a sweet content under the eye and care of his prudent mother, and the tuition of a chaplain, or tutor to him and two of his brothers, in her own family,—for she was then a widow,—where he continued till about the age of twelve years; and being at that time well instructed in the rules of grammar, he was not long after commended to the care of Dr. Neale, who was then dean of Westminster; and by him to the care of Mr. Ireland, who was then chief master of that school; where the beauties of his pretty behaviour and wit shined and became so eminent and lovely in this his innocent age, that he seemed to be marked out for piety, and to become the care of Heaven, and of a particular good angel to guard and guide him. And thus he continued in that school, till he came to be perfect in the learned languages, and especially in the Greek tongue, in which he afterwards proved an excellent critic.

About the age of fifteen—he being then a king's scholar—he was elected out of that school for Trinity College in Cambridge, to which place he was transplanted about the year 1608; and his prudent mother, well knowing that he might easily

lose or lessen that virtue and innocence, which her advice and example had planted in his mind, did therefore procure the generous and liberal Dr. Nevil*, who was then Dean of Canterbury, and master of that college, to take him into his particular care, and provide him a tutor; which he did most gladly undertake, for he knew the excellencies of his mother, and how to value such a friendship.

This was the method of his education, till he was settled in Cambridge; where we will leave him in his study, till I have paid my promised account of his excellent mother; and I will endeavour to make it short.

I have told her birth, her marriage, and the number of her children, and have given some short account of them. I shall next tell the reader, that her husband died when our George was about the age of four years: I am next to tell, that she continued twelve years a widow; that she then married happily to a noble gentleman, the brother and heir of the Lord Danvers, Earl of Danby, who did highly value both her person and the most excellent endowments of her mind.

In this time of her widowhood, she being desirous to give Edward, her eldest son, such advantages of learning, and other education, as might suit his birth and fortune, and thereby make him the more fit for the service of his country, did, at his being of a fit age, remove from Montgomery Castle with him, and some of her younger sons, to Oxford; and having entered Edward into Queen's College, and provided him a fit tutor, she commended him to his care: yet she continued there with him, and still kept him in a moderate awe of herself, and so much under her own eye, as to see and converse with him daily: but she managed this power over him without any such rigid sourness, as might make her company a torment to her child; but with such a sweetness and compliance with the recreations and pleasures of youth, as did incline him willingly to spend much of his time in the company of his dear and careful mother; which was to her great content: for she would often say, that "as our bodies take a nourishment suitable to the meat on which we feed, so our souls do as insensibly take in vice by the example or conversation with wicked company:" and would therefore as often say, that ignorance of vice was the best preservation of virtue; and that the very knowledge of wickedness was as tinder to inflame and kindle sin, and to keep it burning. For these reasons she endeared him to her own company, and continued with him in Oxford four years; in which time her great and harmless wit, her cheerful gravity, and her obliging behaviour, gained her an acquaintance and friendship with most of any eminent worth or learning, that were at that time in or near that University; and particularly with Mr. John Donne, who then came accidentally to that place, in this time of her being there. It was that John Donne,

* Dr. Neville was eminent for piety and learning, and distinguished by his high birth, being descended from the noble family of the Nevilles of Westmoreland. He was educated at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, and was made dean of Canterbury in 1597. On the death of Queen Elizabeth he was employed by Archbishop Whitgift as an envoy to King James on the part of the English clergy. He died in 1615.

who was after Dr. Donne, and dean of Saint Paul's, London : and he, at his leaving Oxford, writ and left there, in verse, a character of the beauties of her body and mind ; of the first he says,

No spring nor summer beauty has such grace,
As I have seen in an autumnal face.

Of the latter he says,—

In all her words to every hearer fit,
You may at revels, or at council sit.

The rest of her character may be read in his printed poems, in that elegy which bears the name of *The Autumnal Beauty*. For both he and she were then past the meridian of man's life.

This amity, begun at this time and place, was not an amity that polluted their souls ; but an amity made up of a chain of suitable inclinations and virtues ; an amity like that of St. Chrysostom's to his dear and virtuous Olympias ; whom, in his letters, he calls his saint : or an amity, indeed, more like that of St. Hierome to his Paula ; whose affection to her was such, that he turned poet in his old age, and then made her epitaph : wishing all his body were turned into tongues, that he might declare her just praises to posterity. And this amity betwixt her and Mr. Donne was begun in a happy time for him, he being then near to the fortieth year of his age,—which was some years before he entered into sacred orders ;—a time, when his necessities needed a daily supply for the support of his wife, seven children, and a family. And in this time she proved one of his most bountiful benefactors ; and he as grateful an acknowledger of it. You may take one testimony for what I have said of these two worthy persons, from this following letter and sonnet.

“MADAM,

“Your favours to me are everywhere ; I use them, and have them. I enjoy them at London, and leave them there ; and yet find them at Mitcham. Such riddles as these become things inexpressible ; and such is your goodness. I was almost sorry to find your servant here this day, because I was loath to have any witness of my not coming home last night, and indeed of my coming this morning. But my not coming was excusable, because earnest business detained me ; and my coming this day is by the example of your St. Mary Magdalen, who rose early upon Sunday, to seek that which she loved most ; and so did I. And, from her and myself, I return such thanks as are due to one, to whom we owe all the good opinion, that they, whom we need most, have of us. By this messenger, and on this good day, I commit the inclosed Holy Hymns and Sonnets—which for the matter, not the workmanship, have yet escaped the fire—to your judgment, and to your protection too, if you think them worthy of it ; and I have appointed to this inclosed sonnet to usher them to your happy hand.

“Your unworthiest servant,

“Unless your accepting him to be so
have mended him,

Mitcham, July 11, 1607.

JO. DONNE.”

TO THE LADY MAGDALEN HERBERT: OF ST. MARY MAGDALEN.

Her of your name, whose fair inheritance
Bethina was, and jointure Magdalo,
An active faith so highly did advance,
That she once knew more than the church did know,
The Resurrection ! so much good there is
Delivered of her, that some fathers be
Loth to believe one woman could do this ;
But think these Magdalens were two or three.
Increase their number, lady, and their fame :
To their devotion add your innocence :
Take so much of th' example, as of the name ;
The latter half ; and in some recompense
That they did harbour Christ himself, a guest,
Harbour these Hymns, to his dear name address.

J. D.

These hymns are now lost to us ; but doubtless they were such, as they two now sing in heaven.

There might be more demonstrations of the friendship, and the many sacred endearments betwixt these two excellent persons,—for I have many of their letters in my hand,—and much more might be said of her great prudence and piety ; but my design was not to write her's, but the life of her son ; and therefore I shall only tell my reader, that about that very day twenty years that this letter was dated, and sent her, I saw and heard this Mr. John Donne—who was then dean of St. Paul's—weep, and preach her funeral sermon, in the parish church of Chelsea, near London, where she now rests in her quiet grave ; and where we must now leave her, and return to her son George, whom we left in his study in Cambridge.

And in Cambridge we may find our George Herbert's behaviour to be such, that we may conclude he consecrated the first-fruits of his early age to virtue, and a serious study of learning. And that he did so, this following letter and sonnet, which were, in the first year of his going to Cambridge, sent his dear mother for a new-year's gift, may appear to be some testimony.

—“But I fear the heat of my late ague hath dried up those springs, by which scholars say the muses use to take up their habitations. However, I need not their help to reprove the vanity of those many love-poems, that are daily writ, and consecrated to Venus ; nor to bewail that so few are writ, that look towards God and heaven. For my own part, my meaning—dear mother—is, in these sonnets, to declare my resolution to be, that my poor abilities in poetry, shall be all and ever consecrated to God's glory ; and I beg you to receive this as one testimony.”

My God, where is that ancient heat towards thee,
Wherewith whole shoals of martyrs once did burn,
Besides their other flames ? Doth Poetry
Wear Venus' livery ? only serve her turn ?
Why are not sonnets made of thee ? and lays
Upon thine altar burnt ? Cannot thy love
Heighten a spirit to sound out thy praise
As well as any she ? Cannot thy dove
Outstrip their Cupid easily in flight ?

Or, since thy ways are deep, and still the same,
Will not a verse run smooth that bears thy name ?
Why doth that fire, which by thy power and might
Each breast does feel, no braver fuel choose
Than that, which one day, worms may chance refuse ?

Sure, Lord, there is enough in thee to dry
Oceans of ink ; for as the Deluge did
Cover the earth, so doth thy majesty :
Each cloud distils thy praise, and doth forbid
Poets to turn it to another use.

Roses and lilies speak Thee ; and to make
A pair of cheeks of them, is thy abuse.
Why should I women's eyes for crystal take ?
Such poor invention burns in their low mind
Whose fire is wild, and doth not upward go
To praise, and on thee, Lord, some ink bestow.
Open the bones, and you shall nothing find
In the best face but filth ; when Lord, in thee
The beauty lies, in the discovery.

G. H.

This was his resolution at the sending this letter to his dear mother, about which time he was in the seventeenth year of his age ; and as he grew older, so he grew in learning, and more and more in favour both with God and man : insomuch that, in this morning of that short day of his life, he seemed to be marked out for virtue, and to become the care of Heaven ; for God still kept his soul in so holy a frame, that he may, and ought to be a pattern of virtue to all posterity, and especially to his brethren of the clergy, of which the reader may expect a more exact account in what will follow.

I need not declare that he was a strict student, because, that he was so, there will be many testimonies in the future part of his life. I shall therefore only tell, that he was made bachelor of arts in the year 1611 ; major fellow of the college, March 15, 1615 : and, that in that year he was also made master of arts, he being then in the 22d year of his age ; during all which time, all, or the greatest diversion from his study, was the practice of music, in which he became a great master ; and of which he would say, that it did relieve his drooping spirits, compose his distracted thoughts, and raised his weary soul so far above earth, that it gave him an earnest of the joys of heaven, before he possessed them. And it may be noted, that from his first entrance into the college, the generous Dr. Nevil was a cherisher of his studies, and such a lover of his person, his behaviour, and the excellent endowments of his mind, that he took him often into his own company ; by which he confirmed his native gentleness : and if during his time he expressed any error, it was, that he kept himself too much retired, and at too great a distance with all his inferiors ; and his clothes seemed to prove, that he put too great a value on his parts and parentage.

This may be some account of his disposition, and of the employment of his time, till he was master of arts, which was anno 1615, and in the year 1619 he was chosen orator for the university. His two precedent orators were Sir Robert Naunton*, and Sir Francis Nethersole. The first was not long after made secretary of state : and Sir Francis, not very long after his being orator, was made secretary to the lady Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia. In this place of orator our George Herbert continued eight years ; and managed it with as becoming and grave a gaiety, as any had ever before or since his time. For, he had acquired great learning, and was blessed with a high fancy, a civil and

sharp wit, and with a natural elegance, both in his behaviour, his tongue, and his pen. Of all which there might be very many particular evidences ; but I will limit myself to the mention of but three.

And the first notable occasion of shewing his fitness for this employment of orator was manifested in a letter to King James, upon the occasion of his sending that university his book called *Basilicon Doron* ; and their orator was to acknowledge this great honour, and return their gratitude to his majesty for such a condescension ; at the close of which letter he writ,

Quid Vaticanam Boddieanæque obijcis hospes !
Unicus est nobis bibliotheca liber.

This letter was writ in such excellent Latin, was so full of conceits, and all the expressions so suited to the genius of the king, that he inquired the orator's name, and then asked William Earl of Pembroke, if he knew him ? whose answer was, that he knew him very well, and that he was his kinsman ; but he loved him more for his learning and virtue, than for that he was of his name and family. At which answer the king smiled, and asked the earl leave that he might love him too, for he took him to be the jewel of that university.

The next occasion he had and took to shew his great abilities, was, with them, to shew also his great affection to that church in which he received his baptism, and of which he professed himself a member ; and the occasion was this : there was one Andrew Melvil, a minister of the Scotch church, and rector of St. Andrews ; who, by a long and constant converse with a discontented part of that clergy which opposed episcopacy, became at last to be a chief leader of that faction ; and had proudly appeared to be so to King James, when he was but king of that nation, who, the second year after his coronation in England, convened a part of the bishops, and other learned divines of his church, to attend him at Hampton-Court, in order to a friendly conference with some dissenting brethren, both of this and the church of Scotland : of which Scotch party Andrew Melvil was one ; and he being a man of learning, and inclined to satirical poetry, had scattered many malicious, bitter verses against our liturgy, our ceremonies, and our church-government ; which were by some of that party so magnified for the wit, that they were therefore brought into Westminster school, where Mr. George Herbert, then, and often after, made such answers to them, and such reflections on him and his kirk, as might unbugle any man that was not too deeply pre-engaged in such a quarrel.—But to return to Mr. Melvil at Hampton Court Conference ; he there appeared to be a man of an unruly wit, of a strange confidence, of so furious a zeal, and of so ungoverned passions, that his insolence to the king, and others at this conference, lost him both his rectorship of St. Andrew's and his liberty too ; for his former verses, and his present reproaches there used against the church and state, caused him to be committed prisoner to the Tower of London ; where he remained very angry for three years. At which time of his commitment, he found the Lady Arabella† an innocent

* Well known as the author of that curious picture of the court of Queen Elizabeth, entitled "*Fragmenta Regalia*."

† The unfortunate Arabella Stuart, whom the mean jealousy of James condemned to a merciless imprisonment.

prisoner there ; and he pleased himself much in sending, the next day after his commitment, these two verses to the good lady ; which I will underwrite, because they may give the reader a taste of his others, which were like these.

*Causa tibi mecum est communis, carceris, Ara-
Bella, tibi causa est, Araque sacra mihi.*

I shall not trouble my reader with an account of his enlargement from that prison, or his death ; but tell him Mr. Herbert's verses were thought so worthy to be preserved, that Dr. Duport, the learned dean of Peterborough, hath lately collected and caused many of them to be printed, as an honourable memorial of his friend Mr. George Herbert, and the cause he undertook.

And in order to my third and last observation of his great abilities, it will be needful to declare, that about this time King James came very often to hunt at Newmarket and Royston, and was almost as often invited to Cambridge, where his entertainment was comedies suited to his pleasant humour ; and where Mr. George Herbert was to welcome him with gratulations, and the applauses of an orator ; which he always performed so well, that he still grew more into the king's favour, insomuch that he had a particular appointment to attend his majesty at Royston ; where, after a discourse with him, his majesty declared to his kinsman, the Earl of Pembroke, that he found the orator's learning and wisdom much above his age or wit. The year following, the king appointed to end his progress at Cambridge, and to stay there certain days ; at which time he was attended by the great secretary of nature and all learning, Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, and by the ever-memorable and learned Dr. Andrews, Bishop of Winchester, both which did at that time begin a desired friendship with our orator. Upon whom, the first put such a value on his judgment, that he usually desired his approbation before he would expose any of his books to be printed ; and thought him so worthy of his friendship, that having translated many of the prophet David's Psalms into English verse, he made George Herbert his patron, by a public dedication of them to him, as the best judge of divine poetry. And for the learned bishop, it is observable, that at that time there fell to be a modest debate betwixt them two about predes-

ment. She was the daughter of Charles Stuart, Earl of Lenox, the younger brother of Henry, Earl of Darnley, father of James I. This near relationship filled James with fear, lest she or her descendants should attempt to dispute the succession, and he formed the resolution of keeping her unmarried. This design she disappointed by a secret union with Mr. William Seymour, grandson of the Earl of Hertford. James no sooner received intelligence of the marriage, than he committed the lady Arabella to the Tower. She contrived to escape, but was captured on her passage to France, where she designed to take refuge with her husband, and was brought back to her melancholy prison, where she died in 1615, being then only thirty-eight years of age. The full particulars of her affecting story may be found in Mr. D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature."

The verses quoted in the text have been thus translated :

"For one like cause, our chains around us twine,
Thine altar beauteous is, and sacred mine."

alluding to her name Ara-bella, which signifies "a fair altar."

tionation, and sanctity of life ; of both which the orator did, not long after, send the bishop some safe and useful aphorisms, in a long letter, written in Greek ; which letter was so remarkable for the language and reason of it, that, after the reading it, the bishop put it into his bosom, and did often shew it to many scholars, both of this and foreign nations ; but did always return it back to the place where he first lodged it, and continued it so near his heart till the last day of his life.

To these I might add the long and entire friendship betwixt him and Sir Henry Wotton, and Dr. Donne ; but I have promised to contract myself, and shall therefore only add one testimony to what is also mentioned in the Life of Dr. Donne ; namely, that a little before his death he caused many seals to be made, and in them to be engraven the figure of Christ crucified on an anchor,—the emblem of Hope,—and of which Dr. Donne would often say, "Crux mihi anchora."—These seals he gave or sent to most of those friends on which he put a value ; and, at Mr. Herbert's death, these verses were found wrapt up with that seal, which was by the doctor given to him :

*When my dear friend could write no more,
He gave this seal, and so gave o'er.*

*When winds and waves rise highest I am sure,
This anchor keeps my faith, that, me secure.*

At this time of being orator, he had learned to understand the Italian, Spanish, and French tongues very perfectly ; hoping, that as his predecessors, so he might in time attain the place of a secretary of state, he being at that time very high in the king's favour, and not meanly valued and loved by the most eminent and most powerful of the court nobility. This, and the love of a court conversation, mixed with a laudable ambition to be something more than he then was, drew him often from Cambridge, to attend the king wheresoever the court was, who then gave him a sinecure, which fell into his majesty's disposal, I think, by the death of the bishop of St. Asaph. It was the same that Queen Elizabeth had formerly given to her favourite, Sir Philip Sidney, and valued to be worth an hundred and twenty pounds per annum. With this, and his annuity, and the advantage of his college, and of his oratorship, he enjoyed his genteel humour for clothes, and court-like company, and seldom looked towards Cambridge, unless the king were there, but then he never failed ; and, at other times, left the manage of his orator's place to his learned friend, Mr. Herbert Thorndike, who is now prebend of Westminster.

I may not omit to tell, that he had often designed to leave the university, and decline all study, which he thought did impair his health ; for he had a body apt to a consumption, and to fevers, and other infirmities, which he judged were increased by his studies ; for he would often say, he had too thoughtful a wit ; a wit, like a pen-knife in too narrow a sheath, too sharp for his body. But his mother would by no means allow him to leave the university, or to travel ; and though he inclined very much to both, yet he would by no means satisfy his own desires at so dear a rate, as to prove an undutiful son to so affectionate a mother ; but did always submit to

her wisdom. And what I have now said may partly appear in a copy of verses in his printed poems; 'tis one of those that bear the title of Affliction; and it appears to be a pious reflection on God's providence, and some passages of his life, in which he says,

Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
The way that takes the town;
Thou didst betray me to a lingering book
And wrapt me in a gown:
I was entangled in a world of strife,
Before I had the power to change my life.

Yet, for I threaten'd oft the siege to raise,
Not simpering all mine age;
Thou often didst with academic praise
Melt and dissolve my rage:
I took the sweeten'd pill, till I came where
I could not go away, nor persevere.

Yet, lest perchance I should too happy be
In my unhappiness,
Turning my purge to food, thou throwest me
Into more sicknesses.
Thus doth thy power cross-bias me, not making
Thine own gifts good, yet me from my ways taking.

Now I am here, what thou wilt do with me
None of my books will show.
I read, and sigh, and wish I were a tree,
For then sure I should grow
To fruit or shade, at least some bird would trust
Her household with me, and I would be just.

Yet, though thou troublest me, I must be meek,
In weakness must be stout,
Well, I will change my service, and go seek
Some other master out:
Ah, my dear God! though I am clean forgot,
Let me not leave thee, if I love thee not.

G. II.

In this time of Mr. Herbert's attendance and expectation of some good occasion to remove from Cambridge to court, God, in whom there is an unseen chain of causes, did in a short time put an end to the lives of two of his most obliging and most powerful friends, Lodowick Duke of Richmond, and James Marquis of Hamilton; and not long after him, King James died also, and with them all Mr. Herbert's court-hopes: so that he presently betook himself to a retreat from London, to a friend in Kent, where he lived very privately, and was such a lover of solitariness as was judged to impair his health more than his study had done. In this time of retirement he had many conflicts with himself, whether he should return to the painted pleasures of a court-life, or betake himself to a study of divinity, and enter into sacred orders, to which his dear mother had often persuaded him. These were such conflicts as they only can know that have endured them; for ambitious desires and the outward glory of this world are not easily laid aside; but at last God inclined him to put on a resolution to serve at his altar.

He did, at his return to London, acquaint a court-friend with his resolution to enter into sacred orders, who persuaded him to alter it, as too mean an employment, and too much below his birth, and the excellent abilities and endowments of his mind. To whom he replied, "It hath been formerly judged that the domestic servants of the

King of Heaven should be of the noblest families on earth. And though the iniquity of the late times have made clergymen meanly valued, and the sacred name of priest contemptible, yet I will labour to make it honourable, by consecrating all my learning and all my poor abilities to advance the glory of that God that gave them; knowing that I can never do too much for him, that hath done so much for me, as to make me a Christian. And I will labour to be like my Saviour, by making humility lovely in the eyes of all men, and by following the merciful and meek example of my dear Jesus."

This was then his resolution; and the God of constancy, who intended him for a great example of virtue, continued him in it, for within that year he was made deacon, but the day when, or by whom, I cannot learn: but that he was about that time then made deacon is most certain; for I find by the records of Lincoln, that he was made prebend of Layton Ecclesia, in the diocese of Lincoln, July 15th, 1626, and that this prebend was given him by John, then lord bishop of that see. And now he had a fit occasion to shew that piety and bounty that was derived from his generous mother and his other memorable ancestors, and the occasion was this.

This Layton Ecclesia is a village near to Spalden, in the county of Huntingdon, and the greatest part of the parish church was fallen down, and that of it which stood was so decayed, so little, and so useless, that the parishioners could not meet to perform their duty to God in public prayer and praises; and thus it had been for almost twenty years, in which time there had been some faint endeavours for a public collection, to enable the parishioners to rebuild it, but with no success, till Mr. Herbert undertook it; and he, by his own, and the contribution of many of his kindred, and other noble friends, undertook the re-edification of it; and made it so much his whole business, that he became restless till he saw it finished as it now stands; being for the workmanship, a costly mosaic; for the form, an exact cross; and for the decency and beauty, I am assured, it is the most remarkable parish church that this nation affords. He lived to see it so wainseotted, as to be exceeded by none; and, by his order, the reading-pew and pulpit were a little distant from each other, and both of an equal height; for he would often say, "They should neither have a precedence or priority of the other; but that prayer and preaching, being equally useful, might agree like brethren, and have an equal honour and estimation."

Before I proceed farther, I must look back to the time of Mr. Herbert's being made prebend, and tell the reader, that not long after, his mother being informed of his intentions to rebuild that church, and apprehending the great trouble and charge that he was like to draw upon himself, his relations, and friends, before it could be finished, sent for him from London to Chelsea, where she then dwelt; and at his coming, said, "George, I sent for you to persuade you to commit simony, by giving your patron as good a gift as he has given to you; namely, that you give him back his prebend; for, George, it is not for your weak body and empty purse, to undertake to build churches." Of which he desired he might have a day's time

to consider, and then make her an answer. And at his return to her the next day, when he had first desired her blessing, and she given it him, his next request was, that she would, at the age of thirty-three years, allow him to become an undutiful son; for he had made a vow to God, that, if he were able, he would rebuild that church. And then shewed her such reasons for his resolution, that she presently subscribed to be one of his benefactors; and undertook to solicit William Earl of Pembroke to become another, who subscribed for fifty pounds, and not long after, by a witty and persuasive letter from Mr. Herbert, made it fifty pounds more. And in this nomination of some of his benefactors, James Duke of Lenox, and his brother, Sir Henry Herbert, ought to be remembered; as also the bounty of Mr. Nicholas Farrer and Mr. Arthur Woodnot, the one a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Layton, and the other a goldsmith in Foster-lane, London, ought not to be forgotten: for the memory of such men ought to outlive their lives. Of Mr. Farrer, I shall hereafter give an account in a more seasonable place; but before I proceed farther, I will give this short account of Mr. Arthur Woodnot.

He was a man that had considered overgrown estates do often require more care and watchfulness to preserve than get them, and considered that there be many discontents that riches cure not; and did therefore set limits to himself, as to desire of wealth. And having attained so much as to be able to shew some mercy to the poor, and preserve a competence for himself, he dedicated the remaining part of his life to the service of God, and to be useful to his friends; and he proved to be so to Mr. Herbert, for, beside his own bounty, he collected and returned most of the money that was paid for the rebuilding of that church; he kept all the account of the charges, and would often go down to state them, and see all the workmen paid. When I have said that this good man was a useful friend to Mr. Herbert's father and to his mother, and continued to be so to him till he closed his eyes on his death-bed, I will forbear to say more, till I have the next fair occasion to mention the holy friendship that was betwixt him and Mr. Herbert; from whom Mr. Woodnot carried to his mother this following letter, and delivered it to her in a sickness which was not long before that which proved to be her last.

A LETTER OF MR. GEORGE HERBERT TO HIS MOTHER,
IN HER SICKNESS.

Madam,

At my last parting from you, I was the better content, because I was in hope I should myself carry all sickness out of your family: but since I know I did not, and that your share continues, or rather increaseth, I wish earnestly that I were again with you; and would quickly make good my wish, but that my employment does fix me here, it being now but a month to our Commencement; wherein my absence, by how much it naturally augmenteth suspicion, by so much shall it make my prayers the more constant and the more earnest for you to the God of all consolation. In

the meantime, I beseech you to be cheerful, and comfort yourself in the God of all comfort, who is not willing to behold any sorrow but for sin. What hath affliction grievous in it more than for a moment? or why should our afflictions here have so much power or boldness as to oppose the hope of our joys hereafter? Madam, as the earth is but a point in respect of the heavens, so are earthly troubles compared to heavenly joys: therefore, if either age or sickness lead you to those joys, consider what advantage you have over youth and health, who are now so near those true comforts. Your last letter gave me earthly preferment, and I hope kept heavenly for yourself; but would you divide and choose too? Our college customs allow not that; and I should account myself most happy if I might change with you, for I have always observed the thread of life to be like other threads or skeins of silk, full of snarles and incumbrances. Happy is he whose bottom is wound up, and laid ready for work in the New Jerusalem. For myself, dear mother, I always feared sickness more than death, because sickness hath made me unable to perform those offices for which I came into the world, and must yet be kept in it; but you are freed from that fear, who have already abundantly discharged that part, having both ordered your family and so brought up your children, that they have attained to the years of discretion and competent maintenance. So that now, if they do not well, the fault cannot be charged on you, whose example and care of them will justify you both to the world and your own conscience; inasmuch that, whether you turn your thoughts on the life past, or on the joys that are to come, you have strong preservatives against all disquiet. And for temporal afflictions, I beseech you consider, all that can happen to you are either afflictions of estate, or body, or mind. For those of estate, of what poor regard ought they to be? since if we had riches, we are commanded to give them away; so that the best use of them is, having, not to have them. But perhaps, being above the common people, our credit and estimation calls on us to live in a more splendid fashion: but, O God! how easily is that answered, when we consider that the blessings in the Holy Scripture are never given to the rich, but to the poor. I never find "Blessed be the rich," or "Blessed be the noble;" but, "Blessed be the meek," and "Blessed be the poor," and "Blessed be the mourners, for they shall be comforted." And yet, O God! most carry themselves so, as if they not only not desired, but even feared to be blessed. And for afflictions of the body, dear madam, remember the holy martyrs of God, how they have been burned by thousands, and have endured such other tortures as the very mention of them might beget amazement; but their fiery trials have had an end; and yours, which, praised be God, are less, are not like to continue long. I beseech you, let such thoughts as these moderate your present fear and sorrow; and know, that if any of yours should prove a Goliath-like trouble, yet you may say with David, "That God, who hath delivered me out of the paws of the lion and bear, will also deliver me out of the hands of this uncircumcised Philistine." Lastly, for those afflictions of the soul; consider that God intends that to be as a sacred temple for himself to dwell in, and will not allow any room

there for such an inmate as grief, or allow that any sadness shall be his competitor. And, above all, if any care of future things molest you, remember those admirable words of the psalmist,—“Cast thy care on the Lord, and he shall nourish thee*.” To which join that of St. Peter, “Casting all your care on the Lord, for he careth for you†.” What an admirable thing is this, that God puts his shoulder to our burden, and entertains our care for us, that we may the more quietly intend his service! To conclude, let me commend only one place more to you, Philipp. iv. 4. St. Paul saith there, “Rejoice in the Lord always; and again I say, rejoice.” He doubles it to take away the scruple of those that might say, What, shall we rejoice in afflictions? Yes, I say again, rejoice. So that it is not left to us to rejoice, or not rejoice; but, whatsoever befalls us, we must always, at all times, rejoice in the Lord, who taketh care for us. And it follows in the next verses, “Let your moderation appear to all men. The Lord is at hand. Be careful for nothing.” What can be said more comfortably? Trouble not yourselves. God is at hand, to deliver us from all, or in all. Dear madam, pardon my boldness, and accept the good meaning of

Your most obedient son,

GEORGE HERBERT.

Trin. Coll., May 25th, 1622.

About the year 1629, and the thirty-fourth of his age, Mr. Herbert was seized with a sharp quotidian ague, and thought to remove it by the change of air; to which end he went to Woodford, in Essex, but thither more chiefly to enjoy the company of his beloved brother, Sir Henry Herbert, and other friends then of that family. In his house he remained about twelve months, and there became his own physician, and cured himself of his ague, by forbearing drink, and not eating any meat—no, not mutton, nor a hen, or pigeon, unless they were salted; and by such a constant diet he removed his ague, but with inconveniences that were worse; for he brought upon himself a disposition to rheums, and other weaknesses, and a supposed consumption. And it is to be noted, that in the sharpest of his extreme fits he would often say, “Lord, abate my great affliction, or increase my patience; but, Lord, I repine not; I am dumb, Lord, before thee, because thou doest it.” By which, and a sanctified submission to the will of God, he shewed he was inclinable to bear the sweet yoke of Christian discipline, both then and in the latter part of his life, of which there will be many true testimonies.

And now his care was to recover from his consumption, by a change from Woodford into such an air as was most proper to that end. And his remove was to Dauntsey in Wiltshire, a noble house, which stands in a choice air; the owner of it then was the Lord Danvers, Earl of Danby, who loved Mr. Herbert so very much, that he allowed him such an apartment in it, as might best suit with his accommodation and liking. And in this place, by a spare diet, declining all perplexing studies, moderate exercise, and a cheerful conversation, his health was apparently improved to a good degree of strength and cheerfulness. And

then he declared his resolution both to marry, and to enter into the sacred orders of priesthood. These had long been the desires of his mother, and his other relations; but she lived not to see either, for she died in the year 1627. And though he was disobedient to her about Layton church, yet, in conformity to her will, he kept his orator's place till after her death, and then presently declined it; and the more willingly, that he might be succeeded by his friend Robert Creighton, who now is Dr. Creighton, and the worthy bishop of Wells*.

I shall now proceed to his marriage; in order to which, it will be convenient that I first give the reader a short view of his person, and then an account of his wife, and of some circumstances concerning both.—He was for his person of a stature inclining towards tallness; his body was very straight, and so far from being cumbered with too much flesh, that he was lean to an extremity. His aspect was cheerful, and his speech and motion did both declare him a gentleman; for they were all so meek and obliging, that they purchased love and respect from all that knew him.

These, and his other visible virtues, begot him much love from a gentleman of a noble fortune, and a near kinsman to his friend the Earl of Danby; namely, from Mr. Charles Danvers of Bainton, in the county of Wilts, esq. This Mr. Danvers having known him long, and familiarly, did so much affect him, that he often and publicly declared a desire, that Mr. Herbert would marry any of his nine daughters,—for he had so many,—but rather his daughter Jane than any other, because Jane was his beloved daughter. And he had often said the same to Mr. Herbert himself; and that if he could like her for a wife, and she him for a husband, Jane should have a double blessing: and Mr. Danvers had so often said the like to Jane, and so much commended Mr. Herbert to her, that Jane became so much a platonic, as to fall in love with Mr. Herbert unseen.

This was a fair preparation for a marriage; but, alas! her father died before Mr. Herbert's retirement to Dauntsey: yet some friends to both parties procured their meeting; at which time a mutual affection entered into both their hearts, as a conqueror enters into a surprised city: and love having got such possession, governed, and made there such laws and resolutions, as neither party was able to resist; inasmuch, that she changed her name into Herbert the third day after this first interview.

This haste might in others be thought a love-frenzy, or worse; but it was not, for they had wooed so like princes, as to have select proxies; such as were true friends to both parties, such as well understood Mr. Herbert's and her temper of mind, and also their estates, so well before this interview, that the suddenness was justifiable by the strictest rules of prudence; and the more, because it proved so happy to both parties; for

* This gentleman, who, although a native of Scotland, received an English education at Westminster and Cambridge, and was appointed Greek professor of the university, was among the sufferers during the rebellion, and shared the exile of his king. At the restoration, Charles gave him the deanery of Wells, and in 1679 he was made bishop of Bath and Wells. He died in 1672.

* Psalm lv. 22.

† 1 Peter v. 7.

the eternal lover of mankind made them happy in each other's mutual and equal affections, and compliance; indeed, so happy, that there never was any opposition betwixt them, unless it were a contest which should most incline to a compliance with the other's desires. And though this begot, and continued in them, such a mutual love, and joy, and content, as was no way defective; yet this mutual content, and love, and joy, did receive a daily augmentation, by such daily obligingness to each other, as still added such new affluences to the former fulness of these divine souls, as was only improvable in heaven, where they now enjoy it.

About three months after this marriage, Dr. Curle, who was then rector of Bemerton, in Wiltshire, was made bishop of Bath and Wells, and not long after translated to Winchester, and by that means the presentation of a clerk to Bemerton did not fall to the Earl of Pembroke,—who was the undoubted patron of it,—but to the king, by reason of Dr. Curle's advancement: but Philip, then Earl of Pembroke,—for William was lately dead,—requested the king to bestow it upon his kinsman George Herbert; and the king said, “Most willingly to Mr. Herbert, if it be worth his acceptance;” and the earl as willingly and suddenly sent it him, without seeking. But though Mr. Herbert had formerly put on a resolution for the clergy; yet, at receiving this presentation, the apprehension of the last great account that he was to make for the cure of so many souls, made him fast and pray often, and consider for not less than a month: in which time he had some resolutions to decline both the priesthood, and that living. And in this time of considering, he endured, as he would often say, such spiritual conflicts, as none can think, but only those that have endured them.

In the midst of these conflicts, his old and dear friend, Mr. Arthur Woodnot, took a journey to salute him at Bainton,—where he then was with his wife's friends and relations—and was joyful to be an eye-witness of his health and happy marriage. And after they had rejoiced together some few days, they took a journey to Wilton, the famous seat of the earls of Pembroke: at which time the king, the earl, and the whole court were there, or at Salisbury, which is near to it. And at this time Mr. Herbert presented his thanks to the earl, for his presentation to Bemerton, but had not yet resolved to accept it, and told him the reason why: but that night, the earl acquainted Dr. Laud, then Bishop of London, and after Archbishop of Canterbury, with his kinsman's irresolution. And the bishop did the next day so convince Mr. Herbert, that the refusal of it was a sin, that a tailor was sent for to come speedily from Salisbury to Wilton, to take measure, and make him canonical clothes against next day; which the tailor did: and Mr. Herbert being so habited, went with his presentation to the learned Dr. Davenant*, who was then Bishop of Salisbury, and he gave him institution immediately,—for Mr. Herbert had been made deacon some years before,—and he was also the same day—which was April 26th, 1630,—inducted into the good,

and more pleasant than healthful, parsonage of Bemerton; which is a mile† from Salisbury.

I have now brought him to the parsonage of Bemerton, and to the thirty-sixth year of his age, and must stop here, and bespeak the reader to prepare for an almost incredible story, of the great sanctity of the short remainder of his holy life; a life so full of charity, humility, and all Christian virtues, that it deserves the eloquence of St. Chrysostom to commend and declare it: a life that if it were related by a pen like his, there would then be no need for this age to look back into times past for the examples of primitive piety; for they might be all found in the life of George Herbert. But now, alas! who is fit to undertake it? I confess I am not; and am not pleased with myself that I must; and profess myself amazed, when I consider how few of the clergy lived like him then, and how many, live so unlike him now. But it becomes not me to censure: my design is rather to assure the reader, that I have used very great diligence to inform myself, that I might inform him of the truth of what follows; and though I cannot adorn it with eloquence, yet I will do it with sincerity.

When at his induction he was shut into Bemerton church, being left there alone to toll the bell,—as the law requires him,—he staid so much longer than an ordinary time, before he returned to those friends that staid expecting him at the church-door, that his friend Mr. Woodnot looked in at the church-window, and saw him lie prostrate on the ground before the altar; at which time and place—as he after told Mr. Woodnot—he set some rules to himself, for the future manage of his life; and then and there made a vow to labour to keep them.

And the same night that he had his induction, he said to Mr. Woodnot: “I now look back upon my aspiring thoughts, and think myself more happy than if I had attained what then I so ambitiously thirsted for. And I can now behold the court with an impartial eye, and see plainly that it is made up of fraud, and titles, and flattery, and many other such empty, imaginary, painted pleasures; pleasures that are so empty, as not to satisfy when they are enjoyed. But in God, and his service, is a fulness of all joy and pleasure, and no satiety. And I will now use all my endeavours to bring my relations and dependents to a love and reliance on Him, who never fails those that trust him. But above all, I will be sure to live well because the virtuous life of a clergyman; is the most powerful eloquence to persuade all that see it to reverence and love, and at least to desire to live like him. And this I will do, because I know we live in an age that hath more need of good examples than precepts. And I beseech that God, who hath honoured me so much as to call me to serve him at his altar, that as by his special grace he hath put into my heart these good desires and resolutions; so he will, by his assisting grace, give me ghostly strength to bring the same to good effect. And I beseech him, that my humble and charitable life may so win upon others, as to bring glory to my Jesus, whom I have this day taken to be my master and governor; and I am so proud of his service, that I will always observe, and obey, and do his will; and always call him, Jesus

* Dr. John Davenant was appointed by James I. to attend the synod of Dort, where his zealous endeavours were not wanting to promote a union of the churches.

† Two miles west by north of Salisbury.

my master ; and I will always condemn my birth, or any title or dignity that can be conferred upon me, when I shall compare them with my title of being a priest, and serving at the altar of Jesus my master."

And that he did so, may appear in many parts of his book of Sacred Poems ; especially in that which he calls *The Odour*. In which he seems to rejoice in the thoughts of that word Jesus, and say, that the adding these words, "my master," to it, and the often repetition of them, seemed to perfume his mind, and leave an oriental fragrantcy in his very breath. And for his unforced choice to serve at God's altar, he seems in another place of his poems, *The Pearl*, (Matth. xiii. 45, 46,) to rejoice and say—"He knew the ways of learning ; knew what nature does willingly, and what, when it is forced by fire ; knew the ways of honour, and when glory inclines the soul to noble expressions : knew the court ; knew the ways of pleasure, of love, of wit, of music, and upon what terms he declined all these for the service of his master Jesus ;" and then concludes, saying,

That, through these labyrinths, not my grovelling wit,
But thy silk twist, let down from heaven to me,
Did both conduct, and teach me, how by it
To climb to thee.

The third day after he was made rector of Bemerton, and had changed his sword and silk clothes into a canonical coat, he returned so habited with his friend Mr. Woodnot to Bainton ; and immediately after he had seen and saluted his wife, he said to her—"You are now a minister's wife, and must now so far forget your father's house, as not to claim a precedence of any of your parishioners ; for you are to know, that a priest's wife can challenge no precedence or place, but that which she purchases by her obliging humility ; and I am sure, places so purchased do best become them. And let me tell you, that I am so good a herald, as to assure you that this is truth." And she was so meek a wife, as to assure him, it was no vexing news to her, and that he should see her observe it with a cheerful willingness. And, indeed, her unforced humility, that humility that was in her so original, as to be born with her, made her so happy as to do so ; and her doing so begot her an unfeigned love, and a serviceable respect from all that conversed with her ; and this love followed her in all places, as inseparably as shadows follow substances in sunshine.

It was not many days before he returned back to Bemerton, to view the church, and repair the chancel ; and indeed to rebuild almost three parts of his house, which was fallen down, or decayed by reason of his predecessor's living at a better parsonage-house ; namely, at Minal, sixteen or twenty miles from this place. At which time of Mr. Herbert's coming alone to Bemerton, there came to him a poor old woman, with an intent to acquaint him with her necessitous condition, as also with some troubles of her mind : but after she had spoke some few words to him, she was surprised with a fear, and that begot a shortness of breath, so that her spirits and speech failed her ; which he perceiving, did so compassionate her, and was so humble, that he took her by the hand, and said, "Speak, good mother ; be not afraid to

speak to me ; for I am a man that will hear you with patience ; and will relieve your necessities too, if I be able : and this I will do willingly ; and therefore, mother, be not afraid to acquaint me with what you desire." After which comfortable speech, he again took her by the hand, made her sit down by him, and understanding she was of his parish, he told her, he would be acquainted with her, and take her into his care. And having with patience heard and understood her wants,—and it is some relief for a poor body to be but heard with patience,—he, like a Christian clergyman, comforted her by his meek behaviour and counsel ; but because that cost him nothing, he relieved her with money too, and so sent her home with a cheerful heart, praising God, and praying for him. Thus worthy, and, like David's blessed man, thus lowly, was Mr. George Herbert in his own eyes, and thus lovely in the eyes of others.

At his return that night to his wife at Bainton, he gave her an account of the passages betwixt him and the poor woman ; with which she was so affected, that she went next day to Salisbury, and there bought a pair of blankets, and sent them as a token of her love to the poor woman : and with them a message, that she would see and be acquainted with her, when her house was built at Bemerton.

There be many such passages both of him and his wife, of which some few will be related : but I shall first tell, that he hasted to get the parish-church repaired ; then to beautify the chapel,—which stands near his house,—and that at his own great charge. He then proceeded to rebuild the greatest part of the parsonage-house, which he did also very completely, and at his own charge ; and having done this good work, he caused these verses to be writ upon, or engraven in, the mantel of the chimney in his hall.

TO MY SUCCESSOR.

If thou chance for to find
A new house to thy mind,
And built without thy cost ;
Be good to the poor,
As God gives thee store,
And then my labour's not lost.

We will now, by the reader's favour, suppose him fixed at Bemerton, and grant him to have seen the church repaired, and the chapel belonging to it very decently adorned at his own great charge,—which is a real truth ;—and having now fixed him there, I shall proceed to give an account of the rest of his behaviour, both to his parishioners, and those many others that knew and conversed with him.

Doubtless Mr. Herbert had considered, and given rules to himself for his Christian carriage both to God and man, before he entered into holy orders. And 'tis not unlike, but that he renewed those resolutions at his prostration before the holy altar, at his induction into the church of Bemerton : but as yet he was but a deacon, and therefore longed for the next Ember-week, that he might be ordained priest, and made capable of administering both the sacraments. At which time the reverend Dr. Humphrey Henchman*, now lord Bishop of

* Dr. Henchman was celebrated in the time of the rebellion as one of the most faithful adherents of Charles II.,

London,—who does not mention him but with some veneration for his life and excellent learning,—tells me, he laid his hand on Mr. Herbert's head, and, alas ! within less than three years, lent his shoulder to carry his dear friend to the grave.

And that Mr. Herbert might the better preserve those holy rules which such a priest as he intended to be, ought to observe ; and that time might not insensibly blot them out of his memory, but that the next year might shew him his variations from this year's resolutions ; he therefore did set down his rules, then resolved upon, in that order as the world now sees them printed in a little book, called, "The Country Parson ;" in which some of his rules are :—

The parson's knowledge.	The parson condescending.
The parson on Sundays.	The parson in his journey.
The parson praying.	The parson in his month.
The parson preaching.	The parson with his church-
The parson's charity.	wardens.
The parson comforting	The parson blessing the
the sick.	people.
The parson arguing.	

And his behaviour toward God and man may be said to be a practical comment on these, and the other holy rules set down in that useful book : a book so full of plain, prudent, and useful rules, that that country parson, that can spare twelve-pence, and yet wants it, is scarce excusable ; because it will both direct him what he ought to do, and convince him for not having done it.

At the death of Mr. Herbert, this book fell into the hands of his friend Mr. Woodnot ; and he commended it into the trusty hands of Mr. Barnabas Oley, who published it with a most conscientious and excellent preface ; from which I have had some of those truths, that are related in this life of Mr. Herbert. The text of his first sermon was taken out of Solomon's Proverbs, chap. iv. 23, and the words were, "Keep thy heart with all diligence." In which first sermon he gave his parishioners many necessary, holy, safe rules for the discharge of a good conscience, both to God and man ; and delivered his sermon after a most florid manner, both with great learning and eloquence : but, at the close of this sermon, told them, that should not be his constant way of preaching ; for since Almighty God does not intend to lead men to heaven by hard questions, he would not therefore fill their heads with unnecessary notions ; but that, for their sakes, his language and his expressions should be more plain and practical in his future sermons. And he then made it his humble request, that they would be constant to the afternoon's service, and catechising : and shewed them convincing reasons why he desired it ; and his obliging example and persuasions brought them to a willing conformity to his desires.

whom he attended at Worcester, and to whose escape after the battle he was mainly instrumental. Although zealous in the cause of his sovereign, he did not suffer his loyalty to overrule his conscience ; and although he received many proofs of the king's favour after the restoration, being first made prebendary of Salisbury, and in 1660 advanced to that bishopric, and in 1663 translated to the see of London, he strenuously opposed every attempt to favour the professors of popery, who at that period were, not unreasonably, suspected by all true lovers of a free constitution.

The texts for all his future sermons—which, God knows, were not many—were constantly taken out of the Gospel for the day ; and he did as constantly declare why the church did appoint that portion of Scripture to be that day read ; and in what manner the collect for every Sunday does refer to the Gospel, or to the Epistle then read to them ; and, that they might pray with understanding, he did usually take occasion to explain, not only the collect for every particular Sunday, but the reasons of all the other collects and responses in our church-service ; and made it appear to them, that the whole service of the church was a reasonable, and therefore an acceptable sacrifice to God ; as namely, that we begin with confession of ourselves to be vile, miserable sinners ; and that we begin so, because, till we have confessed ourselves to be such, we are not capable of that mercy which we acknowledge we need, and pray for : but having, in the prayer of our Lord, begged pardon for those sins which we have confessed ; and hoping, that as the priest hath declared our absolution, so by our public confession, and real repentance, we have obtained that pardon ; then we dare and do proceed to beg of the Lord, to open our lips, that our mouth may show forth his praise ; for till then we are neither able nor worthy to praise him. But this being supposed, we are then fit to say, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost ;" and fit to proceed to a further service of our God, in the collects, and psalms, and lauds, to follow in the service.

And as to these psalms and lauds, he proceeded to inform them why they were so often, and some of them daily, repeated in our church-service ; namely, the psalms every month, because they be an historical and thankful repetition of mercies past, and such a composition of prayers and praises, as ought to be repeated often, and publicly ; for with such sacrifices God is honoured and well pleased. This for the psalms.

And for the hymns and lauds appointed to be daily repeated or sung after the first and second lessons are read to the congregation ; he proceeded to inform them, that it was most reasonable, after they have heard the will and goodness of God declared or preached by the priest in his reading the two chapters, that it was then a seasonable duty to rise up, and express their gratitude to Almighty God, for those his mercies to them, and to all mankind ; and then to say with the blessed Virgin, that their souls do magnify the Lord, and that their spirits do also rejoice in God their Saviour : and that it was their duty also to rejoice with Simeon in his song, and say with him, that their eyes have also seen their salvation ; for they have seen that salvation which was but prophesied till his time : and he then broke out into those expressions of joy that he did see it ; but they live to see it daily in the history of it, and therefore ought daily to rejoice, and daily to offer up their sacrifices of praise to their God, for that particular mercy. A service, which is now the constant employment of that blessed Virgin, and Simeon, and all those blessed saints that are possessed of heaven : and where they are at this time interchangeably and constantly singing, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God ; glory be to God on high, and on earth peace. And he taught them, that to do this

was an acceptable service to God, because the prophet David says in his Psalms, He that praiseth the Lord honoureth him.

He made them to understand how happy they be that are freed from the incumbrances of that law which our forefathers groaned under; namely, from the legal sacrifices, and from the many ceremonies of the Levitical law; freed from circumcision, and from the strict observation of the Jewish Sabbath, and the like. And he made them know, that having received so many and so great blessings, by being born since the days of our Saviour, it must be an acceptable sacrifice to Almighty God, for them to acknowledge those blessings daily, and stand up and worship, and say as Zacharias did, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for he hath"—in our days—"visited and redeemed his people; and"—he hath in our days—"remembered, and shewed that mercy, which by the mouth of the prophets, he promised to our forefathers; and this he hath done according to his holy covenant made with them." And he made them to understand that we live to see and enjoy the benefit of it, in his birth, in his life, his passion, his resurrection, and ascension into heaven, where he now sits sensible of all our temptations and infirmities; and where he is at this present time making intercession for us, to his and our Father: and therefore they ought daily to express their public gratulations, and say daily with Zacharias, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, that hath thus visited and thus redeemed his people."—These were some of the reasons, by which Mr. Herbert instructed his congregation for the use of the psalms and the hymns appointed to be daily sung or said in the church-service.

He informed them also, when the priest did pray only for the congregation, and not for himself; and when they did only pray for him; as namely, after the repetition of the creed before he proceeds to pray the Lord's prayer, or any of the appointed collects, the priest is directed to kneel down, and pray for them, saying, "The Lord be with you;" and when they pray for him, saying, "And with thy spirit;" and then they join together in the following collects: and he assured them, that when there is such mutual love, and such joint prayers offered for each other, then the holy angels look down from heaven, and are ready to carry such charitable desires to God Almighty, and he as ready to receive them; and that a Christian congregation calling thus upon God with one heart, and one voice, and in one reverent and humble posture, looks as beautifully as Jerusalem, that is at peace with itself.

He instructed them also why the prayer of our Lord was prayed often in every full service of the church; namely, at the conclusion of the several parts of that service: and prayed then, not only because it was composed and commanded by our Jesus that made it, but as a perfect pattern for our less perfect forms of prayer, and therefore fittest to sum up and conclude all our imperfect petitions.

He instructed them also, that as by the second Commandment we are required not to bow down to, or worship an idol, or false god; so, by the contrary rule, we are to bow down and kneel to, or stand up and worship the true God. And he instructed them why the church required the congregation to stand up at the repetition of the

Creeds; namely, because they did thereby declare both their obedience to the church, and an assent to that faith into which they had been baptized. And he taught them, that in that shorter creed, or doxology, so often repeated daily, they also stood up to testify their belief to be, that the God that they trusted in was one God, and three persons; the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; to whom they and the priest gave glory. And because there had been heretics that had denied some of those three persons to be God, therefore the congregation stood up and honoured him, by confessing and saying, "It was so in the beginning, is now so, and shall ever be so world without end." And all gave their assent to this belief, by standing up and saying, "Amen."

He instructed them also what benefit they had by the church's appointing the celebration of holidays, and the excellent use of them; namely, that they were set apart for particular commemorations of particular mercies received from almighty God; and—as the Rev. Mr. Hooker says—to be the landmarks to distinguish times; for by them we are taught to take notice how time passes by us, and that we ought not to let the years pass without a celebration of praise for those mercies which those days give us occasion to remember; and therefore they were to note, that the year is appointed to begin the 25th day of March; a day in which we commemorate the angel's appearing to the blessed Virgin, with the joyful tidings that she should conceive and bear a son, that should be the redeemer of mankind. And she did so forty weeks after this joyful salutation; namely, at our Christmas; a day in which we commemorate his birth with joy and praise: and that eight days after this happy birth we celebrate his Circumcision; namely, in that which we call New-year's day. And that, upon that day which we call Twelfth-day, we commemorate the manifestation of the unsearchable riches of Jesus to the Gentiles: and that that day we also celebrate the memory of his goodness in sending a star to guide the three Wise Men from the East to Bethlehem, that they might there worship, and present him with their oblations of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. And he—Mr. Herbert—instructed them, that Jesus was, forty days after his birth presented by his blessed mother in the temple; namely, on that day which we call, "The Purification of the Blessed Virgin Saint Mary." And he instructed them, that by the Lent-fast we imitate and commemorate our Saviour's humiliation in fasting forty days; and that we ought to endeavour to be like him in purity; and that on Good Friday we commemorate and condole his crucifixion; and at Easter commemorate his glorious resurrection. And he taught them, that after Jesus had manifested himself to his disciples to be that Christ that was crucified, dead and buried; and by his appearing and conversing with his disciples for the space of forty days after his resurrection, he then, and not till then, ascended into Heaven in the sight of those disciples; namely, on that day which we call the Ascension, or Holy Thursday. And that we then celebrate the performance of the promise which he made to his disciples at or before his ascension; namely, that though he left them, yet he would send them the Holy Ghost to be their

comforter ; and that he did so on that day which the church calls Whit-Sunday. Thus the church keeps an historical and circular commemoration of times, as they pass by us ; of such times as ought to incline us to occasional praises, for the particular blessings which we do, or might receive, by those holy commemorations.

He made them know also why the church hath appointed Ember-weeks ; and to know the reason why the Commandments, and the Epistles and Gospels, were to be read at the altar or communion table ; why the priest was to pray the Litany kneeling ; and why to pray some collects standing ; and he gave them many other observations, fit for his plain congregation, but not fit for me now to mention ; for I must set limits to my pen, and not make that a treatise, which I intended to be a much shorter account than I have made it : but I have done, when I have told the reader, that he was constant in catechising every Sunday in the afternoon, and that his catechising was after his second lesson, and in the pulpit ; and that he never exceeded his half hour, and was always so happy as to have an obedient and a full congregation.

And to this I must add, that if he were at any time too zealous in his sermons, it was in reproving the indecencies of the people's behaviour in the time of divine service ; and of those ministers that huddle up the church prayers, without a visible reverence and affection ; namely, such as seemed to say the Lord's Prayer, or a collect, in a breath. But for himself, his custom was, to stop betwixt every collect, and give the people time to consider what they had prayed, and to force their desires affectionately to God, before he engaged them into new petitions.

And by this account of his diligence to make his parishioners understand what they prayed, and why they praised and adored their Creator, I hope I shall the more easily obtain the reader's belief to the following account of Mr. Herbert's own practice ; which was to appear constantly with his wife and three nieces—the daughters of a deceased sister—and his whole family, twice every day at the church-prayers in the chapel, which does almost join to his parsonage-house. And for the time of his appearing, it was strictly at the canonical hours of ten and four : and then and there he lifted up pure and charitable hands to God in the midst of the congregation. And he would joy to have spent that time in that place, where the honour of his master Jesus dwelleth ; and there, by that inward devotion which he testified constantly by an humble behaviour and visible adoration, he, like Joshua, brought not only his own household thus to serve the Lord, but brought most of his parishioners, and many gentlemen in the neighbourhood, constantly to make a part of his congregation twice a day ; and some of the meaner sort of his parish did so love and reverence Mr. Herbert, that they would let their plough rest when Mr. Herbert's saints'-bell rung to prayers, that they might also offer their devotions to God with him ; and would then return back to their plough. And his most holy life was such, that it begot such reverence to God, and to him, that they thought themselves the happier, when they carried Mr. Herbert's blessing back with them to their labour. Thus powerful

was his reason and example to persuade others to a practical piety and devotion.

And his constant public prayers did never make him to neglect his own private devotions, nor those prayers that he thought himself bound to perform with his family, which always were a set form, and not long ; and he did always conclude them with that collect which the church hath appointed for the day or week. Thus he made every day's sanctity a step towards that kingdom, where impurity cannot enter.

His chiefest recreation was music, in which heavenly art he was a most excellent master, and did himself compose many divine hymns and anthems, which he set and sung to his lute or viol : and though he was a lover of retiredness, yet his love to music was such, that he went usually twice every week, on certain appointed days, to the cathedral church in Salisbury ; and at his return would say, that his time spent in prayer, and cathedral-music, elevated his soul, and was his heaven upon earth. But before his return thence to Bemerton, he would usually sing and play his part at an appointed private music-meeting ; and, to justify this practice, he would often say, "Religion does not banish mirth, but only moderates and sets rules to it."

And as his desire to enjoy his heaven upon earth drew him twice every week to Salisbury, so his walks thither were the occasion of many happy accidents to others ; of which I will mention some few.

In one of his walks to Salisbury, he overtook a gentleman, that is still living in that city ; and in their walk together, Mr. Herbert took a fair occasion to talk with him, and humbly begged to be excused, if he asked him some account of his faith ; and said, "I do this the rather, because though you are not of my parish, yet I receive tithes from you by the hand of your tenant ; and, sir, I am the bolder to do it, because I know there be some sermon-hearers that be like those fishes, that always live in salt water, and yet are always fresh."

After which expression, Mr. Herbert asked him some needful questions, and having received his answer, gave him such rules for the trial of his sincerity, and for a practical piety, and in so loving and meek a manner, that the gentleman did so fall in love with him, and his discourse, that he would often contrive to meet him in his walk to Salisbury, or to attend him back to Bemerton ; and still mentions the name of Mr. George Herbert with veneration, and still praiseth God for the occasion of knowing him.

In another of his Salisbury walks, he met with a neighbour minister ; and after some friendly discourse betwixt them, and some condolence for the decay of piety, and too general contempt of the clergy, Mr. Herbert took occasion to say,

"One cure for these distempers would be, for the clergy themselves to keep the Ember-weeks strictly, and beg of their parishioners to join with them in fasting and prayers for a more religious clergy.

"And another cure would be, for themselves to restore the great and neglected duty of catechising, on which the salvation of so many of the poor and ignorant lay-people does depend ; but

principally, that the clergy themselves would be sure to live unblameably ; and that the dignified clergy especially, which preach temperance, would avoid surfeiting, and take all occasions to express a visible humility and charity in their lives ; for this would force a love and an imitation, and an unfeigned reverence from all that knew them to be such. (And for proof of this, we need no other testimony than the life and death of Dr. Lake*, late lord Bishop of Bath and Wells.) This," said Mr. Herbert, "would be a cure for the wickedness and growing atheism of our age. And, my dear brother, till this be done by us, and done in earnest, let no man expect a reformation of the manners of the laity ; for it is not learning, but this, this only, that must do it ; and till then, the fault must lie at our doors."

In another walk to Salisbury he saw a poor man with a poorer horse, that was fallen under his load : they were both in distress, and needed present help ; which Mr. Herbert perceiving, put off his canonical coat, and helped the poor man to unload, and after to load, his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man ; and was so like the good Samaritan, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse ; and told him, that if he loved himself, he should be merciful to his beast. Thus he left the poor man : and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, which used to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discomposed : but he told them the occasion. And when one of the company told him he had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment, his answer was, that "the thought of what he had done would prove music to him at midnight ;" and that the omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his conscience, whensoever he should pass by that place : "for if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound so far as it is in my power, to practise what I pray for. And though I do not wish for the like occasion every day, yet let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy ; and I praise God for this occasion. And now let us tune our instruments."

Thus, as our blessed Saviour, after his resurrection, did take occasion to interpret the Scripture to Cleophas, and that other disciple, which he met with and accompanied in their journey to Emmaus ; so Mr. Herbert, in his path toward heaven, did daily take any fair occasion to instruct the ignorant, or comfort any that were in affliction ; and did always confirm his precepts, by shewing humility and mercy, and ministering grace to the hearers.

And he was most happy in his wife's unforced compliance with his acts of charity, whom he made his almoner, and paid constantly into her hand a tenth penny of what money he received for tithes, and gave her power to dispose that to the poor of his parish, and with it a power to dis-

pose a tenth part of the corn that came yearly into his barn : which trust she did most faithfully perform, and would often offer to him an account of her stewardship, and as often beg an enlargement of his bounty ; for she rejoiced in the employment : and this was usually laid out by her in blankets and shoes for some such poor people as she knew to stand in most need of them. This as to *her* charity. And for his *own*, he set no limits to : nor did ever turn his face from any that he saw in want, but would relieve them ; especially his poor neighbours ; to the meanest of whose houses he would go, and inform himself of their wants, and relieve them cheerfully, if they were in distress ; and would always praise God, as much for being willing, as for being able to do it. And when he was advised by a friend to be more frugal, because he might have children, his answer was, he would not see the danger of want so far off : but "being the Scripture does so commend charity, as to tell us that charity is the top of Christian virtues, the covering of sins, the fulfilling of the law, the life of faith ; and that charity hath a promise of the blessings of this life, and of a reward in that life which is to come : being these, and more excellent things are in Scripture spoken of thee, O charity ! and that, being all my tithes and church-dues are a deodote from thee, O my God ! make me, O my God ! so far to trust thy promise, as to return them back to thee ; and by thy grace I will do so, in distributing them to any of thy poor members that are in distress, or do but bear the image of Jesus my master. Sir," said he to his friend, "my wife hath a competent maintenance secured her after my death ; and therefore, as this is my prayer, so this my resolution shall, by God's grace, be unalterable."

This may be some account of the excellencies of the active part of his life ; and thus he continued, till a consumption so weakened him, as to confine him to his house, or to the chapel, which does almost join to it ; in which he continued to read prayers constantly twice every day, though he were very weak : in one of which times of his reading, his wife observed him to read in pain, and told him so, and that it wasted his spirits, and weakened him ; and he confessed it did, but said his life could not be better spent, than in the service of his master Jesus, who had done and suffered so much for him. "But," said he, "I will not be wilful ; for though my spirit be willing, yet I find my flesh is weak ; and therefore Mr. Bostock shall be appointed to read prayers for me to-morrow ; and I will now be only a hearer of them, till this mortal shall put on immortality." And Mr. Bostock did the next day undertake and continue this happy employment, till Mr. Herbert's death. This Mr. Bostock was a learned and virtuous man, an old friend of Mr. Herbert's, and then his curate to the church of Fulston*, which is a mile from Bemerton, to which church Bemerton

* Fugglestone, or Foulston St. Peter's, is the principal part of the rectory which comprises the parishes of Fugglestone, Quidhampton, and Bemerton ; but the globe house being at Bemerton the living has generally taken its name from thence, and its occupancy in former days by Herbert, and in our own by Mr. Bowles, whose well deserved fame, it is no flattery to say, nobly rivals that of his excellent predecessor, has given a celebrity to the place which will never depart from it.

* Fuller observes of this worthy prelate that "his piety may justly be exemplary to all of his order." He received his education at Winchester and Oxford, and was esteemed as one of the best preachers of his time. He was made dean of Worcester in 1608, and bishop of Bath and Wells in 1616. He died in 1636.

ton is but a chapel-of-ease. And this Mr. Bostock did also constantly supply the church-service for Mr. Herbert in that chapel, when the music-meeting at Salisbury caused his absence from it.

About one month before his death, his friend Mr. Farrer,—for an account of whom I am by promise indebted to the reader, and intend to make him sudden payment,—hearing of Mr. Herbert's sickness, sent Mr. Edmund Duncon—who is now rector of Friar Barnet in the county of Middlesex—from his house of Gidden Hall, which is near to Huntingdon, to see Mr. Herbert, and to assure him, he wanted not his daily prayers for his recovery; and Mr. Duncon was to return back to Gidden, with an account of Mr. Herbert's condition. Mr. Duncon found him weak, and at that time lying on his bed, or on a pallet; but at his seeing Mr. Duncon he raised himself vigorously, saluted him, and with some earnestness enquired the health of his brother Farrer; of which Mr. Duncon satisfied him, and after some discourse of Mr. Farrer's holy life, and the manner of his constant serving God, he said to Mr. Duncon,—“Sir, I see by your habit that you are a priest, and I desire you to pray with me.” which being granted, Mr. Duncon asked him, “What prayers?” To which Mr. Herbert's answer was, “O, Sir! the prayers of my mother, the Church of England: no other prayers are equal to them! But at this time, I beg of you to pray only the Litany, for I am weak and faint:” and Mr. Duncon did so. After which, and some other discourse of Mr. Farrer, Mrs. Herbert provided Mr. Duncon a plain supper, and a clean lodging, and he betook himself to rest. This Mr. Duncon tells me; and tells me that, at his first view of Mr. Herbert, he saw majesty and humility so reconciled in his looks and behaviour, as begot in him an awful reverence for his person; and say, his discourse was so pious, and his motion so genteel and meek, that after almost forty years, yet they remain still fresh in his memory.

The next morning Mr. Duncon left him, and betook himself to a journey to Bath, but with a promise to return back to him within five days; and he did so: but before I shall say anything of what discourse then fell betwixt them two, I will pay my promised account of Mr. Farrer.*

Mr. Nicholas Farrer—who got the reputation of being called Saint Nicholas at the age of six years, was born in London, and doubtless had good education in his youth; but certainly was, at an early age, made Fellow of Clare-Hall in Cambridge; where he continued to be eminent for his piety, temperance, and learning. About the twenty-sixth year of his age, he betook himself to travel: in which he added, to his Latin and Greek, a perfect knowledge of all the languages spoken in the western parts of our christian world; and understood well the principles of their religion, and of their manner, and the reasons of their worship. In this his travel he met with many persuasions

to come into a communion with that church which calls itself Catholic: but he returned from his travels as he went, eminent for his obedience to his mother, the Church of England. In his absence from England, Mr. Farrer's father—who was a merchant—allowed him a liberal maintenance; and, not long after his return into England, Mr. Farrer had, by the death of his father, or an elder brother, or both, an estate left him, that enabled him to purchase land to the value of four or five hundred pounds a year; the greatest part of which land was at Little Gidden, four or six miles from Huntingdon, and about eighteen from Cambridge; which place he chose for the privacy of it, and for the hall, which had the parish-church or chapel, belonging and adjoining near to it; for Mr. Farrer having seen the manners and vanities of the world, and found them to be, as Mr. Herbert says, a nothing between two dishes, did so condemn it, that he resolved to spend the remainder of his life in mortifications, and in devotion, and charity, and to be always prepared for death. And his life was spent thus:

He and his family, which were like a little college, and about thirty in number, did most of them keep Lent and all Ember-weeks strictly, both in fasting and using all those mortifications and prayers that the church hath appointed to be then used; and he and they did the like constantly on Fridays, and on the vigils or eves appointed to be fasted before the saints' days: and this frugality and abstinence turned to the relief of the poor: but this was but a part of his charity; none but God and he knew the rest.

This family, which I have said to be in number about thirty, were a part of them his kindred, and the rest chosen to be of a temper fit to be moulded into a devout life; and all of them were for their dispositions serviceable, and quiet, and humble, and free from scandal. Having thus fitted himself for his family, he did, about the year 1630, betake himself to a constant and methodical service of God; and it was in this manner:—He, being accompanied with most of his family, did himself use to read the Common Prayers—for he was a deacon—every day, at the appointed hours of ten and four, in the parish-church, which was very near his house, and which he had both repaired and adorned; for it was fallen into a great ruin, by reason of a depopulation of the village before Mr. Farrer bought the manor. And he did also constantly read the matins every morning at the hour of six, either in the church, or in an oratory, which was within his own house. And many of the family did there continue with him after the prayers were ended, and there they spent some hours in singing hymns, or anthems, sometimes in the church, and often to an organ in the oratory. And there they sometimes betook themselves to meditate, or to pray privately, or to read a part of the New Testament to themselves, or to continue their praying or reading the psalms; and in case the psalms were not always read in the day, then Mr. Farrer, and others of the congregation, did at night, at the ringing of a watch-bell, repair to the church or oratory, and there betake themselves to prayers and lauding God, and reading the psalms that had not been read in the day: and when these, or any part of the congregation, grew weary or faint, the watch-bell was rung, sometimes

* The life of this singular Protestant monk, whose establishment was iniquitously dispersed in the civil wars, is very well commented on in that remarkable work, “The Lounger's Common Place Book:” a work which, although tinged with the warmth incident to the stirring times in which it was written, is full of sterling and original thought. An account of Mr. Farrer may also be found in Hacket's “Life of Archbishop Williams.”

before, and sometimes after midnight ; and then another part of the family rose, and maintained the watch, sometimes by praying, or singing lauds to God, or reading the psalms : and when, after some hours, they also grew weary or faint, then they rung the watch-bell and were also relieved by some of the former, or by a new part of the society, which continued their devotions—as hath been mentioned—until morning. And it is to be noted, that in this continued serving of God, the Psalter, or whole Book of Psalms, was in every four-and-twenty hours sung or read over, from the first to the last verse ; and this was done as constantly as the sun runs his circle every day about the world, and then begins again the same instant that it ended.

Thus did Mr. Farrer and his happy family serve God day and night : thus did they always behave themselves as in his presence. And they did always eat and drink by the strictest rules of temperance ; eat and drink so as to be ready to rise at midnight, or at the call of a watch-bell, and perform their devotions to God. And it is fit to tell the reader, that many of the clergy, that were more inclined to practical piety and devotion, than to doubtful and needless disputations, did often come to Gidden Hall, and make themselves a part of that happy society, and stay a week or more, and then join with Mr. Farrer and the family in these devotions, and assist and ease him or them in their watch by night. And these various devotions had never less than two of the domestic family in the night ; and the watch was always kept in the church, or oratory, unless in extreme cold winter nights, and then it was maintained in a parlour, which had a fire in it ; and the parlour was fitted for that purpose. And this course of piety, and great liberality to his poor neighbours, Mr. Farrer maintained till his death, which was in the year 1639.

Mr. Farrer's and Mr. Herbert's devout lives were both so noted, that the general report of their sanctity gave them occasion to renew that slight acquaintance which was begun at their being contemporaries in Cambridge ; and this new holy friendship was long maintained without any interview, but only by loving and endearing letters. And one testimony of their friendship and pious designs, may appear by Mr. Farrer's commending the Considerations of John Valdesso—a book which he had met with in his travels, and translated out of Spanish into English,—to be examined and censured by Mr. Herbert before it was made public ; which excellent book Mr. Herbert did read, and return back with many marginal notes, as they be now printed with it ; and with them, Mr. Herbert's affectionate letter to Mr. Farrer.

This John Valdesso was a Spaniard, and was for his learning and virtue much valued and loved by the great Emperor Charles the Fifth, whom Valdesso had followed as a cavalier all the time of his long and dangerous wars : and when Valdesso grew old, and grew weary both of war and the world, he took his fair opportunity to declare to the emperor, that his resolution was to decline his majesty's service, and betake himself to a quiet and contemplative life, because there ought to be a vacancy of time betwixt fighting and dying. The emperor had himself, for the same, or other like reasons, put on the same resolution ; but God

and himself did, till then, only know them ; and he did therefore desire Valdesso to consider well of what he had said, and to keep his purpose within his own breast, till they two might have a second opportunity of a friendly discourse ; which Valdesso promised to do.

In the meantime the emperor appoints privately a day for him and Valdesso to meet again ; and, after a pious and free discourse, they both agreed on a certain day to receive the blessed sacrament publicly ; and appointed an eloquent and devout friar to preach a sermon of contempt of the world, and of the happiness and benefit of a quiet and contemplative life ; which the friar did most affectionately. After which sermon, the emperor took occasion to declare openly, that the preacher had begot in him a resolution to lay down his dignities, and to forsake the world, and betake himself to a monastical life. And he pretended, he had persuaded John Valdesso to do the like ; but this is most certain, that after the emperor had called his son Philip out of England, and resigned to him all his kingdoms, that then the emperor and John Valdesso did perform their resolutions.

This account of John Valdesso I received from a friend, that had it from the mouth of Mr. Farrer. And the reader may note, that in this retirement John Valdesso writ his Hundred and Ten Considerations, and many other treatises of worth, which want a second Mr. Farrer to procure and translate them.

After this account of Mr. Farrer and John Valdesso, I proceed to my account of Mr. Herbert, and Mr. Duncon, who, according to his promise, returned from the Bath the fifth day, and then found Mr. Herbert much weaker than he left him ; and therefore their discourse could not be long : but at Mr. Duncon's parting with him, Mr. Herbert spoke to this purpose : " Sir, I pray you give my brother Farrer an account of the decaying condition of my body, and tell him I beg him to continue his daily prayers for me : and let him know that I have considered, that God only is what he would be ; and that I am, by his grace, become now so like him, as to be pleased with what pleaseth him : and tell him, that I do not repine, but am pleased with my want of health : and tell him, my heart is fixed on that place where true joy is only to be found ; and that I long to be there, and do wait for my appointed change with hope and patience." Having said this, he did, with so sweet a humility as seemed to exalt him, bow down to Mr. Duncon, and with a thoughtful and contented look, say to him, " Sir, I pray deliver this little book to my dear brother Farrer, and tell him, he shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed betwixt God and my soul, before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus my master ; in whose service I have now found perfect freedom. Desire him to read it ; and then, if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected poor soul, let it be made public ; if not let him burn it ; for I and it are less than the least of God's mercies." Thus meanly did this humble man think of this excellent book, which now bears the name of *The Temple* ; or, *Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations* ; of which Mr. Farrer would say, there was in it the picture of a divine soul in every page ; and that the whole book was such a harmony of

holy passions, as would enrich the world with pleasure and piety. And it appears to have done so ; for there have been more than twenty thousand of them sold since the first impression.

And this ought to be noted, that when Mr. Farrer sent this book to Cambridge to be licensed for the press, the vice-chancellor would by no means allow the two so much noted verses,

Religion stands a tiptoe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand,

to be printed ; and Mr. Farrer would by no means allow the book to be printed and want them. But after some time, and some arguments for and against their being made public, the vice-chancellor said, "I knew Mr. Herbert well, and know that he had many heavenly speculations, and was a divine poet ; but I hope the world will not take him to be an inspired prophet, and therefore I license the whole book." So that it came to be printed without the diminution or addition of a syllable, since it was delivered into the hands of Mr. Duncon ; save only that Mr. Farrer hath added that excellent preface that is printed before it.

At the time of Mr. Duncon's leaving Mr. Herbert,—which was about three weeks before his death,—his old and dear friend Mr. Woodnot came from London to Bemerton, and never left him till he had seen him draw his last breath, and closed his eyes on his death-bed. In this time of his decay, he was often visited and prayed for by all the clergy that lived near to him, especially by his friends the bishop and prebends of the Cathedral church in Salisbury ; but by none more devoutly than his wife, his three nieces,—then a part of his family,—and Mr. Woodnot, who were the sad witnesses of his daily decay ; to whom he would often speak to this purpose : "I now look back upon the pleasures of my life past, and see the content I have taken in beauty, in wit, in music, and pleasant conversation, are now all past by me like a dream, or as a shadow that returns not, and are now all become dead to me, or I to them ; and I see, that as my father and generation hath done before me, so I also shall now suddenly (with Job) make my bed also in the dark ; and I praise God I am prepared for it ; and I praise him that I am not to learn patience now I stand in such need of it ; and that I have practised mortification, and endeavoured to die daily, that I might not die eternally ; and my hope is, that I shall shortly leave this valley of tears, and be free from all fevers and pain ; and, which will be a more happy condition, I shall be free from sin, and all the temptations and anxieties that attend it : and this being past, I shall dwell in the New Jerusalem ; dwell there with men made perfect ; dwell where these eyes shall see my master and saviour, Jesus ; and with him see my dear mother, and all my relations and friends. But I must die, or not come to that happy place. And this is my content, that I am going daily towards it : and that every day which I have lived, hath taken a part of my appointed time from me ; and that I shall live the less time, for having lived this and the day past." These, and the like expressions, which he uttered often, may be said to be his enjoyment of heaven before he enjoyed it. The Sunday before his death, he rose suddenly

from his bed or couch, called for one of his instruments, took it into his hand and said,

My God, my God,
My music shall find thee,
And every string
Shall have his attribute to sing.

And having tuned it, he played and sung :

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King ;
On Sundays Heaven's door stands open ;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

Thus he sung on earth such hymns and anthems, as the angels, and he, and Mr. Farrer, now sing in heaven.

Thus he continued meditating, and praying, and rejoicing, till the day of his death ; and on that day said to Mr. Woodnot, "My dear friend, I am sorry I have nothing to present to my merciful God but sin and misery ; but the first is pardoned, and a few hours will now put a period to the latter ; for I shall suddenly go hence and be no more seen." Upon which expression Mr. Woodnot took occasion to remember him of the re-edifying Layton church, and his many acts of mercy. To which he made answer, saying, "They be good works, if they be sprinkled with the blood of Christ, and not otherwise." After this discourse he became more restless, and his soul seemed to be weary of her earthly tabernacle ; and this uneasiness became so visible, that his wife, his three nieces, and Mr. Woodnot, stood constantly about his bed, beholding him with sorrow, and an unwillingness to lose the sight of him, whom they could not hope to see much longer. As they stood thus beholding him, his wife observed him to breathe faintly, and with much trouble, and observed him to fall into a sudden agony ; which so surprised her, that she fell into a sudden passion, and required of him to know how he did. To which his answer was, that he had passed a conflict with his last enemy, and had overcome him by the merits of his master Jesus. After which answer, he looked up, and saw his wife and nieces weeping to an extremity, and charged them, if they loved him, to withdraw into the next room, and there pray every one alone for him ; for nothing but their lamentations could make his death uncomfortable. To which request their sighs and tears would not suffer them to make any reply ; but they yielded him a sad obedience, leaving only with him Mr. Woodnot and Mr. Bostock. Immediately after they had left him, he said to Mr. Bostock, "Pray, sir, open that door, then look into that cabinet, in which you may easily find my last will, and give it into my hand : " which being done, Mr. Herbert delivered it into the hand of Mr. Woodnot, and said, "My old friend, I here deliver you my last will, in which you will find that I have made you sole executor for the good of my wife and nieces ; and I desire you to show kindness to them, as they shall need it. I do not desire you to be just ; for I know you will be so for your own sake ; but I charge you, by the religion of our friendship, to be careful of them." And having obtained Mr. Woodnot's promise to be so, he said, "I am now

ready to die." After which words, he said, "Lord, forsake me not, now my strength faileth me; but grant me mercy for the merits of my Jesus. And now, Lord—Lord, now receive my soul!" And with those words he breathed forth his divine soul, without any apparent disturbance, Mr. Woodnot and Mr. Bostock attending his last breath, and closing his eyes.

Thus he lived, and thus he died, like a saint, unspotted of the world, full of alms-deeds, full of humility, and all the examples of a virtuous life; which I cannot conclude better, than with this borrowed observation:

— All must to their cold graves:
But the religious actions of the just
Smell sweet in death, and blossom in the dust.

Mr. George Herbert's have done so to this, and will doubtless do so to succeeding generations.—I have but died to say more of him; that if Andrew Melvil died before him, then George Herbert died without an enemy. I wish—if God shall be so pleased—that I may be so happy as to die like him.

I. W. A.

THERE is a debt justly due to the memory of Mr. Herbert's virtuous wife; a part of which I will endeavour to pay, by a very short account of the remainder of her life, which shall follow.

She continued his disconsolate widow about six years, bemoaning herself, and complaining, that she had lost the delight of her eyes; but more that she had lost the spiritual guide for her poor soul; and would often say, "O that I had, like holy Mary, the mother of Jesus, treasured up all his sayings in my heart! But since I have not been able to do that, I will labour to live like him, that where he now is I may be also." And she would often say,—as the Prophet David for his son Absalom,—"O that I had died for him!" Thus she continued mourning till time and conversation had so moderated her sorrows, that she became the happy wife of Sir Robert Cook, of Highnam, in the county of Gloucester, knight. And though he put a high value on the excellent accomplishments of her mind and body, and was so like Mr. Herbert, as not to govern like a master, but as an affectionate husband; yet she would even to him often take occasion to mention the name of Mr. George Herbert, and say, that name must live in her memory till she put off mortality. By Sir Robert she had only one child, a daughter, whose parts and plentiful estate make her happy in this world, and her well using of them gives a fair testimony that she will be so in that which is to come.

Mrs. Herbert was the wife of Sir Robert eight years, and lived his widow about fifteen; all which time she took a pleasure in mentioning and commending the excellencies of Mr. George Herbert. She died in the year 1653, and lies buried at Highnam; Mr. Herbert in his own church, under the altar, and covered with a grave-stone without any inscription.

This Lady Cook had preserved many of Mr. Herbert's private writings, which she intended to make public: but they and Highnam-house were burnt together by the late rebels, and so lost to posterity.

I. W.

LETTER FROM MR. GEORGE HERBERT TO NICHOLAS FARRER,
THE TRANSLATOR OF VALDESSO.

My dear and deserving brother, your Valdesso I now return with many thanks, and some notes, in which perhaps you will discover some care which I forbear not in the midst of my griefs; first for your sake, because I would do nothing negligently that you commit unto me; secondly, for the author's sake, whom I conceive to have been a true servant of God; and to such, and all that is theirs, I owe diligence; thirdly for the church's sake, to whom, by printing it, I would have you consecrate it.

You owe the church a debt, and God hath put this into your hands—as he sent the fish with money to St. Peter—to discharge it; haply also with this—as his thoughts are fruitful—intending the honour of his servant the author, who, being obscured in his own country, he would have to flourish in this land of light, and region of the gospel, among his chosen. It is true, there are some things which I like not in him, as my fragments will express, when you read them: nevertheless, I wish you by all means to publish it, for these three eminent things observable therein:—First, that God in the midst of popery, should open the eyes of one to understand and express, so clearly and excellently, the intent of the Gospel in the acceptance of Christ's righteousness,—as he sheweth through all his considerations,—a thing strangely buried and darkened by the adversaries, and their great stumbling-block. Secondly, the great honour and reverence which he everywhere bears towards our dear Master and Lord; concluding every Consideration almost with his holy name, and setting his merit forth so piously; for which I do so love him, that were there nothing else, I would print it, that with it the honour of my Lord might be published. Thirdly, the many pious rules of ordering our life about mortification, and observation of God's kingdom within us, and the working thereof; of which he was a very diligent observer. These three things are very eminent in the author, and overweigh the defects—as I conceive—towards the publishing thereof.

From his Parsonage of Bemerton,
near Salisbury,
September 29th, 1632.

SIR J. D.

Sir,—Though I had the best wit in the world, yet it would easily tire me to find out variety of thanks for the diversity of your favours, if I sought to do so; but I profess it not; and therefore let it be sufficient for me, that the same heart, which you have won long since, is still true to you, and hath nothing else to answer your infinite kindnesses, but a constancy of obedience; only hereafter I will take heed how I propose my desires unto you, since I find you so willing to yield to my requests; for since your favours come a horseback, there is reason that my desires should go afoot: neither do I make any question, but that you have performed your kindness to the full, and that the horse is every way fit for me; and I will strive to imitate the completeness of your love, with being in some proportion, and after my manner,

Your most obedient servant,
GEORGE HERBERT.

FOR MY DEAR SICK SISTER.

Most dear Sister,—Think not my silence forgetfulness; or that my love is as dumb as my papers: though businesses may stop my hand, yet my heart, a much better member, is always with you; and, which is more, with our good and gracious God, incessantly begging some ease of your pains, with that earnestness that becomes your griefs, and my love. God, who knows and sees this writing, knows also that my soliciting him has been much, and my tears many for you; judge me then by those waters, and not by my ink, and then you shall justly value

Your most truly, most heartily
affectionate brother, and servant,
GEORGE HERBERT.

December 6, 1620. *Trin. Coll.*

Sir,—I dare no longer be silent, lest while I think I am modest, I wrong both myself and also the confidence my friends have in me: wherefore I will open my case unto you, which I think deserves the reading at the least; and it is this; I want books extremely. You know, sir, how I am now setting foot into divinity, to lay the platform of my future life: and shall I then be fain always to borrow books, and build on another's foundation? What tradesman is there who will set up without his tools? Pardon my boldness, sir; it is a most serious case; nor can I write coldly in that, wherein consisteth the making good of my former education, of obeying that spirit which hath guided me hitherto, and of achieving my (I dare say) holy ends. This also is aggravated, in that I apprehend what my friends would have been forward to say, if I had taken ill courses: "Follow your book, and you shall want nothing." You know, sir, it is their ordinary speech; and now let them make it good; for since I hope I have not deceived their expectation, let them not deceive mine. But perhaps they will say, "You are sickly; you must not study too hard." It is true (God knows) I am weak, yet not so but that every day I may step one step towards my journey's end: and I love my friends so well, as that if all things proved not well, I had rather the fault should lie on me, than on them. But they will object again; "What becomes of your annuity?" Sir, if there be any truth in me, I find it little enough to keep me in health. You know I was sick last vacation, neither am I yet recovered; so that I am fain ever and anon to buy somewhat tending towards my health, for infirmities are both painful and costly. Now this Lent I am forbid utterly to eat any fish, so that I am fain to diet in my chamber at mine own cost; for in our public halls, you know, is nothing but fish and white meats. Out of Lent also, twice a week, on Fridays and Saturdays, I must do so, which yet sometimes I fast. Sometimes also I ride to Newmarket, and there lie a day or two for fresh air; all which tend to avoiding of costlier matters, if I should fall absolutely sick. I protest and vow, I even study thrift, and yet I am scarce able with much ado to make one half year's allowance shake hands with the other. And yet if a book of four or five shillings come in my way, I buy it, though I fast for it; yea, sometimes of ten shillings. But, alas, sir, what is that to those infinite volumes of divinity, which yet every day swell, and grow bigger? Noble sir, pardon my boldness, and consider but these three things: first, the bulk of divinity; secondly, the time when I desire this (which is now, when I must lay the foundation of my whole life); thirdly, what I desire, and to what end, not vain pleasures, nor to a vain end. If then, sir, there be any course, either by engaging my future annuity, or any to her way, I desire you, sir, to be my mediator to them in my behalf.

Now, I write to you, sir, because to you I have ever opened my heart; and have reason, by the patents of your perpetual favour, to do so still, for I am sure you love

Your faithfullest servant,
GEORGE HERBERT.

March 18, 1617. *Trin. Coll.*

Sir,—This week hath loaded me with your favours; I wish I could have come in person to thank you; but it is not possible. Presently after Michaelmas I am to make an oration to the whole university of an hour long in Latin; and my Lincoln journey hath set me much behind-hand; neither can I so much as go to Bugden, and deliver your letter; yet have I sent it thither by a faithful messenger this day. I beseech you all, you, and my dear mother and sister, to pardon me, for my Cambridge necessities are stronger to tie me here, than yours to London. If I could possibly have come, none should have done my message to Sir Fr. Nethersole for me; he and I are ancient acquaintance; and I have a strong opinion of him, that if he can do me a courtesy he will of himself; yet your appearing in it affects me strangely. I have sent you here enclosed a letter from our master in my behalf, which if you can send to Sir Francis before his departure, it will do well, for it expresseth the university's inclination to me; yet if you cannot send it with much convenience, it is no matter, for the gentleman needs no inclination to love me.

The orator's place (that you may understand what it is) is the finest place in the university, though not the gainfullest; yet that will be about thirty pounds per annum. But the commodiousness is beyond the revenue; for the orator writes all the university letters, makes all the orations, be it to king, prince, or whatever comes to the university. To requite these pains, he takes place next the doctors, is at all their assemblies and meetings, and sits above the proctors; is regent or non-regent at his pleasure; and such like gaynesses which will please a young man well.

I long to hear from Sir Francis. I pray, sir, send the letter you receive from him to me as soon as you can, that I may work the heads to my purpose. I hope I shall get this place without all your London helps, of which I am very proud; not but that I joy in your favours, but that you may see, that if all fail, yet I am able to stand on mine own legs. Noble sir, I thank you for your infinite favours; I fear only that I have omitted some fitting circumstance; yet you will pardon my haste, which is very great, though never so, but that I have both time and work to be

Your extreme servant,
GEORGE HERBERT.

Sir,—I have received the things you sent me safe; and now the only thing I long for is to hear of my dear sick sister; first, how her health fares; next, whether my peace be yet made with her concerning my unkind departure. Can I be so happy as to hear of both these, that they succeed well? Is it not too much for me? Good sir, make it plain to her, that I loved her even in my departure, in looking to her son and my charge. I suppose she is not disposed to spend her eye-sight on a piece of paper, or else I had wrote to her; when I shall understand that a letter will be seasonable, my pen is ready. Concerning the orator's place, all goes well yet; the next Friday it is tried, and accordingly you shall hear. I have forty businesses in my hands: your courtesy will pardon the haste of

Your humblest servant,
GEORGE HERBERT.

January 19, 1619. *Trin. Coll.*

Sir,—I understand by Sir Francis Nethersole's letter, that he fears I have not fully resolved of the matter, since this place being civil may divert me too much from divinity, at which, not without cause, he thinks I aim. But I have wrote him back, that this dignity hath no

such earthliness in it, but it may very well be joined with heaven; or if it had to others, yet to me it should not, for aught I yet knew; and therefore I desire him to send me a direct answer in the next letter. I pray, sir, therefore, cause this inclosed to be carried to his brother's house of his own name (as I think), at the sign of the Pedlar and the Pack, on London-bridge; for there he assigns me. I cannot yet find leisure to write to my lord, or Sir Benjamin Ruddyard; but I hope I shall shortly: though for the reckoning of your favours I shall never find time and paper enough, yet I am

Your readiest servant,
GEORGE HERBERT.

October 6, 1619. *Trin. Coll.*

I remember my most humble duty to my mother, who cannot think me lazy, since I rode two hundred miles to see a sister, in a way I knew not, in the midst of much business, and all in a fortnight, not long since.

TO THE TRULY NOBLE SIR J. D.

Sir,—I understand by a letter from my brother Henry, that he hath bought a parcel of books for me, and that they are coming over. Now, though they have hitherto travelled upon your charge, yet if my sister were acquainted that they are ready, I dare say she would make good her promise of taking five or six pounds upon her; which she hath hitherto deferred to do, not of herself, but upon the want of those books which were not to be got in England. For that which surmounts, though your noble disposition is infinitely free, yet I had rather fly to my old ward, that if any course could be taken of doubling my annuity now, upon condition that I should surcease from all title to it after I entered into a benefice, I should be most glad to entertain it, and both pay for the surplussage of these books, and for ever after cease my clamorous and greedy bookish requests. It is high time now that I should be no more a burden to you, since I can never answer what I have already received; for your favours are so ancient, that they prevent my memory, and yet still grow upon

Your most humble servant,
GEORGE HERBERT.

I remember my most humble duty to my mother. I have wrote to my dear sick sister this week already, and therefore now I hope may be excused.

I pray, sir, pardon my boldness of enclosing my brother's letter in yours; for it was because I know your lodging, but not his.

TO THE WORTHIEST LADY, MRS. MAGDALEN HERBERT.

Madam,—Every excuse hath in it somewhat of accusation; and since I am innocent, and yet must excuse, how shall I do for that part of accusing? By my troth, as desperate and perplexed men grow from thence bold, so must I take the boldness of accusing you, who would draw so dark a curtain betwixt me and your purposes, as that I had no glimmering, neither of your goings nor the way which my letters might haunt. Yet I have given this licence to travel, but I know not whither, nor it. It is therefore rather a pinnace to discover; and the entire colony of letters, of hundreds and fifties, must follow; whose employment is more honourable than that which our state meditates to Virginia, because you are worthier than all that country, of which that is a wretched inch; for you have better treasure, and a harmlessness. If this sound like a flattery, tear it out. I am to my letters as rigid a puritan, as Cæsar was to his wife. I can as ill endure a suspicious and misinterpretable word as a

fault. But remember, that nothing is flattery which the speaker believes; and of the grossest flatteries there is this good use, that they tell us what we should be. But, madam, you are beyond instruction, and therefore there can belong to you only praise; of which though you be no good hearer, yet allow my letters leave to have in them one part of it, which is thankfulness towards you.

Your unworthiest servant,
Except your accepting have mended him,
JOHN DONNE.

Minchin, July 11, 1607.

TO THE WORTHIEST LADY, MRS. MAGDALEN HERBERT.

Madam,—This is my second letter, in which, though I cannot tell you what is good, yet this is the worst, that I must be a great part of it; yet to me that is recompensed, because you must be mingled. After I knew you were gone (for I must, little less than accusingly, tell you, I knew not you would go), I sent my first letter, like a Bevis of Hampton, to seek adventures. This day I came to town, and to the best part of it, your house; for your memory is a state-cloth and presence, which I reverence though you be away; though I need not seek that there which I have about and within me. There though I found my accusation, yet anything, to which your hand is, is a pardon; yet I would not burn my first letter, because as in great destiny no small passage can be omitted or frustrated; so, in my resolution of writing almost daily to you, I would have no link of the chain broke by me, both because my letters interpret one another, and because only their number can give them weight. If I had your commission and instructions to do you the service of a lieger ambassador here, I could say something of the Countess of Devon; of the states, and such things. But since to you, who are not only a world alone, but the monarchy of the world yourself, nothing can be added, especially by me; I will sustain myself with the honour of being

Your servant extraordinary,
and without place,
JOHN DONNE.

London, July 23, 1607.

TO THE WORTHIEST LADY, MRS. MAGDALEN HERBERT.

Madam,—As we must die before we can have full glory and happiness, so before I can have this degree of it, as to see you by a letter, I must almost die, that is, come to London, to plagu London; a place full of danger, and vanity, and vice, though the court be gone. And such it will be, till your return redeem it. Not that the greatest virtue in the world, which is you, can be such a marshal, as to defeat or disperse all the vice of this place; but as higher bodies remove or contract themselves, when better come, so at your return we shall have one door open to innocence. Yet, madam, you are not such in Ireland, as produceth neither ill nor good; no spiders, nor nightingales; which is a rare degree of perfection. But you have found and practised that experiment, that even nature, out of her detesting of emptiness, if we will make that our work, to remove bad, will fill us with good things. To abstain from it was therefore but the childhood and minority of your soul, which had been long exercised since, in your manlier active part of doing good. Of which since I have been a witness and subject, not to tell you sometimes, that by your influence and example I have attained to such a step of goodness, as to be thankful, were both to accuse your power and judgment of impotency and infirmity.

Your ladyship's in all services,
JOHN DONNE.

August 2, 1607.

ON MR. GEORGE HERBERT'S BOOK, ENTITLED "THE TEMPLE
OF SACRED POEMS," SENT TO A GENTLEWOMAN.

Know you, fair, on what you look ?
Divinest love lies in this book ;
Expecting fire from your eyes,
To kindle this his sacrifice.
When your hands untie these strings,
Think you've an angel by the wings ;
One that gladly will be nigh,
To wait upon each morning sigh ;
To flutter in the balmy air
Of your well-perfumed prayer.
These white plumes of his he'll lend you,
Which every day to heaven will send you,
To take acquaintance of the sphere,
And all the smooth-faced kindred there.
And though Herbert's name do owe
These devotions, Fairest ; know
That while I lay them on the shrine
Of your white hand, they are mine.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY ANNE, COUNTESS
OF PEMER. AND MONTG. AT COURT.

Madam,—What a trouble hath your goodness brought
on you, by admitting our poor services ! Now they
creep in a vessel of metheglin, and still they will by
presenting or wishing to see, if at length they may find
out something not unworthy of those hands, at which
they aim. In the meantime, a priest's blessing, though it
be none of the court style, yet doubtless, madam, can do
you no hurt. Wherefore the Lord make good the blessing
of your mother upon you, and cause all her wishes, dili-
gence, prayers, and tears, to bud, blow, and bear fruit in
your soul, to his glory, your own good, and the great
joy of,

Madam,

Your most faithful servant in Christ Jesu,

GEORGE HERBERT.

Bemerton, Dec. 10, 1631.

Madam, your poor colony of servants present their
humble duties.

THE
LIFE OF DR. ROBERT SANDERSON,

LATE
LORD BISHOP OF LINCOLN.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND AND HONOURABLE
GEORGE LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER,

PRELATE OF THE GARTER, AND ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S PRIVY COUNCIL.

MY LORD,—If I should undertake to enumerate the many favours and advantages I have had by my very long acquaintance with your lordship, I should enter upon an employment that might prove as tedious as the collecting of the materials for this poor monument, which I have erected, and do dedicate, to the memory of your beloved friend, Dr. Sanderson. But though I will not venture to do that; yet I do remember with pleasure, and remonstrate with gratitude, that your lordship made me known to him, Mr. Chillingworth*, and Dr. Hammond†; men whose merits ought never to be forgotten.

My friendship with the first was begun almost forty years past, when I was as far from a thought, as a desire to outlive him; and farther from an intention to write his life. But the wise disposer of all men's lives and actions hath prolonged the first, and now permitted the last; which is here dedicated to your lordship,—and, as it ought to be—with all humility, and a desire that it may remain as a public testimony of my gratitude.

My Lord,

Your most affectionate old friend,
and most humble servant,
ISAAC WALTON.

PREFACE.

I DARE neither think, nor assure the reader, that I have committed no mistakes in this relation of the life of Dr. Sanderson; but I am sure there is none that are either wilful or very material. I confess, it was worthy the em-

* Mr. William Chillingworth was born at Oxford in 1602, and received his education at Trinity College. He became celebrated in the university for his controversial talents, but they failed him in a dispute with John Fisher, a jesuit, and declaring himself a convert, he entered the college at Douay. His godfather, Archbishop Laud, exerted himself with success for his re-conversion, and in 1631 he returned to England. In 1638 he published his celebrated work, entitled "The Religion of Protestants a Safe Way to Salvation." In the civil wars he warmly espoused the king's party, and took up arms in the cause. Being taken prisoner at the siege of Gloucester, he was carried to the bishop's palace at Chichester, and falling sick, died there on the 30th of Jan. 1644.

† Dr. Henry Hammond, one of those divines of the Church of England who were deprived of their livings during the civil wars, was born at Chertsey, in Surrey, on the 18th of August, 1605, and received his education at Eton, and Magdalen College, Oxford. At the Restoration it was intended to advance him to the see of Worcester, but his death, on the 25th of April, 1660, took place before the ceremony of consecration could be performed. He was the author of a "Practical Catechism," and a "Paraphrase and Annotations on the New Testaments."

ployment of some person of more learning and greater abilities than I can pretend to; and I have not a little wondered that none have yet been so grateful to him and posterity, as to undertake it. For it may be noted, that our Saviour hath had such care, that, for Mary Magdalen's kindness to him, her name should never be forgotten. And doubtless Dr. Sanderson's meek and innocent life, his great and useful learning, might therefore challenge the like endeavours to preserve his memory; and it is to me a wonder, that it has been already fifteen years neglected. But, in saying this, my meaning is not to upbraid others,—I am far from that—but excuse myself, or beg pardon for daring to attempt it. This being premised, I desire to tell the reader, that in this relation I have been so bold, as to paraphrase and say what I think he—whom I had the happiness to know well—would have said upon the same occasions: and if I have erred in this kind, and cannot now beg pardon of him that loved me, yet I do of my reader, from whom I desire the same favour.

And though my age might have procured me a writ of ease, and that secured me from all further trouble in this kind; yet I met with such persuasions to begin, and so many willing informers since, and from them, and others, such helps and encouragements to proceed, that when I found myself faint, and weary of the burthen with which I had loaden myself, and ready to lay it down; yet time and new strength hath at last brought it to be what it now is, and presented to the reader, and with it this desire; that he will take notice, that Dr. Sanderson did in his will, or last sickness, advertise, that after

his death nothing of his might be printed; because that might be said to be his, which indeed was not; and also for that he might have changed his opinion since he first writ it. And though these reasons ought to be regarded, yet regarded so, as he resolves in that case of conscience concerning rash vows; that there may appear very good second reasons why we may forbear to perform them. However, for his said reasons, they ought to be read as we do Apocryphal Scripture; to explain, but not oblige us to so firm a belief of what is here presented as his.

And I have this to say more,—that as, in my queries for writing Dr. Sanderson's life, I met with these little tracts annexed*; so, in my former queries for my information to write the life of venerable Mr. Hooker, I met with a sermon, which I also believe was really his, and here presented as his to the reader. It is affirmed,—and I have met with reason to believe it,—that there be some artists, that do certainly know an original picture from a copy; and in what age of the world, and by whom drawn. And if so, then I hope it may be as safely affirmed, that what is here presented for theirs is so like their temper of mind, their other writings, the times when, and the occasions upon which they were writ, that all readers may safely conclude, they could be writ by none but venerable Mr. Hooker, and the humble and learned Dr. Sanderson.

And lastly, I am now glad that I have collected these memoirs, which lay scattered, and contracted them into a narrower compass; and if I have, by the pleasant toil of doing so, either pleased or profited any man, I have attained what I designed when I first undertook it. But I seriously wish, both for the reader's and Dr. Sanderson's sake, that posterity had known his great learning and virtue by a better pen; by such a pen, as could have made his life as immortal, as his learning and merits ought to be.

I. W.

DOCTOR ROBERT SANDERSON, the late learned Bishop of Lincoln, whose life I intend to write with all truth and equal plainness, was born the nineteenth day of September, in the year of our Redemption 1587. The place of his birth was Rotherham in the county of York; a town of good note, and the more, for that Thomas Rotheram, some time archbishop of that see, was born in it; a man, whose great wisdom, and bounty, and sanctity of life, have made it the more memorable; as indeed it ought also to be, for being the birth-place of our Robert Sanderson. And the reader will be of my belief, if this humble relation of his life can hold any proportion with his great piety, his useful learning, and his many other extraordinary endowments.

He was the second and youngest son, of Robert Sanderson, of Giltwhaite-Hall, in the said parish and county, Esq. by Elizabeth, one of the daughters of Richard Carr, of Butterthwaite-Hall, in the parish of Ecclesfield, in the said county of York, Gentleman.

This Robert Sanderson, the father, was descended from a numerous, ancient, and honourable family of his own name: for the search of which truth, I refer my reader, that inclines to it, to Dr. Thoroton's History of the Antiquities of Nottinghamshire, and other records; not thinking it necessary here to engage him into a search for bare titles, which are noted to have in them nothing of reality: for

* These tracts and Mr. Hooker's sermon are omitted in this edition, as more properly belonging to collections of the works of the respective authors, than as appendages to the narrative of their lives.

titles not acquired, but derived only, do but shew us who of our ancestors have, and how they have achieved that honour which their descendants claim, and may not be worthy to enjoy. For, if those titles descend to persons that degenerate into vice, and break off the continued line of learning, or valour, or that virtue that acquired them, they destroy the very foundation upon which that honour was built; and all the rubbish of their vices ought to fall heavy on such dishonourable heads; ought to fall so heavy, as to degrade them of their titles, and blast their memories with reproach and shame.

But our Robert Sanderson lived worthy of his name and family: of which one testimony may be, that Gilbert, called the Great Earl of Shrewsbury, thought him not unworthy to be joined with him as a godfather to Gilbert Sheldon, the late Lord Archbishop of Canterbury; to whose merits and memory, posterity—the clergy especially—ought to pay a reverence.

But I return to my intended relation of Robert the son, who began in his youth to make the laws of God, and obedience to his parents, the rules of his life; seeming even then to dedicate himself, and all his studies, to piety and virtue.

And as he was inclined to this by that native goodness, with which the wise Disposer of all hearts had endowed him; so this calm, this quiet and happy temper of mind—his being mild, and averse to oppositions—made the whole course of his life easy and grateful both to himself and others: and this blessed temper was maintained and improved by his prudent father's good example; and by frequent conversing with him, and scattering short apophthegms and little pleasant stories, and making useful applications of them, his son was in his infancy taught to abhor vanity and vice as monsters, and to discern the loveliness of wisdom and virtue; and by these means, and God's concurring grace, his knowledge was so augmented, and his native goodness so confirmed, that all became so habitual, as it was not easy to determine whether nature or education were his teachers.

And here let me tell the reader, that these early beginnings of virtue, were by God's assisting grace, blessed with what St. Paul seemed to beg for his Philippianst; namely, That he, that had begun a good work in them, would finish it. And Almighty God did: for his whole life was so regular and innocent, that he might have said at his death—and with truth and comfort—what the same St. Paul said after to the same Philippians, when he advised them to walk as they had him for an example†.

And this goodness, of which I have spoken, seemed to increase as his years did; and with his goodness his learning, the foundation of which was laid in the grammar-school of Rotherham—that being one of those three that were founded and liberally endowed by the said great and good bishop of that name.—And in this time of his being a scholar there, he was observed to use an unwearied diligence to attain learning, and to have a seriousness beyond his age, and with it a more than common modesty; and to be of so calm and obliging a behaviour, that the master and whole number of scholars loved him as one man.

And in this love and amity he continued at that school till about the thirteenth year of his age; at

† Phil. i. 6.

‡ Chap. iii. 17.

which time his father designed to improve his grammar learning, by removing him from Rotherham to one of the more noted schools of Eton or Westminster; and after a year's stay there, then to remove him thence to Oxford. But, as he went with him, he called on an old friend, a minister of noted learning, and told him his intentions; and he, after many questions with his son, received such answers from him, that he assured his father, his son was so perfect a grammarian, that he had laid a good foundation to build any or all the arts upon; and therefore advised him to shorten his journey, and leave him at Oxford. And his father did so.

His father left him there to the sole care and manage of Dr. Kilbie*, who was then rector of Lincoln College. And he, after some time, and trial of his manners and learning, thought fit to enter him of that college, and after to matriculate him in the university, which he did the first of July, 1603; but he was not chosen fellow till the third of May, 1606; at which time he had taken his degree of bachelor of arts: at the taking of which degree, his tutor told the rector, that his pupil Sanderson had a metaphysical brain, and a matchless memory: and that he thought he had improved, or made the last so by an art of his own invention. And all the future employments of his life proved that his tutor was not mistaken. I must here stop my reader, and tell him, that this Dr. Kilbie was a man of so great learning and wisdom, and so excellent a critic in the Hebrew tongue, that he was made professor of it in this university; and was also so perfect a Grecian, that he was by King James appointed to be one of the translators of the Bible; and that this doctor and Mr. Sanderson had frequent discourses, and loved as father and son. The doctor was to ride a journey into Derbyshire, and took Mr. Sanderson to bear him company: and they going together on a Sunday with the doctor's friend to that parish-church where they then were, found the young preacher to have no more discretion, than to waste a great part of the hour allotted for his sermon in exceptions against the late translation of several words,—not expecting such a hearer as Dr. Kilbie,—and shewed three reasons why a particular word should have been otherwise translated. When evening prayer was ended, the preacher was invited to the doctor's friend's house; where after some other conference, the doctor told him, he might have preached more useful doctrine, and not have filled his auditors' ears with needless exceptions against the late translation: and for that word, for which he offered to that poor congregation three reasons why it ought to have been translated as he said; he and others had considered all them, and found thirteen more considerable reasons why it was translated as now printed: and told him, if his friend, then attending him, should prove guilty of such indiscretion, he should forfeit his favour. To which Mr. Sanderson said, he hoped he should not. And the preacher was so ingenuous as to say, he would not justify himself. And so I return to Oxford. In the year 1608,—July the 11th,—Mr.

* Dr. Richard Kilbie was much esteemed as a great benefactor to his college, since he restored and made great additions to its dilapidated library. He became rector in 1590; was appointed the King's Hebrew professor in 1610, and died in 1620.

Sanderson was completed Master of Arts. I am not ignorant that, for the attaining these dignities, the time was shorter than was then, or is now required; but either his birth, or the well performance of some extraordinary exercise, or some other merit, made him so: and the reader is requested to believe that 'twas the last; and requested to believe also, that, if I be mistaken in the time, the college records have misinformed me: but I hope they have not.

In that year of 1608, he was—November the 7th—by his college chosen reader of logic in the house; which he performed so well, that he was chosen again the sixth of November, 1609. In the year 1613, he was chosen sub-rector of the college, and the like for the year 1614, and chosen again to the same dignity and trust for the year 1616.

In all which time and employments, his abilities and behaviour were such, as procured him both love and reverence from the whole society; there being no exception against him for any faults, but a sorrow for the infirmities of his being too timorous and bashful; both which were, God knows, so connatural, as they never left him. And I know not whether his lovers ought to wish they had; for they proved so like the radical moisture in man's body, that they preserved the life of virtue in his soul, which by God's assisting grace never left him till this life put on immortality. Of which happy infirmities—if they may be so called—more hereafter.

In the year 1614, he stood to be elected one of the proctors for the university. And 'twas not to satisfy any ambition of his own, but to comply with the desire of the rector and whole society, of which he was a member; who had not had a proctor chosen out of their college for the space of sixty years;—namely, not from the year 1554, unto his standing; and they persuaded him, that if he would but stand for proctor, his merits were so generally known, and he so well beloved, that 'twas but appearing, and he would infallibly carry it against any opposers; and told him, that he would by that means recover a right or reputation that was seemingly dead to his college. By these, and other like persuasions, he yielded up his own reason to theirs, and appeared to stand for proctor. But that election was carried on by so sudden and secret, and by so powerful a faction, that he missed it. Which when he understood, he professed seriously to his friends, that if he were troubled at the disappointment, it was for theirs, and not for his own sake: for he was far from any desire of such an employment, as must be managed with charge and trouble, and was too usually rewarded with hard censures, or hatred, or both.

In the year following he was earnestly persuaded by Dr. Kilbie and others, to review the logic lectures which he had read some years past in his college; and, that done, to methodise and print them, for the ease and public good of posterity. But though he had an averseness to appear publicly in print, yet after many serious solicitations, and some second thoughts of his own, he laid aside his modesty, and promised he would; and he did so in that year of 1615. And the book proved as his friends seemed to prophesy; that is, of great and general use, whether we respect the art or the author. For logic may be said to be an art of right reasoning—an art that undeceives

men who take falsehood for truth ; enables men to pass a true judgment, and detect those fallacies which in some men's understandings usurp the place of right reason. And how great a master our author was in this art will quickly appear from that clearness of method, argument, and demonstration, which is so conspicuous in all his other writings. He, who had attained to so great a dexterity in the use of reason himself, was best qualified to prescribe rules and directions for the instruction of others. And I am the more satisfied of the excellency and usefulness of this, his first public undertaking, by hearing that most tutors in both universities teach Dr. Sanderson's *Logic* to their pupils, as a foundation upon which they are to build their future studies in philosophy. And, for a further confirmation of my belief, the reader may note, that since his book of *Logic* was first printed, there has not been less than ten thousand sold ; and that it is like to continue both to discover truth, and to clear and confirm the reason of the unborn world.

It will easily be believed that his former standing for a proctor's place, and being disappointed, must prove much displeasing to a man of his great wisdom and modesty, and create in him an averseness to run a second hazard of his credit and content ; and yet he was assured by Dr. Kilbie, and the fellows of his own college, and most of those that had opposed him in the former election, that his book of *Logic* had purchased for him such a belief of his learning and prudence, and his behaviour at the former election had got for him so great and so general a love, that all his former opposers repented what they had done, and therefore persuaded him to venture to stand a second time. And, upon these and other like encouragements, he did again, but not without an inward unwillingness, yield up his own reason to theirs, and promised to stand. And he did so ; and was, the 10th of April, 1616, chosen senior proctor for the year following ; Mr. Charles Crooke, of Christ Church, being then chosen the junior.

In this year of his being proctor, there happened many memorable accidents ; namely, Dr. Robert Abbot*, master of Balliol College, and regius professor of divinity (who being elected or consecrated bishop of Sarum some months before), was solemnly conducted out of Oxford towards his diocese by the heads of all houses, and the chief of all the university. And Dr. Prideaux† succeeded him in the professorship, in which he continued till the year 1642, being then elected bishop of Worcester ; and then our now proctor, Mr. Sanderson, succeeded him in the regius professorship.

And in this year Dr. Arthur Lake, then warden of New College, was advanced to the bishopric of Bath and Wells ; a man of whom I take myself bound in justice to say, that he has

made the great trust committed to him the chief care and whole business of his life. And one testimony of this proof may be, that he sate usually with his chancellor in his consistory, and at least advised, if not assisted, in most sentences for the punishing of such offenders as deserved church-censures. And it may be noted, that, after a sentence for penance was pronounced, he did very rarely or never allow of any commutation for the offence, but did usually see the sentence for penance executed ; and then as usually preached a sermon of mortification and repentance, and did so apply them to the offenders that then stood before him, as begot in them a devout contrition, and at least resolutions to amend their lives ; and having done that, he would take them, though never so poor, to dinner with him, and use them friendly, and dismiss them with his blessing and persuasions to a virtuous life, and beg them to believe him. And his humility and charity, and other Christian excellencies, were all like this. Of all which the reader may inform himself in his *Life*, truly writ, and printed before his Sermons.

And in this year also, the very prudent and very wise Lord Ellesmere, who was so very long Lord Chancellor of England, and then of Oxford, resigning up the last, the right honourable, and as magnificent William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, was chosen to succeed him.

And in this year our late King Charles the First, then Prince of Wales, came honourably attended to Oxford ; and having deliberately visited the university, the schools, colleges, and libraries, he and his attendants were entertained with ceremonies and feasting suitable to their dignity and merits.

And this year King James sent letters to the university for the regulating their studies, especially of the young divines ; advising they should not rely on modern sums and systems, but study the Fathers and councils, and the more primitive learning. And this advice was occasioned by the indiscreet inferences made by very many preachers out of Mr. Calvin's doctrine concerning predestination, universal redemption, the irresistibility of God's grace, and of some other knotty points depending upon these—points which many think were not, but by interpreters forced to be, Mr. Calvin's meaning ; of the truth or falsehood of which I pretend not to have an ability to judge ; my meaning in this relation being only to acquaint the reader with the occasion of the king's letter.

It may be observed, that the various accidents of this year did afford our proctor large and laudable matter to dilate and discourse upon ; and that though his office seemed, according to statute and custom, to require him to do so at his leaving it, yet he chose rather to pass them over with some very short observations, and present the governors and his other hearers with rules to keep up discipline and order in the university ; which at that time was, either by defective statutes or want of the due execution of those that were good, grown to be extremely irregular. And in this year also, the magisterial part of the proctor required more diligence, and was more difficult to be managed than formerly, by reason of a multiplicity of new statutes, which begot much confusion ; some of which statutes were then, and others suddenly after, put into a useful execution. And

* Dr. Abbot, was the brother of George, Archbishop of Canterbury, heretofore mentioned. His lectures against Suarez and Bellarmine occasioned his advancement to the see of Salisbury in 1615. He died on the 2nd of March, 1617, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

† Dr. John Prideaux, born at Harford, in Devonshire, in 1578. He was appointed rector of Exeter College in 1612, and king's professor in divinity in 1615. He obtained a high reputation at the university, so great, that several eminent foreigners sought him for their instructor. He suffered severely in the civil wars, and died on the 20th of July, 1650.

though these statutes were not then made so perfectly useful as they were designed, till Archbishop Laud's time, who assisted in the forming and promoting them, yet our present proctor made them as effectual as discretion and diligence could do; of which one example may seem worthy the noting, namely, that if in his night-walk he met with irregular scholars absent from their colleges at university hours, or disordered by drink, or in scandalous company, he did not use his power of punishing to an extremity; but did usually take their names, and a promise to appear before him unsent for next morning; and when they did, convinced them, with such obligingness, and reason added to it, that they parted from him with such resolutions as the man after God's own heart was possessed with, when he said, "There is mercy with thee, and therefore thou shalt be feared," Psalm cxxx. 4. And by this and a like behaviour to all men, he was so happy as to lay down this dangerous employment, as but very few, if any, have done, even without an enemy.

After his speech was ended, and he retired with a friend into a convenient privacy, he looked upon his friend with a more than common cheerfulness, and spake to him to this purpose:—"I look back upon my late employment with some content to myself, and a great thankfulness to Almighty God, that he hath made me of a temper not apt to provoke the meanest of mankind, but rather to pass by infirmities, if noted; and in this employment I have had, God knows, many occasions to do both. And when I consider, how many of a contrary temper are by sudden and small occasions transported and hurried by anger to commit such errors as they in that passion could not foresee, and will in their more calm and deliberate thoughts upbraid, and require repentance; and consider, that though repentance secures us from the punishment of any sin, yet how much more comfortable it is to be innocent, than need pardon; and consider, that errors against men, though pardoned both by God and them, do yet leave such anxious and upbraiding impressions in the memory, as abates of the offender's content: when I consider all this, and that God hath of his goodness given me a temper that hath prevented me from running into such enormities, I remember my temper with joy and thankfulness. And though I cannot say with David—I wish I could—that therefore his praise shall always be in my mouth (Psalm xxxiv. 1), yet I hope that by his grace, and that grace seconded by my endeavours, it shall never be blotted out of my memory; and I now beseech Almighty God that it never may."

And here I must look back, and mention one passage more in his proctorship, which is, that Gilbert Sheldon, the late Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, was this year sent to Trinity College, in that university; and not long after his entrance there, a letter was sent after him from his godfather, the father of our proctor, to let his son know it, and commend his godson to his acquaintance, and to more than a common care of his behaviour; which proved a pleasing injunction to our proctor, who was so gladly obedient to his father's desire, that he some few days after sent his servitor to intreat Mr. Sheldon to his chamber next morning. But it seems Mr. Sheldon having, like a young man as he was, run into some such

irregularity as made him conscious he had transgressed his statutes, did therefore apprehend the proctor's invitation as an introduction to punishment, the fear of which made his bed restless that night; but, at their meeting the next morning, that fear vanished immediately by the proctor's cheerful countenance, and the freedom of their discourse of friends. And let me tell my reader, that this first meeting proved the beginning of as spiritual a friendship as human nature is capable of—of a friendship free from all self-ends; and it continued to be so, till death forced a separation of it on earth; but it is now reunited in heaven.

And now, having given this account of his behaviour, and the considerable accidents in his proctorship, I proceed to tell my reader, that, this busy employment being ended, he preached his sermon for his degree of bachelor in divinity in as elegant Latin, and as remarkable for the matter, as hath been preached in that university since that day. And having well performed his other exercises for that degree, he took it the 29th of May following, having been ordained deacon and priest in the year 1611, by John King*, then Bishop of London, who had not long before been dean of Christ Church, and then knew him so well that he became his most affectionate friend. And in this year, being then about the twenty-ninth of his age, he took from the university a licence to preach.

In the year 1618, he was by Sir Nicholas Sanderson, Lord Viscount Castleton, presented to the rectory of Wibberton, not far from Boston, in the county of Lincoln, a living of very good value; but it lay in so low and wet a part of that country as was inconsistent with his health. And health being—next to a good conscience—the greatest of God's blessings in this life, and requiring therefore of every man a care and diligence to preserve it, he, apprehending a danger of losing it, if he continued at Wibberton a second winter, did therefore resign it back into the hands of his worthy kinsman and patron, about one year after his donation of it to him.

And about this time of his resignation he was presented to the rectory of Boothby Pannell, in the same county of Lincoln; a town which has been made famous, and must continue to be famous, because Dr. Sanderson, the humble and learned Dr. Sanderson, was more than forty years parson of Boothby Pannell, and from thence dated all or most of his matchless writings.

To this living—which was of less value, but a purer air than Wibberton—he was presented by Thomas Harrington, of the same county and parish, Esq., who was a gentleman of a very ancient family, and of great use and esteem in his country during his whole life. And in this Boothby Pannell the meek and charitable Dr. Sanderson and his patron, lived with an endearing, mutual, and comfortable friendship, till the death of the last put a period to it.

About the time that he was made parson of Boothby Pannell, he resigned his fellowship of

* Dr. King was born at Wornall, in Buckinghamshire, about 1559, and received his education at Westminster. He was one of Queen Elizabeth's chaplains, and in 1605 was made dean of Christchurch. He was advanced to the see of London in 1611, and died in 1621.

Lincoln College unto the then rector and fellows ; and his resignation is recorded in these words :

Ego Robertus Sanderson perpetuus, &c.

I Robert Sanderson, fellow of the college of St. Mary's and All-Saints, commonly called Lincoln College, in the University of Oxford, do freely and willingly resign into the hands of the rector and fellows, all the right and title that I have in the said college, wishing to them and their successors all peace, and piety, and happiness, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

May 6, 1619.

ROBERT SANDERSON.

And not long after this resignation, he was by the then Bishop of York*, or the king, *sede vacante*, made prebend of the collegiate church of Southwell in that diocese ; and shortly after of Lincoln, by the bishop of that see.

And being now resolved to set down his rest in a quiet privacy at Boothby Pannell, and looking back with some sadness upon his removal from his general acquaintance left in Oxford, and the peculiar pleasures of a university life ; he could not but think the want of society would render this of a country parson the more uncomfortable, by reason of that want of conversation ; and therefore he did put on some faint purposes to marry. For he had considered, that though marriage be cumbered with more worldly care than a single life ; yet a complying and a prudent wife changes those very cares into so mutual a content, as makes them become like the sufferings of St. Paul, Colos. i. 24, which he would not have wanted because they occasioned his rejoicing in them. And he, having well considered this, and observed the secret unutterable joys that children beget in parents, and the mutual pleasures and contented trouble of their daily care, and constant endeavours to bring up those little images of themselves, so as to make them as happy as all those cares and endeavours can make them : he, having considered all this, the hopes of such happiness turned his faint purposes into a positive resolution to marry. And he was so happy as to obtain Anne, the daughter of Henry Nelson, bachelor in divinity, then rector of Haugham, in the county of Lincoln, a man of noted worth and learning. And the giver of all good things was so good to him, as to give him such a wife as was suitable to his own desires ; a wife, that made his life happy by being always content when he was cheerful ; that divided her joys with him, and abated of his sorrow, by bearing a part of that burden ; a wife, that demonstrated her affection by a cheerful obedience to all his desires, during the whole course of his life ; and at his death too, for she outlived him.

And in this Boothby Pannell, he either found or made his parishioners peaceable, and complying with him in the decent and regular service of God. And thus his parish, his patron, and he, lived together in a religious love, and a contented quietness ; he not troubling their thoughts by preaching high and useless notions ; but such plain truths as were necessary to be known, believed, and practised, in order to their salvation. And their

assent to what he taught was testified by such a conformity to his doctrine, as declared they believed and loved him. For he would often say, that, without the last, the most evident truths—heard as from an enemy, or an evil liver—either are not, or are at least the less effectual ; and do usually rather harden than convince the hearer.

And this excellent man did not think his duty discharged by only reading the church prayers, catechising, preaching, and administering the sacraments seasonably ; but thought—if the law or the canons may seem to enjoin no more,—yet that God would require more, than the defective laws of man's making can or do enjoin ; the performance of that inward law, which Almighty God hath imprinted in the conscience of all good Christians, and inclines those whom he loves to perform. He, considering this, did therefore become a law to himself, practising what his conscience told him was his duty, in reconciling differences, and preventing law-suits, both in his parish and in the neighbourhood. To which may be added his often visiting sick and disconsolate families, persuading them to patience, and raising them from dejection by his advice and cheerful discourse, and by adding his own alms, if there were any so poor as to need it ; considering how acceptable it is to Almighty God, when we do as we are advised by St. Paul, Gal. vi. 2, help to bear one another's burden, either of sorrow or want : and what a comfort it will be, when the searcher of all hearts shall call us to a strict account for that evil we have done, and the good we have omitted, to remember we have comforted and been helpful to a dejected or distressed family.

And that his practice was to do good, one example may be, that he met with a poor dejected neighbour, that complained he had taken a meadow, the rent of which was 9*l.* a year ; and when the hay was made ready to be carried into his barn, several days' constant rain had so raised the water, that a sudden flood carried all away, and his rich landlord would 'bate him no rent ; and that unless he had half abated, he and seven children were utterly undone. It may be noted, that in this age there are a sort of people so unlike the God of mercy, so void of the bowels of pity, that they love only themselves and children ; love them so, as not to be concerned, whether the rest of mankind waste their days in sorrow or shame ; people that are cursed with riches, and a mistake that nothing but riches can make them and theirs happy. But it was not so with Dr. Sanderson ; for he was concerned, and spoke comfortably to the poor dejected man ; bade him go home and pray, and not load himself with sorrow, for he would go to his landlord next morning ; and if his landlord would not abate what he desired, he and a friend would pay it for him.

To the landlord he went the next day, and, in a conference, the doctor presented to him the sad condition of his poor dejected tenant ; telling him how much God is pleased when men compassionate the poor ; and told him, that though God loves sacrifice, yet he loves mercy so much better, that he is pleased when called the God of mercy. And told him, the riches he was possessed of were given him by that God of mercy, who would not be pleased, if he, that had so much given, yea, and forgiven him too, should prove like the rich

* Dr. Tobias Matthew, who died on the 29th of March, 1628, aged eighty-three.

steward in the Gospel, that took his fellow-servant by the throat to make him pay the utmost farthing. This he told him : and told him, that the law of this nation—by which law he claims his rent—does not undertake to make men honest or merciful ; but does what it can to restrain men from being dishonest or unmerciful, and yet was defective in both : and that taking any rent from his poor tenant, for what God suffered him not to enjoy, though the law allowed him to do so, yet if he did so, he was too like that rich steward which he had mentioned to him ; and told him that riches so gotten, and added to his great estate, would, as Job says, prove like gravel in his teeth : would in time so corrode his conscience, or become so nauseous when he lay upon his death-bed, that he would then labour to vomit it up, and not be able : and therefore advised him, being very rich, to make friends of his unrighteous mammon, before that evil day come upon him : but however, neither for his own sake, nor for God's sake, to take any rent of his poor, dejected, sad tenant ; for that were to gain a temporal, and lose his eternal happiness. These, and other such reasons, were urged with so grave and compassionate an earnestness, that the landlord forgave his tenant the whole rent.

The reader will easily believe that Dr. Sanderson, who was so meek and merciful, did suddenly and gladly carry this comfortable news to the dejected tenant ; and we believe, that at the telling of it there was a mutual rejoicing. It was one of Job's boasts, that he had seen none perish for want of clothing : and that he had often made the heart of the widow to rejoice. Job xxxi. 19. And doubtless Dr. Sanderson might have made the same religious boast of this, and very many like occasions. But, since he did not, I rejoice that I have this just occasion to do it for him ; and that I can tell the reader, I might tire myself and him, in telling how like the whole course of Dr. Sanderson's life, was to this which I have now related.

Thus he went on in an obscure and quiet privacy, doing good daily both by word and by deed, as often as any occasion offered itself ; yet not so obscurely, but that his very great learning, prudence, and piety, were much noted and valued by the bishop of his diocese, and by most of the nobility and gentry of that county. By the first of which he was often summoned to preach many visitation sermons, and by the latter at many assizes. Which sermons, though they were much esteemed by them that procured, and were fit to judge them ; yet they were the less valued, because he read them, which he was forced to do ; for though he had an extraordinary memory,—even the art of it,—yet he had such an innate invincible fear and bashfulness, that his memory was wholly useless, as to the repetition of his sermons as he had writ them ; which gave occasion to say, when they were first printed and exposed to censure,—which was in the year 1632,—that the best sermons that were ever read, were never preached.

In this contented obscurity he continued, till the learned and good Archbishop Laud*, who knew

him well in Oxford,—for he was his contemporary there,—told the king, ('twas the knowing and conscientious King Charles the First,) that there was one Mr. Sanderson, an obscure country minister, that was of such sincerity, and so excellent in all casuistical learning, that he desired his majesty would make him his chaplain. The king granted it most willingly, and gave the bishop charge to hasten it, for he longed to discourse with a man that had dedicated his studies to that useful part of learning. The bishop forgot not the king's desire, and Mr. Sanderson was made his chaplain in ordinary in November following, 1631. And when they became known to each other, the king did put many cases of conscience to him, and received from him such deliberate, safe, and clear solutions, as gave him great content in conversing with him : so that, at the end of his month's attendance, the king told him, he should long for the next November ; for he resolved to have a more inward acquaintance with him, when that month and he returned. And when the month and he did return, the good king was never absent from his sermons, and would usually say, "I carry my ears to hear other preachers ; but I carry my conscience to hear Mr. Sanderson, and to act accordingly." And this ought not to be concealed from posterity, that the king thought what he spake ; for he took him to be his adviser in that quiet part of his life, and he proved to be his comforter in those days of his affliction, when he apprehended himself to be in danger of death or depositing. Of which more hereafter.

In the first parliament of this good king, which was 1625, he was chosen to be a clerk of the convocation for the diocese of Lincoln ; which I here mention, because about that time did arise many disputes about predestination, and the many critical points that depend upon, or are interwoven in it ; occasioned, as was said, by a disquisition of new principles of Mr. Calvin's, though others say they were before his time. But of these Dr. Sanderson then drew up, for his own satisfaction, such a scheme—he called it "*Pax Ecclesiæ*"—as then gave himself, and hath since given others such satisfaction, that it still remains to be of great estimation among the most learned. He was also chosen clerk of all the convocations during that good king's reign. Which I here tell my reader,

Oxford. He was made dean of Gloucester in 1616 ; bishop of St. David's in 1621. In 1626 he was translated to Bath and Wells ; in 1628 to London ; and in 1633 to Canterbury. The share he took in public affairs, his strong opinions upon the subject of the extent of the kingly power, and the Arminian doctrines which influenced him in the exercise of his priestly authority, all tended to render him exceedingly unpopular ; but the charge of an inclination to popery, which, both during his life and since his death, has been frequently urged against him, is totally destitute of foundation. His piety, charity, zeal, and honesty did him honour, but his judgment was too defective to permit a prudent exercise of the power entrusted to him. He was impeached and imprisoned about the same time as Strafford, but was suffered to remain three years in the Tower before he was brought to trial, when, after the examination of more than one hundred and fifty witnesses, "the Commons," says Hume, "found so little likelihood of obtaining a judicial sentence, that they were obliged to have recourse to their legislative authority, and to pass an ordinance for taking away the life of this aged prelate." He died by the hand of the executioner on the 10th of January, 1644-5, in the seventy-second year of his age.

* Dr. William Laud, (whose execution, which must ever be accounted little better than a judicial murder, was a disgrace to the Parliament,) was born at Reading on the 7th of October, 1573, and educated there and at St. John's College,

because I shall hereafter have occasion to mention that convocation in 1640, the unhappy Long Parliament, and some debates of the predestination points as they have been since charitably handled betwixt him, the learned Dr. Hammond, and Dr. Pierce, the now reverend dean of Salisbury.

In the year 1636, his majesty, then in his progress, took a fair occasion to visit Oxford, and to take an entertainment for two days for himself and honourable attendants; which the reader ought to believe was suitable to their dignities. But this is mentioned, because at the king's coming thither, Dr. Sanderson did attend him, and was then, the 31st of August, created doctor of divinity; which honour had an addition to it, by having many of the nobility of this nation then made doctors and masters of arts with him: some of whose names shall be recorded and live with his, and none shall outlive it. First, Dr. Curle and Dr. Wren, who were then bishops of Winton and of Norwich, and had formerly taken their degrees in Cambridge, were with him created doctors of divinity in his University. So was Meric, the son of the learned Isaac Casaubon; and Prince Rupert, who still lives, the then Duke of Lenox, Earl of Hereford, Earl of Essex, of Berkshire, and very many others of noble birth, too many to be named, were then created masters of arts.

Some years before the unhappy Long Parliament, this nation being then happy and in peace, though inwardly sick of being well, namely in the year 1639, a discontented party of the Scots church were zealously restless for another reformation of their kirk-government; and to that end created a new covenant, for the general taking of which they pretended to petition the king for his assent, and that he would enjoin the taking of it by all of that nation. But this petition was not to be presented to him by a committee of eight or ten men of their fraternity; but by so many thousands, and they so armed, as seemed to force an assent to what they seemed to request; so that though forbidden by the king, yet they entered England, and in their heat of zeal took and plundered Newcastle, where the king was forced to meet them with an army: but upon a treaty and some concessions, he sent them back,—though not so rich as they intended, yet,—for that time, without bloodshed. But, oh! this peace, and this covenant, were but the forerunners of war, and the many miseries that followed: for in the year following there were so many chosen into the Long Parliament, that were of a conjunct counsel with these very zealous and as factious reformers, as begot such a confusion by the several desires and designs in many of the members of that parliament, and at last in the very common people of this nation, that they were so lost by contrary designs, fears, and confusions, as to believe the Scots and their covenant would restore them to their former tranquillity. And to that end the presbyterian party of this nation did again, in the year 1643, invite the Scotch covenanters back into England: and hither they came marching with it gloriously upon their pikes and in their hats, with this motto; "For the crown and covenant of both kingdoms." This I saw, and suffered by it. But when I look back upon the ruin of families, the bloodshed, the decay of common honesty, and how the former

piety and plain-dealing of this now sinful nation is turned into cruelty and cunning, I praise God that he prevented me from being of that party which helped to bring in this covenant, and those sad confusions that have followed it. And I have been the bolder to say this of myself, because, in a sad discourse with Dr. Sanderson, I heard him make the like grateful acknowledgment.

This digression is intended for the better information of the reader in what will follow concerning Dr. Sanderson. And first, that the covenanters of this nation, and their party in parliament, made many exceptions against the Common Prayer and ceremonies of the church, and seemed restless for a reformation: and though their desires seemed not reasonable to the king, and the learned Dr. Laud, then archbishop of Canterbury; yet, to quiet their consciences, and prevent future confusion, they did, in the year 1641, desire Dr. Sanderson to call two more of the convocation to advise with him, and that he would then draw up some such safe alterations as he thought fit in the service-book, and abate some of the ceremonies that were least material for satisfying their consciences;—and to this end they did meet together privately twice a week at the dean of Westminster's house, for the space of three months or more. But not long after that time, when Dr. Sanderson had made the reformation ready for a view, the church and state were both fallen into such a confusion, that Dr. Sanderson's model for reformation became then useless. Nevertheless, his reputation was such, that he was, in the year 1642, proposed by both houses of parliament to the king, then in Oxford, to be one of their trustees for the settling of church affairs, and was allowed of by the king to be so: but that treaty came to nothing.

In the year 1643, the two houses of parliament took upon them to make an ordinance, and call an assembly of divines, to debate and settle some church-controversies, of which many were very unfit to judge: in which Dr. Sanderson was also named, but did not appear; I suppose for the same reason that many other worthy and learned men did forbear, the summons wanting the king's authority. And here I must look back, and tell the reader, that in the year 1642, he was, July 21st, named by a more undoubted authority to a more noble employment, which was to be professor regius of divinity in Oxford: but, though knowledge be said to puff up, yet his modesty and too mean an opinion of his great abilities, and some other real or pretended reasons,—expressed in his speech, when he first appeared in the chair, and since printed,—kept him from entering into it till October, 1646.

He did, for about a year's time, continue to read his matchless lectures, which were first de Juramento, a point very difficult, and at that time very dangerous, to be handled as it ought to be. But this learned man, as he was eminently furnished with abilities to satisfy the consciences of men upon that important subject; so he wanted not courage to assert the true obligation of oaths in a degenerate age, when men had made perjury a main part of their religion. How much the learned world stands obliged to him for these, and his following lectures De Conscientiâ, I shall not attempt to declare, as being very sensible that the

best pens must needs fall short in the commendation of them : so that I shall only add, that they continue to this day, and will do for ever, as a complete standard for the resolution of the most material doubts in casuistical divinity. And therefore I proceed to tell the reader, that about the time of his reading those lectures,—the king being then prisoner in the Isle of Wight,—the parliament had sent the covenant, the negative oath, and I know not what more, to be taken by the doctor of the chair, and all heads of houses ; and all other inferior scholars, of what degree soever, were all to take these oaths by a fixed day ; and those that did not, to abandon their college, and the university too, within twenty-four hours after the beating of a drum ; for if they remained longer, they were to be proceeded against as spies.

Dr. Laud, then archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Strafford, and many others, had been formerly murdered by this wicked parliament ; but the king yet was not : and the university had yet some faint hopes that in a treaty then in being, or pretended to be suddenly, there might be such an agreement made between king and parliament, that the dissenters in the university might both preserve their consciences and subsistence which they then enjoyed by their colleges.

And being possessed of this mistaken hope, that the parliament were not yet grown so merciless as not to allow manifest reason for their not submitting to the enjoined oaths, the university appointed twenty delegates to meet, consider, and draw up a manifesto to the parliament, why they could not take those oaths but by violation of their consciences : and of these delegates Dr. Sheldon,—late archbishop of Canterbury,—Dr. Hammond, Dr. Sanderson, Dr. Morley, now bishop of Winchester, and that most honest and as judicious civil lawyer, Dr. Zouch*, were a part ; the rest I cannot now name : but the whole number of the delegates requested Dr. Zouch to draw up the law part, and give it to Dr. Sanderson : and he was requested to methodise and add what referred to reason and conscience, and put it into form. He yielded to their desires and did so. And then, after they had been read in a full convocation, and allowed of, they were printed in Latin, that the parliament's proceedings, and the university's sufferings, might be manifested to all nations : and the imposers of these oaths might repent, or answer them : but they were past the first ; and for the latter, I might swear they neither can, nor ever will. And these reasons were also suddenly turned into English by Dr. Sanderson, that those of these three kingdoms might the better judge of the loyal party's sufferings.

About this time the independents—who were then grown to be the most powerful part of the army—had taken the king from a close to a more large imprisonment ; and, by their own pretences to liberty of conscience, were obliged to allow somewhat of that to the king, who had, in the year 1646, sent for Dr. Sanderson, Dr. Hammond,

Dr. Sheldon,—the late Archbishop of Canterbury,—and Dr. Morley,—the now Bishop of Winchester,—to attend him, in order to advise with them, how far he might with a good conscience comply with the proposals of the parliament for a peace in church and state : but these, having been then denied him by the Presbyterian parliament, were now allowed him by those in present power. And as those other divines, so Dr. Sanderson gave his attendance on his majesty also in the Isle of Wight, preached there before him, and had in that attendance many, both public and private, conferences with him, to his majesty's great satisfaction. At which time he desired Dr. Sanderson, that, being the Parliament had proposed to him the abolishing of episcopal government in the church, as inconsistent with monarchy, that he would consider of it, and declare his judgment. He undertook to do so, and did it ; but it might not be printed till our king's happy restoration, and then it was. And at Dr. Sanderson's taking his leave of his majesty in his last attendance on him, the king requested him to betake himself to the writing cases of conscience for the good of posterity. To which his answer was, that he was now grown too old, and unfit to write cases of conscience. But the king was so bold with him as to say, it was the simplest answer he ever heard from Dr. Sanderson : for no young man was fit to be a judge or write cases of conscience. And let me here take occasion to tell the reader this truth, not commonly known, that in one of these conferences this conscientious king told Dr. Sanderson, or one of them that then waited with him, that the remembrance of two errors did much afflict him, which were, his assent to the Earl of Strafford's death, and the abolishing episcopacy in Scotland ; and that if God ever restored him to be in peaceable possession of his crown, he would demonstrate his repentance by a public confession, and a voluntary penance,—I think barefoot—from the Tower of London, or Whitehall, to St. Paul's Church, and desire the people to intercede with God for his pardon. I am sure one of them that told it me, lives still, and will witness it. And it ought to be observed, that Dr. Sanderson's Lectures de Juramento were so approved and valued by the king, that in this time of his imprisonment and solitude he translated them into exact English, desiring Dr. Juxon,—then Bishop of London,—Dr. Hammond, and Sir Thomas Herbert,—who then attended him,—to compare them with the original. The last still lives, and has declared it, with some other of that king's excellencies, in a letter under his own hand, which was lately showed me by Sir William Dugdale, king of arms. The book was designed to be put into the king's library at St. James's ; but, I doubt, not now to be found there. I thought the honour of the author and the translator to be both so much concerned in this relation, that it ought not to be concealed from the reader, and it is therefore here inserted.

I now return to Dr. Sanderson in the chair in Oxford, where they that complied not in taking the covenant, negative oath, and parliament ordinance for church discipline and worship, were under a sad and daily apprehension of expulsion : for the visitors were daily expected, and both city and university full of soldiers, and a party of

* Dr. Robert Zouch was celebrated as a civilian, and was the author of many Latin works on Civil Law. He was born at Ansley, in Wiltshire, in 1590, and was educated at Winchester school and New College, Oxford. In 1620 he was regius professor of civil law. He was also Warden of the Cinque Ports, and judge of the Admiralty Court. He died in 1660.

presbyterian divines, that were as greedy and ready to possess, as the ignorant and ill-natured visitors were to eject the dissenters out of their colleges and liveliholds : but, notwithstanding, Dr. Sanderson did still continue to read his lecture, and did, to the very faces of those presbyterian divines and soldiers, read with so much reason, and with a calm fortitude make such applications, as, if they were not, they ought to have been ashamed, and begged pardon of God and him, and forborne to do what followed. But these thriving sinners were hardened ; and, as the visitors expelled the orthodox, they, without scruple or shame, possessed themselves of their colleges ; so that, with the rest, Dr. Sanderson was in June, 1648, forced to pack up and be gone, and thank God he was not imprisoned, as Dr. Sheldon, Dr. Hammond, and others then were.

I must now again look back to Oxford, and tell my reader, that the year before this expulsion, when the university had denied this subscription, and apprehended the danger of that visitation which followed, they sent Dr. Morley, then canon of Christ Church,—now lord bishop of Winchester,—and others, to petition the parliament for recalling the injunction, or a mitigation of it, or accept of their reasons why they could not take the oaths enjoined them ; and the petition was by parliament referred to a committee to hear and report the reasons to the house, and a day set for hearing them. This done, Dr. Morley and the rest went to inform and fee counsel, to plead their cause on the day appointed ; but there had been so many committed for pleading, that none durst undertake it ; for at this time the privileges of that Parliament were become a *noli me tangere*, as sacred and useful to them, as traditions ever were, or are now, to the church of Rome ; their number must never be known, and therefore not without danger to be meddled with. For which reason Dr. Morley was forced, for want of counsel, to plead the university's reasons for non-compliance with the parliament's injunctions : and though this was done with great reason, and a boldness equal to the justice of his cause, yet the effect of it was, but that he and the rest appearing with him were so fortunate, as to return to Oxford without commitment. This was some few days before the visitors and more soldiers were sent down to drive the dissenters out of the university. And one that was, at this time of Dr. Morley's pleading, a powerful man in the Parliament, and of that committee, observing Dr. Morley's behaviour and reason, and inquiring of him and hearing a good report of his morals, was therefore willing to afford him a peculiar favour ; and, that he might express it, sent for me that relate this story, and knew Dr. Morley well, and told me, he had such a love for Dr. Morley that, knowing he would not take the oaths, and must therefore be ejected his college, and leave Oxford ; he desired I would therefore write to him to ride out of Oxford when the visitors came into it, and not return till they left it, and he should be sure then to return in safety ; and that he should, without taking any oath or other molestation, enjoy his canon's place in his college. I did receive this intended kindness with a sudden gladness, because I was sure the party had a power, and as sure he meant to perform it, and did therefore write the

doctor word : and his answer was, that I must not fail to return my friend—who still lives,—his humble and undissembled thanks, though he could not accept of his intended kindness ; for when the dean, Dr. Gardner, Dr. Paine, Dr. Hammond, Dr. Sanderson, and all the rest of the college, were turned out, except Dr. Wall, he should take it to be, if not a sin, yet a shame, to be left behind with him only. Dr. Wall I knew, and will speak nothing of him, for he is dead.

It may easily be imagined, with what a joyful willingness these self-loving reformers took possession of all vacant preferments, and with what reluctance others parted with their beloved colleges and subsistence : but their consciences were dearer than their subsistence, and out they went ; the reformers possessing them without shame or scruple : where I will leave these scruple-mongers, and make an account of the then present affairs of London, to be the next employment of my reader's patience.

And in London all the bishops' houses were turned to be prisons, and they filled with divines, that would not take the covenant, or forbear reading common prayer, or that were accused for some faults like these. For it may be noted, that about this time the parliament set out a proclamation, to encourage all laymen that had occasion to complain of their ministers for being troublesome or scandalous, or that conformed not to orders of parliament, to make their complaint to a committee for that purpose ; and the minister, though a hundred miles from London, should appear there, and give satisfaction, or be sequestered ; and you may be sure no parish could want a covetous, or malicious, or cross-grained complainant ;—by which means all prisons in London, and in some other places, became the sad habitations of conforming divines.

And about this time the Archbishop of Canterbury having been by an unknown law condemned to die, and the execution suspended for some days, many of the malicious citizens, fearing his pardon, shut up their shops, professing not to open them till justice was executed. This malice and madness is scarce credible ; but I saw it.

The bishops had been voted out of the House of Parliament, and some upon that occasion sent to the Tower ; which made many covenanters rejoice, and believe Mr. Brightman—who probably was a good and well-meaning man—to be inspired in his *Comment on the Apocalypse*, an abridgment of which was now printed, and called Mr. Brightman's *Revelation of the Revelation*. And though he was grossly mistaken in other things, yet, because he had made the churches of Geneva and Scotland, which had no bishops, to be Philadelphia in the *Apocalypse*, the angel that God loved ; Rev. iii. 7-13, and the power of prelacy to be antichrist, the evil angel, which the House of Commons had now so spewed up, as never to recover their dignity ; therefore did those covenanters approve and applaud Mr. Brightman for discovering and foretelling the bishops' downfall ; so that they both railed at them, and rejoiced to buy good pennyworths of their lands, which their friends of the House of Commons did afford them, as a reward of their diligent assistance to pull them down.

And the bishops' power being now vacated, the common people were made so happy, as every parish might choose their own minister, and tell him when he did, and when he did not, preach true doctrine : and by this and like means, several churches had several teachers, that prayed and preached for and against one another, and engaged their hearers to contend furiously for truths which they understood not ; some of which I shall mention in the discourse that follows.

I have heard of two men, that in their discourse undertook to give a character of a third person ; and one concluded he was a very honest man, for he was beholden to him ; and the other, that he was not, for he was not beholden to him. And something like this was in the designs both of the covenanters and independents, the last of which were now grown both as numerous and as powerful as the former : for though they differed much in many principles, and preached against each other, one making it a sign of being in the state of grace, if we were but zealous for the covenant ; and the other, that we ought to buy and sell by a measure, and to allow the same liberty of conscience to others, which we by Scripture claim to ourselves ; and therefore not to force any to swear the covenant contrary to their consciences, and lose both their livings and liberties too. Though these differed thus in their conclusions, yet they both agreed in their practice to preach down Common Prayer, and get into the best sequestered livings ; and whatever became of the true owners, their wives and children, yet to continue in them without the least scruple of conscience.

They also made other strange observations of election, reprobation, and free will, and the other points dependent upon these ; such as the wisest of the common people were not fit to judge of : I am sure I am not ; though I must mention some of them historically in a more proper place, when I have brought my reader with me to Dr. Sanderson at Boothby Pannell.

And in the way thither I must tell him, that a very covenantor, and a Scot too, that came into England with this unhappy covenant, was got into a good sequestered living by the help of a Presbyterian parish, which had got the true owner out. And this Scotch presbyterian, being well settled in this good living, began to reform the church-yard, by cutting down a large yew-tree, and some other trees that were an ornament to the place, and very often a shelter to the parishioners ; who, excepting against him for so doing, were answered, that the trees were his, and 'twas lawful for every man to use his own, as he, and not as they thought fit. I have heard, but do not affirm it, that no action lies against him that is so wicked as to steal the winding-sheet of a dead body after it is buried ; and having heard the reason to be, because none were supposed to be so void of humanity ; and that such a law would vilify that nation that would but suppose so vile a man to be born in it : nor would one suppose any man to do what this covenantor did. And whether there were any law against him, I know not ; but pity the parish the less for turning out their legal minister.

We have now overtaken Dr. Sanderson at Boothby parish, where he hoped to have enjoyed himself, though in a poor, yet in a quiet and desired privacy ; but it proved otherwise : for all corners

of the nation were filled with covenanters, confusion, committee-men, and soldiers, serving each other to their several ends, of revenge, or power, or profit ; and these committee-men and soldiers were most of them so possessed with this covenant, that they became like those that were infected with that dreadful plague of Athens ; the plague of which plague was, that they by it became maliciously restless to get into company, and to joy,—so the historian * saith,—when they had infected others, even those of their most beloved or nearest friends or relations : and though there might be some of these covenanters that were beguiled and meant well ; yet such were the generality of them, and temper of the times, that you may be sure Dr. Sanderson, who though quiet and harmless, yet an eminent dissenter from them, could not live peaceably ; nor did he ; for the soldiers would appear, and visibly disturb him in the church when he read prayers, pretending to advise him how God was to be served most acceptably : which he not approving, but continuing to observe order and decent behaviour in reading the church-service, they forced his book from him, and tore it, expecting extemporary prayers.

At this time he was advised by a parliament-man of power and note, that valued and loved him much, not to be strict in reading all the Common Prayer, but make some little variation, especially if the soldiers came to watch him ; for then it might not be in the power of him and his other friends to secure him from taking the covenant, or sequestration : for which reasons he did vary somewhat from the strict rules of the rubric. I will set down the very words of confession which he used, as I have it under his own hand ; and tell the reader, that all his other variations were as little, and much like to this.

HIS CONFESSION.

“ O Almighty God and merciful Father, we, thy unworthy servants, do with shame and sorrow confess, that we have all our life long gone astray out of thy ways like lost sheep ; and that, by following too much the vain devices and desires of our own hearts, we have grievously offended against thy holy laws, both in thought, word, and deed ; we have many times left undone those good duties, which we might and ought to have done ; and we have many times done those evils, when we might have avoided them, which we ought not to have done. We confess, O Lord ! that there is no health at all, nor help in any creature to relieve us ; but all our hope is in thy mercy, whose justice we have by our sins so far provoked. Have mercy therefore upon us, O Lord ! have mercy upon us miserable offenders : spare us, good God, who confess our faults, that we perish not ; but, according to thy gracious promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesus our Lord, restore us upon our true repentance into thy grace and favour. And grant, O most merciful Father ! for his sake, that we henceforth study to serve and please thee by leading a godly, righteous, and a sober life, to the glory of thy holy name, and the eternal comfort of our own souls, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.”

In these disturbances of tearing his service-book, a neighbour came on a Sunday, after the

* Thucydides.

evening service was ended, to visit and condole with him for the affront offered by the soldiers. To whom he spake with a composed patience, and said: "God hath restored me to my desired privacy, with my wife and children; where I hoped to have met with quietness, and it proves not so: but I will labour to be pleased, because God, on whom I depend, sees it is not fit for me to be quiet. I praise him, that he hath by his grace prevented me, from making shipwreck of a good conscience to maintain me in a place of great reputation and profit: and though my condition be such, that I need the last, yet I submit; for God did not send me into this world to do my own, but suffer his will, and I will obey it." Thus by a sublime depending on his wise, and powerful, and pitiful Creator, he did cheerfully submit to what God had appointed, justifying the truth of that doctrine which he had preached.

About this time that excellent book of The King's Meditations in his Solitude was printed, and made public: and Dr. Sanderson was such a lover of the author, and so desirous that the whole world should see the character of him in that book, and something of the cause for which they suffered, that he designed to turn it into Latin: but when he had done half of it most excellently, his friend Dr. Earle prevented him, by appearing to have done the whole very well before him.

About this time his dear and most intimate friend, the learned Dr. Hammond, came to enjoy a conversation and rest with him for some days; and did so. And having formerly persuaded him to trust his excellent memory, and not read, but try to speak a sermon as he had writ it, Dr. Sanderson became so compliant, as to promise he would. And to that end they two went early the Sunday following to a neighbour minister, and requested to exchange a sermon; and they did so. And at Dr. Sanderson's going into the pulpit, he gave his sermon—which was a very short one—into the hand of Dr. Hammond, intending to preach it as it was writ: but before he had preached a third part, Dr. Hammond,—looking on his sermon as written—observed him to be out, and so lost as to the matter, that he also became afraid for him; for 'twas discernible to many of the plain auditory. But when he had ended this short sermon, as they two walked homeward, Dr. Sanderson said with much earnestness, "Good Doctor, give me my sermon; and know, that neither you nor any man living, shall ever persuade me to preach again without my books." To which the reply was, "Good doctor, be not angry; for if I ever persuade you to preach again without book, I will give you leave to burn all those that I am master of."

Part of the occasion of Dr. Hammond's visit, was at this time to discourse with Dr. Sanderson about some opinions, in which, if they did not then, they had doubtless differed formerly: it was about those knotty points, which are by the learned called the Quinquarticular Controversy; of which I shall proceed, not to give any judgment,—I pretend not to that,—but some short historical account which shall follow.

There had been, since the unhappy Covenant was brought and so generally taken in England, a liberty given or taken by many preachers—those of London especially—to preach and be too positive in the points of universal redemption, predes-

tinuation, and those other depending upon these. Some of which preached, that all men were, before they came into this world, so predestinated to salvation or damnation, that it was not in their power to sin so, as to lose the first, nor by their most diligent endeavour to avoid the latter. Others, that it was not so; because then God could not be said to grieve for the death of a sinner, when he himself had made him so by an inevitable decree, before he had so much as a being in this world; affirming therefore, that man had some power left him to do the will of God, because he was advised to work out his salvation with fear and trembling; maintaining, that it is most certain every man can do what he can to be saved; and that he that does what he can to be saved, shall never be damned. And yet many that affirmed this would confess that that grace, which is but a persuasive offer, and left to us to receive or refuse, is not that grace which shall bring men to Heaven. Which truths, or untruths, or both, be they which they will, did upon these, or the like occasions, come to be searched into, and charitably debated betwixt Dr. Sanderson, Dr. Hammond, and Dr. Pierce,—the now Reverend Dean of Salisbury,—of which I shall proceed to give some account, but briefly.

In the year 1648, the fifty-two London ministers—then a fraternity of Sion College in that city—had in a printed declaration aspersed Dr. Hammond most heinously, for that he had in his Practical Catechism affirmed, that our Saviour died for the sins of all mankind. To justify which truth, he presently makes a charitable reply—as 'tis now printed in his works.—After which there were many letters passed betwixt the said Dr. Hammond, Dr. Sanderson, and Dr. Pierce, concerning God's grace and decrees. Dr. Sanderson was with much unwillingness drawn into this debate; for he declared it would prove uneasy to him, who in his judgment of God's decrees differed with Dr. Hammond,—whom he revered and loved dearly,—and would not therefore engage him into a controversy, of which he could never hope to see an end: but they did all enter into a charitable disquisition of these said points in several letters, to the full satisfaction of the learned; those betwixt Dr. Sanderson and Dr. Hammond being printed in his works; and for what passed betwixt him and the learned Dr. Pierce, I refer my reader to a letter annexed to the end of this relation.

I think the judgment of Dr. Sanderson was, by these debates, altered from what it was at his entrance into them; for in the year 1632, when his excellent sermons were first printed in quarto, the reader may on the margin find some accusation of Arminius for false doctrine; and find that, upon a review and reprinting those sermons in folio, in the year 1657, that accusation of Arminius is omitted. And the change of his judgment seems more fully to appear in his said letter to Dr. Pierce. And let me now tell the reader, which may seem to be perplexed with these several affirmations of God's decrees before mentioned, that Dr. Hammond, in a postscript to the last letter of Dr. Sanderson's, says, God can reconcile his own contradictions; and therefore advises all men, as the apostle does, to study mortification, and be wise to sobriety. And let me add further, that if these

fifty-two ministers of Sion College were the occasion of the debates in these letters, they have, I think, been the occasion of giving an end to the Quinquarticular Controversy; for none have since undertaken to say more; but seem to be so wise, as to be content to be ignorant of the rest, till they come to that place, where the secrets of all hearts shall be laid open. And let me here tell the reader also, that if the rest of mankind would, as Dr. Sanderson, not conceal their alteration of judgment, but confess it to the honour of God and themselves, then our nation would become freer from pertinacious disputes, and fuller of recantations.

I cannot lead my reader to Dr. Hammond and Dr. Sanderson, where we left them at Boothby Pannell, till I have looked back to the Long Parliament, the Society of Covenanters in Sion College, and those others scattered up and down in London, and given some account of their proceedings and usage of the late learned Dr. Laud, then Archbishop of Canterbury. And though I will forbear to mention the injustice of his death, and the barbarous usage of him, both then and before it; yet my desire is that what follows may be noted, because it does now, or may hereafter, concern us; namely, that in his last sad sermon on the scaffold at his death, he having freely pardoned all his enemies, and humbly begged of God to pardon them, and besought those present to pardon and pray for him; yet he seemed to accuse the magistrates of the city, for suffering a sort of wretched people, that could not know why he was condemned, to go visibly up and down to gather hands to a petition, that the parliament would hasten his execution. And having declared how unjustly he thought himself to be condemned, and accused for endeavouring to bring in Popery,—for that was one of the accusations for which he died,—he declared with sadness, “That the several sects and divisions then in England—which he had laboured to prevent,—were like to bring the Pope a far greater harvest, than he could ever have expected without them.” And said, “These sects and divisions introduce profaneness under the cloak of an imaginary religion; and that we have lost the substance of religion by changing it into opinion; and that by these means this church, which all the Jesuits’ machinations could not ruin, was fallen into apparent danger by those which were his accusers.” To this purpose he spoke at his death: for this, and more of which, the reader may view his last sad sermon on the scaffold. And it is here mentioned, because his dear friend Dr. Sanderson seems to demonstrate the same in his two large and remarkable Prefaces before his two volumes of Sermons; and he seems also with much sorrow to say the same again in his last will, made when he apprehended himself to be very near his death. And these Covenanters ought to take notice of it, and to remember, that, by the late wicked war begun by them, Dr. Sanderson was ejected out of the professor’s chair in Oxford; and that if he had continued in it,—for he lived fourteen years after,—both the learned of this and other nations had been made happy by many remarkable cases of conscience, so rationally stated, and so briefly, so clearly, and so convincingly determined, that posterity might have joyed and boasted that Dr. Sanderson was born in this nation, for the ease and

benefit of all the learned that shall be born after him: but this benefit is so like time past, that they are both irrecoverably lost.

I should now return to Boothby Pannell, where we left Dr. Hammond and Dr. Sanderson together; but neither can be found there: for the first was in his journey to London, and the second seized upon the day after his friend’s departure, and carried prisoner to Lincoln, then a garrison of the parliament’s. For the pretended reason of which commitment, I shall give this following account.

There was one Mr. Clarke, the minister of Alington, a town not many miles from Boothby Pannell, who was an active man for the parliament and covenant; one that, when Belvoir Castle—then a garrison for the Parliament—was taken by a party of the king’s soldiers, was taken in it, and made a prisoner of war in Newark, then a garrison of the king’s; a man so active and useful for his party, that they became so much concerned for his enlargement, that the Committee of Lincoln sent a troop of horse to seize and bring Dr. Sanderson a prisoner to that garrison: and they did so. And there he had the happiness to meet with many, that knew him so well as to treat him kindly; but told him, He must continue their prisoner, till he should purchase his own enlargement by procuring an exchange for Mr. Clarke, then prisoner in the king’s garrison of Newark. There were many reasons given by the doctor of the injustice of his imprisonment, and the inequality of the exchange; but all were ineffectual; for done it must be, or he continue a prisoner. And in time done it was, upon the following conditions.

First, that Dr. Sanderson and Mr. Clarke being exchanged, should live undisturbed at their own parishes; and if either were injured by the soldiers of the contrary party, the other, having notice of it, should procure him a redress, by having satisfaction made for his loss, or for any other injury; or if not, he to be used in the same kind by the other party. Nevertheless, Dr. Sanderson could neither live safe nor quietly, being several times plundered, and once wounded in three places: but he, apprehending the remedy might turn to a more intolerable burden by impatience or complaining, forbore both; and possessed his soul in a contented quietness, without the least repining. But though he could not enjoy the safety he expected by this exchange, yet, by his providence that can bring good out of evil, it turned so much to his advantage, that whereas as his living had been sequestered from the year 1644, and continued to be so till this time of his imprisonment, he, by the articles of war in this exchange for Mr. Clarke, procured his sequestration to be recalled, and by that means enjoyed a poor, but contented subsistence for himself, wife, and children, till the happy restoration of our king and church.

In this time of his poor but contented privacy of life, his casuistical learning, peaceful moderation, and sincerity, became so remarkable, that there were many that applied themselves to him for resolution in cases of conscience; some known to him, many not; some requiring satisfaction by conference, others by letters; so many, that his life became almost as restless as their minds; yet he denied no man: and if it be a truth which holy Mr. Herbert says, “That all worldly joys seem less, when compared with showing mercy or doing

kindnesses;" then doubtless Dr. Sanderson might have boasted for relieving so many restless and wounded consciences; which, as Solomon says, are a burden that none can bear, though their fortitude may sustain their other infirmities: and if words cannot express the joy of a conscience relieved from such restless agonies; then Dr. Sanderson might rejoice that so many were by him so clearly and conscientiously satisfied, for he denied none, and would often praise God for that ability, and as often for the occasion, and that God had inclined his heart to do it to the meanest of any of those poor, but precious souls, for which his Saviour vouchsafed to be crucified.

Some of those very many cases that were resolved by letters, have been preserved and printed for the benefit of posterity; as namely,

1. Of the sabbath.
2. Marrying with a recusant.
3. Of unlawful love.
4. Of a military life.
5. Of scandal.
6. Of a bond taken in the king's name.
7. Of the engagement.
8. Of a rash vow.

But many more remain in private hands, of which one is of Simony; and I wish the world might see it, that it might undeceive some patrons, who think they have discharged that great and dangerous trust, both to God and man, if they take no money for a living, though it may be parted with for other ends less justifiable.

And in this time of his retirement, when the common people were amazed and grown giddy by the many falsehoods, and misapplications of truths frequently vented in sermons; when they wrested the Scripture by challenging God to be of their party, and called upon him in their prayers to patronise their sacrilege and zealous frenzies; in this time he did so compassionate the generality of this misled nation, that though the times threatened danger, yet he then hazarded his safety by writing the large and bold preface now extant before his last twenty sermons;—first printed in the year 1655;—in which there was such strength of reason, with so powerful and clear convincing applications made to the nonconformists, as being read by one of those dissenting brethren, who was possessed with such a spirit of contradiction, as being neither able to defend his error, nor yield to truth manifest, his conscience having slept long and quietly in a good sequestered living, was yet at the reading of it so awakened, that after a conflict with the reason he had met, and the damage he was to sustain if he consented to it, and being still unwilling to be so convinced, as to lose by being over-reasoned, he went in haste to the bookseller of whom it was bought, threatened him, and told him in anger, he had sold a book in which there was false divinity; and that the preface had upbraided the parliament, and many godly ministers of that party, for unjust dealing. To which his reply was,—'twas Tim. Garthwaite,—“That ’twas not his trade to judge of true or false divinity, but to print and sell books: and yet if he, or any friend of his, would write an answer to it, and own it by setting his name to it, he would print the answer, and promote the selling of it.”

About the time of his printing this excellent preface, I met him accidentally in London, in sad-coloured clothes, and, God knows, far from being costly. The place of our meeting was near to Little Britain, where he had been to buy a book, which he then had in his hand. We had no inclination to part presently, and therefore turned to stand in a corner under a penthouse, for it began to rain, and immediately the wind rose, and the rain increased so much, that both became so inconvenient, as to force us into a cleanly house, where we had bread, cheese, ale, and a fire, for our money. This rain and wind were so obliging to me, as to force our stay there for at least an hour, to my great content and advantage; for in that time he made to me many useful observations, with much clearness and conscientious freedom. I shall relate a part of them, in hope they may also turn to the advantage of my reader. He seemed to lament that the parliament had taken upon them to abolish our Liturgy, to the scandal of so many devout and learned men, and the disgrace of those many martyrs, who had sealed the truth and use of it with their blood: and that no minister was now thought godly that did not decry it, and at least pretend to make better prayers extempore: and that they, and only they, that could do so, prayed by the Spirit, and were godly; though in their sermons they disputed, and evidently contradicted each other in their prayers. And as he did dislike this, so he did most highly commend the Common Prayer of the church, saying, the Collects were the most passionate, proper, and most elegant expressions that any language ever afforded; and that there was in them such piety, and so interwoven with instructions, that they taught us to know the power, the wisdom, the majesty, and mercy of God, and much of our duty both to him and our neighbour; and that a congregation, behaving themselves reverently, and putting up to God these joint and known desires for pardon of sins, and praises for mercies received, could not but be more pleasing to God, than those raw, unpremeditated expressions, to which many of the hearers could not say, Amen.

And he then commended to me the frequent use of the Psalter, or Psalms of David; speaking to this purpose: “That they were the treasury of Christian comfort, fitted for all persons and necessities; able to raise the soul from dejection by the frequent mention of God’s mercies to repentant sinners; to stir up holy desires; to increase joy; to moderate sorrow; to nourish hope, and teach us patience, by waiting God’s leisure; to beget a trust in the mercy, power, and providence of our Creator; and to cause a resignation of ourselves to his will; and then, and not till then, to believe ourselves happy.” This, he said, the liturgy and psalms taught us; and that by the frequent use of the last, they would not only prove to be our soul’s comfort, but would become so habitual, as to transform them into the image of his soul that composed them. After this manner he expressed himself concerning the liturgy and psalms; and seemed to lament that this, which was the devotion of the more primitive times, should in common pulpits be turned into needless debates about freewill, election, and reprobation, of which, and many like questions, we may be safely ignorant, because Almighty God intends not to lead us to

heaven by hard questions, but by meekness and charity, and a frequent practice of devotion.

And he seemed to lament very much, that, by the means of irregular and indiscreet preaching, the generality of the nation were possessed with such dangerous mistakes, as to think they might be religious first, and then just and merciful; that they might sell their consciences, and yet have something left that was worth keeping; that they might be sure they were elected, though their lives were visibly scandalous; that to be cunning was to be wise; that to be rich was to be happy, though their wealth was got without justice or mercy; that to be busy in things they understood not was no sin. These, and the like mistakes he lamented much, and besought God to remove them, and restore us to that humility, sincerity, and single-heartedness, with which this nation was blessed, before the unhappy covenant was brought into the nation, and every man preached and prayed what seemed best in his own eyes. And he then said to me, "That the way to restore this nation to a more meek and Christian temper, was to have the body of divinity, or so much of it as was needful to be known, to be put into fifty-two homilies or sermons, of such a length as not to exceed a third or fourth part of an hour's reading; and these needful points to be made so clear and plain, that those of a mean capacity might know what was necessary to be believed, and what God requires to be done; and then some applications of trial and conviction: and these to be read every Sunday of the year, as infallibly as the blood circulates the body; and then as certainly begun again, and continued the year following: and that this being done, it might probably abate the inordinate desire of knowing what we need not, and practising what we know and ought to do." This was the earnest desire of this prudent man. And oh that Dr. Sanderson had undertaken it! for then in all probability it would have proved effectual.

At this happy time of enjoying his company and this discourse, he expressed a sorrow by saying to me, "Oh that I had gone chaplain to that excellently accomplished gentleman, your friend, Sir Henry Wotton! which was once intended, when he first went ambassador to the state of Venice: for by that employment I had been forced into a necessity of conversing, not with him only, but with several men of several nations; and might thereby have kept myself from my unmanly bashfulness, which has proved very troublesome, and not less inconvenient to me; and which I now fear is become so habitual as never to leave me: and by that means I might also have known, or at least have had the satisfaction of seeing, one of the late miracles of general learning, prudence, and modesty, Sir Henry Wotton's dear friend, Padrio Paulo, who, the author of his Life says, was born with a bashfulness as invincible as I have found my own to be: a man whose fame must never die, till virtue and learning shall become so useless as not to be regarded."

This was a part of the benefit I then had by that hour's conversation; and I gladly remember and mention it, as an argument of my happiness, and his great humility and condescension. I had also a like advantage by another happy conference with him, which I am desirous to impart in this

place to the reader. He lamented much, that in many parishes, where the maintenance was not great, there was no minister to officiate; and that many of the best sequestered livings were possessed with such rigid covenanters as denied the sacrament to their parishioners, unless upon such conditions, and in such a manner, as they could not take it. This he mentioned with much sorrow, saying, "The blessed sacrament did, by way of preparation for it, give occasion to all conscientious receivers to examine the performance of their vows, since they received their last seal for the pardon of their sins past; and to examine and re-search their hearts, and make penitent reflections on their failings; and, that done, to bewail them, and then make new vows or resolutions to obey all God's commands, and beg his grace to perform them. And this done, the sacrament repairs the decays of grace, helps us to conquer infirmities, gives us grace to beg God's grace, and then gives us what we beg; makes us still hunger and thirst after his righteousness, which we then receive, and being assisted with our endeavours, will still so dwell in us, as to become our satisfaction in this life, and our comfort on our last sick beds." The want of this blessed benefit he lamented much, and pitied their condition that desired but could not obtain it.

I hope I shall not disoblige my reader, if I here enlarge into a further character of his person and temper. At first, that he was moderately tall; his behaviour had in it much of a plain comeliness, and very little, yet enough, of ceremony or courtship; his looks and motion manifested affability and mildness, and yet he had with these a calm, but so matchless a fortitude, as secured him from complying with any of those many parliament injunctions, that interfered with a doubtful conscience. His learning was methodical and exact, his wisdom useful, his integrity visible, and his whole life so unspotted, that all ought to be preserved as copies for posterity to write after; the clergy especially, who with impure hands ought not to offer sacrifice to that God whose pure eyes abhor iniquity.

There was in his sermons no improper rhetoric, nor such perplexed divisions as may be said to be like too much light, that so dazzles the eyes that the sight becomes less perfect; but there was therein no want of useful matter, nor waste of words; and yet such clear distinctions as dispelled all confused notions, and made his hearers depart both wiser and more confirmed in virtuous resolutions.

His memory was so matchless and firm, as it was only overcome by his bashfulness; for he alone, or to a friend, could repeat all the Odes of Horace, all Tully's Offices, and much of Juvenal and Persius, without book; and would say, the repetition of one of the Odes of Horace to himself was to him such music, as a lesson on the viol was to others, when they played it to themselves or friends. And though he was blessed with a clearer judgment than other men, yet he was so distrustful of it that he did over-consider of consequences, and would so delay and re-consider what to determine, that though none ever determined better, yet, when the bell tolled for him to appear and read his divinity lectures in Oxford, and all the scholars attended to hear him, he had not then, or

not till then, resolved and writ what he meant to determine; so that that appeared to be a truth, which his old dear friend Dr. Sheldon would often say, namely, "That his judgment was so much superior to his fancy, that whatsoever this suggested, that disliked and controlled; still considering and re-considering, till his time was so wasted that he was forced to write, not, probably, what was best, but what he thought last." And yet what he did then read appeared to all hearers to be so useful, clear, and satisfactory, as none ever determined with greater applause. These tiring and perplexing thoughts begot in him an averseness to enter into the toil of considering and determining all casuistical points; because, during that time, they neither gave rest to his body or mind. But though he would not be always loaden with these knotty points and distinctions, yet the study of old records, genealogies, and heraldry, were a recreation, and so pleasing, that he would say they gave rest to his mind. Of the last of which I have seen two remarkable volumes; and the reader needs neither to doubt their truth or exactness.

And this humble man had so conquered all refining and ambitious thoughts, and with them all other unruly passions, that, if the accidents of the day proved to his danger or damage, yet he both began and ended it with an even and undisturbed quietness; always praising God that he had not withdrawn food and raiment from him and his poor family; nor suffered him to violate his conscience for his safety, or to support himself or them in a more splendid or plentiful condition; and that he therefore resolved, with David, that his praise should be always in his mouth.

I have taken a content in giving my reader this character of his person, his temper, and some of the accidents of his life past, and more might be added of all; but I will with sorrow look forward to the sad days in which so many good men suffered, about the year 1658, at which time Dr. Sanderson was in a very low condition as to his estate; and in that time Mr. Robert Boyle* (a gentleman of a very noble birth, and more eminent for his liberality, learning, and virtue, and of whom I would say much more, but that he still lives) having casually met with and read his *Lectures de Jumento*, to his great satisfaction, and being informed of Dr. Sanderson's great innocence and sincerity, and that he and his family were brought into a low condition by his not complying with the parliament's injunctions, sent him by his dear friend Dr. Barlow, the now learned Bishop of Lincoln, 50*l.*, and with it a request and promise. The request was, that he would review the *Lectures de Conscientiâ*, which he had read when he was doctor of the chair in Oxford, and print them for the good of posterity; and this Dr. Sanderson did in the year 1659. And the promise was, that he would pay him that, or a greater sum if desired, during his life, to enable him to pay an amanuen-

sis, to ease him from the trouble of writing what he should conceive or dictate. For the more particular account of which I refer my reader to a letter writ by the said Dr. Barlow, which I have annexed to the end of this relation.

Towards the end of this year, 1659, when the many mixed sects, and their creators and merciless protectors, had led or driven each other into a whirlpool of confusion; when amazement and fear had seized them, and their accusing consciences gave them an inward and fearful intelligence, that the God which they had long served was now ready to pay them such wages as he does always reward witches with for their obeying him, when these wretches were come to foresee an end of their cruel reign, by our king's return; and such sufferers as Dr. Sanderson, and with him many of the oppressed clergy and others, could foresee the cloud of their afflictions would be dispersed by it; then, in the beginning of the year following, the king was by God restored to us, and we to our known laws and liberties, and a general joy and peace seemed to breathe through the three nations. Then were the suffering clergy freed from their sequestration, restored to their revenues, and to a liberty to adore, praise, and pray to God in such order as their consciences and oaths had formerly obliged them. And the reader will easily believe, that Dr. Sanderson and his dejected family rejoiced to see this day, and be of this number.

It ought to be considered (which I have often heard or read) that in the primitive times men of learning and virtue were usually sought for, and solicited to accept of episcopal government, and often refused it. For they conscientiously considered, that the office of a bishop was made up of labour and care; that they were trusted to be God's almoners of the church's revenue, and double their care for the poor; to live strictly themselves, and use all diligence to see that their family, officers, and clergy did so; and that the account of that stewardship must, at the last dreadful day, be made to the Searcher of all hearts; and that in the primitive times they were therefore timorous to undertake it. It may not be said, that Dr. Sanderson was accomplished with these and all the other requisites required in a bishop, so as to be able to answer them exactly; but it may be affirmed, as a good preparation, that he had at the age of seventy-three years (for he was so old at the king's return) fewer faults to be pardoned by God or man than are apparent in others in these days, in which, God knows, we fall so short of that visible sanctity and zeal to God's glory, which was apparent in the days of primitive Christianity. This is mentioned by way of preparation to what I shall say more of Dr. Sanderson; and namely, that, at the king's return, Dr. Sheldon, the late prudent Bishop of Canterbury, than whom none knew, valued, or loved Dr. Sanderson more or better, was by his majesty made a chief trustee to commend to him fit men to supply the then vacant bishoprics. And Dr. Sheldon knew none fitter than Dr. Sanderson, and therefore humbly desired the king that he would nominate him; and, that done, he did as humbly desire Dr. Sanderson that he would, for God's and the church's sake, take that charge and care upon him. Dr. Sanderson had, if not an unwillingness,

* It is unnecessary, nay, it is impossible, in the space of a note, to do justice to the fame and character of that learned and amiable man, Mr. Robert Boyle; his noble birth was the least of his distinctions; but his services in the cause of science have given to his name an undying memory. He was born at Lismore, in the province of Munster, in Ireland, on the 25th of January, 1626-27, and died on the 30th of December, 1691.

certainly no forwardness to undertake it; and would often say, he had not led himself, but his friend would now lead him into a temptation which he had daily prayed against; and besought God, if he did undertake it, so to assist him with his grace, that the example of his life, his cares and endeavours, might promote his glory, and help forward the salvation of others.

This I have mentioned as a happy preparation to his bishopric; and am next to tell, that he was consecrated Bishop of Lincoln at Westminster, the 28th of October, 1660.

There was about this time a Christian care taken that those whose consciences were, as they said, tender, and could not comply with the service and ceremonies of the church, might have satisfaction given by a friendly debate betwixt a select number of them and some like number of those that had been sufferers for the church-service and ceremonies, and now restored to liberty, of which last some were then preferred to power and dignity in the church. And of these Bishop Sanderson was one, and then chose to be a moderator in that debate; and he performed his trust with much mildness, patience, and reason; but all proved ineffectual; for there be some prepossessions like jealousies, which, though causeless, yet cannot be removed by reasons as apparent as demonstrations can make any truth. The place appointed for this debate was the Savoy in the Strand; and the points debated were, I think, many; some affirmed to be truth and reason, some denied to be either; and these debates being then in words, proved to be so loose and perplexed as satisfied neither party. For sometime that which had been affirmed was immediately forgot or denied, and so no satisfaction given to either party. But that the debate might become more useful, it was therefore resolved, that the day following the desires and reasons of the nonconformists should be given in writing, and they in writing receive answers from the conforming party. And though I neither now can nor need to mention all the points debated, nor the names of the dissenting brethren, yet I am sure Mr. Baxter* was one, and am sure what shall now follow was one of the points debated.

Concerning a command of lawful superiors, what was sufficient to its being a lawful command; this proposition was brought by the conforming party.

That command which commands an act in itself lawful, and no other act or circumstance unlawful, is not sinful.

Mr. Baxter denied it for two reasons, which he gave in with his own hand in writing, thus:

One was, Because that may be a sin *per accidens*, which is not so in itself, and may be unlawfully commanded, though that accident be not in the command. Another was, That it may be commanded under an unjust penalty.

Again, this proposition being brought by the conformists, That command which commandeth an act in itself lawful, and no other act whereby

any unjust penalty is enjoined, nor any circumstance whence, *per accidens*, any sin is consequent which the commander ought to provide against, is not sinful;

Mr. Baxter denied it for this reason, then given in with his own hand in writing thus; Because the first act commanded may be *per accidens* unlawful, and be commanded by an unjust penalty, though no other act or circumstance commanded be such.

Again, this proposition being brought by the conformists, That command which commandeth an act in itself lawful, and no other act whereby any unjust penalty is enjoined, nor any circumstance, whence directly, or *per accidens*, any sin is consequent, which the commander ought to provide against, hath in it all things requisite to the lawfulness of a command, and particularly cannot be guilty of commanding an act *per accidens* unlawful, nor of commanding an act under an unjust penalty;

Mr. Baxter denied it upon the same reasons.

PETER GUNNING*.

JOHN PEARSON†.

These were then two of the disputants, still alive, and will attest this; one being now Lord Bishop of Ely, and the other of Chester. And the last of them told me very lately, that one of the dissenters—which I could but forbear to name—appeared to Dr. Sanderson to be so bold, so troublesome, and so illogical in the dispute, as forced patient Dr. Sanderson—who was then Bishop of Lincoln, and a moderator with other bishops—to say, with an unusual earnestness, That he had never met with a man of more pertinacious confidence, and less abilities, in all his conversation.

But though this debate at the Savoy was ended without any great satisfaction to either party, yet both parties knew the desires, and understood the abilities, of the other, much better than before it: and the late distressed clergy, that were now restored to their former rights and power, did, at their next meeting in convocation, contrive to give the dissenting party satisfaction by alteration, explanation, and addition to some part both of the rubric and common-prayer, as also by adding some new necessary collects, and a particular collect of thanksgiving. How many of those new collects were worded by Dr. Sanderson, I cannot say; but am sure the whole convocation valued him so much, that he never undertook to speak to any point in question, but he was heard with great willingness and attention; and when any point in question was determined, the convocation did usually desire him to word their intentions, and as usually approve and thank him.

At this convocation the Common Prayer was made more complete, by adding three new necessary offices; which were, A Form of Humiliation for the Murder of King Charles the Martyr; A

† Dr. Gunning was a Church of England divine, who suffered considerably for the royal cause. He died Bishop of Ely in 1684.

‡ Dr. Pearson's name is well known in connexion with his celebrated "Exposition of the Creed;" a book which still retains its reputation. In 1661 he was made Lady Margaret professor of divinity at Cambridge; and he died Bishop of Chester in 1686, aged seventy-four.

* Richard Baxter, one of the most celebrated of the non-conformist divines, was born at Rowton in Shropshire, in 1615. His character and talents were held in such esteem, that after the restoration the bishopric of Hereford was proffered to his acceptance, but his principles obliged him to decline the office. He died in 1691.

Thanksgiving for the Restoration of his Son our King; and for the Baptising of Persons of riper age. I cannot say Dr. Sanderson did form or word them all, but doubtless more than any single man of the convocation; and he did also, by desire of the convocation, alter and add to the forms of prayers to be used at sea—now taken into the service-book.—And it may be noted, that William, the now Right Reverend Bishop of Canterbury*, was in these employments diligently useful; especially in helping to rectify the Calendar and Rubric. And lastly, it may be noted, that, for the satisfying all the dissenting brethren and others, the convocation's reasons for the alterations and additions to the Liturgy were by them desired to be drawn up by Dr. Sanderson; which being done by him, and approved by them, was appointed to be printed before the Liturgy, and may be known by this title,—The Preface; and begins thus—"It hath been the wisdom of the church"—

I shall now follow him to his bishopric, and declare a part of his behaviour in that busy and weighty employment. And first, that it was with such condescension and obligingness to the meanness of his clergy, as to know and be known to them. And indeed he practised the like to all men of what degree soever, especially to his old neighbours or parishioners of Boothby Pannell, for there was all joy at his table, when they came to visit him: then they prayed for him, and he for them, with an unfeigned affection.

I think it will not be denied, but that the care and toil required of a bishop may justly challenge the riches and revenue with which their predecessors had lawfully endowed them: and yet he sought not that so much, as doing good both to the present age and posterity; and he made this appear by what follows.

The bishop's chief house at Buckden, in the county of Huntingdon, the usual residence of his predecessors,—for it stands about the midst of his diocese,—having been at his consecration a great part of it demolished, and what was left standing under a visible decay, was by him undertaken to be erected and repaired; and it was performed with great speed, care, and charge. And to this may be added, that the king having by an injunction commended to the care of the bishops, deans, and prebends of all cathedral churches, the repair of them, their houses, and their augmentation of small vicarages; he, when he was repairing Buckden, did also augment the last, as fast as fines were paid for renewing leases: so fast, that a friend, taking notice of his bounty, was so bold as to advise him to remember he was under his first-fruits, and that he was old, and had a wife and children yet but meanly provided for, especially

if his dignity were considered. To whom he made a mild and thankful answer, saying, It would not become a christian bishop to suffer those houses built by his predecessors to be ruined for want of repair; and less justifiable to suffer any of those, that were called to so high a calling as to sacrifice at God's altar, to eat the bread of sorrow constantly, when he had a power by a small augmentation to turn it into the bread of cheerfulness: and wished, that as this was, so it were also in his power to make all mankind happy, for he desired nothing more. And for his wife and children, he hoped to leave them a competence, and in the hands of a God that would provide for all that kept innocence, and trusted his providence and protection, which he had always found enough to make and keep him happy.

There was in his diocese a minister of almost his age, that had been of Lincoln College when he left it, who visited him often, and always welcome, because he was a man of innocence and open-heartedness. This minister asked the bishop what books he studied most, when he laid the foundation of his great and clear learning. To which his answer was, that he declined reading many; but what he did read were well chosen, and read so often, that he became very familiar with them; and said, they were chiefly three, Aristotle's Rhetoric, Aquinas's Secunda Secundæ, and Tully, but chiefly his Offices, which he had not read over less than twenty times, and could at this age say without book. And told him also, the learned Civilian Doctor Zouch—who died lately—had writ *Elementa Jurisprudentiæ*, which was a book that he could also say without book; and that no wise man could read it too often, or love or commend too much; and told him these had been his toil: but for himself he always had a natural love to genealogies and heraldry; and that when his thoughts were harassed with any perplexed studies; he left off, and turned to them as a recreation; and that his very recreation had made him so perfect in them, that he could, in a very short time, give an account of the descent, arms, and antiquity of any family of the nobility or gentry of this nation.

Before I give an account of Dr. Sanderson's last sickness, I desire to tell the reader that he was of a healthful constitution, cheerful and mild, of an even temper, very moderate in his diet, and had had little sickness, till some few years before his death; but was then every winter punished with a *diarrhœa*, which left him not till warm weather returned and removed it: and this distemper did, as he grew older, seize him oftener, and continue longer with him. But though it weakened him, yet it made him rather indisposed than sick, and did no way disable him from studying—indeed too much.—In this decay of his strength, but not of his memory or reason,—for this distemper works not upon the understanding,—he made his last will, of which I shall give some account for confirmation of what hath been said, and what I think convenient to be known, before I declare his death and burial.

He did in his last will, give an account of his faith and persuasion in point of religion, and church-government, in these very words:

"I, Robert Sanderson, doctor of divinity, an un-

* The character of Dr. Sancroft stands high in the ranks of those who have adorned the English church. He was often a sufferer for conscience sake, but never swerved from his faith. He was born at Freshingfield, in Suffolk, in 1631, and educated at Emanuel College, Cambridge, where he was deprived of his fellowship in 1649, for refusing to take the "Engagement." He was made archbishop in 1677, and to his honour was one of the seven prelates sent to the Tower by James II. But notwithstanding this, he was a staunch adherent to the house of Stuart, and, refusing to take the oaths to the new government at the revolution, he was first suspended from and then deprived of his office. He retired into a dignified privacy, and died on the 24th of November, 1693.

worthy minister of Jesus Christ, and, by the providence of God, Bishop of Lincoln, being by the long continuance of an habitual distemper brought to a great bodily weakness and faintness of spirits, but—by the great mercy of God—without any bodily pain otherwise, or decay of understanding, do make this my will and testament,—written all with my own hand,—revoking all former wills by me heretofore made, if any such shall be found. First, I commend my soul into the hands of Almighty God, as of a faithful Creator, which I humbly beseech him mercifully to accept, looking upon it, not as it is in itself,—infinitely polluted with sin,—but as it is redeemed and purged with the precious blood of his only beloved Son, and my most sweet Saviour, Jesus Christ; in confidence of whose merits and mediation alone it is, that I cast myself upon the mercy of God for the pardon of my sins, and the hopes of eternal life. And here I do profess, that as I have lived, so I desire, and—by the grace of God—resolve, to die in the communion of the catholic church of Christ, and a true son of the church of England; which, as it stands by law established, to be both in doctrine and worship agreeable to the word of God, and in the most, and most material points of both, conformable to the faith and practice of the godly churches of Christ in the primitive and purer times, I do firmly believe: led so to do, not so much from the force of custom and education,—to which the greatest part of mankind owe their particular different persuasions in point of religion,—as upon the clear evidence of truth and reason, after a serious and impartial examination of the grounds, as well of popery as puritanism, according to that measure of understanding, and those opportunities which God hath afforded me: and herein I am abundantly satisfied, that the schism which the papists on the one hand, and the superstition which the puritan on the other hand, lay to our charge, are very justly chargeable upon themselves respectively. Wherefore I humbly beseech Almighty God, the Father of mercies, to preserve the church by his power and providence, in peace, truth, and godliness, ever more to the world's end: which doubtless he will do, if the wickedness and security of a sinful people—and particularly those sins that are so rife, and seem daily to increase among us, of unthankfulness, riot, and sacrilege—do not tempt his patience to the contrary. And I also farther humbly beseech him, that it would please him to give unto our gracious sovereign, the reverend bishops, and the parliament, timely to consider the great danger that visibly threatens this church in point of religion by the late great increase of popery, and in point of revenue by sacrilegious inclosures; and to provide such wholesome and effectual remedies, as may prevent the same before it be too late.”

And for a further manifestation of his humble thoughts and desires, they may appear to the reader by another part of his will which follows.

“As for my corruptible body, I bequeath it to the earth whence it was taken, to be decently buried in the parish church of Buckden, towards the upper end of the chancel, upon the second, or—at the farthest—the third day after my decease; and that with as little noise, pomp, and charge as may be, without the invitation of any person how near soever related unto me, other than the inhabitants

of Buckden; without the unnecessary expense of escutcheons, gloves, ribbons, &c. and without any blacks to be hung any where in or about the house or church, other than a pulpit-cloth, a hearse-cloth, and a mourning-gown for the preacher; whereof the former—after my body shall be interred—to be given to the preacher of the funeral sermon, and the latter to the curate of the parish for the time being. And my will further is, that the funeral sermon be preached by my own household chaplain, containing some wholesome discourse concerning mortality, the resurrection of the dead, and the last judgment; and that he shall have for his pains 5*l.*, upon condition that he speak nothing at all concerning my person, either good or ill, other than I myself shall direct; only signifying to the auditory that it was my express will to have it so. And it is my will, that no costly monument be erected for my memory, but only a fair flat marble stone to be laid over me, with this inscription in legible Roman characters, DEPOSITUM ROBERTI SANDERSON NUPER LINCOLNIENSIS EPISCOPI, QUI OBIT ANNO DOMINI MDCLXII. ET ATATIS SUE SEPTUAGESIMO SEXTO, HIC REQUIESCIT IN SPE BEATE RESURRECTIONIS. This manner of burial, although I cannot but foresee it will prove unsatisfactory to sundry my nearest friends and relations, and be apt to be censured by others, as an evidence of my too much parsimony and narrowness of mind, as being altogether unusual, and not according to the mode of these times; yet it is agreeable to the sense of my heart, and I do very much desire my will may be carefully observed herein, hoping it may become exemplary to some or other: at least however testifying at my death—what I have so often earnestly professed in my life time—my utter dislike of the flatteries commonly used in funeral sermons, and of the vast expenses otherwise laid out in funeral solemnities and entertainments, with very little benefit to any; which, if bestowed in pious and charitable works, might redound to the public or private benefit of many persons.”

I am next to tell, that he died the 29th of January, 1662; and that his body was buried in Buckden, the third day after his death; and for the manner, that it was as far from ostentation as he desired it; and all the rest of his will was as punctually performed. And when I have—to his just praise—told this truth, That he died far from being rich, I shall return back to visit, and give a farther account of him on his last sick-bed.

His last will—of which I have mentioned a part—was made about three weeks before his death, about which time, finding his strength to decay by reason of his constant infirmity, and a consumptive cough added to it, he retired to his chamber, expressing a desire to enjoy his last thoughts to himself in private, without disturbance or care, especially of what might concern this world. And that none of his clergy—which are more numerous than any other bishop's—might suffer by his retirement, he did by commission empower his chaplain, Mr. Pullin, with episcopal power to give institutions to all livings or church-preferments, during this his disability to do it himself. In this time of his retirement he longed for his dissolution; and when some that loved him prayed for his recovery, if he at any time found any amendment he seemed to be displeased, by saying, His friends said their

prayers backward for him : and that it was not his desire to live a useless life, and by filling up a place keep another out of it, that might do God and his church service. He would often with much joy and thankfulness mention, That during his being a housekeeper—which was more than forty years—there had not been one buried out of his family, and that he was now like to be the first. He would also often mention with thankfulness, That till he was three-score years of age, he had never spent five shillings in law, nor—upon himself—so much in wine : and rejoiced much that he had so lived, as never to cause an hour's sorrow to his good father ; and hoped he should die without an enemy.

He, in this retirement, had the church prayers read in his chamber twice every day ; and at nine at night, some prayers read to him and a part of his family out of *The Whole Duty of Man*. As he was remarkably punctual and regular in all his studies and actions, so he used himself to be for his meals. And his dinner being appointed to be constantly ready at the ending of prayers, and he expecting and calling for it, was answered, "It would be ready in a quarter of an hour." To which his reply was, "A quarter of an hour ! Is a quarter of an hour nothing to a man that probably has not many hours to live ?" And though he did live many hours after this, yet he lived not many days ; for the day after—which was three days before his death—he was become so weak and weary of either motion or sitting, that he was content, or forced, to keep his bed : in which I desire he may rest, till I have given some account of his behaviour there, and immediately before it.

The day before he took his bed,—which was three days before his death,—he, that he might receive a new assurance for the pardon of his sins past, and be strengthened in his way to the New Jerusalem, took the blessed sacrament of the body and blood of his and our blessed Jesus, from the hands of his chaplain, Mr. Pullin, accompanied with his wife, children, and a friend, in as awful, humble, and ardent a manner, as outward reverence could express. After the praise and thanksgiving for it was ended, he spake to this purpose : "Thou, O God ! tookest me out of my mother's womb, and hast been the powerful protector of me to this present moment of my life : thou hast neither forsaken me now I am become grey-headed, nor suffered me to forsake thee in the late days of temptation, and sacrifice my conscience for the preservation of my liberty or estate. It was by grace that I have stood, when others have fallen under my trials : and these mercies I now remember with joy and thankfulness ; and my hope and desire is, that I may die praising thee."

The frequent repetition of the Psalms of David hath been noted to be a great part of the devotion of the primitive Christians ; the psalms having in

them not only prayers and holy instructions, but such commemorations of God's mercies, as may preserve, comfort, and confirm our dependence on the power, and providence, and mercy of our Creator. And this is mentioned in order to telling, that as the holy psalmist said, that his eyes should prevent both the dawning of the day and night watches, by meditating on God's word : Psal. cxix. 147, so it was Dr. Sanderson's constant practice every morning to entertain his first waking thoughts with a repetition of those very psalms that the church hath appointed to be constantly read in the daily morning service : and having at night laid him in his bed, he as constantly closed his eyes with a repetition of those appointed for the service of the evening, remembering and repeating the very psalms appointed for every day ; and as the month had formerly ended and began again, so did this exercise of his devotion. And if his first waking thoughts were of the world, or what concerned it, he would arraign and condemn himself for it. Thus he began that work on earth, which is now his employment in Heaven.

After his taking his bed, and about a day before his death, he desired his chaplain, Mr. Pullin, to give him absolution : and at his performing that office, he pulled off his cap, that Mr. Pullin might lay his hand upon his bare head. After this desire of his was satisfied, his body seemed to be at more ease, and his mind more cheerful ; and he said, "Lord, forsake me not now my strength faileth me ; but continue thy mercy, and let my mouth be filled with thy praise." He continued the remaining night and day very patient, and thankful for any of the little offices that were performed for his ease and refreshment ; and during that time did often say the 103rd psalm to himself, and very often these words, "My heart is fixed, O God ! my heart is fixed where true joy is to be found." His thoughts seemed now to be wholly of death, for which he was so prepared, that the king of terrors could not surprise him as a thief in the night : for he had often said, He was prepared, and longed for it. And as this desire seemed to come from Heaven, so it left him not till his soul ascended to that region of blessed spirits, whose employments are to join in concert with him, and sing praise and glory to that God, who hath brought them to that place, into which sin and sorrow cannot enter.

Thus this pattern of meekness and primitive innocence changed this for a better life. 'Tis now too late to wish that my life may be like his ; for I am in the eighty-fifth year of my age : but I humbly beseech Almighty God, that my death may ; and do as earnestly beg of every reader, to say—Amen.

"Blessed is the man in whose spirit there is no guile," Psal. xxxii. 2.

APPENDIX.

DR. PIERCE'S LETTER.

Good Mr. Walton,—At my return to this place, I made a yet stricter search after the letters long ago sent me from our most excellent Dr. Sanderson, before the happy restoration of the King and Church of England to their several rights: in one of which letters more especially, he was pleased to give me a narrative both of the rise and the progress, and reasons also, as well of his younger, as of his last and riper judgment, touching the famous points controverted between the Calvinians and the Arminians, as they are commonly (though unjustly and unskillfully) misalled on either side.

The whole letter I allude to does consist of several sheets, whereof a good part has been made public long ago by the most learned, most judicious, most pious Dr. Hammond (to whom I sent it both for his private, and for the public satisfaction, if he thought fit), in his excellent book, entitled, “A Pacific Discourse of God's Grace and Decrees, in full accordance with Dr. Sanderson;” to which discourse I refer you for an account of Dr. Sanderson, and the history of his thoughts in his own hand-writing, wherein I sent it to Westwood, as I received it from Boothby Pannel. And although the whole book (printed in the year 1660, and reprinted since with his other tracts in folio) is very worthy of your perusal; yet, for the work you are about, you shall not have need to read more at present than from the 8th to the 23d page, and as far as the end of section 33. There you will find in what year the excellent man, whose life you write, became a master of arts, how his first reading of learned Hooker had been occasioned by certain puritanical pamphlets; and how good a preparative he found it for his reading of Calvin's Institutions, the honour of whose name (at that time especially) gave such credit to his errors: how he erred with Mr. Calvin, whilst he took things upon trust in the snlapsarian way; how, being chosen to be a clerk of the convocation for the diocese of Lincoln, 1625, he reduced the quinquarticular controversy into five schemes or tables; and thereupon discerned a necessity of quitting the sublapsarian way, of which he had before a better liking, as well as the supralapsarian, which he could never fancy. There you will meet with his two weighty reasons against them both, and find his happy change of judgment to have been ever since the year 1625, even thirty-four years before the world either knew, or, at least, took notice of it; and more particularly his reasons for rejecting Dr. Twiss, (or the way he walks in), although his acute and very learned and ancient friend.

* I now proceed to let you know from Dr. Sanderson's own hand, which was never printed (and which you can hardly know from any, unless from his son, or from myself), that, when that Parliament was broken up, and the convocation therewith dissolved, a gentleman of his acquaintance, by occasion of some discourse about these points, told him of a book not long before published at Paris, (A. D. 1623), by a Spanish bishop, who had undertaken to clear the differences in the great controversy, “De Concordia Gratiae et Liberi Arbitrii.” And because

* Sir, I pray note, that all that follows between inverted commas are Dr. Sanderson's own words, excellently worthy, but nowhere else extant; and commend him as much as anything you can say of him.—T. P.

† Arriba.

his friend perceived he was greedily desirous to see the book, he sent him one of them, containing the four first books of twelve, which he intended then to publish. “When I had read,” says Dr. Sanderson, in the following words of the same letter, “his epistle dedicatory to the pope (Gregory XV.) he spake so highly of his own invention, that I then began rather to suspect him for a mountebank, than to hope I should find satisfaction from his performances. I found much confidence and great pomp of words, but little matter as to the main knot of the business, other than had been said an hundred times before, to wit, of the coexistence of all things, past, present, and future, ‘in mente divina realiter ab aeterno,’ which is the subject of his whole third book; only I interpreteth the word ‘realiter’ so as to import not only ‘praesentialitatem objectivam,’ (as others held before him) but ‘proprium et actualem existentiam;’ yet confesseth it is hard to make this intelligible. In his fourth book he endeavours to declare a two-fold manner of God's working ‘ad extra;’ the one ‘sub ordine praedestinationis,’ of which eternity is the proper measure; the other ‘sub ordine gratiae,’ whereof time is the measure: and that God worketh ‘fortiter’ in the one, (though not ‘irresistibiliter’) as well as ‘suaviter’ in the other, wherein the free-will hath his proper working also. From the result of his own performance I was confirmed in this opinion: that we must acknowledge the work of both grace and free-will in the conversion of a sinner; and so likewise in all other events, the consistency of the infallibility of God's foreknowledge at least (though not with any absolute, but conditional predestination) with the liberty of man's will and the contingency of inferior causes and effects. These I say, we must acknowledge for the $\delta\tau\iota$: but for the $\tau\omicron\delta\pi\omega\varsigma$ I thought it bootless for me to think of comprehending it. And so came the two ‘Acta Synodalia Dordrechtana’ to stand in my study, only to fill up a room to this day.

“And yet see the restless curiosity of man. Not many years after, to wit, A. D. 1632, out cometh Dr. Twiss's ‘Vindiciae Gratiae,’ a large volume, purposely writ against Arminius: and then, notwithstanding my former resolution, I must needs be meddling again. The respect I bore to his person and great learning, and the long acquaintance I had had with him in Oxford, drew me to the reading of that whole book. But from the reading of it (for I read it through to a syllable) I went away with many and great dissatisfactions. Sundry things in that book I took notice of, which brought me into a greater dislike of his opinion than I had before; but especially these three: First, that he bottometh very much of his discourse upon a very erroneous principle, which yet he seemeth to be so deeply in love with, that he hath repeated it, I verily believe, some hundreds of times in that work: to wit this, that whatsoever is first in the intention is last in execution, and ‘e converso.’ Which is an error of that magnitude, that I cannot but wonder how a person of such acuteness and subtlety of wit could possibly be deceived with it. All logicians know there is no such universal maxim as he buildeth upon. The true maxim is but this: ‘Finitis qui primus est in intentione, est ultimus in executione.’ In the order of final causes, and the means used for that end, the rule holdeth perpetually: but in other things it holdeth not at all, or but by chance: or not as a rule, and necessarily. Secondly, that foreseeing such consequences would naturally and necessarily follow from his opinion, as would offend the ear of a sober Christian at the very first sound, he would yet rather choose not only to admit

the said harsh consequences, but professedly endeavour also to maintain them, and plead hard for them in large digressions, than to recede in the least from that opinion which he had undertaken to defend. Thirdly, that seeing (out of the sharpness of his wit) a necessity of forsaking the ordinary sublapsarian way, and the supralapsarian too, as it had diversely been declared by all that had gone before him, (for the shunning of those rocks, which either of those ways must unavoidably cast him upon), he was forced to seek out an untrodden path, and to frame out of his own brain a new way (like a spider's web wrought out of her own bowels), hoping by that device to salve all absurdities could be objected; to wit, by making the glory of God (as it is indeed the chiefest so) the only end of all other his decrees, and then making all those other decrees to be but one entire co-ordinate medium conducting to that one end, and so the whole subordinate to it, but not any one part thereof subordinate to any one of the same. Dr. Twiss should have done well to have been more sparing in imputing the 'studium partium' to others, wherewith his own eyes, though of eminent perspicacity, were so strangely blindfolded, that he could not discern how this his new device, and his old dearly beloved principle (like the Cadmean Sparti) do mutually destroy the one the other.

"This relation of my past thoughts having spun out to a far greater length than I intended, I shall give a shorter account of what they are now concerning these points."

For which account I refer you to the following parts of Dr. Hammond's book aforesaid, where you may find them already printed: and for another account at large of Bishop Sanderson's last judgment concerning God's concurrence or non-concurrence with the actions of men, and the positive entity of sins of commission, I refer you to his letters already printed by his consent, in my large Appendix to my Impartial Enquiry into the Nature of Sin, §. 68, p. 193, as far as p. 200.

Sir, I have rather made it my choice to transcribe all above out of the letters of Dr. Sanderson, which lie before me, than venture the loss of my originals by post or carrier, which, though not often, yet sometimes fail. Make use of as much or as little as you please, of what I send you from himself (because from his own letters to me) in the penning of his own life, as your own prudence shall direct you; using my name for your warranty in the account given of him, as much or as little as you please too. You have a performance of my promise, and an obedience to your desires from

Your affectionate humble servant,
THO. PIERCE.

North Tidworth, March 5, 1677-8.

THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN'S LETTER.

My worthy friend Mr. Walton,—I am heartily glad that you have undertaken to write the life of that excellent person, and (both of learning and piety) eminent prelate, Dr. Sanderson, late Bishop of Lincoln; because I know your ability to know, and integrity to write truth: and sure I am, that the life and actions of that pious and learned prelate will afford you matter enough for his commendation, and the imitation of posterity. In order to the carrying on your intended good work, you desire my assistance, that I would communicate to you such particular passages of his life, as were certainly known to me. I confess I had the happiness to be particularly known to him for about the space of twenty years, and, in Oxon, to enjoy his conversation, and his learned and pious instructions while he was regius professor of divinity there. Afterwards, when, in the time of our late unhappy confusions, he left Oxon, and was retired into the country, I had the benefit of his letters; wherein, with great candour and kindness, he answered those doubts I proposed, and gave me that satisfaction, which I neither had, nor expected from some others of greater confidence,

but less judgment and humility. Having in a letter, named two or three books, writ, "ex professo," against the being of any original sin; and that Adam, by his fall, transmitted some calamity only, but no crime, to his posterity: the good old man was exceedingly troubled, and bewailed the misery of those licentious times, and seemed to wonder (save that the times were such) that any should write, or be permitted to publish any error so contradictory to truth, and the doctrine of the Church of England, established (as he truly said) by clear evidence of Scripture, and the just and supreme power of this nation, both sacred and civil. I name not the books, nor their authors, which are not unknown to learned men (and I wish they had never been known), because both the doctrine and the unadvised abettors of it, are (and shall be) to me apocryphal.

Another little story I must not pass in silence, being an argument of Dr. Sanderson's piety, great ability, and judgment as a casuist. Discoursing with an honourable person* (whose piety I value more than his nobility and learning, though both be great,) about a case of conscience concerning oaths and vows, their nature and obligation; in which, for some particular reasons, he then desired more fully to be informed; I commended to him Dr. Sanderson's book "De Juramento;" which having read with great satisfaction, he asked me, if I thought the doctor could be induced to write cases of conscience, if he might have an honorary pension allowed him to furnish him with books for that purpose? I told him I believed he would; and in a letter to the doctor, told him what great satisfaction that honourable person, and many more, had reaped by reading his book "De Juramento;" and asked him, whether he would be pleased, for the benefit of the church, to write some tract of cases of conscience? He replied, that he was glad that any had received any benefit by his books; and added further, that if any future tract of his could bring such benefit to any, as we seemed to say his former had done, he would willingly, though without any pension, set about that work. Having received this answer, that honourable person before mentioned did, by my hands, return 50*l.* to the good doctor; whose condition then, as most good men's at that time were, was but low; and he presently revised, finished and published that excellent book "De Conscientia;" a book little in bulk, but not so if we consider the benefit an intelligent reader may receive by it: for there are so many general propositions concerning conscience, the nature and obligation of it, explained and proved with such firm consequence and evidence of reason, that he who reads, remembers, and can, with prudence, pertinently apply them "hic et nunc" to particular cases, may, by their light and help, rationally resolve a thousand particular doubts and scruples of conscience. Here you may see the charity of that honourable person in promoting, and the piety and industry of the good doctor in performing, that excellent work.

And here I shall add the judgment of that learned and pious prelate concerning a passage very pertinent to our present purpose. When he was in Oxon, and read his public lectures in the schools as regius professor of divinity, and by the truth of his positions, and evidences of his proofs, gave great content and satisfaction to all his hearers; especially in his clear resolutions of all difficult cases which occurred in the explication of the subject-matter of his lectures; a person of quality, yet alive, privately asked him, what course a young divine should take in his studies to enable him to be a good casuist? His answer was, that a convenient understanding of the learned languages (at least of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin), and a sufficient knowledge of arts and sciences presupposed; there were two things in human literature, a comprehension of which would be of very great use to enable a man to be a rational and able casuist, which otherwise was very difficult, if not impossible. 1. A convenient knowledge of moral philosophy; especially that part of it which treats of the nature of human actions: to know, "quid sit actus humanus (spontaneus, invitus, mixtus)

* Robert Boyle, Esq.

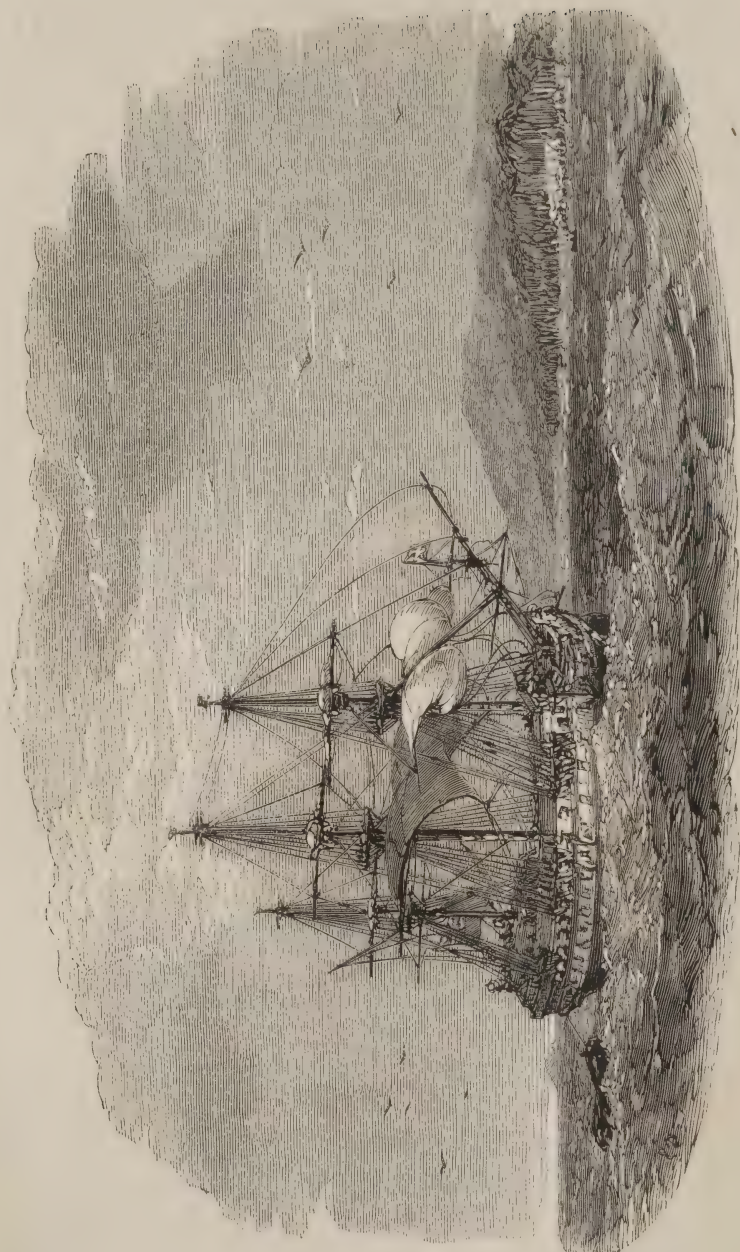
unde habent bonitatem et malitiam moralem? an ex genere et objecto, vel ex circumstantiis?" how the variety of circumstances varies the goodness or evil of human actions? how far knowledge and ignorance may aggravate or excuse, increase or diminish, the goodness or evil of our actions? For every case of conscience being only this, Is this action good or bad? May I do it, or may I not? he who, in these, knows not how and whence human actions become morally good and evil, never can, "in hypothesi," rationally and certainly determine, whether this or that particular action be so. 2. The second thing, which, he said, would be a great help and advantage to a casuist, was a convenient knowledge of the nature and obligation of laws in general; to know what a law is; what a natural and a positive law; what's required to the "latio, dispensatio, derogatio, vel abrogatio legis;" what promulgation is antecedently required to the obligation of any positive law; what ignorance takes off the obligation of a law, or does excuse,

diminish, or aggravate the transgression; for every case of conscience being only this. Is this lawful for me, or is it not? and the law the only rule and measure, by which I must judge of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of any action; it evidently follows, that he who, in these, knows not the nature and obligation of laws, never can be a good casuist, or rationally assure himself, or others, of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of actions in particular. This was the judgment and good counsel of that learned and pious prelate; and having, by long experience, found the truth and benefit of it, I conceive I could not, without ingratitude to him, and want of charity to others, conceal it. Pray pardon this rude, and, I fear, impertinent scribble, which (if nothing else) may signify thus much, that I am willing to obey your desires, and am indeed

Your affectionate friend,

THOMAS LINCOLN.

London, May 10, 1678.



THE "CENTURION" PREPARING TO ANCHOR.

A

VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD,

IN THE YEARS 1740, 41, 42, 43, 44.

BY GEORGE ANSON, Esq.

Commander-in-Chief of a Squadron of His Majesty's Ships, sent upon an Expedition to the South Seas.



The "Centurion" taking the Spanish Galleon.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,

A MEMOIR OF LORD ANSON, AND PREFACE.

LONDON :

INGRAM, COOKE, AND CO. 227, STRAND.

1853.

A

VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD,

IN THE YEARS 1740, 41, 42, 43, 44;

BY GEORGE ANSON ESQ.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF A SQUADRON OF HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS, SENT UPON AN EXPEDITION
TO THE SOUTH SEAS.

COMPILED FROM PAPERS AND OTHER MATERIALS

OF

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE LORD ANSON,

AND PUBLISHED UNDER HIS DIRECTION.

BY RICHARD WALTER, M.A.

CHAPLAIN OF HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP THE CENTURION, IN THAT EXPEDITION.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,

A MEMOIR OF LORD ANSON, AND PREFACE.

MEMOIR OF LORD ANSON.

GEORGE, the youngest son of William Anson, Esq., of Shugborough, Staffordshire, was born in the parish of Colwich, in that county, on the 23rd of April, 1697. His grandfather, William Anson, was an eminent barrister in the reign of James the First, and having realised a handsome fortune, purchased the estate and manor of Shugborough.

The subject of this memoir is reported to have evinced an early predilection for a sea life, his attention being greatly taken with the narratives of voyagers; and in January, 1712, he entered the navy on board the *Ruby*, under the command of Captain Peter Chamberlain, whom he accompanied into the Monmouth, and subsequently the Hampshire frigate, in which last ship he was made acting Lieutenant, about 1716, by Sir John Norris, then commanding the North Sea fleet.

Very little is known or recorded respecting the early career of this celebrated officer. In 1717 he appears to have been a Lieutenant on board the *Montague*, in the action between the British Fleet, under Sir George Byng, and the Spanish Fleet, under Don Antonio Castanita, when the latter were defeated with great loss. From the *Montague*, Mr. Anson was promoted to the rank of Master and Commander, 19th June, 1722, and appointed to the *Weazle* sloop of war. In this vessel he maintained the character of an active officer, performing good service in the North Sea, and on the 1st of February following, he was made Post Captain, and appointed to command the *Scarborough* frigate.

He shortly afterwards proceeded to the Coast of America, for the protection of the infant colonies, then threatened, in consequence of a rupture with Spain. He appears to have executed this service greatly to the satisfaction of the colonists as well as the government at home, and received some flattering and valuable testimonials from the planters of South Carolina. His presence on that station deterred the Spaniards from their meditated aggression, and the captain of the *Garland* frigate dying, Captain Anson removed into that ship, sending the *Scarborough* home; but it was not until 1730, some time after peace was concluded, that he received orders to return to England.

He next commanded the *Diadem* and subsequently the *Squirrel*, upon the home station, until 1734, when he was again ordered to visit the Coast of America for the purpose of ascertaining the truth of some reported aggressions committed by the Spaniards upon the British Settlements. Finding these rumours and apprehensions groundless, he returned home, paid off the *Squirrel*, and now, for the first time since he entered on his arduous profession, passed upwards of two years on shore.

During the peace, continual complaints were made respecting the depredations committed by the Spanish *Guarda Costas* on English vessels trading to the eastern ports of America and the Spanish main. At length the grievance attained such a height, that a committee of the House of Commons was appointed to examine witnesses; and having, amongst other complainants, summoned one Jenkins, master of the *Rebecca*, of Glasgow, he averred, that not only had his vessel been plundered, and his crew maltreated by the Spaniards; but that one of his ears had been cut off, placed in his hand, and he was insolently desired to carry it to his king; informing him, that if they had him there, he should be treated in like manner. When asked, "What were his feelings under this treatment?" he replied, "I recommended my soul to God, and my cause to my country." The indignation of Parliament and the country was aroused at the recital of this brutal and audacious outrage, and public clamour rose to such a height in consequence, that, coupled with some breaches of a convention on the part of Spain, the King of England was induced to declare war against that country, on the 10th of October, 1739, amidst the general acclamation of the people.

At this period Captain Anson was in command of the *Centurion*, upon the Coast of Africa, and the government, having determined upon attacking the Spanish settlements, recalled him in order to take command of one of the contemplated expeditions.

The narrative of this celebrated voyage includes the whole account of his proceedings until his return to England, when we resume the thread of the biography.

Commodore Anson does not appear to have been received by the Lords of the Admiralty with the cordiality he anticipated after his perilous adventure, although the whole nation was loud in his praise. The Board disregarded his application for Mr. Brett his first lieutenant's promotion, and this induced him to refuse his own commission of Rear-admiral, when a flag promotion was made in 1744.

In December of that year, a change took place in the government; Lord Winchelsea retired from the Admiralty, and was succeeded by the Duke of Bedford, who immediately selected Anson as one of his board; and on the 20th of April, 1745, he received two steps of promotion at once, being advanced to Rear-admiral of the White, passing over the intervening step of the Blue. He had previously been returned to Parliament for the borough of Hendon, and from that time to his death he sat at the Board of Admiralty, with trifling intervals, occasionally hoisting his flag; and he successively attained to the highest honours of his profession.

In 1747 he took command of the squadron, cruising off Cape Finisterre, and defeated Monsieur de la Jonquiere, capturing six of his ships and a valuable convoy.* For this exploit he was advanced to the peerage on the 13th June, 1747, by the title of Lord Anson, Baron of Soberston, in Hants. He assumed the appropriate motto of "Nil desperandum."

* The treasure found in the captured ships amounted to £900,000. It was landed at Plymouth, and being conveyed to London in waggons, was paraded through the streets to the Bank in grand military procession, amidst the acclamations of the inhabitants. In the evening the City was illuminated. The treasure taken by Anson from the Spaniards in the South Seas has been computed at £751,000, including that found in the *Acapulco* ship.

In the same year he greatly strengthened his political interest by marrying the eldest daughter of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, an able lawyer and influential statesman, who availed himself of every means to further the interests of his relatives and dependents to the remotest degree.

In May 1758, Lord Anson took command of the grand fleet, and blockaded Brest, whilst the combined land and sea forces attacked St. Malo and other towns on the Coast of France. In December he returned to Spithead, struck his flag, and resumed his post at the Admiralty.

Much of the success which attended our operations by sea during the Seven Years' war, is attributed to the able and judicious measures of Lord Anson, who during that period directed our naval affairs. He rejoiced in the confidence and esteem of the nation generally, and never suffered in his popularity, excepting for a short period during the unhappy tragedy of Admiral Byng, who fell a victim to the political intrigues of the times, in which Anson's father-in-law, the Chancellor, appears to have borne a discreditable part.

On several occasions Lord Anson had the honour of conveying under his flag His Majesty, George the Second, to the Continent, when he visited his German dominions; and also of bringing over Queen Charlotte when affianced to George the Third, in 1761.

Lord Anson's professional advancement took place as follows:—Entered the Navy, 1712; Lieutenant, 1717; Commander, 1722; Captain, 1723; Rear-admiral, 1745; Vice-admiral, 1746; Admiral, 1748; and, in 1755, he was made Vice-admiral of Great Britain, and Admiral and Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's Fleets.

Early in 1762, his constitution became much impaired, and he was advised to repair to Bath for the use of the waters. He died rather suddenly at his seat, Moor Park, on the 6th of June; his remains were interred at Colwich in the county of Stafford. Lord Anson left no issue, and his lady having died two years before him, he bequeathed the bulk of his property to George Adams, Esq., his sister's son.

The title became extinct, but was revived, in 1806, in the person of the eldest son of the afore-mentioned George Adams, who assumed the name of Anson, being the father of the present Earl of Lichfield.

In person Lord Anson was agreeable, though not handsome; in conversation extremely reserved; he is reported to have been addicted to gambling, and to have suffered from his inexperience. His disposition was generous and benevolent, and he possessed great fortitude of mind and indomitable resolution under difficulties, as the many cases recorded in the narrative of his voyage testify. His character has been drawn by many hands, and is thus summed up by Sir John Barrow in his lately published "Life of Lord Anson."

"He was a man of great modesty and simplicity of manners, and so reserved in general society as to give some truth to the point of Williams* *bon mot*, that 'he had been round the world but never in it.' Walpole also is not far from the truth in calling him 'the silent son of the Chancellor.' His silence and reserve, however, were not the offspring of any deficiency of knowledge or want of ability, either on general or professional acquirements, but from that natural diffidence of his own merit, and a reluctance of speaking in public, which very many men of considerable talents have not been able to overcome; while others with a parsimony of intellect are by no means deficient in volubility of speech. As a representative in the House of Commons, and subsequently as a Peer of the realm—as a member of the Board of Admiralty, holding for many years the high and responsible situation of First Lord—it does not appear, from the Parliamentary History, that he ever spoke on any subject, professional or otherwise, although many naval questions of considerable importance, in both houses, were brought into discussion; but there were always able civilians in the Board to represent his sentiments. In the records of the Admiralty there is abundant evidence of his constant and unremitting attention to the various duties of that department, and of the large share he had in them."

Again: "The fleets that he fitted out, with a rapidity never before known, afford no ground for the imputation of *slowness*; the truth appears to be, that he was slow to decide, but quick to execute. He was not certainly possessed of shining abilities, but a plain, straightforward, matter-of-fact man, attentive to the duties of his office, well acquainted with the practical part of his profession, and—what is perhaps equally important—with the character of the officers belonging to it."

It has been often remarked that not a single monument, private or public, has been raised to the memory of a man, whose exploits occupy such a distinguished place in the annals of the British navy. His late Majesty, William the Fourth, who greatly respected his memory, ordered a ward in Greenwich Hospital to be called "Anson Ward," and caused to be transported thither from Windsor the figure-head of the Centurion, where it is likely to remain as long as the material endures. The figure is a lion rampant, and measures sixteen feet in height. On the pedestal, the following lines are inscribed:—

"Stay traveller, awhile, and view
One who has travelled more than you:
Quite round the globe, through each degree,
Anson and I have ploughed the sea:
Torrid and frigid zones have passed,
And—safe ashore arrived at last—
In ease with dignity appear,
He, in the House of Lords, I, here."

* Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, a celebrated wit of that day.

PREFACE.

MR. BENJAMIN ROBINS, a celebrated engineer-officer, appears to have been the author or compiler of "Anson's Voyage Round the World," although announced in the title-page as the production of Mr. Walter, Chaplain of the Commodore's ship, the Centurion.

It has been remarked that, notwithstanding the name of a clergyman appears as the avowed author, there does not occur, in the whole detail, the mention of prayers or thanksgiving to the Almighty under any one of the many perils encountered, or especial relief from calamity, which nothing short of the intervention of Divine Providence could have accomplished. Indeed the word Providential is only once casually mentioned in the course of the narrative, at page 101., col. 1.

The skilful manner in which Mr. Robins executed his task, the earnestness and apparent truthfulness of the narrative, with the graphic description of the parts visited, created such an interest in the public mind, as to render the account of this voyage one of the most popular books extant; three large impressions of the original edition were called for in quick succession, and it has ever since held its place as a standard work.

On the first appearance of the "Voyage," the French affected to treat the whole affair as romance; and it must be admitted, that the accounts of subsequent navigators do not bear out the flattering description with which Mr. Robins's poetic imagination has clothed some portions of the history. Commodore Byron, who visited the island of Tinian, with the view of refreshing his men, in 1765, complains of the disappointment he experienced at finding the reality fall so far short of the expectations he had been induced to entertain, from the account given in the book.

At this distance of time, the impartial reader, who reviews the measures which preceded and accompanied this celebrated voyage, will not be inclined to accord such unlimited praise, as it has been the custom to attribute to those who had the conduct of the expedition. Whilst he fully appreciates the fortitude and endurance displayed under accumulated disasters; and, above all, the indomitable resolution which eventually enabled Anson to accomplish one object of the Voyage, and redeem his losses by the capture of the treasure ship, in the face of such fearful odds; he cannot but be struck at a want of foresight and precaution in the preparations for the expedition, and more particularly in adopting such means as were then known to be efficacious for preserving the health of the crews during their contemplated voyage; means which more particularly demanded increased attention, on account of the weak and inefficient state of these crews as originally composed.

It was only twenty years after the return of Anson, that Cook traversed a more extensive range, and lost but one man by sickness during an absence of three years from England, the preservation of the health of his crews being entirely owing to the wise precautions adopted by that skilful and talented commander, and only resorted to by Anson after the scurvy had made its appearance on his departure from Madeira, when the germ of the disease was sown, which proved so fatal to his people. There appears too, on the part of Anson and his captains, a want of due care and scrutiny as regards the equipment of the ships, notwithstanding that the long period of preparation afforded

ample opportunity; for mention is frequently made of the loss of masts, sails, and rigging, owing to their defective state. The great errors in the reckoning also, amounting in one case to ten degrees of longitude, are anything but creditable to the skill of the officers employed, and not to be excused even by the imperfect state of the science of navigation at that period, because former voyagers had displayed greater proficiency, and Cook (a self-educated man) with no greater means, does not seem to have experienced much difficulty on this score, during his celebrated voyages.

The reader will be gratified to learn, that the fatal disease which reduced Anson's squadron to extremity, and has caused the loss of tens of thousands of our seamen*, is now scarcely known either in public or private ships belonging to Great Britain. A due regard to cleanliness, warmth, and ventilation, but, above all, the free use of lime juice, or other acids, with fresh meat and vegetables as often as they can be procured, have almost, if not quite, annihilated the scurvy, which now but rarely appears, except under circumstances where these precautions are neglected, and may be said to exist only in the painful memory of those who have witnessed its fatal devastation.

Contemporary historians, overlooking these important matters, have reflected upon the conduct of Lord Anson on another account, namely, that on some occasions, particularly the destruction of the town of Payta, he exceeded his orders. To set this charge at rest, we append a transcript of his Instructions, which have never been heretofore published with an edition of the Voyage. The originals are recorded in the State Paper Office:

(Signed) GEORGE R.

Instructions for our trusty and well-beloved GEORGE ANSON, Esq., commander-in-chief of our ships, designed to be sent to the South Seas in America. Given at our Court at St. James's, the 31st day of January, 1739-40, in the thirteenth year of our reign.

Whereas, we have thought proper to declare war against the King of Spain, for the several injuries and indignities offered to our crown and people, which are more particularly set forth in our declaration of war; and, whereas, in pursuance thereof, we are determined to distress and annoy the said King of Spain and his subjects in such manner and in such places as can be done with the greatest prospect of success, and the most to the advantage of our own subjects, we have thought fit to direct that you, taking under your command our ships hereinafter mentioned, viz., the Centurion, the Argyle, the Severn, the Pearl, the Wager, and the Tryal sloop, should proceed with them according to the following instructions:—You are to receive on board our said ships five hundred of our land forces, and to proceed forthwith to the Cape de Verde Islands, and to supply your ships with water and such refreshments as are to be procured there, and you are from thence to make the best of your way to the island of St. Catherine on the coast of Brazil, or such other place on

* It has been asserted in Parliament, that during the Seven Years' war, which ended in 1763, not less than 130,000 seamen died of disease, two thirds of them from scurvy.

that coast as you may be advised is more proper, where you are again to supply your ships with water, and any other necessities you may want that can be had there; and when you have so done, you are to proceed, with our ships under your command, to the South Sea, either round Cape Horn, or through the Straits of Magellan, as you shall judge most proper and according to the season of the year, and winds and weather shall best permit.

When you shall arrive on the Spanish Coast of the South Sea, you are to use your best endeavours to annoy and distress the Spaniards, either by sea or land, to the utmost of your power, by taking, sinking, burning, or otherwise destroying all their ships and vessels that you shall meet with, and particularly their boats and all embarkations whatsoever, that they may not be able to send any intelligence by sea along the coast, of your being in those parts. In case you shall find it practicable to seize, surprise, or take any of the towns or places belonging to the Spaniards on the coast, that you may judge worthy of making such an enterprise upon, you are to attempt it, for which purpose we have not only ordered the land forces above mentioned, but have also thought proper to direct that an additional number of small arms be put on board the said ships under your command, to be used as occasion may require by the crews of the said ships or otherwise as you shall find most for our service. And you are on such occasions to take the opinion of the captains of our ships under your command, at a council of war, of which council of war, in case of any attack or enterprise by land, the commander of our land forces shall also be one, which said land forces shall, upon such occasions, be landed according to the determination of the said council of war, and when on shore, shall be under the direction and conduct of the commanding officer of our land forces, subject, however, to be recalled on board by any future determination of a council of war. And, as it will be absolutely necessary for you to be supplied with provisions and water when and where they can be had, you will inform yourself of the places where that can be most conveniently done; and, as we have been informed, that the coast of Chili, and particularly the island of Chiloe, do abound with provisions and necessities of all sorts, you are to call there for that purpose.

As it has been represented to us that the number of native Indians, on the coast of Chili, greatly exceeds that of the Spaniards, and that there is reason to believe that the said Indians may not be averse to join with you against the Spaniards, in order to recover their freedom, you are to endeavour to cultivate a good understanding with such Indians as shall be willing to join and assist you, in any attempt that you may think proper to make against the Spaniards that are established there.

You are to continue your voyage along the coast of Peru, and get the best information you can whether there be any place, before you come to Lima, that may be worthy of your attention so as to make it advisable to stop at it; but, if there be no place where any considerable advantage can be expected, you are then to go along the coast till you come to Callao, which is the port of Lima, taking or destroying all embarkations whatsoever that you shall meet with.

As soon as you shall arrive at Callao, you shall consider whether it may be practicable to make an attempt upon that place or not, and, if it shall be judged practicable, by a council of war to be held for that purpose, with the strength you have with you to make an attack upon that port, you are accordingly to do it, and if it shall please God to bless our arms with success, you are to endeavour to turn it to the best advantage possible for our service.

And, whereas, there is some reason to believe from private intelligence, that the Spaniards in the Kingdom of Peru, and especially in that part of it which is near Lima, have long had an inclination to revolt from their obedience to the King of Spain (on account of the great oppressions and tyrannies exercised by the Spanish Viceroy and Governors) in favour of some considerable person amongst themselves, you are, if you should find that

there is found any foundation for these reports, by all possible means to encourage and assist such design in the best manner you shall be able; and, in case of any revolution or revolt from the obedience of the King of Spain, either amongst the Spaniards or the Indians in those parts, and of any new government being created by them, you are to insist upon the most advantageous conditions for the commerce of our subjects to be carried on with such government so to be erected, for which purpose you shall make provisional agreements subject to our future approbation and confirmation.

But in case you shall not think proper to attack Calao, or should miscarry in any attempt you may make against that place, you are then to proceed to the northward as far as Panama; but as there are many places along the coast which are considerable, and where the Spanish ships, in their passage between Panama and Lima, do usually stop, it will be proper for you to look into those places, and to annoy the Spaniards there as much as it shall be in your power, and if you shall meet with the Spanish men-of-war that carry the treasure from Lima to Panama, you are to endeavour to make yourself master of them.

When you are arrived at Panama, you will probably have an opportunity to take or destroy such embarkations as you shall find there; and as the town itself is represented not to be very strong, you are, if you shall think you have sufficient force for that purpose, to make an attempt upon that town, and endeavour to take it, or burn, or destroy it, as you shall think most for our service.

And as you may possibly find an opportunity to send privately overland to Portobello or Darien, you are by that means to endeavour to transmit to any of our ships or forces that shall be on the coast, an account of what you have done or intend to do. And, lest any such intelligence should fall into the hands of the Spaniards, we have ordered you to be furnished with a cipher, in which manner only you are to correspond with our admiral or the commander in chief of any of our ships that may be in the northern seas of America, or the commander in chief of our land forces.

And as we have determined to send a large body of troops from hence as early as possible in the Spring, to make a descent upon some part of the Spanish West Indies, and as we shall have a very considerable fleet in those seas, in case it should be thought proper that any part of those ships or troops should go to Portobello or Darien with a design to send the said troops overland to Panama or Santa Maria, you are then to make the best disposition to assist them, by all means that to you shall be able, in making a secure settlement either at Panama or any other place that shall be thought proper, and you are in such case to supply them with cannon from the ships under your command (if necessary), or with anything else that can be spared without too much weakening the squadron. And if the land forces on board our said ships should be wanted to reinforce those that may come overland to the coast of the South Sea, you may cause them to go on shore for that purpose, with the approbation of the proper officers.

When you have proceeded thus far, it must be in a great measure left to your own discretion and that of a council of war (when upon any difficulty you shall think fit to call them together) to consider whether you shall go farther to the northward, or remain longer at Panama; in case the place should have been taken by our forces, or you can any way hear that any of our forces may be expected on that side from the north side. But you will always take particular care to consider of a proper place for careening of the ships and for supplying them with provisions, either for their voyage homeward or for their continuing longer abroad. In case you shall be so happy as to meet with success, you shall take the first opportunity of sending a ship on purpose or otherwise to acquaint us with it, and with every particular that may be necessary for us to be informed of, that we may take the proper measures thereupon. If you shall find no occasion for your staying longer in those seas, and shall judge it best to go to the northward as far as Acapulco, or look out

for the Acapulco ship, which sails from that place for Manila at a certain time of the year, and generally returns at a certain time also, you may possibly in that case think it most advisable to return the way of China, which you are hereby authorised to do, or return home by Cape Horn, as you shall think best for our service, and for the preservation of the ships and men on board them.

Whenever you shall judge it necessary for our service to return with our squadron to England, you may, if you shall think it proper, leave one or two of our ships in the South Seas, for the security of any of the acquisitions you may have been able to make, or for the protection of the trade which any of our subjects may be carrying on in those parts.

BY THE LORDS JUSTICES.

HARDWICKE, C.
WILMINGTON, P.
DORSET.

RICHMOND, LENNOX, and
AUBIGNAY.
MONTAGU.

DEVONSHIRE.
HOLLES, NEWCASTLE.
PEMBROKE.
HAY.
R. WALPOLE.
CHA. WAGER.

*Additional Instructions for GEORGE ANSON, Esq.,
Commander-in-chief of His Majesty's ships to be
sent into the South Seas in America. Given at
Whitehall, the 19th day of June, 1740, in the
fourteenth year of His Majesty's reign.*

WHEREAS, His Majesty was pleased to sign certain Instructions, bearing date the 31st of January, 1739-40, directed to you, we have ordered the same to be herewith delivered to you, and have thought fit also to give you these additional instructions for your conduct.

His Majesty has been pleased to suspend your sailing from England till this time, when the season of the year

will permit you to make your intended voyage directly to the South Seas, in America, (which, at some particular seasons, is extremely difficult if not impracticable). You are now to proceed forthwith, with His Majesty's ships under your command, directly to the South Seas, either by going round Cape Horn or through the Straits of Magellan, and to act according to the directions contained in His Majesty's Instructions to you. But you are to regard that part of the said Instructions whereby you were ordered (in case you should be too late for your passage to the South Seas) to proceed directly to the River Plata, and there to remain till the season of the year should permit you to go with safety to the South Seas, to be at present out of the question and of no force. And whereas you are directed, by His Majesty's Instructions, to cause the land forces, which are to go on board His Majesty's ships under your command, to be put on shore, on one particular occasion, with the approbation of the proper officers; you are to understand it to be His Majesty's intention that the said land forces are in no case to be put on shore, unless it shall be previously approved by a council of war to be held for that purpose.

Whereas a letter, written by the Governor of Panama to the King of Spain, has fallen into the hands of some of His Majesty's officers, which letter contains very material advices relating to the situation of the Spaniards, and to the keeping of their treasure in these parts, a copy of the same will, by our order, be herewith put into your hands: and you are to have a regard to the intelligence therein contained, in the execution of the orders given you in His Majesty's Instructions.

In case of your inability, by sickness or otherwise, to execute His Majesty's orders, the officer next to you in rank is hereby authorised and directed to take upon him the command of His Majesty's ships that are to go with you; and to execute the orders contained in your Instructions, as if they were directed to himself.

THE AUTHOR'S DEDICATION.

TO

HIS GRACE, JOHN, DUKE OF BEDFORD,

MARQUIS OF TAVISTOCK, EARL OF BEDFORD, BARON RUSSEL, BARON RUSSEL OF THORNHAUGH, AND
BARON HOWLAND OF STREATHAM ;

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S PRINCIPAL SECRETARIES OF STATE, AND LORD LIEUTENANT AND CUSTOS ROTULORUM
OF THE COUNTY OF BEDFORD.

MY LORD,

THE following narrative of a very singular naval achievement is addressed to your Grace, both on account of the infinite obligations which the Commander-in-Chief at all times professes to have received from your friendship ; and also, as the subject itself naturally claims the patronage of one, under whose direction, the British navy has resumed its ancient spirit and lustre, and has in one summer ennobled itself by two victories, the most decisive, and (if the strength and number of the captures be considered) the most important, that are to be met with in our annals. Indeed, an uninterrupted series of success, and a manifest superiority gained universally over the enemy, both in commerce and glory, seem to be the necessary effects of a revival of strict discipline, and of an unbiassed regard to merit and service. These are marks that must distinguish the happy period of time in which your Grace presided, and afford a fitter subject for history than for an address of this nature. Very signal advantages of rank and distinction, obtained and secured to the naval profession by your Grace's auspicious influence, will remain a lasting monument of your unwearied zeal and attachment to it, and be for ever remembered with the highest gratitude, by all who shall be employed in it. As these were the generous rewards of past exploits, they will be likewise the noblest incentives, and surest pledges of the future. That your Grace's eminent talents, magnanimity, and disinterested zeal, whence the public has already reaped such signal benefits, may in all times prove equally successful in advancing the prosperity of Great Britain, is the ardent wish of,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

Most obedient, most devoted, an

Most humble Servant,

RICHARD WALTER.

THE AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great improvement of navigation within the last two centuries, a voyage round the world is still considered as an enterprise of a very singular nature; and the public have never failed to be extremely inquisitive about the various accidents and turns of fortune, with which this uncommon attempt is generally attended: and though the amusement expected in a narration of this kind, is doubtless one great source of this curiosity, and a strong incitement with the bulk of readers, yet the more intelligent part of mankind have always agreed, that from these relations, if faithfully executed, the more important purposes of navigation, commerce, and national interest may be greatly promoted: for every authentic account of foreign coasts and countries will contribute to one or more of these great ends, in proportion to the wealth, wants, or commodities of those countries, and our ignorance of those coasts; and therefore a voyage round the world promises a species of information, of all others the most desirable and interesting, since great part of it is performed in seas, and on coasts, with which we are as yet very imperfectly acquainted, and in the neighbourhood of a country renowned for the abundance of its wealth, though it is at the same time stigmatised for its poverty in the necessaries and conveniences of a civilised life.

These considerations have occasioned the publication of the ensuing work; which, in gratifying the inquisitive turn of mankind, and contributing to the safety and success of future navigators, and to the extension of our commerce and power, may doubtless vie with any narration of this kind hitherto made public: since the circumstances of this undertaking, already known to the world, may be supposed to have strongly excited the general curiosity; for whether we consider the force of the squadron sent on this service, or the diversified distresses that each single ship was separately involved in, or the uncommon instances of varying fortune, which attended the whole enterprise; each part, I conceive, must, from its rude well-known outlines, appear worthy of a completer and more finished delineation: and if this be allowed with respect to the narrative part of the work, there can be no doubt about the more useful and instructive parts, which are almost everywhere interwoven with it.*

Mr. Anson, before he set sail upon this expedition, besides the printed journals to those parts, took care to furnish himself with the best manuscript accounts he could procure of all the Spanish settlements upon the coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico: these he carefully compared with the examinations of his prisoners, and the informations of several intelligent persons, who fell into his hands in the South Seas. He had likewise the good fortune, in some of his captures, to possess himself of a great number of letters and papers of a public nature, many of them written by the Viceroy of Peru to the Viceroy of Santa Fee, to the Presidents of Panama and Chili, to Don Blas de Lezo, admiral of the galleons, and to divers other persons in public employments; and in these letters there was usually inserted a recital of those they were intended to answer; so that they contained a considerable part of the correspondence between these officers for some time previous to our arrival on that coast. We took besides many letters

sent from persons employed by the government to their friends and correspondents, which were frequently filled with narrations of public business, and sometimes contained undisguised animadversions on the views and conduct of their superiors. From these materials those accounts of the Spanish affairs are taken, which may at first sight appear the most exceptionable. In particular, the history of the various casualties which befel Pizarro's squadron, is for the most part composed from intercepted letters: though indeed the relation of the insurrection of Orellana and his followers, is founded on rather a less disputable authority: for it was taken from the mouth of an English gentleman then on board Pizarro, who often conversed with Orellana; and it was, on inquiry, confirmed in its principal circumstances by others who were in the ship at the same time. So that the fact, however extraordinary, is, I conceive, not to be contested.

And on this occasion I cannot but mention, that though I have endeavoured, with my utmost care, to adhere strictly to truth in every article of the ensuing narration; yet I am apprehensive, that in so complicated a work, some oversights must have been committed, by the inattention to which at times all mankind are liable. However I know of none but literal mistakes: and if there are other errors which have escaped me, I flatter myself they are not of moment enough to affect any material transaction, and therefore I hope they may justly claim the reader's indulgence.

After this general account of the contents of the ensuing work, it might be expected, perhaps, that I should proceed to the work itself; but I cannot finish this Introduction, without adding a few reflections on a matter very nearly connected with the present subject, and, as I conceive, neither destitute of utility, nor unworthy the attention of the public; I mean, the animating my countrymen both in their public and private stations, to the encouragement and pursuit of all kinds of geographical and nautical observations, and of every species of mechanical and commercial information. It is by a settled attachment to these seemingly minute particulars, that our ambitious neighbours have established some part of that power, with which we are now struggling; and as we have the means in our hands of pursuing these subjects more effectually than they can, it would be a dishonour to us longer to neglect so easy and beneficial a practice: for, as we have a navy much more numerous than theirs, great part of which is always employed in very distant stations, either in the protection of our colonies and commerce, or in assisting our allies against the common enemy, this gives us frequent opportunities of furnishing ourselves with such kind of materials as are here recommended, and such as might turn greatly to our advantage, either in war or peace: for, not to mention what might be expected from the officers of the navy, if their application to these subjects was properly encouraged, it would create no new expense to the government to establish a particular regulation for this purpose; since all that would be requisite, would be constantly to embark on board some of our men-of-war, which are sent on these distant cruises, a person, who with the character of an engineer, and the skill and talents necessary to that profession, should be employed in drawing such coasts, and planning such harbours, as the ship should touch at, and in making such other observations of all kinds, as might either prove of advantage to future navigators, or might any ways tend to promote the public service. Besides, persons habituated

* A portion of this Introduction which relates to the charts and plans in the original edition, is here omitted, the *aforsaid charts*, &c. being now obsolete.

to this employment (which could not fail at the same time of improving them in their proper business) would be extremely useful in many other lights, and might serve to secure our fleets from those disgraces, with which their attempts against places on shore have been often attended: and, in a nation like ours, where all sciences are more eagerly and universally pursued, and better understood than in any other part of the world, proper subjects for such employments could not long be wanting, if due encouragement were given to them. This method here recommended is known to have been frequently practised by the French, particularly in the instance of Monsieur Frezier, an engineer, who has published a celebrated voyage to the South Seas: for this person, in the year 1711, was purposely sent by the French king into that country on board a merchantman, that he might examine and describe the coast, and take plans of all the fortified places, the better to enable the French to prosecute their illicit trade, or, in case of a rupture with the court of Spain, to form their enterprises in those seas with more readiness and certainty. Should we pursue this method, we might hope that the emulation amongst those who were thus employed, and the experience, which even in time of peace, they would hereby acquire, might at length procure us a proper number of able engineers, and might efface the national scandal, which our deficiency in that species of men has sometimes exposed us to. And surely, every step to encourage and improve this profession is of great moment to the public; as no persons, when they are properly instructed, make better returns in war, for the encouragement and emoluments bestowed on them in time of peace. Of which the advantages the French have reaped from their dexterity (too numerous and recent to be soon forgot) are an ample confirmation.

And having mentioned engineers, or such as are skilled in drawing and the other usual practices of that profession, as the properest persons to be employed in these foreign inquiries, I cannot (as it offers itself so naturally to the subject in hand) but lament, how very imperfect many of our accounts of distant countries are rendered by the relators being unskilled in drawing, and in the general principles of surveying; even where other abilities have not been wanting. Had more of our travellers been initiated in these acquirements, and had there been added thereto some little skill in the common astronomical observations (all which a person of ordinary talents might attain with a very moderate share of application), we should by this time have seen the geography of the globe much correcter than we now find it; the dangers of navigation would have been considerably lessened, and the manners, arts, and produce of foreign countries, would have been much better known to us than they are. Indeed when I consider the strong incitements that all travellers have to acquire some part at least of these qualifications, especially drawing; when I consider how much it would facilitate their observations, assist and strengthen their memories, and of how tedious, and often unintelligible, a load of description it would rid them, I cannot but wonder that any person that intends to visit distant countries, with a view of informing either himself or others, should be unfurnished with so useful a piece of skill. And to enforce this argument still further, I must add that, besides the uses of drawing, which are already mentioned, there is one which, though not so obvious, is yet perhaps of more consequence than all that has been hitherto urged; and that is, that those who are accustomed to draw objects observe them with more distinctness than others who are not habituated to this practice. For we may easily find by a little experience, that in viewing any object, however simple, our attention or memory is scarcely at any time so strong as to enable us, when we have turned our eyes away from it, to recollect exactly every part it consisted of, and to recall all the circumstances of its appearance; since, on examination, it will be discovered, that in some we are mistaken, and others we had totally overlooked; but he that is employed in drawing what he sees, is at the same time employed in rectifying this inattention; for by confronting his ideas copied on the paper, with the

object he intends to represent, he finds in what manner he has been deceived in its appearance, and hence he in time acquires the habit of observing much more at one view, and retains what he sees with more correctness, than he could ever have done, without his practice and proficiency in drawing.

If what has been said merits the attention of travellers of all sorts, it is, I think more particularly applicable to the gentlemen of the navy; since, without drawing and planning, neither charts nor views of lands can be taken; and without these it is sufficiently evident, that navigation is at a full stand. It is doubtless from a persuasion of the utility of these qualifications, that his Majesty has established a drawing-master at Portsmouth, for the instruction of those who are presumed to be hereafter intrusted with the command of his royal navy; and though some have been so far misled, as to suppose that the perfection of sea-officers consisted in a turn of mind and temper resembling the boisterous element they had to deal with, and have condemned all literature and science as effeminate and derogatory to that ferocity, which they would falsely persuade us was the most unerring characteristic of courage: yet it is to be hoped, that such absurdities as these have at no time been authorised by the public opinion, and that the belief of them daily diminishes. If those who adhere to these mischievous positions were capable of being influenced by reason, or swayed by example, I should think it sufficient for their conviction to observe, that the most valuable drawings made during this voyage, though done with such a degree of skill, that even professed artists can with difficulty imitate them, were taken by Mr. Peirey Brett, one of Mr. Anson's lieutenants, and since captain of the *Lion* man-of-war; who, in his memorable engagement with the *Elizabeth* (for the importance of the service, or the resolution with which it was conducted, inferior to none this age has seen) has given ample proof that a proficiency in the arts I have been here recommending is extremely consistent with the most exemplary bravery, and the most distinguished skill in every function belonging to the duty of a sea-officer. Indeed, when the many branches of science are considered, of which even the common practice of navigation is composed, and the many improvements which men of skill have added to this practice within these few years, it would induce one to believe, that the advantages of reflection and speculative knowledge were in no profession more eminent than in that of a sea-officer. For not to mention some expertness in geography, geometry, and astronomy, which it would be dishonourable for him to be without (as his journal and his estimate of the daily position of the ship are no more than the practice of particular branches of these arts), it may be well supposed that the management and working of a ship, the discovery of her most eligible position in the water (usually styled her trim), and the disposition of her sails in the most advantageous manner, are articles wherein the knowledge of mechanics cannot but be greatly assistant: and perhaps the application of this kind of knowledge to naval subjects may produce as great improvements in sailing and working a ship, as it has already done in many other matters conducive to the ease and convenience of human life; for when the fabric of a ship, and the variety of her sails are considered, together with the artificial contrivances of adapting them to her different motions, as it cannot be doubted but these things have been brought about by more than ordinary sagacity and invention, so neither can it be doubted but that a speculative and scientific turn of mind may find out the means of directing and disposing this complicated mechanism much more advantageously than can be done by mere habit, or by a servile copying of what others may perhaps have erroneously practised in the like emergency. But it is time to finish this digression, and to leave the reader to the perusal of the ensuing work; which, with how little art soever it may be executed, will yet, from the importance of the subject, and the utility and excellence of the materials, merit some share of the public attention.

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ANSON'S

VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

Of the equipment of the Squadron. The incidents relating thereto, from its first appointment to its setting sail from St. Helens.

THE squadron under the command of Mr. Anson (of which I here propose to recite the most material proceedings) having undergone many changes in its destination, its force, and its equipment, in the ten months between its first appointment and its final sailing from St. Helens, I conceive the history of these alterations is a detail necessary to be made public, both for the honour of those who first planned and promoted this enterprise, and for the justification of those who have been entrusted with its execution. Since it will from hence appear, that the accidents the expedition was afterwards exposed to, and which prevented it from producing all the national advantages the strength of the squadron and the expectation of the public seemed to presage, were principally owing to a series of interruptions, which delayed the commander in the course of his preparations, and which it exceeded his utmost industry either to avoid or get removed.

When in the latter end of the summer of the year 1739, it was foreseen that a war with Spain was inevitable, it was the opinion of several considerable persons then trusted with the administration of affairs, that the most prudent step the nation could take, on the breaking out of the war, was attacking that crown in her distant settlements; for by this means (as at that time there was the greatest probability of success) it was supposed that we should cut off the principal resources of the enemy, and reduce them to the necessity of sincerely desiring a peace, as they would hereby be deprived of the returns of that treasure by which alone they could be enabled to carry on a war.

In pursuance of these sentiments, several projects were examined, and several resolutions taken in council. And in all these deliberations it was from the first determined, that George Anson, Esq., then captain of the Centurion, should be employed as commander-in-chief of an expedition of this kind; and he then being absent on a cruise, a vessel was dispatched to his station so early as the beginning of September, to order him to return with his ship to Portsmouth. And soon after he came there, that is, on the 10th of November following, he received a letter from Sir Charles

Wager, ordering him to repair to London, and to attend the board of Admiralty; where, when he arrived, he was informed by Sir Charles that two squadrons would be immediately fitted out for two secret expeditions, which however would have some connection with each other; that he, Mr. Anson, was intended to command one of them, and Mr. Cornwall (who hath since lost his life gloriously in the defence of his country's honour) the other. That the squadron under Mr. Anson was to take on board three independent companies of a hundred men each, and Bland's regiment of foot; that colonel Bland was likewise to embark with his regiment, and to command the land forces; and that, as soon as this squadron could be fitted for the sea, they were to set sail, with express orders to touch at no place till they came to Java-Head, in the East Indies: that there they were only to stop to take in water, and thence to proceed directly to the city of Manila, situated on Luconia, one of the Philippine Islands. That the other squadron was to be of equal force with this commanded by Mr. Anson, and was intended to pass round Cape Horn into the South Seas, and there to range along that coast; and after cruising upon the enemy in those parts, and attempting their settlements, this squadron in its return was to rendezvous at Manila, and there to join the squadron under Mr. Anson, where they were to refresh their men and refit their ships, and perhaps receive further orders.

This scheme was doubtless extremely well projected, and could not but greatly advance the public service, and at the same time the reputation and fortune of those concerned in its execution; for had Mr. Anson proceeded for Manila at the time and in the manner proposed by Sir Charles Wager, he would in all probability have arrived there before they had received any advice of the war between us and Spain, and consequently before they had been in the least prepared for the reception of an enemy, or had any apprehensions of their danger. The city of Manila might be well supposed to have been at that time in the same defenceless condition with all the other Spanish settlements, just at the breaking out of the war: that is to say, their fortifications neglected, and in many places decayed; their cannon dismounted, or useless, by the mouldering of their carriages; their magazines, whether of military stores or provision, all empty; their garrisons unpaid, and consequently thin, ill-affected, and

dispirited; and the royal chests in Peru, whence alone all these disorders could receive their redress, drained to the very bottom. This, from the intercepted letters of their viceroys and governors, is well known to have been the defenceless state of Panama, and the other Spanish places on the coast of the South Sea, for near a twelvemonth after our declaration of war. And it cannot be supposed that the city of Manila, removed still farther by almost half the circumference of the globe, should have experienced from the Spanish government a greater share of attention and concern for its security than Panama and the other important ports in Peru and Chili, on which their possession of that immense empire depends. Indeed, it is well known, that Manila was at that time incapable of making any considerable defence, and in all probability would have surrendered only on the appearance of our squadron before it. The consequence of this city, and the island it stands on, may be in some measure estimated, from the healthiness of its air, the excellency of its port and bay, the number and wealth of its inhabitants, and the very extensive and beneficial commerce which it carries on to the principal ports in the East Indies and China, and its exclusive trade to Acapulco, the returns for which, being made in silver, are, upon the lowest valuation, not less than three millions of dollars per annum.

And on this scheme Sir Charles Wager was so intent, that in a few days after this first conference, that is, on November 18, Mr. Anson received an order to take under his command the Argyle, Severn, Pearl, Wager, and Tryal sloop; and other orders were issued to him in the same month, and in the December following, relating to the victualling of this squadron. But Mr. Anson attending the Admiralty the beginning of January, he was informed by Sir Charles Wager, that, for reasons with which he, Sir Charles, was not acquainted, the expedition to Manila was laid aside. It may be conceived that Mr. Anson was extremely chagrined at the losing the command of so infallible, so honourable, and in every respect so desirable an enterprise, especially too as he had already, at a very great expense, made the necessary provision for his own accommodation in this voyage, which he had reason to expect would prove a very long one. However, Sir Charles, to render this disappointment in some degree more tolerable, informed him that the expedition to the South Seas was still intended, and that he, Mr. Anson, and his squadron, as their first destination was now countermanded, should be employed in that service. And on the 10th of January he received his commission, appointing him commander-in-chief of the forementioned squadron, which (the Argyle being in the course of their preparation changed for the Gloucester) was the same he sailed with above eight months after from St. Helens. On this change of destination, the equipment of the squadron was still prosecuted with as much vigour as ever, and the victualling, and whatever depended on the commodore, was so far advanced, that he conceived the ships might be capable of putting to sea the instant he should receive his final orders, of which he was in daily expectation. And at last, on the 28th of June, 1740, the duke of Newcastle, principal secretary

of state, delivered to him his majesty's instructions, dated January 31, 1739, with an additional instruction from the lords justices, dated June 19, 1740.¹ On the receipt of these, Mr. Anson immediately repaired to Spithead, with a resolution to sail with the first fair wind, flattering himself that all his delays were now at an end. For though he knew by the musters that his squadron wanted three hundred seamen of their complement (a deficiency which, with all his assiduity, he had not been able to get supplied), yet, as Sir Charles Wager informed him that an order from the board of Admiralty was despatched to Sir John Norris to spare him the numbers which he wanted, he doubted not of his complying therewith. But on his arrival at Portsmouth he found himself greatly mistaken and disappointed in this persuasion; for on his application Sir John Norris told him he could spare him none, for he wanted men for his own fleet. This occasioned an inevitable and a very considerable delay, for it was the end of July before this deficiency was by any means supplied, and all that was then done was extremely short of his necessities and expectation. For Admiral Balchen, who succeeded to the command at Spithead after Sir John Norris had sailed to the westward, instead of three hundred able sailors, which Mr. Anson wanted of his complement, ordered on board the squadron a hundred and seventy men only; of whom thirty-two were from the hospital and sick quarters, thirty-seven from the Salisbury, with three officers of Colonel Lowther's regiment, and ninety-eight marines, and these were all that were ever granted to make up the forementioned deficiency.

But the commodore's mortification did not end here. It has been already observed, that it was at first intended that Colonel Bland's regiment, and three independent companies of a hundred men each, should embark as land-forces on board the squadron. But this disposition was now changed, and all the land-forces that were to be allowed, were five hundred invalids to be collected from the out-pensioners of Chelsea college. As these out-pensioners consist of soldiers who, from their age, wounds, or other infirmities, are incapable of service in marching regiments, Mr. Anson was greatly chagrined at having such a decrepit detachment allotted him; for he was fully persuaded that the greatest part of them would perish long before they arrived at the scene of action, since the delays, he had already encountered, necessarily confined his passage round Cape Horn to the most rigorous season of the year. Sir Charles Wager, too, joined in opinion with the commodore, that invalids were no ways proper for this service, and solicited strenuously to have them exchanged; but he was told that persons, who were supposed to be better judges of soldiers than he or Mr. Anson, thought them the properest men that could be employed on this occasion.² And upon this determination they were ordered on board the squadron on the 5th of August; but

¹ See these instructions in the Introduction.

² "The feelings of these excellent judges are not to be envied, when they were afterwards made acquainted with the fact, that not one of these unfortunate individuals who went on the voyage survived to reach their native land—every man had perished."—Sir John Barrow's *Life of Lord Anson*.

instead of five hundred, there came on board no more than two hundred and fifty-nine; for all those who had limbs and strength to walk out of Portsmouth deserted, leaving behind them only such as were literally invalids, most of them being sixty years of age, and some of them upwards of seventy. Indeed it is difficult to conceive a more moving scene than the embarkation of these unhappy veterans: they were themselves extremely averse to the service they were engaged in, and fully apprised of all the disasters they were afterwards exposed to; the apprehensions of which were strongly marked by the concern that appeared in their countenances, which was mixed with no small degree of indignation, to be thus hurried from their repose into a fatiguing employ, to which neither the strength of their bodies, nor the vigour of their minds, were any ways proportioned, and where, without seeing the face of an enemy, or in the least promoting the success of the enterprise they were engaged in, they would in all probability uselessly perish by lingering and painful diseases; and this too, after they had spent the activity and strength of their youth in their country's service.

And I cannot but observe, on this melancholy incident, how extremely unfortunate it was, both to this aged and diseased detachment, and to the expedition they were employed in; that amongst all the out-pensioners of Chelsea Hospital, which were supposed to amount to two thousand men, the most crazy and infirm only should be culled out for so fatiguing and perilous an undertaking. For it was well known, that however unfit invalids in general might be for this service, yet by a prudent choice, there might have been found among them five hundred men, who had some remains of vigour left: and Mr. Anson fully expected, that the best of them would have been allotted him; whereas the whole detachment that was sent to him, seemed to be made up of the most decrepit and miserable objects, that could be collected out of the whole body; and by the desertion above-mentioned, there was a second time cleared, of that little health and strength which were to be found amongst them, and he was to take up with such as were much fitter for an infirmary, than for any military duty.

And here it is necessary to mention another material particular in the equipment of this squadron. It was proposed to Mr. Anson, after it was resolved that he should be sent to the South-Seas, to take with him two persons under the denomination of agent-victuallers. Those who were mentioned for this employment had formerly been in the Spanish West-Indies, in the South-Sea Company's service, and it was supposed that by their knowledge and intelligence on that coast, they might often procure provisions for him by compact with the inhabitants, when it was not to be got by force of arms. These agent-victuallers were, for this purpose, to be allowed to carry to the value of 15,000*l.* in merchandise on board the squadron; for they had represented, that it would be much easier for them to procure provisions with goods, than with the value of the same goods in money. Whatever colours were given to this scheme, it was difficult to persuade the generality of mankind, that it was not principally intended for the enrichment of the agents, by the beneficial commerce

they proposed to carry on upon that coast. Mr. Anson, from the beginning, objected both to the appointment of agent victuallers, and the allowing them to carry a cargo on board the squadron: for he conceived, that in those few amicable ports where the squadron might touch, he needed not their assistance to contract for any provisions the place afforded; and on the enemy's coast, he did not imagine that they could ever procure him the necessaries he should want, unless (which he was resolved not to comply with) the military operations of his squadron were to be regulated by the ridiculous views of their trading projects. All that he thought the Government ought to have done on this occasion, was to put on board to the value of 2 or 3000*l.* only of such goods, as the Indians, or the Spanish planters in the less cultivated part of the coast, might be tempted with; since it was in such places only that he imagined it would be worth while to truck with the enemy for provisions: and in these places, it was sufficiently evident, a very small cargo would suffice.

But though the commodore objected both to the appointment of these officers, and to their project; yet, as they had insinuated that their scheme, besides victualling the squadron, might contribute to settling a trade upon that coast, which might be afterwards carried on without difficulty, and might thereby prove a very considerable national advantage, they were much listened to by some considerable persons: and of the 15,000*l.* which was to be the amount of their cargo, the Government agreed to advance them 10,000 upon imprest, and the remaining 5000 they raised on bottomry bonds; and the goods purchased with this sum were all that were taken to sea by the squadron, how much soever the amount of them might be afterwards magnified by common report.

This cargo was at first shipped on board the *Wager* store-ship, and one of the victuallers; no part of it being admitted on board the men-of-war. But when the commodore was at St. Catherine's, he considered, that in case the squadron should be separated, it might be pretended that some of the ships were disappointed of provisions for want of a cargo to truck with, and therefore he distributed some of the least bulky commodities on board the men-of-war, leaving the remainder principally on board the *Wager*, where it was lost: and more of the goods perishing by various accidents to be recited hereafter, and no part of them being disposed of upon the coast, the few that came home to England, did not produce, when sold, above a fourth part of the original price. So true was the commodore's prediction about the event of this project, which had been by many considered as infallibly productive of immense gains. But to return to the transactions at Portsmouth.

To supply the place of the two hundred and forty invalids who had deserted, as is mentioned above, there were ordered on board two hundred and ten marines detached from different regiments: these were raw and undisciplined men, for they were just raised, and had scarcely any thing more of the soldier than their regimentals, none of them having been so far trained, as to be permitted to fire. The last detachment of these marines came on board the 8th of August, and

on the 10th the squadron sailed from Spithead to St. Helens, there to wait for a wind to proceed on the expedition.

But the delays we had already suffered had not yet spent all their influence, for we were now advanced into a season of the year, when the westerly winds are usually very constant, and very violent; and it was thought proper that we should put to sea in company with the fleet commanded by Admiral Balchen, and the expedition under Lord Cathcart. And as we made up in all twenty-one men of war, and a hundred and twenty-four sail of merchantment and transports, we had no hopes of getting out of the channel with so large a number of ships, without the continuance of a fair wind, for some considerable time. This was what we had every day less and less reason to expect, as the time of the equinox drew near; so that our golden dreams, and our ideal possession of the Peruvian treasures, grew each day more faint, and the difficulties and dangers of the passage round Cape Horn in the winter season filled our imaginations in their room. For it was forty days from our arrival at St. Helens, to our final departure from thence: and even then (having orders to proceed without Lord Cathcart) we tided it down the channel with a contrary wind. But this interval of forty days was not free from the displeasing fatigue of often setting sail, and being as often obliged to return; nor exempt from dangers, greater than have been sometimes experienced in surrounding the globe. For the wind coming fair for the first time, on the 23d of August, we got under sail, and Mr. Balchen showed himself truly solicitous to have proceeded to sea, but the wind soon returning to its old quarter, obliged us to put back to St. Helens, not without considerable hazard, and some damage received by two of the transports, which, in tacking, ran foul of each other: besides this, we made two or three more attempts to sail, but without any better success. And, on the 6th of September, being returned to an anchor at St. Helens, after one of these fruitless efforts, the wind blew so fresh, that the whole fleet struck their yards and topmasts to prevent their driving. And, notwithstanding this precaution, the Centurion drove the next evening, and brought both cables a-head, and we were in no small danger of driving foul of the Prince Frederick, a seventy-gun ship, moored at a small distance under our stern; which we happily escaped, by her driving at the same time, and so preserving her distance: nor did we think ourselves secure, till we at last let go the sheet-anchor, which fortunately brought us up.

However, on the 9th of September, we were in some degree relieved from this lingering vexatious situation, by an order which Mr. Anson received from the lords justices, to put to sea the first opportunity with his own squadron only, if Lord Cathcart should not be ready. Being thus freed from the troublesome company of so large a fleet, our commodore resolved to weigh and tide it down channel as soon as the weather should become sufficiently moderate, and this might easily have been done with our own squadron alone full two months sooner, had the orders of the Admiralty, for supplying us with seamen, been punctually complied with, and had we met with none of those other delays mentioned in this narration. It is

true, our hopes of a speedy departure were even now somewhat damped by a subsequent order which Mr. Anson received on the 12th of September; for by that he was required to take under his convoy the St. Albans with the Turkey fleet, and to join the Dragon, and the Winchester, with the Straits' and the American trade at Torbay or Plymouth, and to proceed with them to sea as far as their way and ours lay together: this incumbrance of a convoy gave us some uneasiness, as we feared it might prove the means of lengthening our passage to the Madeiras. However, Mr. Anson, now having the command himself, resolved to adhere to his former determination, and to tide it down the channel with the first moderate weather; and that the junction of his convoy might occasion as little a loss of time as possible, he immediately sent directions to Torbay, that the fleets he was there to take under his care, might be in a readiness to join him instantly on his approach. And at last, on the 18th of September, he weighed from St. Helens; and though the wind was at first contrary, had the good fortune to get clear of the channel in four days, as will be more particularly related in the ensuing chapter.

Having thus gone through the respective steps taken in the equipment of this squadron, it is sufficiently obvious how different an aspect this expedition bore at its first appointment in the beginning of January, from what it had in the latter end of September, when it left the channel; and how much its numbers, its strength, and the probability of its success were diminished, by the various incidents which took place in that interval. For instead of having all our old and ordinary seamen exchanged for such as were young and able, (which the commodore was at first promised,) and having our numbers completed to their full complement, we were obliged to retain our first crews, which were very indifferent; and a deficiency of three hundred men in our numbers was no otherwise made up to us, than by sending us on board a hundred and seventy men, the greatest part composed of such as were discharged from hospitals, or new-raised marines who had never been at sea before. And in the land-forces allotted us, the change was still more disadvantageous, for there, instead of three independent companies of a hundred men each, and Bland's regiment of foot, which was an old one, we had only four hundred and seventy invalids and marines, one part of them incapable for action by age and infirmities, and the other part useless by their ignorance of their duty. But the diminishing the strength of the squadron was not the greatest inconvenience which attended these alterations; for the contests, representations, and difficulties which they continually produced, (as we have above seen, that in these cases the authority of the Admiralty was not always submitted to,) occasioned a delay and waste of time, which, in its consequences, was the source of all the disasters to which this enterprise was afterwards exposed: for, by this means we were obliged to make our passage round Cape Horn in the most tempestuous season of the year, whence proceeded the separation of our squadron, the loss of numbers of our men, and the imminent hazard of our total destruction: and by this delay too, the enemy had been so well informed of our designs, that a person who had been employed in the South-Sea com-

pany's service, and arrived from Panama three or four days before we left Portsmouth, was able to relate to Mr. Anson most of the particulars of the destination and strength of our squadron, from what he had learnt amongst the Spaniards before he left them. And this was afterwards confirmed by a more extraordinary circumstance: for we shall find, that when the Spaniards (fully satisfied that our expedition was intended for the South-Seas) had fitted out a squadron to oppose us, which had so far got the start of us, as to arrive before us off the island of Madeira, the commander of this squadron was so well instructed in the form and make of Mr. Anson's broad pennant, and had imitated it so exactly, that he thereby decoyed the Pearl, one of our squadron, within gun-shot of him, before the captain of the Pearl was able to discover his mistake.

CHAPTER II.

The Passage from St. Helens to the Island of Madeira; with a short account of that Island, and of our stay there.

On the 18th of September, 1740, the squadron, as we have observed in the preceding chapter, weighed from St. Helens with a contrary wind, the commodore proposing to tide it down the channel, as he dreaded less the inconveniences he should thereby have to struggle with, than the risk he should run of ruining the enterprise, by an uncertain, and in all probability, a tedious attendance for a fair wind.

The squadron allotted to this service consisted of five men-of-war, a sloop-of-war, and two victualling ships. They were the Centurion of sixty guns, four hundred men, George Anson, Esq. commander; the Gloucester of fifty guns, three hundred men, Richard Norris, commander; the Severn of fifty guns, three hundred men, the honourable Edward Legg, commander; the Pearl of forty guns, two hundred and fifty men, Matthew Mitchel, commander; the Wager of twenty-eight guns, one hundred and sixty men, Dandy Kidd, commander; and the Tryal sloop of eight guns, one hundred men, the honourable John Murray, commander. The two victuallers were pinks, the largest of about four hundred, and the other of about two hundred tons burthen; these were to attend us, till the provisions we had taken on board were so far consumed as to make room for the additional quantity they carried with them, which, when we had taken into our ships, they were to be discharged. Besides the complement of men borne by the above-mentioned ships as their crews, there were embarked on board the squadron about four hundred and seventy invalids and marines, under the denomination of land-forces, as has been particularly mentioned in the preceding chapter, which were commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Cracherode. With this squadron, together with the St. Albans and the Lark, and the trade under their convoy, Mr. Anson, after weighing from St. Helens, tidied it down the channel for the first forty-eight fours; and, on the 20th, in the morning, we discovered off the Ram-Head the Dragon, Winchester, South-Sea Castle, and Rye, with a number of merchantmen under their convoy: these we joined about noon the same day, our commodore having orders to see them

(together with the St. Albans and Lark) as far into the sea as their course and ours lay together. When we came in sight of this last mentioned fleet, Mr. Anson first hoisted his broad pennant, and was saluted by all the men-of-war in company.

When we had joined this last convoy, we made up eleven men-of-war, and about one hundred and fifty sail of merchantmen, consisting of the Turkey, the Straits', and the American trade. Mr. Anson, the same day, made a signal for all the captains of the men-of-war to come on board him, where he delivered them their fighting and sailing instructions, and then, with a fair wind, we all stood towards the south-west; and the next day at noon, being the 21st, we had run forty leagues from the Ram-Head; and being now clear of the land, our commodore, to render our view more extensive, ordered Captain Mitchel, in the Pearl, to make sail two leagues a-head of the fleet every morning, and to repair to his station every evening. Thus we proceeded till the 25th, when the Winchester and the American convoy made the concerted signal for leave to separate, which being answered by the commodore, they left us: as the St. Albans and the Dragon, with the Turkey and Straits' convoy, did on the 29th. After which separation, there remained in company only our own squadron and our two victuallers, with which we kept on our course for the island of Madeira. But the winds were so contrary, that we had the mortification to be forty days in our passage thither from St. Helens, though it is known to be often done in ten or twelve. This delay was a most unpleasant circumstance, productive of much discontent and ill-humour amongst our people, of which those only can have a tolerable idea, who have had the experience of a like situation. And besides the peevishness and despondency which foul and contrary winds, and a lingering voyage, never fail to create on all occasions, we, in particular, had very substantial reasons to be greatly alarmed at this unexpected impediment. For as we had departed from England much later than we ought to have done, we had placed almost all our hopes of success in the chance of retrieving, in some measure at sea, the time we had so unhappily wasted at Spithead and St. Helens. However, at last, on Monday, October the 25th, at five in the morning, we, to our great joy, made the land, and in the afternoon came to an anchor in Madeira Road, in forty fathom water; the Brazen-head bearing from us E. by S., the Loo N.N.W., and the Great Church N.N.E. We had hardly let go our anchor, when an English privateer sloop ran under our stern, and saluted the commodore with nine guns, which we returned with five. And, the next day, the consul of the island coming to visit the commodore, we saluted him with nine guns on his coming on board.

This island of Madeira, where we are now arrived, is famous through all our American settlements for its excellent wines, which seem to be designed by Providence for the refreshment of the inhabitants of the torrid zone. It is situated in a fine climate, in the latitude of $32^{\circ} 27'$ north; and in the longitude from London of, by our different reckonings, from $18^{\circ} \frac{1}{2}$ to $19^{\circ} \frac{1}{2}$ west, though laid down in the charts in 17° . It is composed of one continued hill, of a considerable height, extending itself from east to west: the declivity of which, on

the south-side, is cultivated and interspersed with vineyards; and in the midst of this slope the merchants have fixed their country-seats, which help to form an agreeable prospect. There is but one considerable town in the whole island, it is named Fonchiale, and is seated on the south part of the island, at the bottom of a large bay. This is the only place of trade, and indeed the only one where it is possible for a boat to land. Fonchiale, towards the sea, is defended by a high wall, with a battery of cannon, besides a castle on the Loo, which is a rock standing in the water at a small distance from the shore. Even here the beach is covered with large stones, and a violent surf continually beats upon it; so that the commodore did not care to venture the ships' long-boats to fetch the water off, as there was so much danger of their being lost; and therefore ordered the captains of the squadron to employ Portuguese boats on that service.

We continued about a week at this island, watering our ships, and providing the squadron with wine and other refreshments. And, on the 3rd of November, Captain Richard Norris having signified, by a letter to the commodore, his desire to quit his command on board the Gloucester, in order to return to England for the recovery of his health, the commodore complied with his request; and thereupon was pleased to appoint Captain Matthew Mitchel to command the Gloucester in his room, and to remove Captain Kidd from the Wager to the Pearl, and Captain Murray from the Tryal sloop to the Wager, giving the command of the Tryal to Lieutenant Cheap. These promotions being settled, with other changes in the lieutenantancies, the commodore, on the following day, gave to the captains their orders, appointing St. Jago, one of the Cape de Verd islands, to be the first place of rendezvous in case of separation; and directing them, if they did not meet the Centurion there, to make the best of their way to the island of St. Catherine's on the coast of Brazil. The water for the squadron being the same day completed, and each ship supplied with as much wine and other refreshments as they could take in, we weighed anchor in the afternoon, and took our leave of the island of Madeira. But before I go on with the narration of our own transactions, I think it necessary to give some account of the proceedings of the enemy, and of the measures they had taken to render all our designs abortive.

When Mr. Anson visited the governor of Madeira, he received information from him, that for three or four days, in the latter end of October, there had appeared, to the westward of that island, seven or eight ships of the line, and a patache, which last was sent every day close in to make the land. The governor assured the commodore, upon his honour, that none upon the island had either given them intelligence, or had in any sort communicated with them, but that he believed them to be either French or Spanish, but was rather inclined to think them Spanish. On this intelligence Mr. Anson sent an officer in a clean sloop, eight leagues to the westward, to reconnoitre them, and, if possible, to discover what they were; but the officer returned without being able to get a sight of them, so that we still remained in uncertainty. However, we could not but conjecture, that this fleet was intended to put a stop to our

expedition, which, had they cruised to the eastward of the island instead of the westward, they could not but have executed with great facility. For as, in that case, they must have certainly fallen in with us, we should have been obliged to throw overboard vast quantities of provision to clear our ships for an engagement, and this alone, without any regard to the event of the action, would have effectually prevented our progress. This was so obvious a measure, that we could not help imagining reasons which might have prevented them from pursuing it. And we therefore supposed, that this French or Spanish squadron was sent out, upon advice of our sailing in company with Admiral Balchen and Lord Cathcart's expedition: and thence, from an apprehension of being over-matched, they might not think it advisable to meet with us, till we had parted company, which they might judge would not happen, before our arrival at this island. These were our speculations at that time; and from hence we had reason to suppose, that we might still fall in with them, in our way to the Cape de Verd islands. And afterwards, in the course of our expedition, we were many of us persuaded, that this was the Spanish squadron commanded by Don Joseph Pizarro, which was sent out purposely to traverse the views and enterprises of our squadron, to which, in strength, they were greatly superior. As the Spanish armament then was so nearly connected with our expedition, and as the catastrophe it underwent, though not effected by our force, was yet a considerable advantage to this nation, produced in consequence of our equipment, I have, in the following chapter, given a summary account of their proceedings, from their first setting out from Spain in the year 1740, till the Asia, the only ship which returned to Europe of the whole squadron, arrived at the Groyne in the beginning of the year 1746.

CHAPTER III.

The history of the Squadron commanded by Don Joseph Pizarro.

THE squadron fitted out by the court of Spain to attend our motions, and traverse our projects, we supposed to have been the ships seen off Madeira, as mentioned in the preceding chapter. And as this force was sent out particularly against our expedition, I cannot but imagine that the following history of the casualties it met with, as far as by intercepted letters and other information the same has come to my knowledge, is a very essential part of the present work: for by this it will appear we were the occasion, that a considerable part of the naval power of Spain was diverted from the prosecution of the ambitious views of that court in Europe; and the men and ships, lost by the enemy in this undertaking, were lost in consequence of the precautions they took to secure themselves against our enterprises. This squadron (besides two ships intended for the West Indies, which did not part company till after they had left the Madeiras) was composed of the following men-of-war, commanded by Don Joseph Pizarro: The Asia of sixty-six guns, and seven hundred men; this was the admiral's ship. The Guipuscoa of seventy-four guns, and seven hundred men.

The *Hermiona* of fifty-four guns, and five hundred men.

The *Esperanza* of fifty guns, and four hundred and fifty men.

The *St. Estevan* of forty guns, and three hundred and fifty men.

And a patache of twenty guns.

These ships, over and above their complement of sailors and marines, had on board an old Spanish regiment of foot, intended to reinforce the garrisons on the coast of the South Seas. When this fleet had cruised for some days to the leeward of the *Madeiras*, as is mentioned in the preceding chapter, they left that station in the beginning of November, and steered for the river of *Plate*, where they arrived the 5th of January, O. S., and coming to an anchor in the bay of *Maldonado*, at the mouth of that river, their Admiral *Pizarro* sent immediately to *Buenos Ayres* for a supply of provisions; for they had departed from Spain with only four months' provisions on board. While they lay here expecting this supply, they received intelligence, by the treachery of the Portuguese governor of *St. Catherine's*, of Mr. Anson's having arrived at that island on the 21st of December preceding, and of his preparing to put to sea again with the utmost expedition. *Pizarro*, notwithstanding his superior force, had his reasons (and as some say, his orders likewise) for avoiding our squadron anywhere short of the South Seas. He was besides extremely desirous of getting round *Cape Horn* before us, as he imagined that step alone would effectually baffle all our designs; and, therefore, on hearing that we were in his neighbourhood, and that we should soon be ready to proceed for *Cape Horn*, he weighed anchor with the five large ships, (the patache being disabled and condemned, and the men taken out of her) after a stay of seventeen days only, and got under sail without his provisions, which arrived at *Maldonado* within a day or two after his departure. But notwithstanding the precipitation with which he departed, we put to sea from *St. Catherine's* four days before him, and in some part of our passage to *Cape Horn*, the two squadrons were so near together, that the *Pearl*, one of our ships, being separated from the rest, fell in with the Spanish fleet, and mistaking the *Asia* for the *Centurion*, had got within gun-shot of *Pizarro*, before she discovered her error, and narrowly escaped being taken.

It being the 22d of January when the Spaniards weighed from *Maldonado*, (as has been already mentioned) they could not expect to get into the latitude of *Cape Horn* before the equinox; and as they had reason to apprehend very tempestuous weather in doubling it at that season, and as the Spanish sailors, being for the most part accustomed to a fair-weather country, might be expected to be very averse to so dangerous and fatiguing a navigation, the better to encourage them, some part of their pay was advanced to them in European goods, which they were to be permitted to dispose of in the South Seas, that so the hopes of the great profit each man was to make on his small venture might animate him in his duty, and render him less disposed to repine at the labour, the hardships and the perils he would in all probability meet with before his arrival on the coast of *Peru*.

Pizarro with his squadron having, towards the

latter end of February, run the length of *Cape Horn*, he then stood to the westward in order to double it; but in the night of the last day of February, O. S., while with this view they were turning to windward, the *Guipuscoa*, the *Hermiona*, and the *Esperanza*, were separated from the admiral; and, on the 6th of March following, the *Guipuscoa* was separated from the other two; and on the 7th (being the day after we had passed *Straits le Maire*) there came on a most furious storm at N. W., which, in despite of all their efforts, drove the whole squadron to the eastward, and obliged them, after several fruitless attempts, to bear away for the river of *Plate*, where *Pizarro* in the *Asia* arrived about the middle of May, and a few days after him the *Esperanza* and the *Estevan*. The *Hermiona* was supposed to founder at sea, for she was never heard of more; and the *Guipuscoa* was run ashore, and sunk on the coast of *Brazil*. The calamities of all kinds, which this squadron underwent in this unsuccessful navigation, can only be paralleled by what we ourselves experienced in the same climate, when buffeted by the same storms. There was indeed some diversity in our distresses, which rendered it difficult to decide whose situation was most worthy of commiseration. For to all the misfortunes we had in common with each other, as shattered rigging, leaky ships, and the fatigues and despondency, which necessarily attend these disasters, there was superadded on board our squadron the ravage of a most destructive and incurable disease, and on board the Spanish squadron the devastation of famine.

For this squadron, either from the hurry of their outset, their presumption of a supply at *Buenos Ayres*, or from other less obvious motives, departed from Spain, as has been already observed, with no more than four months' provision, and even that, as it is said, at short allowance only; so that, when by the storms they met with off *Cape Horn*, their continuance at sea was prolonged a month or more beyond their expectation, they were thereby reduced to such infinite distress, that rats, when they could be caught, were sold for four dollars a-piece; and a sailor, who died on board, had his death concealed for some days by his brother, who, during that time lay in the same hammock with the corpse, only to receive the dead man's allowance of provisions. In this dreadful situation they were alarmed (if their horrors were capable of augmentation) by the discovery of a conspiracy among the marines, on board the *Asia*, the admiral's ship. This had taken its rise chiefly from the miseries they endured: for though no less was proposed by the conspirators than the massacring the officers and the whole crew, yet their motive for this bloody resolution seemed to be no more than their desire of relieving their hunger, by appropriating the whole ship's provisions to themselves. But their designs were prevented, when just upon the point of execution, by means of one of their confessors, and three of their ringleaders were immediately put to death. However, though the conspiracy was suppressed, their other calamities admitted of no alleviation, but grew each day more and more destructive. So that by the complicated distress of fatigue, sickness, and hunger, the three ships which escaped lost the greatest part of their men:

the Asia, their admiral's ship, arrived at Monte Video in the river of Plate, with half her crew only; the St. Estevan had lost in like manner half her hands, when she anchored in the bay of Barragan; the Esperanza, a fifty-gun ship, was still more unfortunate, for of four hundred and fifty hands which she brought from Spain, only fifty-eight remained alive, and the whole regiment of foot perished except sixty men. But to give the reader a more distinct and particular idea of what they underwent upon this occasion, I shall lay before him a short account of the fate of the Guipuscoa, from a letter written by Don Joseph Mendinueta her captain, to a person of distinction at Lima; a copy of which fell into our hands afterwards in the South Seas.

He mentions, that he separated from the Hermiona and the Esperanza in a fog, on the 6th of March, being then, as I suppose, to the S. E. of Staten-Land, and plying to the westward; that in the night after, it blew a furious storm at N. W., which, at half an hour after ten, split his main-sail, that obliged him to bear away with his fore-sail; that the ship went ten knots an hour with a prodigious sea, and often ran her gangway under water; that he likewise sprang his main-mast; and the ship made so much water, that with four pumps and baling he could not free her. That on the 19th it was calm, but the sea continued so high, that the ship in rolling opened all her upper works and seams, and started the butt ends of her planking and the greatest part of her top timbers, the bolts being drawn by the violence of her roll. That in this condition, with other additional disasters to the hull and rigging, they continued beating to the westward till the 12th: that they were then in sixty degrees of south latitude, in great want of provisions, numbers every day perishing by the fatigue of pumping, and those who survived being quite dispirited by labour, hunger, and the severity of the weather, they having two spans of snow upon the decks: that then finding the wind fixed in the western quarter, and blowing strong, and consequently their passage to the westward impossible, they resolved to bear away for the river of Plate: that on the 22nd, they were obliged to throw overboard all the upper deck guns, and an anchor, and to take six turns of the cable round the ship to prevent her opening: that on the 4th of April, it being calm but a very high sea, the ship rolled so much that the main-mast came by the board, and in a few hours after she lost, in like manner, her fore-mast and her mizen-mast; and that, to accumulate their misfortunes, they were soon obliged to cut away their bowsprit to diminish, if possible, the leakage at her head: that by this time he had lost two hundred and fifty men by hunger and fatigues: for those who were capable of working at the pumps (at which every officer without exception took his turn) were allowed only an ounce and half of biscuit *per diem*; and those who were so sick or so weak that they could not assist in this necessary labour, had no more than an ounce of wheat; so that it was common for the men to fall down dead at the pumps: that, including the officers, they could only muster from eighty to a hundred persons capable of duty: that the south-west winds blew so fresh after they had lost their masts, that they could not immediately set

up jury masts, but were obliged to drive like a wreck between the latitudes of thirty-two and twenty-eight till the 24th of April, when they made the coast of Brazil, at Rio de Patas, ten leagues to the southward of the Island of St. Catherine's; that here they came to an anchor, and that the captain was very desirous of proceeding to St. Catherine's if possible, in order to save the hull of the ship, and the guns and stores on board her; but the crew instantly left off pumping, and being enraged at the hardships they had suffered, and the numbers they had lost, (there being at that time no less than thirty dead bodies lying on the deck,) they all with one voice cried out "on shore, on shore," and obliged the captain to run the ship in directly for the land, where, the 5th day after, she sunk with her stores, and all her furniture on board her, but the remainder of the crew, whom hunger and fatigue had spared to the number of four hundred, got safe on shore.

From this account of the adventures and catastrophe of the Guipuscoa, we may form some conjecture of the manner in which the Hermiona was lost, and of the distresses endured by the three remaining ships of the squadron, which got into the river of Plate. These last being in great want of masts, yards, rigging, and all kind of naval stores, and having no supply at Buenos Ayres, nor in any other of their settlements, Pizarro despatched an advice boat with a letter of credit to Rio Janeiro, to purchase what was wanting from the Portuguese. He at the same time sent an express across the continent to San Jago, in Chili, to be thence forwarded to the viceroy of Peru, informing him of the disasters that had befallen his squadron, and desiring a remittance of 200,000 dollars from the royal chests at Lima, to enable him to victual and refit his remaining ships, that he might be again in a condition to attempt the passage to the South Seas, as soon as the season of the year should be more favourable. It is mentioned by the Spaniards as a most extraordinary circumstance that the Indian charged with this express, (though it was then the depth of winter, when the Cordilleras are esteemed impassable on account of the snow,) was only thirteen days in his journey from Buenos Ayres to St. Jago in Chili; though these places are distant three hundred Spanish leagues, near forty of which are amongst the snows and precipices of the Cordilleras.

The return to this despatch of Pizarro's from the viceroy of Peru, was no ways favourable; instead of 200,000 dollars, the sum demanded, the viceroy remitted him only 100,000, telling him, that it was with great difficulty he was able to procure him even that: though the inhabitants at Lima, who considered the presence of Pizarro as absolutely necessary to their security, were much discontented at this procedure, and did not fail to assert, that it was not the want of money, but the interested views of some of the viceroy's confidants, that prevented Pizarro from having the whole sum he had asked for.

The advice-boat sent to Rio Janeiro also executed her commission but imperfectly; for though she brought back a considerable quantity of pitch, tar, and cordage, yet she could not procure either masts or yards: and, as an additional misfortune, Pizarro was disappointed of some masts he ex-

pected from Paraguay; for a carpenter, whom he entrusted with a large sum of money, and had sent there to cut masts, instead of prosecuting the business he was employed in, had married in the country, and refused to return. However, by removing the masts of the *Esperanza* into the Asia, and making use of what spare masts and yards they had on board, they made a shift to refit the Asia and the *St. Estevan*. And in the October following, Pizarro was preparing to put to sea with these two ships, in order to attempt the passage round Cape Horn a second time; but the *St. Estevan*, in coming down the river Plate, ran on a shoal, and beat off her rudder, on which, and other damages she received, she was condemned and broke up, and Pizarro in the Asia proceeded to sea without her. Having now the summer before him, and the winds favourable, no doubt was made of his having a fortunate and speedy passage; but being off Cape Horn, and going right before the wind in very moderate weather, though in a swelling sea, by some misconduct of the officer of the watch the ship rolled away her masts, and was a second time obliged to put back to the river of Plate in great distress.

The Asia having considerably suffered in this second unfortunate expedition, the *Esperanza*, which had been left behind at Monte Video, was ordered to be refitted, the command of her being given to Mindinueta, who was captain of the *Gupuscoa* when she was lost. He, in the November of the succeeding year, that is, in November, 1742, sailed from the river of Plate for the South Seas, and arrived safe on the coast of Chili; where his commodore Pizarro passing over land from Buenos Ayres met him. There were great animosities and contests between these two gentlemen at their meeting, occasioned principally by the claim of Pizarro to command the *Esperanza*, which Mindinueta had brought round: for Mindinueta refused to deliver her up to him; insisting, that as he came into the South Seas alone, and under no superior, it was not now in the power of Pizarro to resume that authority which he had once parted with. However, the president of Chili interposing and declaring for Pizarro, Mindinueta, after a long and obstinate struggle, was obliged to submit.

But Pizarro had not yet completed the series of his adventures; for when he and Mindinueta came back by land from Chili to Buenos Ayres, in the year 1745, they found at Monte Video the Asia, which near three years before they had left there. This ship they resolved, if possible, to carry to Europe, and with this view they refitted her in the best manner they could: but their great difficulty was to procure a sufficient number of hands to navigate her, for all the remaining sailors of the squadron to be met with in the neighbourhood of Buenos Ayres, did not amount to a hundred men. They endeavoured to supply this defect by pressing many of the inhabitants of Buenos Ayres, and putting on board besides all the English prisoners then in their custody, together with a number of Portuguese smugglers, whom they had taken at different times, and some of the Indians of the country. Among these last there was a chief and ten of his followers, who had been surprised by a party of Spanish soldiers about three months before. The name of this

chief was Orellana, he belonged to a very powerful tribe, which had committed great ravages in the neighbourhood of Buenos Ayres. With this motley crew (all of them, except the European Spaniards, extremely averse to the voyage) Pizarro set sail from Monte Video in the river of Plate, about the beginning of November 1745, and the native Spaniards being no strangers to the dissatisfaction of their forced men, treated both those, the English prisoners and the Indians, with great insolence and barbarity; but more particularly the Indians, for it was common for the meanest officers in the ship to beat them most cruelly on the slightest pretences, and oftentimes only to exert their superiority. Orellana and his followers, though in appearance sufficiently patient and submissive, meditated a severe revenge for all these inhumanities. As he conversed very well in Spanish, (these Indians having in time of peace a great intercourse with Buenos Ayres) he affected to talk with such of the English as understood that language, and seemed very desirous of being informed how many Englishmen there were on board, and which they were. As he knew that the English were as much enemies to the Spaniards as himself, he had doubtless an intention of disclosing his purposes to them, and making them partners in the scheme he had projected for revenging his wrongs, and recovering his liberty; but having sounded them at a distance, and not finding them so precipitate and vindictive as he expected, he proceeded no further with them, but resolved to trust alone to the resolution of his ten faithful followers. These, it should seem, readily engaged to observe his directions, and to execute whatever commands he gave them; and having agreed on the measures necessary to be taken, they first furnished themselves with Dutch knives sharp at the point, which being the common knives used in the ship, they found no difficulty in procuring: besides this, they employed their leisure in secretly cutting out thongs from raw hides, of which there were great numbers on board, and in fixing to each end of these thongs the double-headed shot of the small quarter-deck guns; this, when swung round their heads, according to the practice of their country, was a most mischievous weapon, in the use of which the Indians about Buenos Ayres are trained from their infancy, and consequently are extremely expert. These particulars being in good forwardness, the execution of their scheme was perhaps precipitated by a particular outrage committed on Orellana himself. For one of the officers, who was a very brutal fellow, ordered Orellana aloft, which being what he was incapable of performing, the officer, under pretence of his disobedience, beat him with such violence, that he left him bleeding on the deck, and stupified for some time with his bruises and wounds. This usage undoubtedly heightened his thirst for revenge, and made him eager and impatient till the means of executing it were in his power; so that, within a day or two after this incident, he and his followers opened their desperate resolves in the ensuing manner.

It was about nine in the evening, when many of the principal officers were on the quarter-deck, indulging in the freshness of the night air; the waist of the ship was filled with live cattle, and the fore-castle was manned with its customary watch.

Orellana and his companions, under cover of the night, having prepared their weapons, and thrown off their trowsers and the more cumbrous part of their dress, came all together on the quarter-deck, and drew towards the door of the great cabin. The boatswain immediately reprimanded them, and ordered them to be gone. On this Orellana spoke to his followers in his native language, when four of them drew off, two towards each gangway, and the chief and the six remaining Indians seemed to be slowly quitting the quarter-deck. When the detached Indians had taken possession of the gangway, Orellana placed his hands hollow to his mouth, and bellowed out the war-cry used by those savages, which is said to be the harshest and most terrifying sound known in nature. This hideous yell was the signal for beginning the massacre: for on this they all drew their knives, and brandished their prepared double-headed shot, and the six with their chief, who remained on the quarter-deck, immediately fell on the Spaniards, who were intermingled with them, and laid near forty of them at their feet, of whom above twenty were killed on the spot, and the rest disabled. Many of the officers, in the beginning of the tumult, pushed into the great cabin, where they put out the lights, and barricaded the door. And of the others, who had avoided the first fury of the Indians, some endeavoured to escape along the gangways into the fore-castle, but the Indians, placed there on purpose, stabbed the greatest part of them, as they attempted to pass by, or forced them off the gangways into the waist. Others threw themselves voluntarily over the barricades into the waist, and thought themselves happy to lie concealed amongst the cattle; but the greatest part escaped up the main shrouds, and sheltered themselves either in the tops or rigging. And though the Indians attacked only the quarter-deck, yet the watch in the fore-castle finding their communication cut off, and being terrified by the wounds of the few who, not being killed on the spot, had sufficient strength to force their passage along the gangways, and not knowing either who their enemies were, or what were their numbers, they likewise gave all over for lost, and in great confusion ran up into the rigging of the fore-mast and bowsprit.

Thus these eleven Indians, with a resolution perhaps without example, possessed themselves almost in an instant of the quarter-deck of a ship mounting sixty-six guns, with a crew of near five hundred men, and continued in peaceable possession of this post a considerable time. For the officers in the great cabin, (amongst whom were Pizarro and Mindinuetta) the crew between decks, and those who had escaped into the tops and rigging, were only anxious for their own safety, and were for a long time incapable of forming any project for suppressing the insurrection, and recovering the possession of the ship. It is true, the yells of the Indians, the groans of the wounded, and the confused clamours of the crew, all heightened by the obscurity of the night, had at first greatly magnified their danger, and had filled them with the imaginary terrors which darkness, disorder, and an ignorance of the real strength of an enemy, never fail to produce. For as the Spaniards were sensible of the disaffection of their pressed hands, and were also conscious of their barbarity to their pri-

soners, they imagined the conspiracy was general, and considered their own destruction as infallible; so that, it is said, some of them had once taken the resolution of leaping into the sea, but were prevented by their companions.

However, when the Indians had entirely cleared the quarter-deck, the tumult in a great measure subsided; for those who had escaped were kept silent by their fears, and the Indians were incapable of pursuing them to renew the disorder. Orellana, when he saw himself master of the quarter-deck, broke open the arm-chest, which, on a slight suspicion of mutiny, had been ordered there a few days before, as to a place of the greatest security. Here, he took it for granted, he should find cutlasses sufficient for himself and his companions, in the use of which weapon they were all extremely skilful, and with these, it was imagined, they proposed to have forced the great cabin: but on opening the chest, there appeared nothing but fire-arms, which to them were of no use. There were indeed cutlasses in the chest, but they were hid by the fire-arms being laid over them. This was a sensible disappointment to them, and by this time Pizarro and his companions in the great cabin were capable of conversing aloud, through the cabin windows and port-holes, with those in the gun-room and between decks, and from hence they learnt, that the English (whom they principally suspected) were all safe below, and had not intermeddled in this mutiny; and by other particulars they at last discovered, that none were concerned in it but Orellana and his people. On this Pizarro and the officers resolved to attack them on the quarter-deck, before any of the discontented on board should so far recover their first surprise, as to reflect on the facility and certainty of seizing the ship by a junction with the Indians in the present emergency. With this view Pizarro got together what arms were in the cabin, and distributed them to those who were with him: but there were no other fire-arms to be met with but pistols, and for these they had neither powder nor ball. However, having now settled a correspondence with the gun-room, they lowered down a bucket out of the cabin-window, into which the gunner, out of one of the gun-room ports, put a quantity of pistol cartridges. When they had thus procured ammunition, and had loaded their pistols, they set the cabin-door partly open, and fired some shot amongst the Indians on the quarter-deck, at first without effect. But at last Mindinuetta, whom we have often mentioned, had the good fortune to shoot Orellana dead on the spot; on which his faithful companions, abandoning all thoughts of farther resistance, instantly leaped into the sea, where they every man perished. Thus was this insurrection quelled, and the possession of the quarter-deck regained, after it had been full two hours in the power of this great and daring chief, and his gallant and unhappy countrymen.

Pizarro, having escaped this imminent peril, steered for Europe, and arrived safe on the coast of Galicia, in the beginning of the year 1746, after having been absent between four and five years, and having, by his attendance on our expedition, diminished the naval power of Spain by above three thousand hands (the flower of their sailors), and by four considerable ships of war and a patache.

For we have seen, that the *Hermiona* foundered at sea; the *Guipuscoa* was stranded, and sunk on the coast of Brazil; the *St. Estevan* was condemned, and broke up in the river of Plate; and the *Esperanza* being left in the South Seas, is doubtless by this time incapable of returning to Spain. So that the Asia only, with less than one hundred hands, may be considered as all the remains of that squadron with which Pizarro first put to sea. And whoever attends to the very large proportion, which this squadron bore to the whole navy of Spain, will, I believe, confess, that had our undertaking been attended with no other advantages than that of ruining so great a part of the sea-force of so dangerous an enemy, this alone would be a sufficient equivalent for our equipment, and an incontestible proof of the service which the nation has thence received. Having thus concluded this summary of Pizarro's adventures, I shall now return again to the narration of our own transactions.

CHAPTER IV.

From Madeira to St. Catherine's.

I HAVE already mentioned that, on the 3d of November, we weighed from Madeira, after orders had been given to the captains to rendezvous at St. Jago, one of the Cape de Verd Islands, in case the squadron was separated. But the next day, when we got to sea, the commodore considering that the season was far advanced, and that touching at St. Jago would create a new delay, he for this reason thought proper to alter his rendezvous, and to appoint the island of St. Catherine's, on the coast of Brazil, to be the first place to which the ships of the squadron were to repair in case of separation.

In our passage to the island of St. Catherine's, we found the direction of the trade-winds to differ considerably from what we had reason to expect, both from the general histories given of these winds, and the experience of former navigators. For the learned Dr. Halley, in his account of the trade-winds which take place in the Ethiopic and Atlantic Ocean, tells us, that from the latitude of 28° N., to the latitude of 10° N., there is generally a fresh gale of N. E. wind, which towards the African side rarely comes to the eastward of E. N. E., or passes to the northward of N. N. E.: but on the American side, the wind is somewhat more easterly, though most commonly even there it is a point or two to the northward of the east. That from 10° N. to 4° N., the calms and tornadoes take place; and from 4° N. to 30° S., the winds are generally and perpetually between the south and east. This account we expected to have verified by our own experience; but we found considerable variations from it, both in respect to the steadiness of the winds, and the quarter from whence they blew. For though we met with a N. E. wind about the latitude of 28° N., yet from the latitude of 25° to the latitude of 18° N., the wind was never once to the northward of the east, but on the contrary, almost constantly to the southward of it. However, from thence to the latitude of 6° 20' N., we had it usually to the northward of the east, though not entirely,

it having for a short time changed to E. S. E. From hence, to about 4° 46' N., the weather was very unsettled; sometimes the wind was N. E. then changed to S. E., and sometimes we had a dead calm attended with small rain and lightning. After this, the wind continued almost invariably between the S. and E., to the latitude of 7° 30' S.; and then again as invariably between the N. and E., to the latitude of 15° 30' S.; then E. and S. E., to 21° 37' S. But after this, even to the latitude of 27° 44' S., the wind was never once between the S. and the E., though we had it at times in all the other quarters of the compass. But this last circumstance may be in some measure accounted for, from our approach to the main continent of the Brazils. I mention not these particulars with a view of cavilling at the received accounts of these trade-winds, which I doubt not are in general sufficiently accurate; but I thought it a matter worthy of public notice, that such deviations from the established rules do sometimes take place. This observation may not only be of service to navigators, by putting them on their guard against these hitherto unexpected irregularities, but may perhaps contribute to the solution of that great question about the causes of trade-winds, and monsoons; a question, which in my opinion, has not been hitherto discussed with that clearness and accuracy, which its importance (whether it be considered as a naval or philosophical inquiry) seems to demand.

On the 16th of November, one of our victuallers made a signal to speak with the commodore, and we shortened sail for her to come up with us. The master came on board, and acquainted Mr. Anson, that he had complied with the terms of his charter-party, and desired to be unloaded and dismissed. Mr. Anson, on consulting the captains of the squadron, found all the ships had still such quantities of provision between their decks, and were withal so deep, that they could not without great difficulty take in their several proportions of brandy from the Industry pink, one of the victuallers only: and, consequently, he was obliged to continue the other of them, the Anna pink, in the service of attending the squadron. And the next day the commodore made a signal for the ships to bring to, and to take on board their shares of the brandy from the Industry pink; and in this, the long-boats of the squadron were employed the three following days; that is, till the 19th in the evening, when the pink being unloaded, she parted company with us, being bound for Barbadoes, there to take in a freight for England. Most of the officers of the squadron took the opportunity of writing to their friends at home by this ship; but she was afterwards, as I have been since informed, unhappily taken by the Spaniards.

On the 20th of November, the captains of the squadron represented to the commodore, that their ships' companies were very sickly, and that it was their own opinion as well as their surgeons', that it would tend to the preservation of the men to let in more air between decks; but that their ships were so deep, they could not possibly open their lower ports. On this representation, the commodore ordered six air-scuttles to be cut in each ship, in such places where they would least weaken it.

And on this occasion I cannot but observe, how much it is the duty of all those who, either by office

or authority, have any influence in the direction of our naval affairs, to attend to this important article, the preservation of the lives and health of our seamen. If it could be supposed that the motives of humanity were insufficient for this purpose, yet policy, and a regard to the success of our arms, and the interest and honour of each particular commander, should naturally lead us to a careful and impartial examination of every probable method proposed for maintaining a ship's crew in health and vigour. But hath this been always done? Have the late invented plain and obvious methods of keeping our ships sweet and clean, by a constant supply of fresh air, been considered with that candour and temper, which the great benefits promised hereby ought naturally to have inspired? On the contrary, have not these salutary schemes been often treated with neglect and contempt? And have not some of those who have been entrusted with experimenting their effects, been guilty of the most indefensible partiality, in the accounts they have given of these trials? Indeed, it must be confessed, that many distinguished persons, both in the direction and command of our fleets, have exerted themselves on these occasions with a judicious and dispassionate examination, becoming the interesting nature of the inquiry; but the wonder is, that any could be found irrational enough to act a contrary part, in despite of the strongest dictates of prudence and humanity. I must, however, own, that I do not believe this conduct to have arisen from motives so savage, as the first reflection thereon does naturally suggest: but I rather impute it to an obstinate, and in some small degree superstitious, attachment to such practices as have been long established, and to a settled contempt and hatred of all kinds of innovations, especially such as are projected by landsmen and persons residing on shore. But let us return from this, I hope not, impertinent digression.

We crossed the equinoctial with a fine fresh gale at S.E., on Friday the 28th of November, at four in the morning, being then in the longitude of $27^{\circ} 59'$ W. from London. And on the 2d of December, in the morning, we saw a sail in the N.W. quarter, and made the Gloucester's and Tryal's signals to chase; and half an hour after, we let our reefs and chased with the squadron; and about noon a signal was made for the Wager to take our remaining victuals, the Anna pink, in tow. But at seven in the evening, finding we did not near the chase, and that the Wager was very far a-stern, we shortened sail, and made a signal for the cruisers to join the squadron. The next day but one we again discovered a sail, which, on a nearer approach, we judged to be the same vessel. We chased her the whole day, and though we rather gained upon her, yet night came on before we could overtake her, and obliged us to give over the chase, to collect our scattered squadron. We were much chagrined at the escape of this vessel, as we then apprehended her to be an advice-boat sent from Old Spain to Buenos Ayres, with notice of our expedition. But we have since learned that we were deceived in this conjecture, and that it was our East-India Company's packet, bound to St. Helena.

On the 10th of December, being by our accounts in the latitude of 20° S., and $36^{\circ} 30'$ longitude

west from London, the Tryal fired a gun to denote soundings. We immediately sounded, and found sixty fathom water, the bottom coarse ground with broken shells. The Tryal being a-head of us, had at one time thirty-seven fathom, which afterwards increased to 90. And then she found no bottom, which happened to us too at our second trial, though we sounded with a hundred and fifty fathom of line. This is the shoal which is laid down in most charts by the name of the Abrollos; and it appeared we were upon the very edge of it; perhaps farther in it may be extremely dangerous.

We were then, by our different accounts, from ninety to sixty leagues east of the coast of Brazil. The next day but one we spoke with a Portuguese brigantine from Rio Janeiro, bound to Bahia del Todos Santos, who informed us that we were thirty-four leagues from Cape St. Thomas, and forty leagues from Cape Frio, which last bore from us W.S.W. By our accounts we were near eighty leagues from Cape Frio; and though, on the information of this brigantine, we altered our course and stood more to the southward, yet by our coming in with the land afterwards, we were fully convinced that our reckoning was much correcter than our Portuguese intelligence. We found a considerable current setting to the southward, after we had passed the latitude of 16° S. And the same took place all along the coast of Brazil, and even to the southward of the river of Plate, it amounting sometimes to thirty miles in twenty-four hours, and once to above forty miles.

If this current is occasioned (as it is most probable) by the running off of the water accumulated on the coast of Brazil by the constant sweeping of the eastern trade-wind over the Ethiopic Ocean, then it is most natural to suppose, that its general course is determined by the bearings of the adjacent shore. Perhaps too, in almost every other instance of currents, the same may hold true, as I believe no examples occur of considerable currents being observed at any great distance from land. If this then could be laid down for a general principle, it would be always easy to correct the reckoning by the observed latitude. But it were much to be wished, for the general interests of navigation, that the actual settings of the different currents which are known to take place in various parts of the world, were examined more frequently and accurately than hitherto appears to have been done.

We now began to grow impatient for a sight of land, both for the recovery of our sick, and for the refreshment and security of those who as yet continued healthier. When we departed from St. Helens, we were in so good a condition, that we lost but two men on board the Centurion, in our long passage to Madeira. But in this present run between Madeira and St. Catherine's we have been very sickly, so that many died, and great numbers were confined to their hammocks, both in our own ship and in the rest of the squadron, and several of these past all hopes of recovery. The disorders they in general labour under are such as are common to the hot climates, and what most ships bound to the southward experience in a greater or less degree. These are those kind of fevers which they usually call calentures: a disease, which was not only terrible in its first instance, but even the remains of it

often prove fatal to those who considered themselves as recovered from it. For it always left them in a very weak and helpless condition, and usually afflicted with fluxes and tenesmuses. And by our continuance at sea all our complaints were every day increasing, so that it was with great joy that we discovered the coast of Brazil on the 18th of December, at seven in the morning.

The coast of Brazil appeared high and mountainous land, extending from the W. to W.S.W., and when we first saw it, it was about seventeen leagues distant. At noon we perceived a low double land, bearing W.S.W., about ten leagues distant, which we took to be the island of St. Catherine's. That afternoon and the next morning, the wind being N.N.W., we gained very little to windward, and were apprehensive of being driven to the leeward of the island; but a little before noon, the next day, the wind came about to the southward, and enabled us to steer in between the north point of St. Catherine's, and the neighbouring island of Alvorado. As we stood in for the land, we had regular soundings, gradually decreasing from thirty-six to twelve fathom, all muddy ground. In this last depth of water we let go our anchor at five o'clock in the evening of the 18th, the north-west point of the island of St. Catherine's bearing S.S.W., distant three miles; and the island Alvorado N.N.E., distant two leagues. Here we found the tide to set S.S.E. and N.N.W., at the rate of two knots, the tide of flood coming from the southward. We could from our ships observe two fortifications at a considerable distance within us, which seemed designed to prevent the passage of an enemy between the island of St. Catherine's and the main. And we could soon perceive that our squadron had alarmed the coast, for we saw the two forts hoist their colours, and fire several guns, which we supposed to be intended for assembling the inhabitants. To prevent any confusion, the commodore immediately sent a boat with an officer on shore, to compliment the governor, and to desire a pilot to carry us into the road. The governor returned a very civil answer, and ordered us a pilot. On the morning of the 20th, we weighed and stood in, and towards noon the pilot came on board of us, who, the same afternoon, brought us to an anchor in five fathom and a half, in a large commodious bay on the continent side, called by the French, Bon Port. In standing from our last anchorage to this place, we everywhere found an oozy bottom, with a depth of water first regularly decreasing to five fathom, and then increasing to seven, after which we had six and five fathom alternately. The next morning we weighed again with the squadron, in order to run above the two fortifications we have mentioned, which are called the castles of Santa Cruz and St. Juan. And now the soundings between the island and the main were four, five, and six fathom, with muddy ground. As we passed by the castle of Santa Cruz we saluted it with eleven guns, and were answered by an equal number; and at one in the afternoon, the squadron came to an anchor in five fathom and a half, the Governor's Island bearing N.N.W., St. Juan's Castle N.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E., and the island of St. Antonio south. In this position we moored at the island of St. Catherine's, on Sunday the 21st of December, the whole squadron being, as I have already

mentioned, sickly, and in great want of refreshments: both which inconveniences we hoped to have soon removed at this settlement, celebrated by former navigators for its healthiness and its provisions, and for the freedom, indulgence, and friendly assistance there given to the ships of all European nations in amity with the crown of Portugal.

CHAPTER V.

Proceedings at St. Catherine's, and a Description of the place, with a short Account of Brazil.

Our first care, after having moored our ships, was to send our sick men on shore, each ship being ordered by the commodore to erect two tents for that purpose: one of them for the reception of the diseased, and the other for the accommodation of the surgeon and his assistants. We sent about eighty sick from the Centurion, and the other ships sent nearly as many, in proportion to the number of their hands. As soon as we had performed this necessary duty, we scraped our decks, and gave our ship a thorough cleansing; then smoked it between decks, and after all washed every part well with vinegar. These operations were extremely necessary for correcting the noisome stench on board, and destroying the vermin; for from the number of our men, and the heat of the climate, both these nuisances had increased upon us to a very loathsome degree, and besides being most intolerably offensive, they were doubtless in some sort productive of the sickness we had laboured under for a considerable time before our arrival at this island.

Our next employment was wooding and watering our squadron, caulking our ships' sides and decks, overhauling the rigging, and securing our masts against the tempestuous weather we were, in all probability, to meet with in our passage round Cape Horn, in so advanced and inconvenient a season. But before I engage in the particulars of these transactions, it will not be improper to give some account of the present state of the island of St. Catherine's, and of the neighbouring country; both as the circumstances of this place are now greatly changed from what they were in the time of former writers, and as these changes laid us under many more difficulties and perplexities than we had reason to expect, or than other British ships, hereafter bound to the South Seas, may perhaps think it prudent to struggle with.

This island is esteemed by the natives to be nowhere above two leagues in breadth, though about nine in length; it lies in $49^{\circ} 45'$ of west longitude from London, and extends from the south latitude of $27^{\circ} 35'$ to that of 28° . Although it be of a considerable height, yet it is scarcely discernible at the distance of ten leagues, being then obscured under the continent of Brazil, whose mountains are exceedingly high; but on a nearer approach it is easy to be distinguished, and may be readily known by a number of small islands lying at each end, and scattered along the east side of it.

The north entrance of the harbour is in breadth about five miles, and the distance from thence to the island of St. Antonio is eight miles, and the course from the entrance to St. Antonio is S.S.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. About the middle of the island, the har-

bour is contracted by two points of land to a narrow channel, no more than a quarter of a mile broad ; and to defend this passage, a battery was erecting on the point of land on the island side. But this seems to be a very useless work, as the channel has no more than two fathom water, and consequently is navigable only for barks and boats, and therefore seems to be a passage that an enemy could have no inducement to attempt, especially as the common passage at the north end of the island is so broad and safe, that no squadron can be prevented from coming in by any of their fortifications, when the sea-breeze is made. However, the Brigadier Don Jose Sylva de Paz, the governor of this settlement, is esteemed an expert engineer, and he doubtless understands one branch of his business very well, which is the advantages which new works bring to those who are entrusted with the care of erecting them : for besides the battery mentioned above, there are three other forts carrying on for the defence of the harbour, none of which are yet completed. The first of these, called St. Juan, is built on a point of St. Catherine's near Parrot Island ; the second, in the form of a half moon, is on the island of St. Antonio ; and the third, which seems to be the chief, and has some appearance of a regular fortification, is on an island near the continent, where the governor resides.

The soil of the island is truly luxuriant, producing fruits of most kinds spontaneously ; and the ground is covered over with one continued forest of trees of a perpetual verdure, which, from the exuberance of the soil, are so entangled with briars, thorns, and underwood, as to form a thicket absolutely impenetrable, except by some narrow pathways which the inhabitants have made for their own convenience. These, with a few spots cleared for plantations along the shore facing the continent, are the only uncovered parts of the island. The woods are extremely fragrant, from the many aromatic trees and shrubs with which they abound ; and the fruits and vegetables of all climates thrive here, almost without culture, and are to be procured in great plenty ; so that here is no want of pine-apples, peaches, grapes, oranges, lemons, citrons, melons, apricots, nor plantains. There are besides great abundance of two other productions of no small consideration for a sea-store, I mean onions and potatoes. The provisions of other kinds are however inferior to their vegetables : there are small wild cattle to be purchased, somewhat like buffaloes, but these are very indifferent food, their flesh being of a loose texture, and generally of a disagreeable flavour, which is probably owing to the wild calabash on which they feed. There are likewise great plenty of pheasants, but they are much inferior in taste to those we have in England. The other provisions of the place are monkeys, parrots, and fish of various sorts, which abound in the harbour, and are all exceedingly good, and are easily caught, for there are a great number of small sandy bays very convenient for hauling the seine.

The water both on the island and the opposite continent is excellent, and preserves at sea as well as that of the Thames. For after it has been in the cask a day or two it begins to purge itself, and stinks most intolerably, and is soon covered over with a green scum : but this, in a few days, sub-

sides to the bottom, and leaves the water as clear as crystal, and perfectly sweet. The French (who during their South Sea trade in Queen Anne's reign first brought this place into repute) usually wooded and watered in Bon Port, on the continent side, where they likewise anchored with great safety in six fathom water ; and this is doubtless the most commodious road for such ships as intend to make only a short stay. But we watered on the St. Catherine's side, at a plantation opposite to the island of St. Antonio.

These are the advantages of this island of St. Catherine's ; but there are many inconveniences attending it, partly from its climate, but more from its new regulations, and the late form of government established there. With regard to the climate, it must be remembered that the woods and hills which surround the harbour prevent a free circulation of the air. And the vigorous vegetation which constantly takes place there, furnishes such a prodigious quantity of vapour, that all the night and a great part of the morning a thick fog covers the whole country, and continues till either the sun gathers strength to dissipate it, or it is dispersed by a brisk sea breeze. This renders the place close and humid, and probably occasioned the many fevers and fluxes we were there afflicted with. To these exceptions I must not omit to add, that all the day we were pestered with great numbers of musquitoes, which are not much unlike the gnats in England, but more venomous in their stings. And at sun-set, when the musquitoes retired, they were succeeded by an infinity of sand-flies, which, though scarce discernible to the naked eye, make a mighty buzzing, and wherever they bite raise a small bump in the flesh, which is soon attended with a painful itching, like that arising from the bite of an English harvest-bug.

But as the only light in which this place deserves our consideration, is its favourable situation for supplying and refreshing our cruisers intended for the South Seas, in this view its greatest inconveniences remain still to be related ; and to do this more distinctly, it will not be amiss to consider the changes which it has lately undergone, both in its inhabitants, its police, and its governor.

In the time of Frezier and Shelvocke, this place served only as a retreat to vagabonds and outlaws, who fled thither from all parts of Brazil. They did indeed acknowledge a subjection to the crown of Portugal, and had a person among them whom they called their captain, who was considered in some sort as their governor : but both their allegiance to their king, and their obedience to their captain, seemed to be little more than verbal. For as they had plenty of provisions but no money, they were in a condition to support themselves without the assistance of any neighbouring settlements, and had not amongst them the means of tempting any adjacent governor to busy his authority about them. In this situation they were extremely hospitable and friendly to such foreign ships as came amongst them. For these ships wanted only provisions, of which the natives had great store ; and the natives wanting clothes, (for they often despised money, and refused to take it) which the ships furnished them with in exchange for their provisions, both sides found their account in this traffic ; and their captain or governor had

neither power nor interest to restrain it or to tax it. But of late (for reasons which shall be hereafter mentioned) these honest vagabonds have been obliged to receive amongst them a new colony, and to submit to new laws and government. Instead of their former ragged bare-legged captain (whom, however, they took care to keep innocent) they have now the honour to be governed by Don Jose Sylva de Paz, a brigadier of the armies of Portugal. This gentleman has with him a garrison of soldiers, and has consequently a more extensive and a better supported power than any of his predecessors; and as he wears better clothes, and lives more splendidly, and has besides a much better knowledge of the importance of money than they could ever pretend to, so he puts in practice certain methods of procuring it with which they were utterly unacquainted. But it may be much doubted, if the inhabitants consider these methods as tending to promote either their interests, or that of their sovereign the king of Portugal. This is certain, that his behaviour cannot but be extremely embarrassing to such British ships as touch there in their way to the South Seas. For one of his practices was placing sentinels at all the avenues, to prevent the people from selling us any refreshments, except at such exorbitant rates as we could not afford to give. His pretence for this extraordinary stretch of power was, that he was obliged to preserve their provisions for upwards of a hundred families, which they daily expected to reinforce their colony. Hence he appears to be no novice in his profession, by his readiness at inventing a plausible pretence for his interested management. However, this, though sufficiently provoking, was far from being the most exceptionable part of his conduct. For by the neighbourhood of the river Plate, a considerable smuggling traffic is carried on between the Portuguese and the Spaniards, especially in the exchanging gold for silver, by which both princes are defrauded of their fifths; and in this prohibited commerce Don Jose was so deeply engaged, that in order to ingratiate himself with his Spanish correspondents (for no other reason can be given for his procedure) he treacherously despatched an express to Buenos Ayres in the river of Plate, where Pizarro then lay, with an account of the arrival, and of the strength of our squadron; particularly the number of ships, guns and men, and every circumstance which he could suppose our enemy desirous of being acquainted with. And the same perfidy every British cruiser may expect, who touches at St. Catherine's, while it is under the government of Don Jose Sylva de Paz.

Thus much, with what we shall be necessitated to relate in the course of our own proceedings may suffice as to the present state of St. Catherine's, and the character of its governor. But as the reader may be desirous of knowing to what causes the late new modelling of this settlement is owing; to satisfy him in this particular, it will be necessary to give a short account of the adjacent continent of Brazil, and of the wonderful discoveries which have been made there within these last forty years, which, from a country of but mean estimation, has rendered it now perhaps the most considerable colony on the face of the globe.

This country was first discovered by Americus Vesputio, a Florentine, who had the good fortune

to be honoured with giving his name to the immense continent, some time before found out by Columbus: he being in the service of the Portuguese, it was settled and planted by that nation, and, with the other dominions of Portugal, devolved to the crown of Spain, when that kingdom became subject to it. During the long war between Spain and the States of Holland, the Dutch possessed themselves of the northernmost part of Brazil, and were masters of it for some years. But when the Portuguese revolted from the Spanish government, this country took part in the revolt, and soon repossessed themselves of the places the Dutch had taken; since which time it has continued without interruption under the crown of Portugal, being, till the beginning of the present century, only productive of sugar and tobacco, and a few other commodities of very little account.

But this country, which for many years was only considered for the produce of its plantations, has been lately discovered to abound with the two minerals which mankind hold in the greatest esteem, and which they exert their utmost art and industry in acquiring, I mean, gold and diamonds. Gold was first found in the mountains which lie adjacent to the city of Rio Janeiro. The occasion of its discovery is variously related, but the most common account is, that the Indians, lying on the back of the Portuguese settlements, were observed by the soldiers employed in an expedition against them to make use of this metal for their fish-hooks; and their manner of procuring it being inquired into, it appeared that great quantities of it were annually washed from the hills, and left amongst the sand and gravel, which remained in the valleys after the running off or evaporation of the water. It is now little more than forty years since any quantities of gold worth notice have been imported to Europe from Brazil; but since that time the annual imports from thence have been continually augmented by the discovery of places in other provinces, where it is to be met with as plentifully as at first about Rio Janeiro. And it is now said, that there is a small slender vein of it spread through all the country, at about twenty-four feet from the surface, but that this vein is too thin and poor to answer the expense of digging; however, where the rivers or rains have had any course for a considerable time, there gold is always to be collected, the water having separated the metal from the earth, and deposited it in the sands, thereby saving the expenses of digging: so that it is esteemed an infallible gain to be able to divert a stream from its channel, and to ransack its bed. From this account of gathering this metal, it should follow that there are properly no gold mines in Brazil; and this the governor of Rio Grande (who being at St. Catherine's, frequently visited Mr. Anson) did most confidently affirm, assuring us, that the gold was all collected either from rivers, or from the beds of torrents after floods. It is indeed asserted that, in the mountains, large rocks are found abounding with this metal; and I myself have seen the fragment of one of these rocks with a considerable lump of gold entangled in it; but even in this case, the workmen break off the rocks, and do not properly mine into them; and the great expense in subsisting among these mountains, and afterwards in

separating the metal from the stone, makes this method of procuring gold to be but rarely put in practice.

The examining the bottoms of rivers, and the gullies of torrents, and the washing the gold found therein from the sand and dirt, with which it is always mixed, are works performed by slaves, who are principally negroes, kept in great numbers by the Portuguese for these purposes. The regulation of the duty of these slaves is singular : for they are each of them obliged to furnish their master with the eighth part of an ounce of gold *per diem* ; and if they are either so fortunate or industrious as to collect a greater quantity, the surplus is considered as their own property, and they have the liberty of disposing of it as they think fit. So that it is said some negroes who have accidentally fallen upon rich washing places have themselves purchased slaves, and have lived afterwards in great splendour, their original master having no other demand on them than the daily supply of the forementioned eighth ; which as the Portuguese ounce is somewhat lighter than our troy ounce, may amount to about nine shillings sterling.

The quantity of gold thus collected in the Brazils, and returned annually to Lisbon, may be in some degree estimated from the amount of the king's fifth. This hath of late been esteemed one year with another to be one hundred and fifty arroves of 32*l*. Portuguese weight, each of which, at 4*l*. the troy ounce, makes very near 300,000*l*. sterling ; and consequently the capital, of which this is the fifth, is about a million and a half sterling. And the annual return of gold to Lisbon cannot be less than this, though it be difficult to determine how much it exceeds it ; perhaps we may not be very much mistaken in our conjecture, if we suppose the gold exchanged for silver with the Spaniards at Buenos Ayres, and what is brought privily to Europe, and escapes the duty, amounts to near half a million more, which will make the whole annual produce of the Brazilian gold near two millions sterling ; a prodigious sum to be found in a country which, a few years since, was not known to furnish a single grain.

I have already mentioned, that besides gold this country does likewise produce diamonds. The discovery of these valuable stones is much more recent than that of gold, it being as yet scarce twenty years since the first were brought to Europe. They are found in the same manner as the gold, in the gullies of torrents and beds of rivers, but only in particular places, and not so universally spread through the country. They were often found in washing the gold before they were known to be diamonds, and were consequently thrown away with the sand and gravel separated from it. And it is very well remembered, that numbers of very large stones, which would have made the fortunes of the possessors, have passed unregarded through the hands of those, who now with impatience support the mortifying reflection. However, about twenty years since, a person acquainted with the appearance of rough diamonds, conceived that these pebbles, as they were then esteemed, were of the same kind : but it is said, that there was a considerable interval between the first starting of this opinion, and

the confirmation of it by proper trials and examination, it proving difficult to persuade the inhabitants, that what they had been long accustomed to despise, could be of the importance represented by the discovery ; and I have been informed, that in this interval, a governor of one of their places procured a good number of these stones, which he pretended to make use of at cards to mark with, instead of counters. But to proceed : it was at last confirmed by skilful jewellers in Europe, consulted on this occasion, that the stones thus found in Brazil were truly diamonds, many of which were not inferior either in lustre, or any other quality, to those of the East-Indies. On this determination the Portuguese, in the neighbourhood of those places where they had first been observed, set themselves to search for them with great assiduity. And they were not without great hopes of discovering considerable masses of them, as they found large rocks of crystal in many of the mountains, from whence the streams came which washed down the diamonds.

But it was soon represented to the king of Portugal, that if such plenty of diamonds should be met with as their sanguine conjectures seemed to indicate, this would so debase their value, and diminish their estimation, that besides ruining all the Europeans who had any quantity of Indian diamonds in their possession, it would render the discovery itself of no importance, and would prevent his Majesty from receiving any advantages from it. And on these considerations his Majesty has thought proper to restrain the general search of diamonds, and has erected a Diamond Company for that purpose, with an exclusive charter. This company, in consideration of a sum paid by them to the king, have the property of all diamonds found in Brazil : but to hinder their collecting too large quantities, and thereby debasing their value, they are prohibited from employing above eight hundred slaves in searching after them. And to prevent any of his other subjects from acting the same part, and likewise to secure the company from being defrauded by the interfering of interlopers in their trade, he has depopulated a large town, and a considerable district round it, and has obliged the inhabitants, who are said to amount to six thousand, to remove to another part of the country ; for this town being in the neighbourhood of the diamonds, it was thought impossible to prevent such a number of people, who were on the spot, from frequently smuggling.

In consequence of these important discoveries in Brazil, new laws, new governments, and new regulations have been established in many parts of the country. For not long since, a considerable tract, possessed by a set of inhabitants, who from their principal settlement were called Paulists, almost independent of the crown of Portugal, to which they scarcely acknowledged more than a nominal allegiance. These are said to be descendants of those Portuguese, who retired from the northern part of Brazil, when it was invaded and possessed by the Dutch. And being for a long time neglected and obliged to provide for their own security and defence, the necessity of their affairs produced a kind of government amongst them, which they found sufficient for the confined manner of life to which they were inured. And

therefore rejecting and despising the authority and mandate of the court of Lisbon, they were often engaged in a state of downright rebellion: and the mountains surrounding their country, and the difficulty of clearing the few passages that open into it, generally put it in their power to make their own terms before they submitted. But as gold was found to abound in this country of the Paulists, the present king of Portugal (during whose reign almost the whole discoveries I have mentioned were begun and completed) thought it incumbent on him to reduce this province, which now became of great consequence, to the same dependence and obedience with the rest of the country which, I am told, he has at last, though with great difficulty, happily effected. And the same motives which induced his majesty to undertake the reduction of the Paulists, has also occasioned the changes I have mentioned, to have taken place at the island of St. Catherine's. For the governor of Rio Grande, of whom I have already spoken, assured us, that in the neighbourhood of this island there were considerable rivers which were found to be extremely rich, and that this was the reason that a garrison, a military governor, and a new colony was settled there. And as the harbour at this island is by much the securest and the most capacious of any on the coast, it is not improbable, if the riches of the neighbourhood answer their expectation, but it may become in time the principal settlement in Brazil, and the most considerable port in all South America.

Thus much I have thought necessary to insert, in relation to the present state of Brazil, and of the island of St. Catherine's. For as this last place has been generally recommended as the most eligible port for our cruisers to refresh at, which are bound to the South Seas, I believed it to be my duty to instruct my countrymen, in the hitherto unsuspected inconveniences which attend that place. And as the Brazilian gold and diamonds are subjects about which, from their novelty, very few particulars have been hitherto published, I conceived this account I had collected of them would appear to the reader to be neither a trifling nor a useless digression. These subjects being thus despatched, I shall now return to the series of our own proceedings.

When we first arrived at St. Catherine's we were employed in refreshing our sick on shore, in wooding and watering the squadron, cleansing our ships, and examining and securing our masts and rigging, as I have already observed in the foregoing chapter. At the same time Mr. Anson gave directions, that the ships' companies should be supplied with fresh meat, and that they should be victualled with whole allowance of all the kinds of provision. In consequence of these orders, we had fresh beef sent on board us continually for our daily expense, and what was wanting to make up our allowance we received from our victualler the Anna pink, in order to preserve the provisions on board our squadron entire for our future service. The season of the year growing each day less favourable for our passage round Cape Horn, Mr. Anson was very desirous of leaving this place as soon as possible; and we were at first in hopes that our whole business would be done, and we should be in readiness to sail in about a

fortnight from our arrival: but, on examining the Tryal's masts, we, to our no small vexation, found inevitable employment for twice that time. For, on a survey, it was found that the main-mast was sprung at the upper wounding, though it was thought capable of being secured by a couple of fishes; but the fore-mast was reported to be unfit for service, and thereupon the carpenters were sent into the woods, to endeavour to find a stick proper for a fore-mast. But after a search of four days, they returned without having been able to meet with any tree fit for the purpose. This obliged them to come to a second consultation about the old fore-mast, when it was agreed to endeavour to secure it by casing it with three fishes: and in this work the carpenters were employed, till within a day or two of our sailing. In the mean time, the commodore thinking it necessary to have a clean vessel on our arrival in the South Seas, ordered the Tryal to be hove down, as this would not occasion any loss of time, but might be completed while the carpenters were refitting her masts, which was done on shore.

On the 27th of December we discovered a sail in the offing, and not knowing but she might be a Spaniard, the eighteen-oared boat was manned and armed, and sent under the command of our second lieutenant, to examine her before she arrived within the protection of the forts. She proved to be a Portuguese brigantine from Rio Grande. And though our officer, as it appeared on inquiry, had behaved with the utmost civility to the master, and had refused to accept a calf, which the master would have forced on him as a present: yet the governor took great offence at our sending our boat; and talked of it in a high strain, as a violation of the peace subsisting between the crowns of Great Britain and Portugal. We at first imputed this ridiculous blustering to no deeper a cause than Don Jose's insolence; but as we found he proceeded so far as to charge our officer with behaving rudely, and opening letters, and particularly with an attempt to take out of the vessel, by violence, the very calf which we knew he had refused to receive as a present (a circumstance which we were satisfied the governor was well acquainted with,) we had hence reason to suspect that he purposely sought this quarrel, and had more important motives for engaging in it, than the mere captious bias of his temper. What these motives were, it was not so easy for us to determine at that time; but as we afterwards found by letters, which fell into our hands in the South Seas, that he had despatched an express to Buenos Ayres, where Pizarro then lay, with an account of our squadron's arrival at St. Catherine's, together with the most ample and circumstantial intelligence of our force and condition, we thence conjectured that Don Jose had raised this groundless clamour, only to prevent our visiting the brigantine when she should put to sea again, least we might there find proofs of his perfidious behaviour, and perhaps at the same time discover the secret of his smuggling correspondence with his neighbouring governors, and the Spaniards at Buenos Ayres. But to proceed.

It was near a month before the Tryal was refitted; for not only her lower masts were defective, as hath been already mentioned, but her

main top-mast and fore-yard were likewise decayed and rotten. While this work was carrying on, the other ships of the squadron fixed new standing rigging, and set up a sufficient number of preventer shrouds to each mast, to secure them in the most effectual manner. And in order to render the ships stiffer, and to enable them to carry more sail abroad, and to prevent their labouring in hard gales of wind, each captain had orders given him to strike down some of their great guns into the hold. These precautions being complied with, and each ship having taken in as much wood and water as there was room for, the *Tryal* was at last completed, and the whole squadron was ready for the sea: on which the tents on shore were struck, and all the sick were received on board. And here we had a melancholy proof how much the healthiness of this place had been over-rated by former writers, for we found that though the Centurion alone had buried no less than twenty-eight men since our arrival, yet the number of her sick had in the same interval increased from eighty to ninety-six. And now our crews being embarked, and every thing prepared for our departure, the commodore made a signal for all captains, and delivered them their orders, containing the successive places of rendezvous from hence to the coast of China. And then, on the next day, being the 18th of January, the signal was made for weighing, and the squadron put to sea, leaving without regret this island of St. Catherine's; where we had been so extremely disappointed in our refreshments, in our accommodations, and in the humane and friendly offices which we had been taught to expect in a place, which hath been so much celebrated for its hospitality, freedom, and convenience.

CHAPTER VI.

The run from St. Catherine's to port St. Julian, with some account of that port, and of the country to the southward of the river of Plate.

In leaving St. Catherine's, we left the last amicable port we proposed to touch at, and were now proceeding to a hostile, or at best, a desert and inhospitable coast. And as we were to expect a more boisterous climate to the southward than any we had yet experienced, not only our danger of separation would by this means be much greater than it had been hitherto, but other accidents of a more pernicious nature were likewise to be apprehended, and as much as possible to be provided against. And therefore Mr. Anson, in appointing the various stations at which the ships of the squadron were to rendezvous, had considered, that it was possible his own ship might be disabled from getting round Cape Horn, or might be lost, and had given proper directions, that even in that case the expedition should not be abandoned. For the orders delivered to the captains, the day before we sailed from St. Catherine's, were, that in case of separation, which they were with the utmost care to endeavour to avoid, the first place of rendezvous should be the bay of port St. Julian; describing the place from Sir John Narborough's account of it. There they were to supply themselves with as much salt as they could take in,

both for their own use, and for the use of the squadron; and if, after a stay there of ten days, they were not joined by the commodore, they were then to proceed through Straits le Maire round Cape Horn, into the South Seas, where the next place of rendezvous was to be the island of *Nuestra Senora del Socoro*, in the latitude of 45° South, and longitude from the Lizard $71^{\circ} 12'$ West. They were to bring this island to bear E.N.E, and to cruise from five to twelve leagues distance from it, as long as their store of wood and water would permit, both which they were to expend with the utmost frugality. And when they were under an absolute necessity of a fresh supply, they were to stand in, and endeavour to find out an anchoring-place; and in case they could not, and the weather made it dangerous to supply their ships by standing off and on, they were then to make the best of their way to the island of Juan Fernandes, in the latitude of $33^{\circ} 37'$ South. And as soon as they had there recruited their wood and water, they were to continue cruising off the anchoring-place of that island for fifty-six days; in which time, if they were not joined by the commodore, they might conclude that some accident had befallen him, and they were forthwith to put themselves under the command of the senior officer, who was to use his utmost endeavours to annoy the enemy both by sea and land. That with these views their new commodore was to continue in those seas as long as his provisions lasted, or as long as they were recruited by what he should take from the enemy, reserving only a sufficient quantity to carry him and the ships under his command to Macao, at the entrance of the river Tigris near Canton on the coast of China, where having supplied himself with a new stock of provisions, he was thence, without delay, to make the best of his way to England. And as it was found impossible as yet to unload our victualler the *Anna pink*, the commodore gave the master of her the same rendezvous, and the same orders to put himself under the command of the remaining senior officer.

Under these orders the squadron sailed from St. Catherine's on Sunday the 18th of January, as hath been already mentioned in the preceding chapter. The next day we had very squally weather, attended with rain, lightning and thunder, but it soon became fair again with light breezes, and continued thus till Wednesday evening, when it blew fresh again; and increasing all night, by eight the next morning it became a most violent storm, and we had with it so thick a fog, that it was impossible to see at the distance of two ships' length, so that the whole squadron disappeared. On this, a signal was made, by firing guns, to bring to with the larboard tacks, the wind being then due east. We ourselves immediately handed the top-sails, bunted the main-sail, and lay to under a reefed mizen till noon, when the fog dispersed, and we soon discovered all the ships of the squadron except the *Pearl*, which did not join us till near a month afterwards. The *Tryal* sloop was a great way to leeward, having lost her main-mast in this squall, and having been obliged, for fear of bilging, to cut away the raft. We bore down with the squadron to her relief, and the Gloucester was ordered to take her in tow, for the weather did not entirely abate till the day after, and even then, a great swell continued from

the eastward, in consequence of the preceding storm.

After this accident we stood to the southward with little interruption, and here we experienced the same setting of the current, which we had observed before our arrival at St. Catherine's; that is, we generally found ourselves to the southward of our reckoning, by about twenty miles each day. This error continued, with a little variation, till we had passed the latitude of the river of Plate; and even then, we found that the same current, however difficult to be accounted for, did yet undoubtedly take place; for we were not satisfied in deducting it from the error in our reckoning, but we actually tried it more than once, when a calm made it practicable.

When we had passed the latitude of the river of Plate, we had soundings all along the coast of Patagonia. These soundings, when well ascertained, being of great use in determining the position of the ship, and we having tried them more frequently, in greater depths, and with more attention, than I believe had been done before us, I shall recite our observations as succinctly as I can. In the latitude of $36^{\circ} 52'$ we had sixty fathom of water, with a bottom of fine black and grey sand; from thence, to $39^{\circ} 55'$, we varied our depths from fifty to eighty fathom, though we had constantly the same bottom as before; between the last mentioned latitude, and $43^{\circ} 16'$, we had only fine grey sand, with the same variation of depths, except that we once or twice lessened our water to forty fathom. After this, we continued in forty fathom for about half a degree, having a bottom of coarse sand and broken shells, at which time we were in sight of land, and not above seven leagues from it. As we edged from the land, we met with variety of soundings; first black sand, then muddy, and soon after rough ground with stones; but then increasing our water to forty-eight fathom, we had a muddy bottom to the latitude of $46^{\circ} 10'$. We then returned again into thirty-six fathom, and kept shoaling our water, till at length we came into twelve fathom, having constantly small stones and pebbles at the bottom. Part of this time we had a view of Cape Blanco, which lies in about the latitude of $46^{\circ} 52'$, and longitude west from London $66^{\circ} 43'$. This is the most remarkable land upon the coast. Steering from hence S. by E. nearly, we, in a run of about thirty leagues, deepened our water to fifty fathom, without once altering the bottom; and then drawing towards the shore with a S.W. course, varying rather to the westward, we had everywhere a sandy bottom, till our coming into thirty fathom, where we had again a sight of land, distant from us about eight leagues, lying in the latitude of $48^{\circ} 31'$. We made this land on the 17th of February, and at five in the afternoon we came to an anchor upon the same bottom, in the latitude of $48^{\circ} 58'$, the southernmost land then in view bearing S.S.W., the northernmost N. $\frac{1}{2}$ E., a small island N.W., and the westernmost hummock W.S.W. In this station we found the tide to set S. by W.; and weighing again at five the next morning, we, an hour afterwards, discovered a sail, upon which the Severn and Gloucester were both directed to give chase; but we soon perceived it to be the Pearl, which separated from us a few days after we left St. Cath-

rine's, and on this we made a signal for the Severn to rejoin the squadron, leaving the Gloucester alone in the pursuit. And now we were surprised to see, that on the Gloucester's approach, the people on board the Pearl increased their sail, and stood from her. However, the Gloucester came up with them, but found them with their hammocks in their nettings, and everything ready for an engagement. At two in the afternoon the Pearl joined us, and running up under our stern, Lieutenant Salt hailed the commodore, and acquainted him that Captain Kidd died on the 31st of January. He likewise informed him, that he had seen five large ships the 10th instant, which he for some time imagined to be our squadron: that he suffered the commanding ship, which wore a red broad pennant, exactly resembling that of the commodore, at the main top-mast head, to come within gun-shot of him before he discovered his mistake; but then finding it not to be the Centurion, he haled close upon the wind, and crowded from them with all his sail, and standing cross a rippling, where they hesitated to follow him, he happily escaped. He made them to be five Spanish men of war, one of them exceedingly like the Gloucester, which was the occasion of his apprehensions when the Gloucester chased him. By their appearance he thought they consisted of two ships of seventy guns, two of fifty, and one of forty guns. The whole squadron continued in chase of him all that day, but at night finding they could not get near him, they gave over the chase, and directed their course to the southward.

And now had it not been for the necessity we were under of refitting the Tryal, this piece of intelligence would have prevented our making any stay at St. Julian's; but as it was impossible for that sloop to proceed round the Cape in her present condition, some stay there was inevitable, and therefore the same evening we came to an anchor again in twenty-five fathom water, the bottom a mixture of mud and sand, and the high hummock bearing S.W. by W. And weighing at nine in the morning, we soon after sent the two cutters belonging to the Centurion and Severn in shore, to discover the harbour of St. Julian, while the ships kept standing along the coast, at about the distance of a league from the land. At six o'clock we anchored in the bay of St. Julian, in nineteen fathom, the bottom muddy ground with sand, the northernmost land in sight bearing N. and by E., the southernmost S. $\frac{1}{2}$ E., and the high hummock, to which Sir John Narborough formerly gave the name of Wood's Mount, W.S.W. Soon after, the cutter returned on board, having discovered the harbour, which did not appear to us in our situation, the northernmost point shutting in upon the southernmost, and in appearance closing the entrance.

Being come to an anchor in this bay of St. Julian, principally with a view of refitting the Tryal, the carpenters were immediately employed in that business, and continued so during our whole stay at the place. The Tryal's main-mast having been carried away about twelve feet below the cap, they contrived to make the remaining part of the mast serve again; and the Wager was ordered to supply her with a spare main-top-mast, which the carpenters converted into a new fore-mast. And I cannot help observing, that this accident to the

Tryal's mast, which gave us so much uneasiness at that time, on account of the delay it occasioned, was, in all probability, the means of preserving the sloop, and all her crew. For before this, her masts, how well soever proportioned to a better climate, were much too lofty for these high southern latitudes: so that had they weathered the preceding storm, it would have been impossible for them to have stood against those seas and tempests we afterwards encountered in passing round Cape Horn; and the loss of masts, in that boisterous climate, would scarcely have been attended with less than the loss of the vessel, and of every man on board her; since it would have been impracticable for the other ships to have given them any relief, during the continuance of those impetuous storms.

Whilst we stayed at this place, the commodore appointed the Honourable Captain Murray to succeed to the Pearl, and Captain Cheap to the Wager, and he promoted Mr. Charles Saunders, his first lieutenant, to the command of the Tryal sloop. But Captain Saunders lying dangerously ill of a fever on board the Centurion, and it being the opinion of the surgeons that the removing him on board his own ship, in his present condition, might tend to the hazard of his life; Mr. Anson gave an order to Mr. Saumarez, first lieutenant of the Centurion, to act as master and commander of the Tryal, during the illness of Captain Saunders.

Here the commodore too, in order to ease the expedition of all unnecessary expense, held a farther consultation with his captains about unloading and discharging the Anna pink; but they represented to him that they were so far from being in a condition of taking any part of her loading on board, that they had still great quantities of provisions in the way of their guns between-decks, and that their ships were withal so very deep, that they were not fit for action without being cleared. This put the commodore under a necessity of retaining the pink in the service; and as it was apprehended we should certainly meet with the Spanish squadron in passing the Cape, Mr. Anson thought it advisable to give orders to the captains to put all their provisions, which were in the way of their guns, on board the Anna pink, and to remount such of their guns as had formerly, for the ease of their ships, been ordered into the hold.

This bay of St. Julian, where we were now at anchor, being a convenient rendezvous, in case of separation, for all cruisers bound to the southward, and the whole coast of Patagonia, from the river of Plate to the Straits of Magellan, lying nearly parallel to their usual route, a short account of the singularity of this country, with a particular description of port St. Julian, may perhaps be neither unacceptable to the curious, nor unworthy the attention of future navigators, as some of them, by unforeseen accidents, may be obliged to run in with the land, and to make some stay on this coast, in which case the knowledge of the country, its produce and inhabitants, cannot but be of the utmost consequence to them.

To begin then with the tract of country usually styled Patagonia. This is the name often given to the southernmost part of South America, which is unpossessed by the Spaniards, extending from their settlements to the Straits of Magellan. On the east side, this country is extremely remark-

able for a peculiarity not to be paralleled in any other known part of the globe; for though the whole territory to the northward of the river of Plate is full of wood, and stored with immense quantities of large timber trees, yet to the southward of the river no trees of any kind are to be met with, except a few peach-trees, first planted and cultivated by the Spaniards, in the neighbourhood of Buenos Ayres: so that on the whole eastern coast of Patagonia, extending near four hundred leagues in length, and reaching as far back as any discoveries have yet been made, no other wood has been found than a few insignificant shrubs. Sir John Narborough in particular, who was sent out, by King Charles the second, expressly to examine this country, and the Straits of Magellan, and who in pursuance of his orders wintered upon this coast in port St. Julian and port Desire, in the year 1670; Sir John Narborough, I say, tells us, that he never saw a stick of wood in the country, large enough to make the handle of a hatchet.

But though this country be so destitute of wood, it abounds with pasture. For the land appears in general to be made up of downs of a light dry gravelly soil, and produces great quantities of long coarse grass, which grows in tufts interspersed with large barren spots of gravel between them. This grass, in many places, feeds immense herds of cattle: for the Spaniards at Buenos Ayres, having brought over a few black cattle from Europe at their first settlement, they have thriven prodigiously by the plenty of herbage which they found here, and are now increased to that degree, and are extended so far into the country, that they are not considered as private property; but many thousands at a time are slaughtered every year by the hunters, only for their hides and tallow. The manner of killing these cattle, being a practice peculiar to that part of the world, merits a more circumstantial description. The hunters employed on this occasion being all of them mounted on horseback (and both the Spaniards and Indians in that part of the world are usually most excellent horsemen), they arm themselves with a kind of spear, which, at its end, instead of a blade fixed in the same line with the wood in the usual manner, has its blade fixed across; with this instrument they ride at a beast, and surround him. The hunter that comes behind him hamstringing him; and as after this operation the beast soon tumbles, without being able to raise himself again, they leave him on the ground, and pursue others, whom they serve in the same manner. Sometimes there is a second party, who attend the hunters, to skin the cattle as they fall: but it is said, that at other times the hunters choose to let them languish in torment till the next day, from an opinion that the anguish, which the animal in the mean time endures, may burst the lymphatics, and thereby facilitate the separation of the skin from the carcase: and though their priests have loudly condemned this most barbarous practice, and have gone so far, if my memory does not fail me, as to excommunicate those who follow it, yet all their efforts to put an entire stop to it have hitherto proved ineffectual.

Besides the numbers of cattle which are every year slaughtered for their hides and tallow, in the manner already described, it is often necessary for the purposes of agriculture, and likewise with other views, to take them alive, and without wound-

ing them. This is performed with a most wonderful and almost incredible dexterity, and principally by the use of a machine which the English who have resided at Buenos Ayres generally denominate a lash. It is made of a thong of several fathoms in length, and very strong, with a running noose at one end of it: this the hunters (who in this case are also mounted on horseback) take in their right hands, it being first properly coiled up, and having its end opposite to the noose fastened to the saddle; and thus prepared, they ride at a herd of cattle. When they arrive within a certain distance of a beast, they throw their thong at him with such exactness, that they never fail of fixing the noose about his horns. The beast, when he finds himself entangled, generally runs, but the horse, being swifter, attends him, and prevents the thong from being too much strained, till a second hunter, who follows the game, throws another noose about one of its hind legs: and this being done, both horses (they being trained for this purpose) instantly turn different ways, in order to strain the two thongs in contrary directions; on which the beast, by their opposite pulls, is presently overthrown, and then the horses stop, keeping the thongs still upon the stretch: being thus on the ground and incapable of resistance, (for he is extended between the two horses) the hunters alight, and secure him in such a manner, that they afterwards easily convey him to whatever place they please. In the same manner they noose horses, and, as it is said, even tigers; and however strange this last circumstance may appear, there are not wanting persons of credit who assert it. Indeed, it must be owned, that the address both of the Spaniards and Indians in that part of the world, in the use of this lash or noose, and the certainty with which they throw it, and fix it on any intended part of the beast at a considerable distance, are matters only to be believed from the repeated and concurrent testimony of all who have frequented that country, and might reasonably be questioned, did it rely on a single report, or had it been ever contradicted or denied by any one who had resided at Buenos Ayres.

The cattle which are killed in the manner I have already observed, are slaughtered only for their hides and tallow, to which sometimes are added their tongues, and the rest of their flesh is left to putrify, or to be devoured by the birds and wild beasts; but the greatest part of this carrion falls to the share of the wild dogs, of which there are immense numbers to be found in that country. They are supposed to have been originally produced by Spanish dogs from Buenos Ayres, who, allured by the great quantity of carrion, and the facility they had by that means of subsisting, left their masters, and ran wild amongst the cattle; for they are plainly of the breed of the European dogs, an animal not originally found in America. But though these dogs are said to be some thousands in a company, they hitherto neither diminish nor prevent the increase of the cattle, not daring to attack them, by reason of the numbers which constantly feed together; but contenting themselves with the carrion left them by the hunters, and perhaps now and then with a few stragglers who, by accidents, are separated from the herd they belong to.

Besides the wild cattle which have spread themselves in such vast herds from Buenos Ayres to-

wards the southward, the same country is in like manner furnished with horses. These too were first brought from Spain, and are also prodigiously increased, and run wild to a much greater distance than the black cattle: and though many of them are excellent, yet their number makes them of very little value; the best of them being often sold, in a country where money is plenty and commodities very dear, for not more than a dollar a-piece. It is not as yet certain how far to the southward these herds of wild cattle and horses have extended themselves; but there is some reason to conjecture, that stragglers of both kinds are to be met with very near the Straits of Magellan; and they will in time doubtless fill the southern part of this continent with their breed, which cannot fail of proving of considerable advantage to such ships as may touch upon the coast; for the horses themselves are said to be very good eating, and as such to be preferred by some of the Indians even before the black cattle. But whatever plenty of this kind may be hereafter found here, there is one material refreshment which this eastern side of Patagonia seems to be very defective in, and that is fresh water; for the land being generally of a nitrous and saline nature, the ponds and streams are frequently brackish. However, as good water has been found there, though in small quantities, it is not improbable but, on a further search, this inconvenience may be removed.

Besides the cattle and horses which I have mentioned, there are in all parts of this country a good number of vicuñas or Peruvian sheep; but these, by reason of their shyness and swiftness, are killed with difficulty. On the eastern coast, too, there abound immense quantities of seals, and a vast variety of sea-fowl, amongst which the most remarkable are the penguins: they are in size and shape like a goose, but instead of wings they have short stumps like fins, which are of no use to them except in the water; their bills are narrow, like that of an albatross, and they stand and walk in an erect posture. From this, and their white bellies, Sir John Narborough has whimsically likened them to little children standing up in white aprons.

The inhabitants of this eastern coast (to which I have all along hitherto confined my relation) appear to be but few, and have rarely been seen more than two or three at a time, by any ships that have touched here. We, during our stay at the port of St. Julian, saw none. However, towards Buenos Ayres they are sufficiently numerous, and oftentimes very troublesome to the Spaniards; but there the greater breadth and variety of the country, and a milder climate, yield them a better protection; for in that place the continent is between three and four hundred leagues in breadth, whereas at port St. Julian it is little more than a hundred: so that I conceive the same Indians, that frequent the western coast of Patagonia and the Straits of Magellan, often ramble to this side. As the Indians near Buenos Ayres exceed these southern Indians in number, so they greatly surpass them in activity and spirit, and seem in their manners to be nearly allied to those gallant Chilian Indians, who have long set the whole Spanish power at defiance, have often ravaged their country, and remain to this hour independent. For the Indians about Buenos Ayres have learnt to be

excellent horsemen, and are extremely expert in the management of all cutting weapons, though ignorant of the use of fire-arms, which the Spaniards are very solicitous to keep out of their hands. And of the vigour and resolution of these Indians, the behaviour of Orellana and his followers, whom we have formerly mentioned, is a memorable instance. Indeed, were we disposed to aim at the utter subversion of the Spanish power in America, no means seem more probable to effect it, than due encouragement and assistance given to these Indians and those of Chili.

Thus much may suffice in relation to the eastern coast of Patagonia. The western coast is of less extent; and by reason of the Andes which skirt it, and stretch quite down to the water, is a very rocky and dangerous shore. However, I shall be hereafter necessitated to make further mention of it, and therefore shall not enlarge thereon at this time. But it must be remembered, that the bar at the entrance is often shifting, and has many holes in it. The tide flows here N. and S., and at full and change, rises four fathom.

We, on our first arrival here, sent an officer on shore, in order to procure a quantity of salt for the use of the squadron, Sir John Narborough having observed, when he was here, that the salt produced in that place was very white and good, and that in February there was enough of it to fill a thousand ships; but our officer returned with a sample which was very bad, and he told us, that even of this there was but little to be got: I suppose the weather had been more rainy than ordinary, and had destroyed it.

CHAPTER VII.

Departure from the Bay of St. Julian, and the passage from thence to Straits Le Maire.

THE Tryal being nearly refitted, which was our principal occupation at this bay of St. Julian, and the sole occasion of our stay, the commodore thought it necessary, as we were now directly bound for the South Seas and the enemy's coasts, to regulate the plan of his future operations: and, therefore, on the 24th of February, a signal was made for all captains, and a council of war was held on board the Centurion, at which were present the Honourable Edward Legg, Captain Matthew Mitchel, the Honourable George Murray, Captain David Cheap, together with Colonel Mordaunt Cracherode, commander of the land forces. At this council Mr. Anson proposed, that their first attempt, after their arrival in the South Seas, should be the attack of the town and harbour of Baldivia, the principal frontier of the district of Chili; Mr. Anson informing them, at the same time, that it was an article contained in his Majesty's instructions to him, to endeavour to secure some port in the South Seas, where the ships of the squadron might be careened and refitted. To this proposition made by the commodore, the council unanimously and readily agreed; and in consequence of this resolution, new instructions were given to the captains of the squadron, by which, though they were still directed, in case of separation, to make the best of their way to the island of Nuestra Senora del Socoro, yet (notwithstanding the orders they had formerly given them at

St. Catherine's) they were to cruise off that island only ten days; from whence, if not joined by the commodore, they were to proceed, and cruise off the harbour of Baldivia, making the land between the latitudes of 40° and 40° 30', and taking care to keep to the southward of the port; and, if in fourteen days they were not joined by the rest of the squadron, they were then to quit this station, and to direct their course to the island of Juan Fernandes, after which they were to regulate their further proceedings by their former orders. The same directions were also given to the master of the Anna pink, and he was particularly instructed to be very careful in answering the signals made by any ship of the squadron, and likewise to destroy his papers and orders, if he should be so unfortunate as to fall into the hands of the enemy. And as the separation of the squadron might prove of the utmost prejudice to His Majesty's service, each captain was ordered to give it in charge to the respective officers of the watch, not to keep their ship at a greater distance from the Centurion than two miles, as they would answer it at their peril; and if any captain should find his ship beyond the distance specified, he was to acquaint the commodore with the name of the officer, who had thus neglected his duty.

These necessary regulations being established, and the Tryal sloop completed, the squadron weighed on Friday the 27th of February, at seven in the morning, and stood to the sea; the Gloucester indeed found a difficulty in purchasing her anchor, and was left a considerable way a-stern, so that in the night we fired several guns as a signal to her captain to make sail, but he did not come up to us till the next morning, when we found that they had been obliged to cut their cable, and leave their best bower behind them. At ten in the morning, the day after our departure, Wood's Mount, the highland over St. Julian, bore from us N. by W. distant ten leagues, and we had fifty-two fathom of water. And now standing to the southward, we had great expectation of falling in with Pizarro's squadron; for, during our stay at port St. Julian, there had generally been hard gales between the W. N. W. and S. W., so that we had reason to conclude the Spaniards had gained no ground upon us in that interval. And it was the prospect of meeting with them, that had occasioned our commodore to be so very solicitous to prevent the separation of our ships: for had we been solely intent on getting round Cape Horn in the shortest time, the properest method for this purpose would have been to have ordered each ship to have made the best of her way to the rendezvous, without waiting for the rest.¹

¹ "The calamities that attended Anson's squadron, after passing through the Straits of Magellan at an improper season of the year, were unquestionably owing, in a great degree, to the delay in leaving England; but many of them would have been avoided, had this passage then been as well understood as now, when the smallest ships of war, merchantmen, and whalers, go round the Cape, or through the Straits, at all seasons of the year. The ships of Anson, were, however, most wretchedly manned; and Sir Charles Wager, an excellent seaman, and a man of good sound sense, could not contend with the Secretaries of State and their excellencies the Lords Justices, who appear to have taken entirely upon themselves the settling forth of this expedition. Anson, when at Spithead, ventured to send on shore two invalid officers, who from age and infirmity

From our departure from St. Julian to the 4th of March, we had little wind, with thick hazy weather, and some rain; and our soundings were generally from forty to fifty fathom, with a bottom of black and grey sand, sometimes intermixed with pebble stones. On the 4th of March we were in sight of Cape Virgin Mary, and not more than six or seven leagues distant from it: this is the northern cape of the Straits of Magellan; it lies in the latitude of $52^{\circ} 21'$ South, and longitude from London $71^{\circ} 44'$ West, and seems to be a low flat land, ending in a point. Off this Cape our depth of water was from thirty-five to forty-eight fathom. The afternoon of this day was very bright and clear, with small breezes of wind, inclining to a calm, and most of the captains took the opportunity of this favourable weather to pay a visit to the commodore; but while they were in company together, they were all greatly alarmed by a sudden flame, which burst out on board the Gloucester, and which was succeeded by a cloud of smoke. However, they were soon relieved from their apprehensions, by receiving information, that the blast was occasioned by a spark of fire from the forge, lighting on some gunpowder and other combustibles, which an officer on board was preparing for use, in case we should fall in with the Spanish fleet; and that it had been extinguished, without any damage to the ship.

We here found what was constantly verified by all our observations in these high latitudes, that fair weather was always of an exceeding short duration, and that when it was remarkably fine, it was a certain presage of a succeeding storm, for the calm and sunshine of our afternoon ended in a most turbulent night, the wind freshening from the S.W. as the night came on, and increasing its violence continually till nine in the morning the next day, when it blew so hard, that we were obliged to bring-to with the squadron, and to continue under a reefed mizen till eleven at night, having in that time from forty-three to fifty-seven fathom water, with black sand and gravel; and by an observation we had at noon, we concluded a current had set us twelve miles to the southward of our reckoning. Towards midnight, the wind abating, we made sail again; and steering south, we discovered in the morning for the first time the land, called Terra del Fuego, stretching from the S. by W., to the S.E. by E. This indeed afforded us but a very uncomfortable prospect, it appearing of a stupendous height, covered every where with snow. We steered along this shore all day, having soundings from forty to fifty fathom, with stones and gravel. And as we intended to pass through Straits Le Maire next day, we lay-to at night, that we might not overshoot them, and took this opportunity to prepare ourselves for the tempestuous climate we were soon to be engaged in; with which view, we employed ourselves good part of the night in bending an entire new suit of sails to the yards. At four the next morning, being the 7th of March, we made sail, and at eight saw the land; and soon after we began to open the Straits, at which time Cape St. James bore from

us E.S.E., Cape St. Vincent S.E. by E., the middle-most of the Three Brothers S. and by W., Montegorda South, and Cape St. Bartholomew, which is the southernmost point of Statenland, E.S.E. Though Terra del Fuego had an aspect extremely barren and desolate, yet this island of Statenland far surpasses it, in the wildness and horror of its appearance: it seeming to be entirely composed of inaccessible rocks, without the least mixture of earth or mould between them. These rocks terminate in a vast number of ragged points which spire up to a prodigious height, and are all of them covered with everlasting snow; the points themselves are on every side surrounded with frightful precipices, and often overhang in a most astonishing manner; and the hills which bear them are generally separated from each other by narrow clefts, which appeared as if the country had been rent by earthquakes; for these chasms are nearly perpendicular, and extend through the substance of the main rocks, almost to their very bottoms: so that nothing can be imagined more savage and gloomy, than the whole aspect of this coast.

I have above mentioned, that on the 7th of March, in the morning, we opened Straits Le Maire, and soon after, or about ten o'clock, the Pearl and the Tryal being ordered to keep a-head of the squadron, we entered them with fair weather and a brisk gale, and were hurried through by the rapidity of the tide in about two hours, though they are between seven and eight leagues in length. As these Straits are often considered as the boundary between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and as we presumed we had nothing now before us but an open sea, till we should arrive on those opulent coasts where all our hopes and wishes centred, we could not help flattering ourselves that the greatest difficulty of our passage was now at an end, and that our most sanguine dreams were upon the point of being realised; and hence we indulged our imaginations in those romantic schemes, which the fancied possession of the Chilian gold and Peruvian silver might be conceived to inspire. These joyous ideas were heightened by the brightness of the sky, and the serenity of the weather, which was indeed most remarkably pleasing; for though the winter was now advancing apace, yet the morning of this day, in its brilliancy and mildness, gave place to none we had seen since our departure from England. Thus animated by these delusions, we traversed these memorable Straits, ignorant of the dreadful calamities that were then impending, and just ready to break upon us; ignorant that the time drew near, when the squadron would be separated never to unite again, and that this day of our passage was the last cheerful day that the greatest part of us would ever live to enjoy.

1 "On the 7th of March, I entered the Straits Le Maire with a favourable gale and fine weather; but had no sooner got through the Straits than I met very hard gales of wind from the high lands of Terra del Fuego: inasmuch that I was obliged to reef my courses, which continued reefed fifty-eight days."—*Anson's official report.*

declared themselves incapable of doing any duty: he immediately received an order, by directions of the Lords Justices, that they should again be received on board, and no man should be dismissed."—*Barrow's Life of Lord Anson.*

CHAPTER VIII.

From Straits Le Maire to Cape Noir.

WE had scarcely reached the southern extremity of the Straits of Le Maire, when our flattering hopes were instantly lost in the apprehensions of immediate destruction : for before the sternmost ships of the squadron were clear of the Straits, the serenity of the sky was suddenly changed, and gave us all the presages of an impending storm ; and immediately the wind shifted to the southward, and blew in such violent squalls, that we were obliged to hand our top-sails, and reef our main-sail: the tide too, which had hitherto favoured us, now turned against us, and drove us to the eastward with prodigious rapidity, so that we were in great anxiety for the *Wager* and the *Anna* pink, the two sternmost vessels, fearing they would be dashed to pieces against the shore of Staten-land ; nor were our apprehensions without foundation, for it was with the utmost difficulty they escaped. And now the whole squadron, instead of pursuing their intended course to the S.W. were driven to the eastward, by the united force of the storm and of the currents ; so that next day in the morning we found ourselves near seven leagues to the eastward of Staten-land, which then bore from us N.W. The violence of the current which had set us with so much precipitation to the eastward, together with the force and constancy of the westerly winds, soon taught us to consider the doubling of Cape Horn as an enterprise that might prove too mighty for our efforts, though some amongst us had lately treated the difficulties which former voyagers were said to have met with in this undertaking, as little better than chimerical, and had supposed them to arise rather from timidity and unskilfulness, than from the real embarrassments of the winds and seas ; but we were severely convinced, that these censures were rash and ill grounded : for the distresses with which we struggled, during the three succeeding months, will not easily be paralleled in the relation of any former naval expedition. This will, I doubt not, be readily allowed by those who shall carefully peruse the ensuing narration.

From the storm which came on before we had well got clear of Straits Le Maire, we had a continual succession of such tempestuous weather, as surprised the oldest and most experienced mariners on board, and obliged them to confess, that what they had hitherto called storms were inconsiderable gales, compared with the violence of these winds, which raised such short, and at the same time such mountainous waves, as greatly surpassed in danger all seas known in any other part of the globe : and it was not without great reason, that this unusual appearance filled us with continual terror ; for had any one of these waves broke fairly over us, it must, in all probability, have sent us to the bottom. Nor did we escape with terror only ; for the ship rolling incessantly gunwale-to, gave us such quick and violent motions, that the men were in perpetual danger of being dashed to pieces against the decks, or sides of the ship. And though we were extremely careful to secure ourselves from these shocks, by grasping some fixed body, yet many of our people

were forced from their hold ; some of whom were killed, and others greatly injured ; in particular, one of our best seamen was canted overboard and drowned, another dislocated his neck, a third was thrown into the main-hold and broke his thigh, and one of our boatswain's mates broke his collar-bone twice ; not to mention many other accidents of the same kind. These tempests, so dreadful in themselves, though unattended by any other unfavourable circumstance, were yet rendered more mischievous to us by their inequality, and the deceitful intervals which they at sometimes afforded ; for though we were oftentimes obliged to lie-to for days together under a reefed mizen, and were sometimes reduced to lie at the mercy of the waves under our bare poles, yet now and then we ventured to make sail with our courses double-reefed ; and the weather proving more tolerable, would perhaps encourage us to set our top-sails ; after which, the wind, without any previous notice, would return upon us with redoubled force, and would in an instant tear our sails from the yards. And that no circumstance might be wanting which could aggrandise our distress, these blasts generally brought with them a great quantity of snow and sleet, which cased our rigging, and froze our sails, thereby rendering them and our cordage brittle, and apt to snap upon the slightest strain ; adding great difficulty and labour to the working of the ship, benumbing the limbs of our people, and making them incapable of exerting themselves with their usual activity, and even disabling many of them, by mortifying their toes and fingers. It were indeed endless to enumerate the various disasters of different kinds which befel us ; and I shall only mention the most material, which will sufficiently evince the calamitous condition of the whole squadron, during the course of this navigation.

It was on the 7th of March, as has been already observed, that we passed Straits Le Maire, and were immediately afterwards driven to the eastward by a violent storm, and the force of the current which set that way. For the four or five succeeding days we had hard gales of wind from the same quarter, with a most prodigious swell ; so that though we stood, during all that time, towards the S.W., yet we had no reason to imagine we had made any way to the westward. In this interval we had frequent squalls of rain and snow, and shipped great quantities of water ; after which, for three or four days, though the seas ran mountains high, yet the weather was rather more moderate : but, on the 18th, we had again strong gales of wind with extreme cold, and at midnight the main top-sail split, and one of the straps of the main dead-eyes broke. From hence, to the 23rd, the weather was more favourable, though often intermixed with rain and sleet, and some hard gales ; but, as the waves did not subside, the ship, by labouring in this lofty sea, was now grown so loose in her upper works, that she let in the water at every seam, so that every part within board was constantly exposed to the seawater, and scarcely any of the officers ever lay in dry beds. Indeed it was very rare, that two nights ever passed without many of them being driven from their beds, by the deluge of water that came upon them.

On the 23rd, we had a most violent storm of wind, hail, and rain, with a very great sea ; and

though we handed the main top-sail before the height of the squall, yet we found the yard sprung; and soon after the foot rope of the main-sail breaking, the main-sail itself split instantly to rags, and, in spite of our endeavours to save it, much the greater part of it was blown overboard. On this the commodore made the signal for the squadron to bring-to; and the storm at length flattening to a calm, we had an opportunity of getting down our main top-sail yard to put the carpenters at work upon it, and of repairing our rigging; after which, having bent a new main-sail, we got under sail again with a moderate breeze; but in less than twenty-four hours we were attacked by another storm still more furious than the former; for it proved a perfect hurricane, and reduced us to the necessity of lying-to under our bare poles. As our ship kept the wind better than any of the rest, we were obliged in the afternoon to wear ship, in order to join the squadron to the leeward, which otherwise we should have been in danger of losing in the night: and as we dared not venture any sail abroad, we were obliged to make use of an expedient, which answered our purpose; this was putting the helm a-weather, and manning the fore-shrouds: but though this method proved successful for the end intended, yet in the execution of it one of our ablest seamen was canted overboard; and notwithstanding the prodigious agitation of the waves, we perceived that he swam very strong, and it was with the utmost concern that we found ourselves incapable of assisting him; and we were the more grieved at his unhappy fate, since we lost sight of him struggling with the waves, and conceived, from the manner in which he swam, that he might continue sensible, for a considerable time longer, of the horror attending his irretrievable situation.¹

Before this last mentioned storm was quite abated, we found two of our main-shrouds and one mizen-shroud broke, all which we knotted, and set up immediately; and from hence we had an interval of three or four days less tempestuous than usual, but accompanied with a thick fog, in which we were obliged to fire guns almost every half hour, to keep our squadron together. On the 31st, we were alarmed by a gun fired from the Gloucester, and a signal made by her to speak with the commodore; we immediately bore down to her, and were prepared to hear of some terrible disaster; but we were apprised of it before we joined her, for we saw that her main-yard was broke in the slings. This was a grievous misfortune to us all at this juncture; as it was obvious it would prove a hindrance to our sailing, and would detain us the longer in these inhospitable latitudes. But our future success and safety was not to be promoted by repining, but by resolution and activity; and therefore, that this unlucky incident might delay us as little as possible, the commodore ordered several carpenters to be put

onboard the Gloucester from the other ships of the squadron, in order to repair her damage with the utmost expedition. And the captain of the Tryal complaining at the same time that his pumps were so bad, and the sloop made so great a quantity of water, that he was scarcely able to keep her free, the commodore ordered him a pump ready fitted from his own ship. It was very fortunate for the Gloucester and the Tryal, that the weather proved more favourable this day than for many days, both before and after; since by this means they were enabled to receive the assistance which seemed essential to their preservation, and which they could scarcely have had at any other time, as it would have been extremely hazardous to have ventured a boat on board².

The next day, that is, on the 1st of April, the weather returned again to its customary bias, the sky looked dark and gloomy, and the wind began to freshen and to blow in squalls; however, it was not yet so boisterous, as to prevent our carrying our top-sail close reefed; but its appearance was such, as plainly prognosticated that a still severer tempest was at hand: and accordingly, on the 3d of April, there came on a storm, which both in its violence and continuation (for it lasted three days) exceeded all that we had hitherto encountered. In its first onset we received a furious shock from a sea which broke upon our larboard quarter, where it stove in the quarter gallery, and rushed into the ship like a deluge; our rigging too suffered extremely, for one of the straps of the main dead-eyes was broke, as was also a main-shroud and puttock-shroud, so that to ease the stress upon the masts and shrouds, we lowered both our main and fore-yards, and furled all our sails, and in this posture we lay-to for three days, when the storm somewhat abating, we ventured to make sail under our courses only; but even this we could not do long, for the next day, which was the 7th, we had another hard gale of wind, with lightning and rain, which obliged us to lie-to again till night. It was wonderful, that notwithstanding the hard weather we had endured, no extraordinary accident had happened to any of the squadron since the breaking of the Gloucester's main-yard: but this wonder soon ceased; for at three the next morning, several guns were fired to leeward as signals of distress. And the commodore making a signal for the squadron to bring-to, we, at daybreak, saw the Wager a considerable way to leeward of any of the other ships; and we soon perceived that she had lost her mizen-mast, and main top-sail yard. We immediately bore down to her, and found this disaster had arisen from the badness of her iron-work; for all the chain-plates to windward had given way, upon the ship's fetching a deep roll. This proved the more unfortunate to the Wager, as her carpenter had been on board the Gloucester ever since the 31st of March, and the weather was now too severe to permit him to return: nor was the Wager the only ship of the squadron that had suffered in the last tempest; for, the next day, a signal of distress was made by the Anna pink, and, upon speaking with the master, we learnt that they had broken their fore-stay and the gammon of

¹ It was with reference to this affecting circumstance that Cowper composed his beautiful verses on "The Cast-away." One of the stanzas is as follows:—

"He long survives, who lives an hour
In ocean, self-upheld:
And so long he, with unspent power,
His destiny repell'd:
And ever, as the minutes flew,
Entreated help, or cried—'Adieu.'"

² In Anson's Report of the 31st of March, he makes the first mention of the scurvy, as follows:—"Men falling down every day with scorbutic complaints."

the bowsprit, and were in no small danger of having all the masts come by the board : so that we were obliged to bear away until they had made all fast, after which we haled upon a wind again.

And now, after all our solicitude, and the numerous ills of every kind, to which we had been incessantly exposed for near forty days, we had great consolation in the flattering hopes we entertained, that our fatigues were drawing to a period, and that we should soon arrive in a more hospitable climate, where we should be amply repaid for all our past sufferings. For, towards the latter end of March, we were advanced, by our reckoning, near 10° to the westward of the westernmost point of Terra del Fuego, and this allowance being double what former navigators have thought necessary to be taken, in order to compensate the drift of the eastern current, we esteemed ourselves to be well advanced within the limits of the southern ocean, and had therefore been ever since standing to the northward, with as much expedition as the turbulence of the weather, and our frequent disasters, permitted. And, on the 13th of April, we were but a degree in latitude to the southward of the west entrance of the Straits of Magellan ; so that we fully expected, in a very few days, to have experienced the celebrated tranquillity of the Pacific Ocean.

But these were delusions which only served to render our disappointment more terrible ; for the next morning, between one and two, as we were standing to the northward, and the weather, which had till then been hazy, accidentally cleared up, the pink made a signal for seeing land right ahead ; and it being but two miles distant, we were all under the most dreadful apprehensions of running on shore ; which, had either the wind blown from its usual quarter with its wonted vigour, or had not the moon suddenly shone out, not a ship amongst us could possibly have avoided : but the wind, which some few hours before blew in squalls from the S.W. having fortunately shifted to W.N.W., we were enabled to stand to the southward, and to clear ourselves of this unexpected danger ; so that by noon we had gained an offing of near twenty leagues.

By the latitude of this land we fell in with, it was agreed to be a part of Terra del Fuego, near the southern outlet described in Frezier's chart of the Straits of Magellan, and was supposed to be that point called by him Cape Noir. It was indeed most wonderful, that the currents should have driven us to the eastward with such strength ; for the whole squadron esteemed themselves upwards of ten degrees more westerly than this land, so that in running down, by our account, about nineteen degrees of longitude, we had not really advanced above half that distance. And now, instead of having our labours and anxieties relieved by approaching a warmer climate and more tranquil seas, we were to steer again to the southward, and were again to combat those western blasts, which had so often terrified us ; and this too, when we were weakened by our men falling sick, and dying apace, and when our spirits, dejected by a long continuance at sea, and by our late disappointment, were much less capable of supporting us in the various difficulties, which we could not but expect in this new undertaking. Add to all this too, the discouragement we received by

the diminution of the strength of the squadron ; for, three days before this, we lost sight of the Severn and the Pearl in the morning ; and though we spread our ships, and beat about for some time, yet we never saw them more ; whence we had apprehensions that they too might have fallen in with this land in the night, and by being less favoured by the wind and the moon than we were, might have run on shore and have perished. Full of these dejected thoughts and gloomy presages, we stood away to the S.W., prepared by our late disaster to suspect that how large soever an allowance we made in our westing for the drift of the eastern current, we might still, upon a second trial, perhaps find it insufficient.

CHAPTER IX.

Observations and directions for facilitating the passage of our future Cruisers round Cape Horn.

THE improper season of the year in which we attempted to double Cape Horn, and to which is to be imputed the disappointment (recited in the foregoing chapter) in falling in with Terra del Fuego, when we reckoned ourselves at least a hundred leagues to the westward of that whole coast, and consequently well advanced into the Pacific Ocean ; this unseasonable navigation, I say, to which we were necessitated by our too late departure from England, was the fatal source of all the misfortunes we afterwards encountered. For from hence proceeded the separation of our ships, the destruction of our people, the ruin of our project on Baldivia, and of all our other views on the Spanish places, and the reduction of our squadron from the formidable condition in which it passed Straits Le Maire, to a couple of shattered half-manned cruisers and a sloop, so far disabled, that in many climates they scarcely durst have put to sea. To prevent therefore, as much as in me lies, all ships hereafter bound to the South-Seas from suffering the same calamities, I think it my duty to insert in this place, such directions and observations, as either my own experience and reflection, or the converse of the most skilful navigators on board the squadron could furnish me with, in relation to the most eligible manner of doubling Cape Horn, whether in regard to the season of the year, the course proper to be steered, or the places of refreshment both on the east and west side of South America.

And first with regard to the proper place for refreshment on the east side of South America. For this purpose the island of St. Catherine's has been usually recommended by former writers, and on their faith we put in there, as has been formerly mentioned : but the treatment we met with, and the small store of refreshments we could procure there, are sufficient reasons to render all ships for the future cautious, how they trust themselves in the government of Don Jose Silva de Paz ; for they may certainly depend on having their strength, condition and designs betrayed to the Spaniards, as far as the knowledge, the governor can procure of these particulars, will give leave. And as this treacherous conduct is inspired by the views of private gain, in the illicit commerce carried on to the river of Plate, rather than by any national

affection which the Portuguese bear the Spaniards, the same perfidy may perhaps be expected from most of the governors of the Brazil coast; since these smuggling engagements are doubtless very extensive and general. And though the governors should themselves detest so faithless a procedure, yet as ships are perpetually passing from some or other of the Brazil ports to the river of Plate, the Spaniards could scarcely fail of receiving, by this means, casual intelligence of any British ships upon the coast; which, however imperfect such intelligence might be, would prove of dangerous import to the views and interests of those cruisers who were thus discovered.

For the Spanish trade in the South-Seas running all in one track from north to south, with very little deviation to the eastward or westward, it is in the power of two or three cruisers, properly stationed in different parts of this track, to possess themselves of every ship that puts to sea: but this is only so long as they can continue concealed from the neighbouring coast; for, the instant an enemy is known to be in those seas, all navigation is stopped, and consequently all captures are at an end; since the Spaniards, well apprised of these advantages of the enemy, send expresses along the coast, and lay a general embargo on all their trade: a measure which, they prudentially foresee, will not only prevent their vessels being taken, but will soon lay any cruisers, who have not strength sufficient to attempt their places, under a necessity of returning home. Hence then appears the great importance of concealing all expeditions of this kind; and hence too it follows, how extremely prejudicial that intelligence may prove, which is given by the Portuguese governors to the Spaniards, in relation to the designs of ships touching at the ports of Brazil.

However, notwithstanding the inconveniences we have mentioned of touching on the coast of Brazil, it will oftentimes happen that ships bound round Cape Horn will be obliged to call there for a supply of wood and water, and other refreshments. In this case St. Catherine's is the last place I would recommend, both as the proper animals for a live stock at sea, as hogs, sheep, and fowls cannot be procured there, (for want of which we found ourselves greatly distressed, by being reduced to live almost entirely on salt provisions) but also because, from its being nearer the river of Plate than many of their other settlements, the inducements and conveniences of betraying us are much stronger. The place I would recommend is Rio Janeiro, where two of our squadron put in after they were separated from us in passing Cape Horn; for here, as I have been informed by one of the gentlemen on board those ships, any quantity of hogs and poultry may be procured; and this place being more distant from the river of Plate, the difficulty of intelligence is somewhat enhanced, and consequently the chance of continuing there undiscovered, in some degree augmented. Other measures, which may effectually obviate all these embarrassments, will be considered more at large hereafter.

And now I proceed to the consideration of the proper course to be steered for doubling Cape Horn. And here, I think, I am sufficiently authorised by our own fatal experience, and by a careful comparison and examination of the journals of

former navigators, to give this piece of advice, which in prudence, I think, ought never to be departed from: that is, that all ships bound to the South Seas, instead of passing through Straits le Maire, should constantly pass to the eastward of Staten-land, and should be invariably bent on running to the southward as far as the latitude of 61 or 62 degrees, before they endeavour to stand to the westward; and that when they are got into that latitude, they should then make sure of sufficient westing, before they once think of steering to the northward.

But as directions diametrically opposite to these have been formerly given by other writers, it is incumbent on me to produce my reasons for each part of this maxim. And first, as to the passing to the eastward of Staten-land. Those who have attended to the risk we ran in passing Straits le Maire, the danger we were in of being driven upon Staten-land by the current, when, though we happily escaped being put on shore, we were yet carried to the eastward of that island: those who reflect on this, and on the like accidents which have happened to other ships, will surely not esteem it prudent to pass through Straits le Maire, and run the risk of shipwreck, and after all find themselves no farther to the westward (the only reason hitherto given for this practice) than they might have been in the same time, by a secure navigation in an open sea.

And next, as to the directions I have given for running into the latitude of 61 or 62 south, before any endeavour is made to stand to the westward. The reasons for this precept are, that in all probability the violence of the currents will be hereby avoided, and the weather will prove less tempestuous and uncertain. This last circumstance we ourselves experienced most remarkably; for after we had unexpectedly fallen in with the land, as has been mentioned in the preceding chapter, we stood away to the southward to run clear of it, and were no sooner advanced into sixty degrees or upwards, but we met with much better weather, and smoother water than in any other part of the whole passage: the air indeed was very cold and sharp, and we had strong gales, but they were steady and uniform, and we had at the same time sunshine and a clear sky; whereas in the lower latitudes, the winds every now and then intermitted, as it were, to recover new strength, and then returned suddenly in the most violent gusts, threatening at each blast the loss of our masts, which must have ended in our certain destruction. And that the currents in this high latitude would be of much less efficacy than nearer the land, seems to be evinced from these considerations, that all currents run with greater violence near the shore than at sea, and that at greater distances from shore they are scarcely perceptible: indeed the reason of this seems sufficiently obvious, if we consider, that constant currents are, in all probability, produced by constant winds, the wind driving before it, though with a slow and imperceptible motion, a large body of water, which being accumulated upon any coast that it meets with, this superfluous water must escape along the shore by the endeavours of its surface, to reduce itself to the same level with the rest of the ocean. And it is reasonable to suppose, that those violent gusts of wind which we experienced near the shore, so

very different from what we found in the latitude of sixty degrees and upwards, may be owing to a similar cause ; for a westerly wind almost perpetually prevails in the southern part of the Pacific Ocean : and this current of air being interrupted by those immense hills called the Andes, and by the mountains on Terra del Fuego, which together bar up the whole country to the southward as far as Cape Horn, a part of it only can escape over the tops of those prodigious precipices, and the rest must naturally follow the direction of the coast, and must range down the land to the southward, and sweep with an impetuous and irregular blast round Cape Horn, and the southernmost part of Terra del Fuego. However, not to rely on these speculations, we may, I believe, establish, as incontestable, these matters of fact, that both the rapidity of the currents, and the violence of the western gales, are less sensible in the latitude of 61 or 62 degrees, than nearer the shore of Terra del Fuego.

But though I am satisfied, both from our own experience and the relations of other navigators, of the importance of the precept I here insist on, that of running into the latitude of 61 or 62 degrees, before any endeavours are made to stand to the westward ; yet I would advise no ships hereafter to trust so far to this management, as to neglect another most essential maxim, which is the making this passage in the height of summer, that is, in the months of December and January ; and the more distant the time of passing is taken from this season, the more disastrous it may be reasonably expected to prove. Indeed, if the mere violence of the western winds be considered, the time of our passage, which was about the equinox, was perhaps the most unfavourable season ; but then it must be considered, that in the depth of winter there are many other inconveniences to be apprehended in this navigation, which are almost insuperable : for the severity of the cold, and the shortness of the days, would render it impracticable at that season to run so far to the southward as is here recommended ; and the same reasons would greatly augment the alarms of sailing in the neighbourhood of an unknown shore, dreadful in its appearance in the midst of summer, and would make a winter navigation on this coast to be, of all others, the most dismaying and terrible. As I would, therefore, advise all ships to make their passage in December and January, if possible, so I would warn them never to attempt the seas to the southward of Cape Horn, after the month of March.

And now as to the remaining consideration, that is, the properest port for cruisers to refresh at on their first arrival in the South Seas. On this head there is scarcely any choice, the island of Juan Fernandez being the only place that can be prudently recommended for this purpose. For though there are many ports on the western side of Patagonia, between the Straits of Magellan and the Spanish settlements, where ships might ride in great safety, might recruit their wood and water, and might procure some few refreshments ; yet that coast is in itself so terrible, from the rocks and breakers it abounds with, and from the violence of the western winds, which blow constantly full upon it, that it is by no means advisable to fall in with that land, at least till the roads, channels,

and anchorage in each part of it are accurately surveyed, and both the dangers and shelter it abounds with are more distinctly known.

Thus having given the best directions in my power for the success of future cruisers bound to the South Seas, it might be expected that I should again resume the thread of my narration. But as both in the preceding and subsequent parts of this work, I have thought it my duty not only to recite all such facts and to inculcate such maxims, as had the least appearance of proving beneficial to future navigators, but also occasionally to recommend such measures to the public, as I conceive are adapted to promote the same laudable purpose, I cannot desist from the present subject without beseeching those to whom the conduct of our naval affairs is committed, to endeavour to remove the many perplexities and embarrassments with which the navigation to the South Seas is, at present, necessarily encumbered. An effort of this kind could not fail of proving highly honourable to themselves, and extremely beneficial to their country. For it is to me sufficiently evident, that whatever advantages navigation shall receive, either by the invention of methods that shall render its practice less hazardous, or by the more accurate delineation of the coasts, roads and ports already known, or by the discovery of new nations, or new species of commerce ; it is evident, I say, to me, that by whatever means navigation is promoted, the conveniences hence arising must ultimately redound to the emolument of Great Britain. Since, as our fleets are at present superior to those of the whole world united, it must be a matchless degree of supineness or mean-spiritedness, if we permitted any of the advantages which new discoveries, or a more extended navigation may produce to mankind, to be ravished from us.

As therefore it appears that all our future expeditions to the South Seas must run a considerable risk of proving abortive, whilst we are under the necessity of touching at Brazil in our passage thither, an expedient that might relieve us from this difficulty would surely be a subject worthy of the attention of the public ; and this seems capable of being effected, by the discovery of some place more to the southward, where ships might refresh and supply themselves with the necessary sea-stock for their voyage round Cape Horn. And we have in reality the imperfect knowledge of two places, which might, perhaps, on examination, prove extremely convenient for this purpose : the first of them is Pepys's Island, in the latitude of 47° south, and laid down, by Dr. Halley, about eighty leagues to the eastward of Cape Blanco, on the coast of Patagonia ; the second is Falkland's Isles, in the latitude of 51° nearly south of Pepys's Island. The first of these was discovered by Captain Cowley, in his voyage round the world, in the year 1636 ; who represents it as a commodious place for ships to wood and water at, and says it is provided with a very good and capacious harbour, where a thousand sail of ships might ride at anchor in great safety ; that it abounds with fowls, and as the shore is either rocks or sands, it seems to promise great plenty of fish. The second place, or Falkland's Isles, have been seen by many ships, both French and English, being the land laid down by Frezier in his chart of the extremity of South

America, under the title of the New Islands. Woods Rogers, who ran along the N.E. coast of these isles in the year 1708, tells us, that they extended about two degrees in length, and appeared with gentle descents from hill to hill, and seemed to be good ground, with woods and harbours. Either of these places, as they are islands at a considerable distance from the continent, may be supposed, from their latitude, to lie in a climate sufficiently temperate. It is true, they are too little known to be at present recommended for proper places of refreshment for ships bound to the southward : but if the Admiralty should think it advisable to order them to be surveyed, which may be done at a very small expense, by a vessel fitted out on purpose ; and if, on this examination, one or both of these places should appear proper for the purpose intended, it is scarcely to be conceived of what prodigious import a convenient station might prove, situated so far to the southward, and so near Cape Horn. The Duke and Duchess of Bristol were but thirty-five days from their losing sight of Falkland's Isles, to their arrival at Juan Fernandes in the South Seas : and as the returning bark is much facilitated by the western winds, I doubt not but a voyage might be made from Falkland's Isles to Juan Fernandes, and back again, in little more than two months. This, even in time of peace, might be of great consequence to this nation ; and, in time of war, would make us masters of those seas.

And as all discoveries of this kind, though extremely honourable to those who direct and promote them, may yet be carried on at an inconsiderable expense, since small vessels are much the properest to be employed in this service, it were to be wished, that the whole coast of Patagonia, Terra del Fuego, and Staten-land, were carefully surveyed, and the numerous channels, roads, and harbours, with which they abound, accurately examined ; this might open to us facilities of passing into the Pacific Ocean, which as yet we may be unacquainted with, and would render all that southern navigation infinitely securer than at present ; and particularly, an exact draught of the west coast of Patagonia, from the Straits of Magellan to the Spanish settlements, might perhaps furnish us with better and more convenient ports for refreshment, and better situated for the purposes either of war or commerce, and above a fortnight's sail nearer to Falkland's Islands, than the island of Juan Fernandes. The discovery of this coast hath formerly been thought of such consequence, by reason of its neighbourhood to the Araucos and other Chilian Indians, who are generally at war, or at least on ill terms with their Spanish neighbours, that Sir John Narborough was purposely fitted out in the reign of King Charles II., to survey the Straits of Magellan, the neighbouring coast of Patagonia, and the Spanish ports on that frontier, with directions, if possible, to procure some intercourse with the Chilian Indians, and to establish a commerce and a lasting correspondence with them. His Majesty's views in employing Sir John Narborough in this expedition, were not solely the advantage he might hope to receive from the alliance of those savages, in restraining and intimidating the crown of Spain ; but he conceived, that independent of those

motives, the immediate traffic with these Indians might prove extremely advantageous to the English nation. For it is well known, that at the first discovery of Chili by the Spaniards, it abounded with vast quantities of gold, much beyond what it has at any time produced since it has been in their possession. And hence it has been generally believed, that the richest mines are prudently concealed by the Indians, as well knowing that the discovery of them to the Spaniards would only excite in them a greater thirst for conquest and tyranny, and render their own independence precarious. But with respect to their commerce with the English, these reasons would no longer influence them ; since it would be in our power to furnish them with arms and ammunition of all kinds, of which they are extremely desirous, together with many other conveniences, which their intercourse with the Spaniards has taught them to relish. They would then, in all probability, open their mines, and gladly embrace a traffic of such mutual convenience to both nations ; for then their gold, instead of proving the means of enslaving them, would procure them weapons to assert their liberty, to chastise their tyrants, and to secure themselves for ever from the Spanish yoke ; whilst with our assistance, and under our protection, they might become a considerable people, and might secure to us that wealth, which formerly by the house of Austria, and lately by the house of Bourbon, has been most mischievously lavished in the pursuit of universal monarchy.

It is true that Sir John Narborough did not succeed in opening this commerce, which in appearance promised so many advantages to this nation. However, his disappointment was merely accidental, and his transactions upon that coast (besides the many valuable improvements he furnished to geography and navigation) are rather an encouragement for future trials of this kind, than any objection against them ; his principal misfortune being the losing company of a small barque which attended him, and having some of his people trapped at Baldivia. However, it appeared, by the precautions and fears of the Spaniards, that they were fully convinced of the practicability of the scheme he was sent to execute, and extremely alarmed with the apprehension of its consequences.

It is said, that his Majesty King Charles the Second was so far prepossessed with the hopes of the advantages redounding from this expedition, and so eager to be informed of the event of it, that having intelligence of Sir John Narborough's passing through the Downs, on his return, he had not patience to attend his arrival at court, but went himself in his barge to Gravesend to meet him.

The two most celebrated charts hitherto published of the southernmost part of South America, are those of Dr. Halley, in his general chart of the magnetic variation, and of Frezier in his voyage to the South Seas. But besides these, there is a chart of the Straits of Magellan, and of some part of the adjacent coast, by Sir John Narborough above-mentioned, which is doubtless infinitely exacter in that part than Frezier, and in some respects superior to Halley, particularly in what relates to the longitudes of the different parts of those Straits. The coast from Cape

Blanco to Terra del Fuego, and thence to Straits Le Maire, we were in some measure capable of correcting by our own observations, as we ranged that shore generally in sight of land. The position of the land, to the northward of the Straits of Magellan, on the west side, is doubtless laid down in our chart but very imperfectly; and yet I believe it to be much nearer the truth than what has hitherto been done: as it is drawn from the information of some of the Wager's crew, who were shipwrecked on that shore, and afterwards coasted it down; and as it agrees pretty nearly with the description of some Spanish manuscripts I have seen.

The channel dividing Terra del Fuego is drawn from Frezier; but in the Spanish manuscripts there are several channels delineated, and I have reason to suppose, that whenever this country is thoroughly examined, this circumstance will prove true, and Terra del Fuego will be found to consist of several islands.

And having mentioned Frezier so often, I must not omit warning all future navigators, against relying on the longitude of Straits Le Maire, or of any part of that coast, laid down in his chart; the whole being being from 8 to 10 degrees too far to the eastward, if any faith can be given to the concurrent evidences of a great number of journals, verified in some particulars by astronomical observation. For instance: Sir John Narborough lays down Cape Virgin Mary in $65^{\circ} 42'$ of West longitude from the Lizard, that is, in $71^{\circ} 20'$ from London. And the ships of our squadron, who took their departure from St. Catherine's (where the longitude was rectified by an observation of the eclipse of the moon) found Cape Virgin Mary to be from $70^{\circ} 46'$, to $71^{\circ} 30'$ from London, according to their different reckonings: and there were no circumstances in our run that could render it considerably erroneous, so that it cannot be esteemed in less than 71 degrees of West longitude; whereas Frezier lays it down in less than 66 degrees from Paris, that is, little more than 63 degrees from London, which is doubtless 8 degrees short of its true quantity. Again, our squadron found Cape Virgin Mary and Cape St. Bartholomew, on the eastern side of Straits Le Maire, to be only $2^{\circ} 8'$ different in longitude, which in Frezier are distant near 4 degrees; so that not only the longitude of Cape St. Bartholomew is laid down in him near 10 degrees too little, but the whole coast, from the Straits of Magellan to Straits Le Maire, is enlarged to near double its real extent.

But to have done with Frezier, whose errors, the importance of the subject and not a fondness for cavilling, has obliged me to remark (though his treatment of Dr. Halley might, on the present occasion, authorise much severer usage), I must, in the next place, particularise wherein the chart I have here mentioned differs from that of our learned countryman.

It is well known that this gentleman was sent abroad by the public, to make such geographical and astronomical observations as might facilitate the future practice of navigation; and particularly to determine the variation of the compass in such places as he should touch at, and if possible, to ascertain its general laws and affections.

These things Dr. Halley, to his immortal repu-

tation and the honour of our nation, in good measure accomplished, particularly with regard to the variation of the compass; a subject of all others the most interesting to those employed in the art of navigation. He likewise corrected the position of the coast of Brazil, which had been very erroneously laid down by all former hydrographers; and by a judicious comparison of the observations of others, has happily succeeded in settling the geography of many parts of the globe, where he had not himself been. So that the chart he published, with the variation of the needle marked thereon, being the result of his labours on this subject, was allowed by all Europe to be far completer in its geography than any that had then appeared, and at the same time most surprisingly exact in the quantity of variation assigned to the different parts of the globe; a subject so very intricate and perplexing, that all general determinations about it had till then appeared impossible.

But as the only means he had of correcting those coasts where he did not touch himself was the observations of others; where those observations were wanting, or were inaccurate, it was no imputation on his skill that his determinations were defective. And this, upon the best comparison I have been able to make, is the case with regard to that part of his chart which contains the south part of South America. For though the coast of Brazil, and the opposite coast of Peru on the South Seas, are laid down, I presume, with the greatest accuracy, yet from about the river of Plate on the east side, and its opposite point on the west, the coast gradually declines too much to the westward, so as at the Straits of Magellan to be, as I conceive, about fifty leagues removed from its true position: at least, this is the result of the observations of our squadron, which agree extremely well with those of Sir John Narborough. I must add, that Dr. Halley has, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, given the foundation on which he has proceeded in fixing port St. Julian in $76^{\circ} \frac{1}{2}$ of west longitude (which the concurrent journals of our squadron place from $70^{\circ} \frac{3}{4}$ to $71^{\circ} \frac{1}{2}$): this, he tells us, was an observation of an eclipse of the moon, made at that place by Mr. Wood, then Sir John Narborough's lieutenant, and which is said to have happened there at eight in the evening, on the 18th of September, 1670. But Capt. Wood's journal of this whole voyage under Sir John Narborough is since published, together with this observation, in which he determines the longitude of port St. Julian to be 73 degrees from London, and the time of the eclipse to have been different from Dr. Halley's account. But the numbers he has given are so faultily printed, that nothing can be determined from them.

CHAPTER X.

From Cape Noir to the Island of Juan Fernandez

AFTER the mortifying disappointment of falling in with the coast of Terra del Fuego, when we esteemed ourselves ten degrees to the westward of it; after this disappointment, I say, recited in the eighth chapter, we stood away to the S.W. till the 22d of April, when we were in upwards of 60° of

South latitude, and by our account near 6° to the westward of Cape Noir; and in this run we had a series of as favourable weather as could well be expected in that part of the world, even in a better season: so that this interval, setting the inquietude of our thoughts aside, was by far the most eligible of any we enjoyed from Straits Le Maire to the West coast of America. This moderate weather continued, with little variation, till the 24th; but on the 24th, in the evening, the wind began to blow fresh, and soon increased to a prodigious storm; and the weather being extremely thick, about midnight we lost sight of the other four ships of the squadron, which, notwithstanding the violence of the preceding storms, had hitherto kept in company with us. Nor was this our sole misfortune; for, the next morning, endeavouring to hand the top-sails, the clew-lines and bunt-lines broke, and the sheets being half flown, every seam in the top-sails was soon split from top to bottom, and the main top-sail shook so strongly in the wind, that it carried away the top-lantern, and endangered the head of the mast; however, at length, some of the most daring of our men ventured upon the yard, and cut the sail away close to the reefs, though with the utmost hazard of their lives. At the same time, the fore-top-sail beat about the yard with so much fury, that it was soon blown to pieces; and that we might have full employment, the main-sail blew loose, which obliged us to lower down the yard to secure the sail, and the fore-yard being likewise lowered, we lay-to under a mizen: and besides the loss of our top-sails, we had much of our other rigging broke, and lost a main studding sail-boom out of the chains.

On the 25th, about noon, the weather became more moderate, which enabled us to sway up our yards, and to repair, in the best manner we could, our shattered rigging; but still we had no sight of the rest of our squadron, nor indeed were we joined by any of them again, till after our arrival at Juan Fernandes; nor did any two of them, as we have since learned, continue in company together: and this total separation was the more wonderful, as we had hitherto kept together for seven weeks, through all the reiterated tempests of this turbulent climate. It must indeed be owned, that this separation gave us room to expect, that we might make our passage in a shorter time, than if we had continued together, because we could not make the best of our way without being retarded by the misfortunes of the other ships; but then we had the melancholy reflection, that we ourselves were hereby deprived of the assistance of others, and our safety would depend upon our single ship; so that if a plank started, or any other accident of the same nature should take place, we must all irrecoverably perish; or should we be driven on shore, we had the uncomfortable prospect of ending our days on some desolate coast, without any reasonable hope of ever getting away; whereas with another ship in company, all these calamities are much less formidable, since, in every kind of danger, there would be some probability that one ship at least might escape, and might be capable of preserving or relieving the crew of the other.

The remaining part of this month of April we had generally hard gales, although we had been

every day, since the 22d, edging to the northward; however, on the last day of the month, we flattered ourselves with the hopes of soon terminating all our sufferings, for we that day found ourselves in the latitude of 52° , $13'$, which being northward of the Straits of Magellan, we were assured that we had completed our passage, and had arrived in the confines of the Southern Ocean; and this Ocean being denominated Pacific, from the equability of the seasons which are said to prevail there, and the facility and security with which navigation is there carried on, we doubted not but we should be speedily cheered with the moderate gales, the smooth water, and the temperate air, for which that tract of the globe has been so renowned. And under the influence of these pleasing circumstances, we hoped to experience some kind of compensation for the complicated miseries which had so constantly attended us for the last eight weeks. But here we were again disappointed, for in the succeeding month of May, our sufferings rose to a much higher pitch than they had ever yet done, whether we consider the violence of the storms, the shattering of our sails and rigging, or the diminishing and weakening of our crew by deaths and sickness, and the probable prospect of our total destruction. All this will be sufficiently evident, from the following circumstantial account of our diversified misfortunes.

Soon after our passing Straits Le Maire, the scurvy began to make its appearance amongst us; and our long continuance at sea, the fatigue we underwent, and the various disappointments we met with, had occasioned its spreading to such a degree, that at the latter end of April there were but few on board, who were not in some degree afflicted with it, and in that month no less than forty-three died of it on board the Centurion. But though we thought that the distemper had then risen to an extraordinary height, and were willing to hope that as we advanced to the northward its malignity would abate; yet, we found, on the contrary, that in the month of May, we lost near double that number: and as we did not get to land till the middle of June, the mortality went on increasing, and the disease extended itself so prodigiously, that after the loss of above two hundred men, we could not at last muster more than six fore-mast men in a watch capable of duty.

This disease, so frequently attending all long voyages, and so particularly destructive to us, is surely the most singular and unaccountable of any that affects the human body. For its symptoms are inconstant and innumerable, and its progress and effects extremely irregular: for scarcely any two persons have the same complaints, and where there hath been found some conformity in the symptoms, the order of their appearance has been totally different. However, though it frequently puts on the form of many other diseases, and is therefore not to be described by any exclusive and infallible criterions; yet there are some symptoms which are more general than the rest; and therefore, occurring the oftenest, deserve a more particular enumeration. These common appearances are large discoloured spots dispersed over the whole surface of the body, swelled legs, putrid gums, and, above all, an extraordinary lassitude of the whole body, especially after any exercise, however inconsiderable; and this lassitude

at last degenerates into a proneness to swoon on the least exertion of strength, or even on the least motion.

This disease is likewise usually attended with a strange dejection of the spirits, and with shiverings, tremblings, and a disposition to be seized with the most dreadful terrors on the slightest accident. Indeed it was most remarkable, in all our reiterated experience of this malady, that whatever discouraged our people, or at any time damped their hopes, never failed to add new vigour to the distemper; for it usually killed those who were in the last stages of it, and confined those to their hammocks who were before capable of some kind of duty; so that it seemed as if alacrity of mind, and sanguine thoughts, were no contemptible preservatives from its fatal malignity.

But it is not easy to complete the long roll of the various concomitants of this disease; for it often produced putrid fevers, pleurisies, the jaundice, and violent rheumatic pains, and sometimes it occasioned an obstinate costiveness, which was generally attended with a difficulty of breathing; and this was esteemed the most deadly of all the scorbutic symptoms: at other times the whole body, but more especially the legs, were subject to ulcers of the worst kind, attended with rotten bones, and such a luxuriance of fungous flesh, as yielded to no remedy. But a most extraordinary circumstance, and what would be scarcely credible upon any single evidence, is, that the scars of wounds which had been for many years healed, were forced open again by this virulent distemper: of this, there was a remarkable instance in one of the invalids on board the *Centurion*, who had been wounded above fifty years before at the battle of the Boyne; for though he was cured soon after, and had continued well for a great number of years past, yet on his being attacked by the scurvy, his wounds, in the progress of his disease, broke out afresh, and appeared as if they had never been healed: nay, what is still more astonishing, the callus of a broken bone, which had been completely formed for a long time, was found to be hereby dissolved, and the fracture seemed as if it had never been consolidated. Indeed, the effects of this disease were in almost every instance wonderful; for many of our people, though confined to their hammocks, appeared to have no inconsiderable share of health, for they ate and drank heartily, were cheerful, and talked with much seeming vigour, and with a loud strong tone of voice; and yet on their being the least moved, though it was only from one part of the ship to the other, and that in their hammocks, they have immediately expired; and others, who have confided in their seeming strength, and have resolved to get out of their hammocks, have died before they could well reach the deck; and it was no uncommon thing for those who were able to walk the deck, and to do some kind of duty, to drop down dead in an instant, on any endeavours to act with their utmost vigour: many of our people having perished in this manner during the course of this voyage.

With this terrible disease we struggled the greatest part of the time of our beating round Cape Horn; and though it did not then rage with its utmost violence, yet we buried no less than forty-three men on board the *Centurion*, in the

month of April, as hath been already observed; but we still entertained hopes, that when we should have once secured our passage round the Cape, we should put a period to this and all the other evils which had so constantly pursued us. But it was our misfortune to find, that the Pacific Ocean was to us less hospitable than the turbulent neighbourhood of Terra del Fuego and Cape Horn: for being arrived, on the 8th of May, off the island of Socoro, which was the first rendezvous appointed for the squadron, and where we hoped to have met with some of our companions, we cruised for them in that station several days. And here we were not only disappointed in our hopes of being joined by our friends, and were thereby induced to favour the gloomy suggestions of their having all perished; but we were likewise perpetually alarmed with the fears of being driven on shore upon this coast, which appeared too craggy and irregular to give us the least hopes that, in such a case, any of us could possibly escape immediate destruction. For the land had indeed a most tremendous aspect: the most distant part of it, and which appeared far within the country, being the mountains usually called the Andes or Cordilleras, was extremely high, and covered with snow; and the coast itself seemed quite rocky and barren; and the water's edge skirted with precipices. In some places indeed there appeared several deep bays running into the land, but the entrance into them was generally blocked up by numbers of little islands; and though it was not improbable but there might be convenient shelter in some of those bays, and proper channels leading thereto; yet as we were utterly ignorant of the coast, had we been driven ashore by the western winds which blew almost constantly there, we did not expect to have avoided the loss of our ships, and of our lives.

And this continued peril, which lasted for above a fortnight, was greatly aggravated by the difficulties we found in working the ship; as the scurvy had by this time destroyed so great a part of our hands, and had in some degree affected almost the whole crew.¹ Nor did we, as we hoped, find the winds less violent, as we advanced to the northward; for we had often prodigious squalls which split our sails, greatly damaged our rigging, and endangered our masts. Indeed, during the greatest part of the time we were upon this coast, the wind blew so hard, that in another situation, where we had sufficient sea-room, we should certainly have lain-to; but in the present emergency we were necessitated to carry both our courses and top-sails, in order to keep clear of this lee-shore. In one of these squalls, which was attended by several violent claps of thunder, a sudden flash of fire darted along our decks, which, dividing, exploded with a report like that of several pistols, and wounded many of our men and officers as it passed, marking them in different parts of the body: this flame was attended with a strong sulphurous stench, and was doubtless of the same nature with the larger and more violent blasts of lightning which then filled the air.

It were endless to recite minutely the various

¹ In Anson's official report, 8th May, he states that "he had not men able to keep the deck sufficient to take in a topsail, all being violently afflicted with the scurvy, and every day lessening our number by six, eight, or ten."

disasters, fatigues and terrors which we encountered on this coast; all these went on increasing till the 22d of May, at which time, the fury of all the storms which we had hitherto encountered seemed to be combined, and to have conspired our destruction. In this hurricane almost all our sails were split, and great part of our standing rigging broken; and, about eight in the evening, a mountainous overgrown sea, took us upon our starboard quarter, and gave us so prodigious a shock, that several of our shrouds broke with the jerk, by which our masts were greatly endangered; our ballast and stores too were so strangely shifted, that the ship heeled afterwards two streaks to port. Indeed it was a most tremendous blow, and we were thrown into the utmost consternation from the apprehension of instantly foundering; and though the wind abated in a few hours, yet, as we had no more sails left in a condition to bend to our yards, the ship laboured very much in a hollow sea, rolling gunwale to, for want of sail to steady her: so that we expected our masts, which were now very slenderly supported, to come by the board every moment. However, we exerted ourselves the best we could to stirrup our shrouds, to reeve new lanyards, and to mend our sails; but while these necessary operations were carrying on, we ran great risk of being driven on shore on the island of Chiloe, which was not far distant from us; but in the midst of our peril the wind happily shifted to the southward, and we steered off the land with the mainsail only, the master and myself undertaking the management of the helm, while every one else on board was busied in securing the masts, and bending the sails as fast as they could be repaired. This was the last effort of that stormy climate; for in a day or two after, we got clear of the land, and found the weather more moderate than we had yet experienced since our passing Straits Le Maire. And now having cruised in vain for more than a fortnight in quest of the other ships of the squadron, it was resolved to take the advantage of the present favourable season and the offing we had made from this terrible coast, and to make the best of our way for the island of Juan Fernandes. For though our next rendezvous was appointed off the harbour of Baldivia, yet as we had hitherto seen none of our companions at this first rendezvous, it was not to be supposed that any of them would be found at the second: indeed we had the greatest reason to suspect, that all but ourselves had perished. Besides, we were by this time reduced to so low a condition, that instead of attempting to attack the places of the enemy, our utmost hopes could only suggest to us the possibility of saving the ship, and some part of the remaining enfeebled crew, by our speedy arrival at Juan Fernandes; for this was the only road in that part of the world where there was any probability of our recovering our sick, or refitting our vessel, and consequently our getting thither was the only chance we had left to avoid perishing at sea.

Our deplorable situation then allowing no room for deliberation, we stood for the island of Juan Fernandes; and to save time, which was now extremely precious (our men dying, four, five and six in a day), and likewise to avoid being engaged

again with a lee-shore; we resolved, if possible, to hit the island upon a meridian. And, on the 28th of May, being nearly in the parallel upon which it is laid down, we had great expectations of seeing it: but not finding it in the position in which the charts had taught us to expect it, we began to fear that we had got too far to the westward; and therefore, though the commodore himself was strongly persuaded that he saw it on the morning of the 28th, yet his officers believing it to be only a cloud, to which opinion the haziness of the weather gave some kind of countenance, it was, on a consultation, resolved to stand to the eastward, in the parallel of the island; as it was certain, that by this course we should either fall in with the island, if we were already to the westward of it; or should at least make the mainland of Chili, from whence we might take a new departure, and assure ourselves, by running to the westward afterwards, of not missing the island a second time.

On the 30th of May we had a view of the continent of Chili, distant about twelve or thirteen leagues; the land made exceeding high and uneven, and appeared quite white; what we saw being doubtless a part of the Cordilleras, which are always covered with snow. Though by this view of the land we ascertained our position, yet it gave us great uneasiness to find that we had so needlessly altered our course, when we were, in all probability, just upon the point of making the island; for the mortality amongst us was now increased to a most dreadful degree, and those who remained alive were utterly dispirited by this new disappointment, and the prospect of their longer continuance at sea: our water too began to grow scarce; so that a general dejection prevailed amongst us, which added much to the virulence of the disease, and destroyed numbers of our best men; and to all these calamities there was added this vexatious circumstance, that when, after having got a sight of the main, we tacked and stood to the westward in quest of the island, we were so much delayed by calms and contrary winds, that it cost us nine days to regain the westing, which, when we stood to the eastward, we ran down in two. In this desponding condition, with a crazy ship, a great scarcity of fresh water, and a crew so universally diseased, that there were not above ten fore-mast men in a watch capable of doing duty, and even some of these lame, and unable to go aloft: under these disheartening circumstances, I say, we stood to the westward; and, on the 9th of June, at day-break, we at last discovered the long-wished-for island of Juan Fernandes. And with this discovery I shall close this chapter, and the first book; after observing (which will furnish a very strong image of our unparalleled distresses) that by our suspecting ourselves to be to the westward of the island on the 28th of May, and, in consequence of this, standing in for the main, we lost between seventy and eighty of our men, whom we should doubtless have saved had we made the island that day, which, had we kept on our course for a few hours longer, we could not have failed to have done.

END OF BOOK I.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

The arrival of the Centurion at the Island of Juan Fernandes, with a description of that Island.

ON the 9th of June, at day-break, as is mentioned in the preceding chapter, we first descried the island of Juan Fernandes, bearing N. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E., at eleven or twelve leagues' distance. And though, on this first view, it appeared to be a very mountainous place, extremely ragged and irregular; yet as it was land, and the land we sought for, it was to us a most agreeable sight: for at this place only we could hope to put a period to those terrible calamities we had so long struggled with, which had already swept away above half our crew, and which, had we continued a few days longer at sea, would inevitably have completed our destruction. For we were by this time reduced to so helpless a condition, that out of two hundred and odd men which remained alive, we could not, taking all our watches together, muster hands enough to work the ship on an emergency, though we included the officers, their servants, and the boys.

The wind being northerly when we first made the island, we kept plying all that day, and the next night, in order to get in with the land; and wearing the ship in the middle watch, we had a melancholy instance of the almost incredible debility of our people; for the lieutenant could muster no more than two quarter-masters, and six fore-mast men capable of working; so that without the assistance of the officers, servants and the boys, it might have proved impossible for us to have reached the island, after we had got sight of it; and even with this assistance they were two hours in trimming the sails: to so wretched a condition was a sixty-gun ship reduced, which had passed Straits Le Maire but three months before, with between four and five hundred men, almost all of them in health and vigour.

However, on the 10th, in the afternoon, we got under the lee of the island, and kept ranging along it, at about two miles' distance, in order to look out for the proper anchorage, which was described to be in a bay on the north side. And now being nearer in with the shore, we could discover that the broken craggy precipices, which had appeared so unpromising at a distance, were far from barren, being in most places covered with woods; and that between them there were everywhere interspersed the finest valleys, clothed with a most beautiful verdure, and watered with numerous streams and cascades; no valley, of any extent, being unprovided of its proper rill. The water too, as we afterwards found, was not inferior to any we had ever tasted, and was constantly clear: so that the aspect of this country would, at all times, have been extremely delightful, but in our distressed situation, languishing as we were for the land and its vegetable productions, (an inclination constantly attending every stage of the scurvy) it is scarcely credible with what eagerness and transport we viewed the shore, and with how much impatience we longed for the greens and

other refreshments which were then in sight, and particularly for the water, for of this we had been confined to a very sparing allowance for a considerable time, and had then but five tons remaining on board. Those only who have endured a long series of thirst, and who can readily recall the desire and agitation which the ideas alone of springs and brooks have at that time raised in them, can judge of the emotion with which we eyed a large cascade of the most transparent water, which poured itself from a rock near a hundred feet high into the sea, at a small distance from the ship. Even those amongst the diseased, who were not in the very last stages of the distemper, though they had been long confined to their hammocks, exerted the small remains of strength that was left them, and crawled up to the deck to feast themselves with this reviving prospect. Thus we coasted the shore, fully employed in the contemplation of this diversified landscape, which still improved upon us the farther we advanced. But at last the night closed upon us, before we had satisfied ourselves which was the proper bay to anchor in; and therefore we resolved to keep in soundings all night, (we having then from sixty-four to seventy fathom) and to send our boat next morning to discover the road: however, the current shifted in the night, and set us so near the land, that we were obliged to let go the best bower in fifty-six fathom, not half a mile from the shore. At four in the morning, the cutter was despatched with our third lieutenant to find out the bay we were in search of, who returned again at noon with the boat laden with seals and grass; for though the island abounded with better vegetables, yet the boat's-crew, in their short stay, had not met with them; and they well knew that even grass would prove a dainty, and indeed it was all soon and eagerly devoured. The seals too were considered as fresh provision; but as yet were not much admired, though they grew afterwards into more repute: for what rendered them less valuable at this juncture, was the prodigious quantity of excellent fish, which the people on board had taken, during the absence of the boat.

The cutter, in this expedition, had discovered the bay where we intended to anchor, which we found was to the westward of our present station; and, the next morning, the weather proving favourable, we endeavoured to weigh, in order to proceed thither: but though on this occasion, we mustered all the strength we could, obliging even the sick, who were scarce able to keep on their legs, to assist us; yet the capstan was so weakly manned, that it was near four hours before we hove the cable right up and down: after which, with our utmost efforts, and with many surges and some purchases we made use of to increase our power, we found ourselves incapable of starting the anchor from the ground. However, at noon, as a fresh gale blew towards the bay, we were induced to set the sails, which fortunately tripped the anchor; on which we steered along shore, till we came a-breast of the point that forms the eastern part of the bay. On the opening of the

bay, the wind, that had befriended us thus far, shifted and blew from thence in squalls; but by means of the head-way we had got, we luffed close in, till the anchor brought us up in fifty-six fathom. Soon after we had thus got to our new berth, we discovered a sail, which we made no doubt was one of our squadron; and on its nearer approach, we found it to be the *Tryal* sloop. We immediately sent some of our hands on board her, by whose assistance she was brought to an anchor between us and the land. We soon found that the sloop had not been exempted from those calamities which we had so severely felt; for her commander, Captain Saunders, waiting on the commodore, informed him, that out of his small complement, he had buried thirty-four of his men; and those that remained were so universally afflicted with the scurvy, that only himself, his lieutenant, and three of his men, were able to stand by the sails. The *Tryal* came to an anchor within us, on the 12th, about noon, and we carried our hawsers on board her, in order to moor ourselves nearer in-shore; but the wind coming off the land in violent gusts, prevented our mooring in the birth we intended, especially as our principal attention was now employed on business rather of more importance; for we were now extremely occupied in sending on shore materials to raise tents for the reception of the sick, who died apace on board, and doubtless the distemper was considerably augmented by the stench and filthiness in which they lay; for the number of the diseased was so great, and so few could be spared from the necessary duty of the sails to look after them, that it was impossible to avoid a great relaxation in the article of cleanliness, which had rendered the ship extremely loathsome between decks. But notwithstanding our desire of freeing the sick from their hateful situation, and their own extreme impatience to get on shore, we had not hands enough to prepare the tents for their reception before the 16th; but on that and the two following days we sent them all on shore, amounting to a hundred and sixty-seven persons, besides at least a dozen who died in the boats, on their being exposed to the fresh air. The greatest part of our sick were so infirm, that we were obliged to carry them out of the ship in their hammocks, and to convey them afterwards in the same manner from the water-side to their tents, over a stony beach. This was a work of considerable fatigue to the few who were healthy, and therefore the commodore, with his accustomed humanity, not only assisted herein with his own labour, but obliged his officers, without distinction, to give their helping hand. The extreme weakness of our sick may in some measure be collected from the numbers who died after they had got on shore; for it had generally been found that the land, and the refreshments it produces, very soon recover most stages of the sea-scurvy; and we flattered ourselves, that those who had not perished on this first exposure to the open air, but had lived to be placed in their tents, would have been speedily restored to their health and vigour: but, to our great mortification, it was near twenty days after their landing, before the mortality was tolerably ceased; and for the first ten or twelve days, we buried rarely less than six each day, and many of those, who survived, recovered by very slow

and insensible degrees. Indeed, those who were well enough at their first getting on shore, to creep out of their tents, and crawl about, were soon relieved, and recovered their health and strength in a very short time; but in the rest, the disease seemed to have acquired a degree of inveteracy which was altogether without example.

Having proceeded thus far, and got our sick on shore, I think it necessary, before I enter into any longer detail of our transactions, to give a distinct account of this island of Juan Fernandes, its situation, productions, and all its conveniences. These particulars we were well enabled to be minutely instructed in, during our three months' stay there; and as it is the only commodious place in those seas, where British cruisers can refresh and recover their men after their passage round Cape Horn, and where they may remain for some time without alarming the Spanish coast, these its advantages well merit a circumstantial description. And indeed Mr. Anson was particularly industrious in directing the roads and coasts to be surveyed, and other observations to be made, knowing, from his own experience, of how great consequence these materials might prove to any British vessels hereafter employed in those seas. For the uncertainty we were in of its position, and our standing in for the main on the 28th of May, in order to secure a sufficient easting, when we were indeed extremely near it, cost us the lives of between seventy and eighty of our men, by our longer continuance at sea: from which fatal accident we might have been exempted, had we been furnished with such an account of its situation as we could fully have depended on.

The island of Juan Fernandes lies in the latitude of 33° 40' South, and is a hundred and ten leagues distant from the continent of Chili. It is said to have received its name from a Spaniard, who formerly procured a grant of it, and resided there some time with a view of settling it, but afterwards abandoned it. The island itself is of an irregular figure; its greatest extent being between four and five leagues, and its greatest breadth somewhat short of two leagues. The only safe anchoring at this island is on the North side, where there are three bays, but the middlemost, known by the name of Cumberland Bay, is the widest and deepest, and in all respects much the best; the other two bays, denominated the East and West bays, are scarcely more than good landing-places, where boats may conveniently put their casks on shore. Cumberland bay is pretty well secured to the southward, lying only exposed from the N. by W. to the E. by S.; and as the northerly winds seldom blow in that climate, and never with any violence, the danger from that quarter is not worth attending to.

As Cumberland Bay is by far the most commodious road in the island, so it is advisable for all ships to anchor on the western side of this bay, within little more than two cables' length of the beach. Here they may ride in forty fathom of water, and be, in a great measure, sheltered from a large heavy sea, which comes rolling in whenever an eastern or a western wind blows. It is however expedient, in this case, to cackle or arm the cables with an iron chain, or good rounding, for five or six fathom from the anchor, to secure them from being rubbed by the foulness of the ground.

I have before observed, that a northerly wind, to which alone this bay is exposed, very rarely blew during our stay here; and as it was then winter, it may be supposed, in other seasons, to be less frequent. Indeed, in those few instances, when it was in that quarter, it did not blow with any great force: but this perhaps might be owing to the highlands on the southward of the bay, which checked its current, and thereby abated its violence; for we had reason to suppose that, a few leagues off, it blew with considerable force, since it sometimes drove before it a prodigious sea, in which we rode fore castle-in. But though the northern winds are never to be apprehended, yet the southern winds, which generally prevail here, frequently blow off the land in violent gusts and squalls, which however rarely last longer than two or three minutes. This seems to be owing to the obstruction of the southern gale by the hills in the neighbourhood of the bay; for the wind being collected by this means, at last forces its passage through the narrow valleys, which, like so many funnels, both facilitate its escape and increase its violence. These frequent and sudden gusts make it difficult for ships to work in with the wind off-shore, or to keep a clear hawse when anchored.

The northern part of this island is composed of high craggy hills, many of them inaccessible, though generally covered with trees. The soil of this part is loose and shallow, so that very large trees on the hills soon perish for want of root, and are easily overturned; which occasioned the unfortunate death of one of our sailors, who being upon the hills in search of goats, caught hold of a tree upon the declivity to assist him in his ascent, and this giving way, he immediately rolled down the hill, and though in his fall he fastened on another tree of considerable bulk, yet that too gave way, and he fell amongst the rocks, and was dashed to pieces. Mr. Brett too met with an accident only by resting his back against a tree, near as large about as himself, which stood on a slope; for the tree giving way, he fell to a considerable distance, though without receiving any harm.

The southern, or rather the S. W. part of the Island, is widely different from the rest, being dry, stony, and destitute of trees, but very flat and low, compared with the hills on the northern part. This part of the island is never frequented by ships, being surrounded by a steep shore, and having little or no fresh water; and besides, it is exposed to the southerly wind, which generally blows here the whole year round, and in the winter solstice very hard. The trees of which the woods on the northern side of the island are composed, are most of them aromatics, and of many different sorts: there are none of them of a size to yield any considerable timber, except the myrtle-trees, which are the largest on the island, and supplied us with all the timber we made use of; but even these would not work to a greater length than forty feet. The top of the myrtle-tree is circular, and appears as uniform and regular, as if it had been clipped by art; it bears on its bark an excrescence like moss, which in taste and smell resembles garlic, and was used by our people instead of it. We found here too the pimento-

tree, and likewise the cabbage-tree, though in no great plenty.

Our prisoners observed, that the appearance of the hills in some part of the island resembled that of the mountains in Chili, where the gold is found: so that it is not impossible but mines might be discovered here. We observed, in some places, several hills of a peculiar sort of red earth, exceeding vermilion in colour, which perhaps, on examination, might prove useful for many purposes.

Besides a great number of plants of various kinds which are to be met with upon the island, but which we were not botanists enough either to describe or attend to, we found there almost all the vegetables which are usually esteemed to be particularly adapted to the cure of those scorbutic disorders, which are contracted by salt diet and long voyages. For here we had great quantities of water-cresses and purslain, with excellent wild sorrel, and a vast profusion of turnips and Sicilian radishes: these two last, having some resemblance to each other, were confounded by our people under the general name of turnips. We usually preferred the tops of the turnips to the roots, which were often stringy; though some of them were free from that exception, and remarkably good. These vegetables, with the fish and flesh we found here, and which I shall more particularly describe hereafter, were not only extremely grateful to our palates, after the long course of salt diet which we had been confined to, but were likewise of the most salutary consequence to our sick in recovering and invigorating them, and of no mean service to us who were well, in destroying the lurking seeds of the scurvy, from which perhaps none of us were totally exempt, and in refreshing and restoring us to our wonted strength and activity.

Besides the vegetables I have mentioned, of which we made perpetual use, we found many acres of ground covered with oats and clover. There were also some few cabbage-trees upon the island, as observed before; but as they generally grew on the precipices, and in dangerous situations, and as it was necessary to cut down a large tree for every single cabbage, this was a dainty that we were able but rarely to indulge in.

The excellence of the climate and the looseness of the soil render this place extremely proper for all kinds of vegetation; for if the ground be anywhere accidentally turned up, it is immediately overgrown with turnips and Sicilian radishes; and therefore Mr. Anson having with him garden-seeds of all kinds, and stones of different sorts of fruits, he, for the better accommodation of his countrymen who should hereafter touch here, sowed both lettuces, carrots, and other garden plants, and set in the woods a great variety of plum, apricot, and peach stones: and these last he has been informed have since thriven to a very remarkable degree; for some gentlemen, who in their passage from Lima to Old Spain were taken and brought to England, having procured leave to wait upon Mr. Anson, to thank him for his generosity and humanity to his prisoners, some of whom were their relations, they, in casual discourse with him about his transactions in the South Seas, particularly asked him, if he had not planted a great number of fruit-stones on the

island of Juan Fernandes, for they told him, their late navigators had discovered there numbers of peach-trees and apricot-trees, which being fruits before unobserved in that place, they concluded them to be produced from kernels set by him.

And this may in general suffice as to the soil and vegetable productions of this place : but the face of the country, at least of the north part of the island, is so extremely singular, that I cannot avoid giving it a particular consideration. I have already taken notice of the wild, inhospitable air with which it first appeared to us, and the gradual improvement of this uncouth landscape as we drew nearer, till we were at last captivated by the numerous beauties we discovered on the shore. And I must now add, that we found, during the time of our residence there, that the inland parts of the island did no ways fall short of the sanguine prepossessions which we first entertained in their favour.

For the woods which covered most of the steepest hills, were free from all bushes and underwood, and afforded an easy passage through every part of them; and the irregularities of the hills and precipices, in the northern part of the island, necessarily traced out by their various combinations a great number of romantic valleys; most of which had a stream of the clearest water running through them, that tumbled in cascades from rock to rock, as the bottom of the valley, by the course of the neighbouring hills, was at any time broken into a sudden sharp descent: some particular spots occurred in these valleys, where the shade and fragrance of the contiguous woods, the loftiness of the overhanging rocks, and the transparency and frequent falls of the neighbouring streams, presented scenes of such elegance and dignity, as would perhaps with difficulty be rivalled in any other part of the globe. It is in this place, perhaps, that the simple productions of unassisted nature may be said to excel all the fictitious descriptions of the most animated imagination. I shall finish this article with a short account of that spot where the commodore pitched his tent, and which he made choice of for his own residence, though I despair of conveying an adequate idea of its beauty. The piece of ground which he chose was a small lawn, that lay on a little ascent, at the distance of about half a mile from the sea. In the front of his tent there was a large avenue cut through the woods to the sea-side, which sloping to the water, with a gentle descent, opened a prospect of the bay and the ships at anchor. This lawn was screened behind by a tall wood of myrtle sweeping round it, in the form of a theatre, the ground on which the wood stood rising with a much sharper ascent than the lawn itself, though not so much but that the hills and precipices within land towered up considerably above the tops of the trees, and added to the grandeur of the view. There were, besides, two streams of crystal water, which ran on the right and left of the tent, within a hundred yards' distance, and were shaded by the trees which skirted the lawn on either side, and completed the symmetry of the whole.

It remains now only that we speak of the animals and provisions which we met with at this place. Former writers have related, that this island abounded with vast numbers of goats, and their

accounts are not to be questioned, this place being the usual haunt of the buccaneers and privateers, who formerly frequented those seas. And there are two instances; one of a Musquito Indian, and the other of Alexander Selkirk, a Scotchman, who were left by their respective ships, and lived alone upon this island for some years, and consequently were no strangers to its produce¹. Selkirk, who was the last, after a stay of between four and five years, was taken off the place by the Duke and Duchess privateers of Bristol, as may be seen at large in the journal of their voyage: his manner of life, during his solitude, was in most particulars very remarkable; but there is one circumstance he relates, which was so strangely verified by our own observation, that I cannot help reciting it. He tells us, among other things, as he often caught more goats than he wanted, he sometimes marked their ears and let them go. This was about thirty-two years before our arrival at the island. Now it happened, that the first goat that was killed by our people at their landing had his ears slit, whence we concluded that he had doubtless been formerly under the power of Selkirk. This was indeed an animal of a most venerable aspect, dignified with an exceeding majestic beard, and with many other symptoms of antiquity. During our stay on the island, we met with others marked in the same manner, all the males being distinguished by an exuberance of beard, and every other characteristic of extreme age.

But the great numbers of goats, which former writers described to have been found upon this island, are at present very much diminished: for the Spaniards being informed of the advantages which the buccaneers and privateers drew from the provisions which goat's-flesh here furnished them with, they have endeavoured to extirpate the breed, thereby to deprive their enemies of this relief. For this purpose, they have put on shore great numbers of large dogs, which have increased apace, and have destroyed all the goats in the accessible part of the country; so that there now remain only a few amongst the crags and precipices, where the dogs cannot follow them. These are divided into separate herds of twenty or thirty each, which inhabit distinct fastnesses, and never mingle with each other: by this means we found it extremely difficult to kill them; and yet we were so desirous of their flesh, which we all agreed much resembled venison, that we got knowledge, I believe, of all their herds, and it was conceived, by comparing their numbers together, that they scarcely exceeded two hundred upon the whole island. I remember we had once an opportunity of observing a remarkable dispute betwixt a herd of these animals and a number of dogs; for going in our boat into the eastern bay, we saw some dogs running very eagerly upon the foot, and being willing to discover what game they were after, we lay upon our oars some time to view them, and at last we saw them take to a hill, and looking a little further, we observed upon the ridge of it a herd of goats, which seemed drawn up for their reception; there was a very narrow path skirted on each side by precipices, on which the master of the herd posted himself fronting the enemy, the

¹ It was from the circumstance of Alexander Selkirk's sojourn on this beautiful island, that De Foe produced his popular and interesting narrative of Robinson Crusoe.

rest of the goats being all behind him, where the ground was more open : as this spot was inaccessible by any other path, excepting where this champion had placed himself, the dogs, though they ran up-hill with great alacrity, yet when they came within about twenty yards of him, durst not encounter him, (for he would infallibly have driven them down the precipice) but gave over the chase, and quietly laid themselves down, panting at a great rate.

The dogs, who, as I have mentioned, are masters of all the accessible parts of the island, are of various kinds, but some of them very large, and are multiplied to a prodigious degree. They sometimes came down to our habitations at night, and stole our provision ; and once or twice they set upon single persons, but assistance being at hand, they were driven off without doing any mischief. As at present it is rare for goats to fall in their way, we conceived that they lived principally upon young seals ; and indeed some of our people had the curiosity to kill dogs sometimes and dress them, and they seemed to agree that they had a fishy taste.

Goat's-flesh, as I have mentioned, being scarce, we rarely being able to kill above one a day, and our people growing tired of fish, (which, as I shall hereafter observe, abounds at this place) they at last condescended to eat seals, which by degrees they came to relish, and called it lamb. The seal, numbers of which haunt this island, hath been so often described by former writers, that it is unnecessary to say any thing particular about them in this place. But there is another amphibious creature to be met with here, called a sea-lion, that bears some resemblance to a seal, though it is much larger. This too we ate, under the denomination of beef ; and as it is so extraordinary an animal, I conceive, it well merits a particular annotation. They are in size, when arrived at their full growth, from twelve to twenty feet in length, and from eight to fifteen in circumference : they are extremely fat, so that after having cut through the skin, which is about an inch in thickness, there is at least a foot of fat before you can come at either lean or bones ; and we experienced, more than once, that the fat of some of the largest afforded us a butt of oil. They are likewise very full of blood, for if they are deeply wounded in a dozen places, there will instantly gush out as many fountains of blood, spouting to a considerable distance ; and to try what quantity of blood they contained, we shot one first, and then cut its throat, and measuring the blood that came from him, we found, that besides what remained in the vessels, which to be sure was considerable, we got at least two hogsheds. Their skins are covered with short hair of a light dun colour, but their tails, and their fins, which serve them for feet on shore, are almost black ; their fins or feet are divided at the ends like fingers, the web which joins them not reaching to the extremities, and each of these extremities is furnished with a nail. They have a distant resemblance to an overgrown seal, though in some particulars there is a manifest difference, especially in the males, who have a large snout or trunk hanging down five or six inches below the end of the upper jaw ; this particular the females have not, and this renders the countenance of the male and female easy to be

distinguished from each other, and besides, the males are of a much larger size. One of them was the master of the flock, and from his driving off the other males, and keeping a great number of females to himself, he was by the seamen ludicrously styled the Bashaw. These animals divide their time equally between the land and sea, continuing at sea all the summer, and coming on shore at the setting in of the winter, where they reside during that whole season. In this interval they engender and bring forth their young, and have generally two at a birth ; these they suckle with their milk, they being at first about the size of a full-grown seal. During the time of these animals' continuance on shore, they feed on the grass and verdure which grows near the bank of the fresh-water streams ; and, when not employed in feeding, sleep in herds in the most airy places they can find out. As they seem to be of a very lethargic disposition, and not easily awakened, each herd was observed to place some of their males at a distance in the nature of sentinels, who never failed to alarm them, whenever our men attempted to molest, or even to approach them ; and they were very capable of alarming, even at a considerable distance, for the noise they make is very loud and of different kinds, sometimes grunting like hogs, and at other times snorting like horses in full vigour. They often, especially the males, have furious battles with each other, principally about their females ; and we were one day extremely surprised by the sight of two animals, which at first appeared different from all we had ever observed ; but, on a nearer approach, they proved to be two sea-lions, who had been going each other with their teeth, and were covered over with blood : and the Bashaw before-mentioned, who generally lay surrounded with a seraglio of females, which no other male dared to approach, had not acquired that envied pre-eminence without many bloody contests, of which the marks still remained in the numerous scars which were visible in every part of his body. We killed many of them for food, particularly for their hearts and tongues, which we esteemed exceeding good eating, and preferable even to those of bullocks : and in general there was no difficulty in killing them, for they were incapable either of escaping or resisting, their motion being the most unwieldy that can be conceived, their blubber, all the time they are moving, being agitated in large waves under their skins. However, a sailor one day being carelessly employed in skinning a young sea-lion, the female, from whence he had taken it, came upon him unperceived, and getting his head in her mouth, she with her teeth scored his skull in notches in many places, and thereby wounded him so desperately, that though all possible care was taken of him he died in a few days.

These are the principal animals which we found upon the island : for we saw but few birds, and those chiefly hawks, blackbirds, owls, and humming-birds. We saw not the pardela, which burrows in the ground, and which former writers have mentioned to be found here ; but as we met with their holes, we supposed that the dogs had destroyed them, as they have almost done the cats, which were very numerous in Selkirk's time, but we saw not above one or two during our whole

stay. However, the rats still keep their ground, and continue here in great numbers, and were very troublesome to us, by infesting our tents nightly.

But that which furnished us with the most delicious repasts at this island, remains still to be described. This was the fish, with which the whole bay was most plentifully stored, and with the greatest variety: for we found here cod of a prodigious size; and by the report of some of our crew, who had been formerly employed in the Newfoundland fishery, not in less plenty than is to be met with on the banks of that island. We caught also cavallies, goppers, large breams, maids, silver-fish, congers of a peculiar kind, and above all, a black fish which we most esteemed, called by some a chimney-sweeper, in shape resembling a carp. Indeed the beach is everywhere so full of rocks and loose stones, that there is no possibility of hauling the seine; but with hooks and lines we caught what numbers we pleased, so that a boat with two or three lines would return loaded with fish in about two or three hours' time. The only interruption we ever met with, arose from great quantities of dog-fish and large sharks, which sometimes attended our boats and prevented our sport. Besides the fish we have already mentioned, we found here one delicacy in greater perfection, both as to size, flavour and quantity, than is perhaps to be met with in any other part of the world: this was sea craw-fish; they generally weighed eight or nine pounds apiece, were of a most excellent taste, and lay in such abundance near the water's edge, that the boat-hooks often struck into them, in putting the boat to and from the shore.

These are the most material articles relating to the accommodations, soil, vegetables, animals, and other productions of the island of Juan Fernandes: by which it must appear how properly that place was adapted for recovering us from the deplorable situation to which our tedious and unfortunate navigation round Cape Horn had reduced us. And having thus given the reader some idea of the site and circumstances of this place, which was to be our residence for three months, I shall now proceed, in the next chapter, to relate all that occurred to us in that interval, resuming my narration from the 18th day of June, being the day in which the *Trial* sloop, having by a squall been driven out to sea three days before, came again to her moorings, the day in which we finished the sending our sick on shore, and about eight days after our first anchoring at this island.

CHAPTER II.

The arrival of the Gloucester and the Anna pink at the island of Juan Fernandes, and the transactions at that place during this interval.

THE arrival of the *Trial* sloop at this island, so soon after we came there ourselves, gave us great hopes of being speedily joined by the rest of the squadron; and we were for some days continually looking out, in expectation of their coming in sight. But near a fortnight being elapsed, without any of them having appeared, we began to despair of ever meeting them again; as we knew that had

our ship continued so much longer at sea, we should every man of us have perished, and the vessel, occupied by dead bodies only, would have been left to the caprice of the winds and waves: and this we had great reason to fear was the fate of our consorts, as each hour added to the probability of these desponding suggestions.

But on the 21st of June, some of our people, from an eminence on shore, discerned a ship to leeward, with her courses even with the horizon: and they, at the same time, particularly observed, that she had no sail abroad except her courses and her main-topsail. This circumstance made them conclude that it was one of our squadron, which had probably suffered in her sails and rigging as severely as we had done: but they were prevented from forming more definite conjectures about her; for, after viewing her for a short time, the weather grew thick and hazy, and they lost sight of her. On this report, and no ship appearing for some days, we were all under the greatest concern, suspecting that her people were in the utmost distress for want of water, and so diminished and weakened by sickness, as not to be able to ply up to windward; so that we feared that, after having been in sight of the island, her whole crew would notwithstanding perish at sea. However, on the 26th, towards noon, we discerned a sail in the north-east quarter, which we conceived to be the very same ship that had been seen before, and our conjectures proved true; and about one o'clock she approached so near, that we could distinguish her to be the *Gloucester*. As we had no doubt of her being in great distress, the commodore immediately ordered his boat to her assistance, laden with fresh water, fish, and vegetables, which was a very seasonable relief to them; for our apprehensions of their calamities appeared to be but too well grounded, as perhaps there never was a crew in a more distressed situation. They had already thrown overboard two thirds of their complement, and of those that remained alive, scarcely any were capable of doing duty, except the officers and their servants. They had been a considerable time at the small allowance of a pint of fresh water to each man for twenty-four hours, and yet they had so little left, that, had it not been for the supply we sent them, they must soon have died of thirst. The ship plied in within three miles of the bay; but, the winds and currents being contrary, she could not reach the road. However, she continued in the offing the next day, but had no chance of coming to an anchor, unless the wind and currents shifted; and therefore the commodore repeated his assistance, sending to her the *Trial's* boat manned with the *Centurion's* people, and a further supply of water and other refreshments. Captain Mitchel, the captain of the *Gloucester*, was under a necessity of detaining both this boat and that sent the preceding day; for without the help of their crews he had no longer strength enough to navigate the ship. In this tantalising situation the *Gloucester* continued for near a fortnight, without being able to fetch the road, though frequently attempting it, and at some times bidding very fair for it. On the 9th of July, we observed her stretching away to the eastward at a considerable distance, which we supposed was with a design to get to the southward of the island; but as we soon lost sight of her, and she did not appear for near a week, we

were prodigiously concerned, knowing that she must be again in extreme distress for want of water. After great impatience about her, we discovered her again on the 16th, endeavouring to come round the eastern point of the island ; but the wind, still blowing directly from the bay, prevented her getting nearer than within four leagues of the land. On this, Captain Mitchel made signals of distress, and our long-boat was sent to him with a store of water, and plenty of fish, and other refreshments. And the long-boat being not to be spared, the coxswain had positive orders from the commodore to return again immediately ; but the weather proving stormy the next day, and the boat not appearing, we much feared she was lost, which would have proved an irretrievable misfortune to us all : but, the third day after, we were relieved from this anxiety, by the joyful sight of the long-boat's sails upon the water ; and we sent the cutter immediately to her assistance, who towed her alongside in a few hours. The crew of our long-boat had taken in six of the Gloucester's sick men to bring them on shore, two of which had died in the boat. And now we learnt that the Gloucester was in a most dreadful condition, having scarcely a man in health on board, except those they received from us ; and, numbers of their sick dying daily, we found that, had it not been for the last supply sent by our long-boat, both the healthy and diseased must have all perished together for want of water. And these calamities were the more terrifying, as they appeared to be without remedy : for the Gloucester had already spent a month in her endeavours to fetch the bay, and she was now no farther advanced than at the first moment she made the island ; on the contrary, the people on board her had worn out all their hopes of ever succeeding in it, by the many experiments they had made of its difficulty. Indeed, the same day her situation grew more desperate than ever, for after she had received our last supply of refreshments, we again lost sight of her ; so that we in general despaired of her ever coming to an anchor.

Thus was this unhappy vessel bandied about within a few leagues of her intended harbour, whilst the neighbourhood of that place and of those circumstances, which could alone put an end to the calamities they laboured under, served only to aggravate their distress, by torturing them with a view of the relief it was not in their power to reach. But she was at last delivered from this dreadful situation, at a time when we least expected it ; for after having lost sight of her for several days, we were pleasingly surprised, on the morning of the 23rd of July, to see her open the N. W. point of the bay with a flowing sail ; when we immediately despatched what boats we had to her assistance, and in an hour's time from our first perceiving her, she anchored safe within us in the bay. And now we were more particularly convinced of the importance of the assistance and refreshments we so often sent them, and how impossible it would have been for a man of them to have survived, had we given less attention to their wants ; for notwithstanding the water, the greens, and fresh provisions which we supplied them with, and the hands we sent them to navigate the ship, by which the fatigue of their own people was diminished, their sick relieved, and the mortality abated ; notwithstanding this indulgent care of

the commodore, they yet buried three-fourths of their crew, and a very small proportion of the remainder were capable of assisting in the duty of the ship. On their coming to an anchor, our first care was to assist them in mooring, and our next to send the sick on shore : these were now reduced by deaths to less than fourscore, of which we expected to lose the greatest part ; but whether it was, that those farthest advanced in the distemper were all dead, or that the greens and fresh provisions we had sent on board had prepared those which remained for a more speedy recovery, it happened, contrary to our expectations, that their sick were in general relieved and restored to their strength, in a much shorter time than our own had been when we first came to the island, and very few of them died on shore.

I have thus given an account of the principal events relating to the arrival of the Gloucester, in one continued narration : I shall only add, that we never were joined by any other of our ships, except our victualler, the Anna pink, who came in about the middle of August, and whose history I shall more particularly relate hereafter. And I shall now return to the account of our own transactions on board and on shore, during the interval of the Gloucester's frequent and ineffectual attempts to reach the island.

Our next employment, after sending our sick on shore from the Centurion, was cleansing our ship and filling our water. The first of these measures was indispensably necessary to our future health, as the numbers of sick, and the unavoidable negligence arising from our deplorable situation at sea, had rendered the decks most intolerably loathsome. And the filling our water was a caution that appeared not less essential to our future security, as we had reason to apprehend that accidents might oblige us to quit the island at a very short warning ; for some appearances, which we had discovered on shore upon our first landing, gave us grounds to believe, that there were Spanish cruisers in these seas, which had left the island but a short time before our arrival, and might possibly return there again, either for a recruit of water, or in search of us : for as we could not doubt, but that the sole business they had at sea was to intercept us, so we knew that this island was the likeliest place, in their own opinion, to meet with us. The circumstances, which gave rise to these reflections (in part of which we were not mistaken, as shall be observed more at large hereafter), were our finding on shore several pieces of earthen jars, made use of in those seas for water and other liquids, which appeared to be fresh broken : we saw, too, many heaps of ashes, and near them fish-bones and pieces of fish, besides whole fish scattered here and there, which plainly appeared to have been but a short time out of the water, as they were but just beginning to decay. These appearances were certain indications that there had been ships at this place but a short time before we came there ; and as all Spanish merchantmen are instructed to avoid the island, on account of its being the common rendezvous of their enemies, we concluded those who had touched here to be ships of force ; and not knowing that Pizarro was returned to Buenos Ayres, and ignorant what strength might have been fitted out at Callao, we were under some

concern for our safety, being in so wretched and enfeebled a condition, that notwithstanding the rank of our ship, and the sixty guns she carried on board, which would only have aggravated our dishonour, there was scarcely a privateer sent to sea, that was not an over-match for us. However, our fears on this head proved imaginary, and we were not exposed to the disgrace, which might have been expected to have befallen us, had we been necessitated (as we must have been, had the enemy appeared) to fight our sixty-gun ship with no more than thirty hands.

Whilst the cleaning our ship and the filling our water went on, we set up a large copper-oven on shore near the sick tents, in which we baked bread every day for the ship's company, being extremely desirous of recovering our sick as soon as possible, and conceiving that new bread, added to their greens and fresh fish, might prove a powerful article in their relief. Indeed we had all imaginable reason to endeavour at the augmenting our present strength, as every little accident, which to a full crew would be insignificant, was extremely alarming in our present helpless situation: of this, we had a troublesome instance on the 30th of June; for at five in the morning, we were astonished by a violent gust of wind directly off shore, which instantly parted our small bower cable about ten fathom from the ring of the anchor: the ship at once swung off to the best bower, which happily stood the violence of the jerk, and brought us up with two cables an end in eighty fathom. At this time we had not above a dozen seamen in the ship, and we were apprehensive, if the squall continued, that we should be driven to sea in this wretched condition. However, we sent the boat on shore, to bring off all that were capable of acting; and the wind, soon abating of its fury, gave us an opportunity of receiving the boat back again with a reinforcement. With this additional strength we immediately went to work, to heave in what remained of the cable, which we suspected had received some damage from the foulness of the ground before it parted; and agreeable to our conjecture, we found that seven fathom and a half of the outer end had been rubbed, and rendered unserviceable. In the afternoon, we bent the cable to the spare anchor, and got it over the ship's side; and the next morning, July 1, being favoured with the wind in gentle breezes, we warped the ship in again, and let go the anchor in forty-one fathom; the easternmost point now bearing from us E. $\frac{1}{2}$ S.; the westernmost N.W. by W.; and the bay as before, S.S.W.; a situation, in which we remained secure for the future. But we were much concerned for the loss of our anchor, and swept frequently for it, in hopes to have recovered it; but the buoy having sunk at the very instant that the cable parted, we were never able to find it.

And now as we advanced in July, some of our men being tolerably recovered, the strongest of them were employed in cutting down trees, and splitting them into billets; while others, who were too weak for this employ, undertook to carry the billets by one at a time to the water-side: this they performed, some of them with the help of crutches, and others supported by a single stick. We next sent the forge on shore, and employed our smiths, who were but just capable of working,

in mending our chain-plates, and our other broken and decayed iron-work. We began too the repairs of our rigging; but as we had not a sufficient quantity of junk to make spun-yarn, we deferred the general over-haul, in hopes of the daily arrival of the Gloucester, who we knew had a great quantity of junk on board. However, that we might make as great despatch as possible in our refitting, we set up a large tent on the beach for the sail-makers; and they were immediately employed in repairing our old sails, and making us new ones.

These occupations, with our cleansing and watering the ship (which was by this time pretty well completed), the attendance on our sick, and the frequent relief sent to the Gloucester, were the principal transactions of our infirm crew, till the arrival of the Gloucester at an anchor in the bay. And then Captain Mitchel waiting on the commodore, informed him, that he had been forced by the winds, in his last absence, as far as the small island called Masa-Fuero, lying about twenty-two leagues to the westward of Juan Fernandes; and that he endeavoured to send his boat on shore at this place for water, of which he could observe several streams, but the wind blew so strong upon the shore, and occasioned such a surf, that it was impossible for the boat to land; though the attempt was not altogether useless, as they returned with a boat-load of fish. This island had been represented by former navigators as a barren rock; but Captain Mitchel assured the commodore, that it was almost everywhere covered with trees and verdure, and was near four miles in length; and added, that it appeared to him far from impossible but some small bay might be found on it, which might afford sufficient shelter for any ship desirous of refreshing there.

As four ships of our squadron were missing, this description of the Island of Masa-Fuero gave rise to a conjecture, that some of them might possibly have fallen in with that island, and have mistaken it for the true place of our rendezvous; and this suspicion was the more plausible, as we had no draught of either island that could be relied on. In consequence of this reasoning, Mr. Anson determined to send the Tryal sloop thither, as soon as she could be fitted for the sea, in order to examine all its bays and creeks, that we might be satisfied whether any of our missing ships were there or not. For this purpose, some of our best hands were sent on board the Tryal the next morning, to overhaul and fix her rigging; and our long-boat was employed in completing her water; and whatever stores and necessities she wanted were immediately supplied, either from the Centurion or the Gloucester. But it was the 4th of August before the Tryal was in readiness to sail, when having weighed, it soon after fell calm, and the tide set her very near the eastern shore: Captain Saunders hung out lights, and fired several guns to acquaint us with his danger: upon which all the boats were sent to his relief, who towed the sloop into the bay; where she anchored until the next morning, and then weighing again, proceeded on her cruise with a fair breeze.

And now, after the Gloucester's arrival, we were employed in earnest in examining and repairing our rigging; but in the stripping our

foremast, we were alarmed by discovering it was sprung just above the partners of the upper deck. The spring was two inches in depth, and twelve in circumference; but the carpenters inspecting it, gave it as their opinion, that fishing it with two leaves of an anchor-stock would render it as secure as ever. But our greatest difficulty in refitting was the want of cordage and canvas; for though we had taken to sea much greater quantities of both than had ever been done before, yet the continued bad weather we met with had occasioned such a consumption of these stores, that we were driven to great straits: for after working up all our junk and old shrouds, to make twice-laid cordage, we were at last obliged to unlay a cable to work into running rigging. And with all the canvas and remnants of old sails that could be mustered, we could only make up one complete suit.

Towards the middle of August, our men being indifferently recovered, they were permitted to quit their sick tents, and to build separate huts for themselves, as it was imagined that, by living apart, they would be much cleaner, and consequently likely to recover their strength the sooner; but at the same time particular orders were given, that on the firing of a gun from the ship, they should instantly repair to the water-side. Their employment on shore was now either the procuring of refreshments, the cutting of wood, or the making of oil from the blubber of the sea-lions. This oil served us for several uses, as burning in lamps, or mixing with pitch to pay the ships' sides, or, when mixed with wood-ashes, to supply the use of tallow, of which we had none left, to give the ship boot-hose tops. Some of the men too were occupied in salting of cod; for there being two Newfoundland fishermen in the Centurion, the commodore made use of them in laying in a considerable quantity of salted cod for a sea-store; but very little of it was made use of, as it was afterwards thought to be as productive of the scurvy as any other kind of salt provisions.

I have before mentioned, that we had a copper-oven on shore to bake bread for the sick; but it happened that the greatest part of the flour, for the use of the squadron, was embarked on board our victualler the Anna pink: and I should have mentioned, that the Tryal sloop, at her arrival, had informed us, that on the 9th of May she had fallen in with our victualler, not far distant from the continent of Chili; and had kept company with her for four days, when they were parted in a hard gale of wind. This gave us some room to hope that she was safe, and that she might soon join us; but all June and July being past without any news of her, we suspected she was lost; and at the end of July the commodore ordered all the ships to a short allowance of bread. And it was not in our bread only, that we feared a deficiency; for since our arrival at this island, we discovered that our former purser had neglected to take on board large quantities of several kinds of provisions, which the commodore had expressly ordered him to receive; so that the supposed loss of our victualler was, on all accounts, a mortifying consideration. However, on Sunday, the 16th of August, about noon, we espied a sail in the northern quarter, and a gun

was immediately fired from the Centurion, to call off the people from shore; who readily obeyed the summons, and repaired to the beach, where the boats waited to carry them on board. And now being prepared for the reception of this ship in view, whether friend or enemy, we had various speculations about her; at first, many imagined it to be the Tryal sloop returned from her cruise; but as she drew nearer this opinion was confuted, by observing she was a vessel with three masts; and then other conjectures were eagerly canvassed, some judging it to be the Severn, others the Pearl, and several affirming that it did not belong to our squadron: but about three in the afternoon our disputes were ended, by a unanimous persuasion that it was our victualler the Anna pink. This ship, though, like the Gloucester, she had fallen in to the northward of the island, had yet the good fortune to come to an anchor in the bay, at five in the afternoon. Her arrival gave us all the sincerest joy; for each ship's company was now restored to their full allowance of bread, and we were now freed from the apprehensions of our provisions falling short, before we could reach some amiable port; a calamity, which in these seas is of all others the most irretrievable. This was the last ship that joined us; and the dangers she encountered, and the good fortune which she afterwards met with, being matters worthy of a separate narration, I shall refer them, together with a short account of the other ships of the squadron, to the ensuing chapter.

CHAPTER III.

A short narrative of what befell the Anna pink before she joined us, with an account of the loss of the Wager, and of the putting back of the Severn and Pearl, the two remaining ships of the squadron.

On the first appearance of the Anna pink, it seemed wonderful to us how the crew of a vessel, which came to this rendezvous two months after us, should be capable of working their ship in the manner they did, with so little appearance of debility and distress: but this difficulty was soon solved when she came to an anchor; for we then found that they had been in harbour since the middle of May, which was near a month before we arrived at Juan Fernandes: so that their sufferings (the risk they had run of shipwreck only excepted) were greatly short of what had been undergone by the rest of the squadron. It seems, on the 16th of May, they fell in with the land, which was then but four leagues distant, in the latitude of $45^{\circ} 15'$ south. On the first sight of it, they wore ship and stood to the southward, but their fore-topsail splitting, and the wind being W.S.W., they drove towards the shore; and the captain at last, either unable to clear the land, or as others say, resolved to keep the sea no longer, steered for the coast, with a view of discovering some shelter amongst the many islands which then appeared in sight: and about four hours after the first view of the land, the pink had the fortune to come to an anchor, to the eastward of the island of Inchin; but as they did not run sufficiently near to the east shore of that island, and had not hands to veer away the cable briskly, they were

soon driven to the eastward, deepening their water from twenty-five fathom to thirty-five, and still continuing to drive, they, the next day, the 17th of May, let go their sheet-anchor; which though it brought them up for a short time, yet, on the 18th, they drove again, till they came into sixty-five fathom water, and were now within a mile of the land, and expected to be forced on shore every moment, in a place where the coast was very high and steep too, that there was not the least prospect of saving the ship or cargo: and their boats being very leaky, and there being no appearance of a landing-place, the whole crew, consisting of sixteen men and boys, gave themselves over for lost, for they apprehended, that if any of them by some extraordinary chance should get on shore, they would, in all probability, be massacred by the savages on the coast: for these, knowing no other Europeans but Spaniards, it might be expected they would treat all strangers with the same cruelty which they had so often and so signally exerted against their Spanish neighbours. Under these terrifying circumstances, the pink drove nearer and nearer to the rocks which formed the shore: but at last, when the crew expected each instant to strike, they perceived a small opening in the land, which raised their hopes: and immediately cutting away their two anchors, they steered for it, and found it to be a small chanrel betwixt an island and the main, which led them into a most excellent harbour, which, for its security against all winds and swells, and the smoothness of its waters, may perhaps compare with any in the known world. And this place being scarcely two miles distant from the spot where they deemed their destruction inevitable, the horrors of shipwreck and of immediate death, which had so long and so strongly possessed them, vanished almost instantaneously, and gave place to the more joyous ideas of security, repose, and refreshment.

In this harbour, discovered in this almost miraculous manner, the pink came to an anchor in twenty-five fathom water, with only a hawser, and a small anchor of about three hundred-weight: and here she continued for near two months refreshing her people, who were many of them ill of the scurvy, but were soon restored to perfect health by the fresh provisions, of which they procured good store, and the excellent water with which the adjacent shore abounded. But as this place may prove of the greatest importance to future navigators who may be forced upon this coast by the westerly winds, which are almost perpetual in that part of the world; I shall, before I enter into any farther particulars of the adventures of the pink, give the best account I could collect of this port, its situation, conveniences and productions.

Its latitude, which is indeed an important point, is not well ascertained, the pink having no observation either the day before she came here, or within a day of her leaving it: but it is supposed that it is not very distant from 45° 30 south, and the large extent of the bay before the harbour renders this uncertainty the less material. The island of Inchin lying before the bay is supposed to be one of the islands of Chonos, which are mentioned in the Spanish accounts, as spreading all along that coast; and are said by them to be inhabited by a barbarous

people, famous for their hatred of the Spaniards, and for their cruelties to such of that nation as have fallen into their hands: and it is possible too that the land, near which the harbour itself lies, may be another of those islands, and that the continent may be considerably farther to the eastward. There are two coves where ships may conveniently heave down, the water being constantly smooth: and there are several fine runs of excellent fresh water, which fall into the harbour, and some of them so luckily situated, that the casks may be filled in the long-boat with a hose: the most remarkable of these runs is a fresh-water river, and here the pink's people got some few mullets of an excellent flavour; and they were persuaded that, in a proper season (it being winter when they were there) it abounded with fish. The principal refreshments they met with in this port were greens, as wild celery, nettle-tops, &c. (which after so long a continuance at sea they devoured with great eagerness); shell-fish, as cockles and muscles of an extraordinary size, and extremely delicious; and good store of geese, shags, and penguins. The climate, though it was the depth of winter, was not remarkably rigorous; nor the trees, or the face of the country destitute of verdure; and doubtless in the summer many other species of fresh provision, besides these here enumerated, might be found there. And notwithstanding the tales of the Spanish historians, in relation to the violence and barbarity of the inhabitants, it doth not appear that their numbers are sufficient to give the least jealousy to any ship of ordinary force, or that their disposition is by any means so mischievous or merciless as hath hitherto been represented: and besides all these advantages, it is so far removed from the Spanish frontier, and so little known to the Spaniards themselves, that there is reason to suppose, that with proper precautions a ship might continue here undiscovered for a long time. It is also a place of great defence; for by possessing the island that closes up the harbour, and which is accessible in very few places, a small force might defend this port against all the strength the Spaniards could muster in that part of the world; for this island towards the harbour is steep too, and has six fathom water close to the shore, so that the pink anchored within forty yards of it: whence it is obvious how impossible it would prove, either to board or to cut out any vessel protected by a force posted on shore within pistol-shot, and where those who were thus posted could not themselves be attacked. All these circumstances seem to render this place worthy of a more accurate examination; and it is to be hoped that the important uses which this rude account of it seems to suggest, may hereafter recommend it to the consideration of the public, and to the attention of those who are more immediately entrusted with the conduct of our naval affairs.

After this description of the place where the pink lay for two months, it may be expected that I should relate the discoveries made by the crew on the adjacent coast, and the principal incidents during their stay there: but here I must observe, that, being only a few in number, they did not dare to detach any of their people on distant discoveries; for they were perpetually terrified with the apprehension that they should be attacked either by the Spaniards or the Indians; so that

their excursions were generally confined to that tract of land which surrounded the port, and where they were never out of view of the ship. But even had they at first known how little foundation there was for these fears, yet the country in the neighbourhood was so grown up with wood, and traversed with mountains, that it appeared impracticable to penetrate it: so that no account of the inland parts could be expected from them. Indeed they were able to disprove the relations given by Spanish writers, who had represented this coast as inhabited by a fierce and powerful people: for they were certain that no such inhabitants were there to be found, at least during the winter season; since all the time they continued there, they saw no more than one Indian family, which came into the harbour in a periagua, about a month after the arrival of the pink, and consisted of an Indian near forty years old, his wife, and two children, one three years of age, and the other still at the breast. They seemed to have with them all their property, which was a dog and a cat, a fishing-net, a hatchet, a knife, a cradle, some bark of trees intended for the covering of a hut, a reel, some worsted, a flint and steel, and a few roots of a yellow hue and a very disagreeable taste, which served them for bread. The master of the pink, as soon as he perceived them, sent his yawl, who brought them on board; and fearing lest they might discover him if they were permitted to go away, he took, as he conceived, proper precautions for securing them, but without any mixture of ill usage or violence: for in the day-time they were permitted to go where they pleased about the ship, but at night were locked up in the fore-castle. As they were fed in the same manner with the rest of the crew, and were often indulged with brandy, which they seemed greatly to relish, it did not at first appear that they were much dissatisfied with their situation, especially as the master took the Indian on shore when he went a shooting (who always seemed extremely delighted when the master killed his game), and as all the crew treated him with great humanity: but it was soon perceived, that though the woman continued easy and cheerful, yet the man grew pensive and restless at his confinement. He seemed to be a person of good natural parts, and though not capable of conversing with the pink's people, otherwise than by signs, was yet very curious and inquisitive, and showed great dexterity in the manner of making himself understood. In particular, seeing so few people on board such a large ship, he let them know that he supposed they were once more numerous: and to represent to them what he imagined was become of their companions, he laid himself down on the deck, closing his eyes, and stretching himself out motionless, to imitate the appearance of a dead body. But the strongest proof of his sagacity was the manner of his getting away; for after being in custody on board the pink eight days, the scuttle of the fore-castle, where he and his family were locked up every night, happened to be unnailed, and the following night being extremely dark and stormy, he contrived to convey his wife and children through the unnailed scuttle, and then over the ship's side into the yawl; and to prevent being pursued, he cut away the long-boat, and his own periagua, which were towing astern, and immediately

rowed ashore. All this he conducted with so much diligence and secrecy, that though there was a watch on the quarter-deck with loaded arms, yet he was not discovered by them till the noise of his oars in the water, after he had put off from the ship, gave them notice of his escape; and then it was too late either to prevent him or to pursue him; for, their boats being all adrift, it was a considerable time before they could contrive the means of getting on shore themselves to search for their boats. The Indian too by this effort, besides the recovery of his liberty, was in some sort revenged on those who had confined him, both by the perplexity they were involved in from the loss of their boats, and by the terror he threw them into at his departure; for on the first alarm of the watch, who cried out "The Indians!" the whole ship was in the utmost confusion, believing themselves to be boarded by a fleet of armed periaguas.

The resolution and sagacity with which the Indian behaved upon this occasion, had it been exerted on a more extensive object than the retrieving the freedom of a single family, might perhaps have immortalised the exploit, and have given him a rank amongst the illustrious names of antiquity. Indeed his late masters did so much justice to his merit, as to own that he was a most gallant enterprise, and that they were grieved they had ever been necessitated, by their attention to their own safety, to abridge the liberty of a person of whose prudence and courage they had now such a distinguished proof. And as it was supposed by some of them that he still continued in the woods in the neighbourhood of the port, where it was feared he might suffer for want of provisions, they easily prevailed upon the master to leave a quantity of such food as they thought would be most agreeable to him, in a particular part where they imagined he would be likely to find it: and there was reason to conjecture that this piece of humanity was not altogether useless to him; for, on visiting the place some time after, it was found that the provision was gone, and in a manner that made them conclude it had fallen into his hands.

But however, though many of them were satisfied that this Indian still continued near them; yet others would needs conclude that he was gone to the island of Chiloe, where they feared he would alarm the Spaniards, and would soon return with a force sufficient to surprise the pink: and on this occasion the master of the pink was prevailed on to omit firing the evening gun; for it must be remembered, (and there is a particular reason hereafter for attending to this circumstance,) that the master, from an ostentatious imitation of the practice of men-of-war, had hitherto fired a gun every evening at the setting of the watch. This he pretended was to awe the enemy, if there was any within hearing, and to convince them that the pink was always on her guard; but it being now represented to him that his great security was his concealment, and that the evening gun might possibly discover him, and serve to guide the enemy to him, he was prevailed on, as has been mentioned, to omit it for the future: and his crew being now well refreshed, and their wood and water sufficiently replenished, he, in a few days after the escape of the Indian, put to sea, and had a fortunate passage to the rendezvous at the island of Juan Fernandes, where he

arrived on the 16th of August, as hath been already mentioned in the preceding chapter.

This vessel, the *Anna* pink, was, as I have observed, the last that joined the commodore at Juan Fernandes. The remaining ships of the squadron were the *Severn*, the *Pearl*, and the *Wager* store-ship: the *Severn* and *Pearl* parted company with the squadron off Cape Noir, and, as we afterwards learnt, put back to the Brazils: so that of all the ships which came into the South Seas, the *Wager*, Captain Cheap, was the only one that was missing. This ship had on board some field-pieces mounted for land service, together with some cohorn mortars, and several kinds of artillery, stores and tools, intended for the operations on shore: and therefore, as the enterprise on Baldivia had been resolved on for the first undertaking of the squadron, Captain Cheap was extremely solicitous that these materials, which were in his custody, might be ready before Baldivia; that if the squadron should possibly rendezvous there (as he knew not the condition they were then reduced to), no delay nor disappointment might be imputed to him.

But whilst the *Wager*, with these views, was making the best of her way to her first rendezvous off the island of Socoro, whence (as there was little probability of meeting any of the squadron there) she proposed to steer directly for Baldivia, she made the land on the fourteenth of May, about the latitude of 47° South; and, the captain exerting himself on this occasion, in order to get clear of it, he had the misfortune to fall down the after-ladder, and thereby dislocated his shoulder, which rendered him incapable of acting. This accident, together with the crazy condition of the ship, which was little better than a wreck, prevented her from getting off to sea, and entangled her more and more with the land, so that the next morning, at day-break, she struck on a sunken rock, and soon after bilged, and grounded between two small islands, at about a musket-shot from the shore.

In this situation the ship continued entire a long time, so that all the crew had it in their power to get safe on shore; but a general confusion taking place, numbers of them, instead of consulting their safety, or reflecting on their calamitous condition, fell to pillaging the ship, arming themselves with the first weapons that came to hand, and threatening to murder all who should oppose them. This frenzy was greatly heightened by the liquors they found on board, with which they got so extremely drunk, that some of them tumbling down between decks, were drowned, as the water flowed in, being incapable of getting up and retreating to other places where the water had not yet entered: and the captain, having done his utmost to get the whole crew on shore, was at last obliged to leave these mutineers behind him, and to follow his officers, and such as he had been able to prevail on; but he did not fail to send back the boats, to persuade those who remained, to have some regard to their preservation; though all his efforts were for some time without success. However, the weather next day proving stormy, and there being great danger of the ship's parting, they began to be alarmed with the fears of perishing, and were desirous of getting to land; but it seems their madness had not yet

left them, for the boat not appearing to fetch them off so soon as they expected, they at last pointed a four-pounder, which was on the quarter-deck, against the hut where they knew the captain resided on shore, and fired two shot, which passed but just over it.

From this specimen of the behaviour of part of the crew, it will not be difficult to frame some conjecture of the disorder and anarchy which took place, when they at last got all on shore. For the men conceived that, by the loss of the ship, the authority of the officers was at an end; and, they being now on a desolate coast, where scarcely any other provisions could be got except what should be saved out of the wreck, this was another insurmountable source of discord: for as the working upon the wreck, and the securing the provisions, so that they might be preserved for future exigencies as much as possible, and the taking care that what was necessary for immediate subsistence might be sparingly and equally distributed, were matters not to be brought about but by discipline and subordination; the mutinous disposition of the people, stimulated by the impulses of immediate hunger, rendered every regulation made for this purpose ineffectual: so that there were continual concealments, frauds and thefts, which animated each man against his fellow, and produced infinite feuds and contests. And hence there was constantly kept on foot a perverse and malevolent turn of temper, which rendered them utterly ungovernable.¹

But besides these heart-burnings occasioned by petulance and hunger, there was another important point, which set the greatest part of the people at variance with the captain. This was their differing with him in opinion, on the measures to be pursued in the present exigency: for the captain was determined, if possible, to fit up the boats in the best manner he could, and to proceed with them to the northward. For having with him above a hundred men in health, and having gotten some fire-arms and ammunition from the wreck, he did not doubt but they could master any Spanish vessel they should meet with in those seas: and he thought he could not fail of meeting with one in the neighbourhood of Chiloe or Baldivia, in which, when he had taken her, he intended to proceed to the rendezvous at Juan Fernandes; and he farther insisted, that should they meet with no prize by the way, yet the boats alone would easily carry them there. But this was a scheme that, however prudent, was no ways relished by the generality of his people; for, being quite jaded with the distresses and dangers they had already run through, they could not think of prosecuting an enterprise farther, which had hitherto proved so disastrous: and therefore the common resolution was to lengthen the long-boat, and with that and the rest of the boats to steer to the southward, to pass though the Straits of Magellan, and to range along the east side of South America, till they

¹ "It was in consequence of the mutinous and bad conduct of the shipwrecked seamen of the *Wager*, that Anson, in 1748, when he had the management of the Admiralty in the absence of the Duke of Bedford and Lord Sandwich, got an act passed (21 George 2nd.) for extending the discipline of the navy to the crews of his Majesty's ships, wrecked, lost, or taken, and continuing to them their wages upon certain conditions."—*Barrow's Life of Lord Anson*.

should arrive at Brazil, where they doubted not to be well received, and to procure a passage to Great Britain. This project was at first sight infinitely more hazardous and tedious than what was proposed by the captain; but as it had the air of returning home, and flattered them with the hopes of bringing them once more to their native country, this circumstance alone rendered them inattentive to all its inconveniences, and made them adhere to it with insurmountable obstinacy; so that the captain himself, though he never changed his opinion, was yet obliged to give way to the torrent, and in appearance to acquiesce in this resolution, whilst he endeavoured underhand to give it all the obstruction he could; particularly in the lengthening of the long-boat, which he contrived should be of such a size, that though it might serve to carry them to Juan Fernandes, would yet, he hoped, appear incapable of so long a navigation as that to the coast of Brazil.

But the captain, by his steady opposition at first to this favourite project, had much embittered the people against him; to which likewise the following unhappy accident greatly contributed. There was a midshipman whose name was Cozens, who had appeared the foremost in all the refractory proceedings of the crew. He had involved himself in brawls with most of the officers who had adhered to the captain's authority, and had even treated the captain himself with great abuse and insolence. As his turbulence and brutality grew every day more and more intolerable, it was not in the least doubted, but there were some violent measures in agitation, in which Cozens was engaged as the ringleader: for which reason the captain, and those about him, constantly kept themselves on their guard. But at last the purser, having, by the captain's order, stopped the allowance of a fellow who would not work; Cozens, though the man did not complain to him, intermeddled in the affair with great eagerness; and grossly insulting the purser, who was then delivering out provisions just by the captain's tent, and was himself sufficiently violent, the purser, enraged by his scurrility and perhaps piqued by former quarrels, cried out "a mutiny!" adding, "that the dog had pistols," and then himself fired a pistol at Cozens, which however missed him: but the captain, on this outcry and the report of the pistol, rushed out of his tent; and, not doubting but it had been fired by Cozens as the commencement of a mutiny, he immediately shot him in the head without farther deliberation, and though he did not kill him on the spot, yet the wound proved mortal, and he died about fourteen days after.

This incident, however displeasing to the people, did yet, for a considerable time, awe them to their duty, and rendered them more submissive to the captain's authority: but at last, when towards the middle of October the long-boat was nearly completed, and they were preparing to put to sea, the additional provocation he gave them by covertly traversing their project of proceeding through the Straits of Magellan, and their fears that he might at length engage a party sufficient to overturn this favourite measure, made them resolve to make use of the death of Cozens as a reason for depriving him of his command, under pretence of carrying him a prisoner to England, to be tried for murder; and he was accordingly confined under a guard.

But they never intended to carry him with them, as they too well knew what they had to apprehend on their return to England, if their commander should be present to confront them: and therefore, when they were just ready to put to sea, they set him at liberty, leaving him, and the few who chose to take their fortunes with him, no other embarkation but the yawl, to which the barge was afterwards added, by the people on board her being prevailed on to return back.

When the ship was wrecked, there remained alive on board the *Wager* near a hundred and thirty persons; of these above thirty died during their stay upon the place, and near eighty went off in the long-boat and the cutter to the southward; so that there remained with the captain, after their departure, no more than nineteen persons, which however was as many as the barge and the yawl, the only embarkations left them, could well carry off. It was the 13th of October, five months after the shipwreck, that the long-boat, converted into a schooner, weighed, and stood to the southward, giving the captain, who, with Lieutenant Hamilton of the land forces, and the surgeon, was then on the beach, three cheers at their departure. It was the 29th of January following before they arrived at Rio Grande, on the coast of Brazil: and having, by various accidents, left about twenty of their people on shore at the different places they touched at, and a greater number having perished by hunger during the course of their navigation, there were no more than thirty of them left, when they arrived in that port. Indeed, the undertaking of itself was a most extraordinary one; for, not to mention the length of the run, the vessel was scarcely able to contain the number that first put to sea in her; and their stock of provisions (being only what they had saved out of the ship) was extremely slender, and the cutter, the only boat they had with them, soon broke away from the stern, and was staved to pieces; so that when their provision and their water failed them, they had frequently no means of getting on shore to search for a fresh supply.

When the long-boat and cutter were gone, the captain, and those who were left with him, proposed to pass to the northward in the barge and yawl: but the weather was so bad, and the difficulty of subsisting so great, that it was two months after the departure of the long-boat before he was able to put to sea. It seems the place, where the *Wager* was cast away, was not a part of the continent, as was first imagined, but an island at some distance from the main, which afforded no other sorts of provision but shell-fish, and a few herbs; and as the greatest part of what they had gotten from the ship was carried off in the long-boat, the captain and his people were often in great necessity, especially as they chose to preserve what little sea-provisions remained, for their store when they should go to the northward. During their residence at this island, which was by the seamen denominated *Wager's Island*, they had now and then a straggling canoe or two of Indians, which came and bartered their fish and other provisions with our people. This was indeed some little succour, and at another season might perhaps have been greater; for as there were several Indian huts on the shore, it was supposed that in some years, during the height of summer, many of these

savages might resort thither to fish : and from what has been related in the account of the Anna pink, it should seem to be the general practice of those Indians to frequent this coast in the summer-time for the benefit of fishing, and to retire in the winter into a better climate, more to the northward.

And, on this mention of the Anna pink, I cannot but observe, how much it is to be lamented that the Wager's people had no knowledge of her being so near them on the coast ; for as she was not above thirty leagues distant from them, and came into their neighbourhood about the same time the Wager was lost, and was a fine roomy ship, she could easily have taken them all on board, and have carried them to Juan Fernandes. Indeed, I suspect she was still nearer to them than what is here estimated ; for several of the Wager's people, at different times, heard the report of a cannon, which I conceive could be no other than the evening-gun fired from the Anna pink, especially as what was heard at Wager's Island was about the same time of the day. But to return to Captain Cheap.

Upon the 14th of December, the captain and his people embarked in the barge and the yawl, in order to proceed to the northward, taking on board with them all the provisions they could amass from the wreck of the ship ; but they had scarcely been an hour at sea, when the wind began to blow hard, and the sea ran so high, that they were obliged to throw the greatest part of their provisions overboard, to avoid immediate destruction. This was a terrible misfortune, in a part of the world where food is so difficult to be got ; however, they still persisted in their design, putting on shore as often as they could to seek subsistence. But about a fortnight after, another dreadful accident befell them, for the yawl sunk at an anchor, and one of the men in her was drowned ; and as the barge was incapable of carrying the whole company, they were now reduced to the hard necessity of leaving four marines behind them on that desolate shore. But they still kept on their course to the northward, struggling with their disasters, and greatly delayed by the perverseness of the winds, and the frequent interruptions which their search after food occasioned : till at last, about the end of January, having made three unsuccessful attempts to double a headland, which they supposed to be what the Spaniards called Cape Tres Montes, it was unanimously resolved to give over this expedition, the difficulties of which appeared insuperable, and to return again to Wager Island, where they got back about the middle of February, quite disheartened and dejected with their reiterated disappointments, and almost perishing with hunger and fatigue.

However, on their return they had the good luck to meet with several pieces of beef, which had been washed out of the ship, and were swimming in the sea. This was a most seasonable relief to them, after the hardships they had endured ; and to complete their good fortune, there came, in a short time, two canoes of Indians, amongst which was a native of Chiloe, who spoke a little Spanish ; and the surgeon, who was with Captain Cheap, understanding that language, he made a bargain with the Indian, that if he would carry the captain and his people to Chiloe in the barge, he should have

her, and all that belonged to her, for his pains. Accordingly, on the 6th of March, the eleven persons to which the company was now reduced, embarked in the barge on this new expedition ; but after having proceeded for a few days, the captain and four of his principal officers being on shore, the six, who together with an Indian remained in the barge, put off with her to sea, and did not return.

By this means there were left on shore, Captain Cheap, Mr. Hamilton lieutenant of marines, the Honourable Mr. Byron, and Mr. Campbell, midshipmen, and Mr. Elliot, the surgeon. One would have thought that their distresses had long before this time been incapable of augmentation ; but they found, on reflection, that their present situation was much more dismaying than anything they had yet gone through, being left on a desolate coast, without any provision, or the means of procuring any ; for their arms, ammunition, and every convenience they were masters of, except the tattered habits they had on, were all carried away in the barge.

But when they had sufficiently revolved in their own minds the various circumstances of this unexpected calamity, and were persuaded that they had no relief to hope for, they perceived a canoe at a distance, which proved to be that of the Indian, who had undertaken to carry them to Chiloe, he and his family being then on board it. He made no difficulty of coming to them ; for it seems he had left Captain Cheap and his people a little before to go a fishing, and had in the mean time committed them to the care of the other Indian, whom the sailors had carried to sea in the barge. But when he came on shore, and found the barge gone and his companion missing, he was extremely concerned, and could with difficulty be persuaded that the other Indian was not murdered ; but, being at last satisfied with the account that was given him, he still undertook to carry them to the Spanish settlements, and (as the Indians are well skilled in fishing and fowling) to procure them provisions by the way.

About the middle of March, Captain Cheap and the four who were left with him, set out for Chiloe, the Indian having procured a number of canoes, and gotten many of his neighbours together for that purpose. Soon after they embarked, Mr. Elliot the surgeon died, so that there now remained only four of the whole company. At last, after a very complicated passage by land and water, Captain Cheap, Mr. Byron, and Mr. Campbell, arrived in the beginning of June at the island of Chiloe, where they were received by the Spaniards with great humanity ; but, on account of some quarrel among the Indians, Mr. Hamilton did not get thither till two months after. Thus, above a twelvemonth after the loss of the Wager, ended this fatiguing peregrination, which by a variety of misfortunes had diminished the company from twenty to no more than four, and those too brought so low, that had their distresses continued but a few days longer, in all probability none of them would have survived. For the captain himself was with difficulty recovered ; and the rest were so reduced by the severity of the weather, their labour, and their want of all kinds of necessaries, that it was wonderful how they supported themselves so long. After some stay at Chiloe, the captain and the three who were with him were

sent to Valparaiso, and thence to St. Jago, the capital of Chili, where they continued above a year: but on the advice of a cartel being settled between Great Britain and Spain, Captain Cheap, Mr. Byron, and Mr. Hamilton, were permitted to return to Europe on board a French ship. The other midshipman, Mr. Campbel, having changed his religion, whilst at St. Jago, chose to go back to Buenos Ayres with Pizarro and his officers, with whom he went afterwards to Spain on board the *Asia*; and there having failed in his endeavours to procure a commission from the court of Spain, he returned to England, and attempted to get reinstated in the British navy; and has since published a narration of his adventures, in which he complains of the injustice that had been done him, and strongly disavows his ever being in the Spanish service: but as the change of his religion, and his offering himself to the court of Spain (though not accepted) are matters which, he is conscious, are capable of being incontestably proved; on these two heads he has been entirely silent. And now, after this account of the accidents which befell the *Anna pink*, and the catastrophe of the *Wager*, I shall again resume the thread of our own story.

CHAPTER IV.

Conclusion of our proceedings at Juan Fernandes, from the arrival of the Anna pink, to our final departure from thence.

ABOUT a week after the arrival of our victualler, the *Tryal sloop*, that had been sent to the island of *Masa-Fuero*, returned to an anchor at *Juan Fernandes*, after having been round that island, without meeting any part of our squadron. As, upon this occasion, the island of *Masa-Fuero* was more particularly examined than, I dare say, it had ever been before, or perhaps ever will be again; and as the knowledge of it may, in certain circumstances, be of great consequence hereafter, I think it incumbent on me to insert the accounts given of this place, by the officers of the *Tryal sloop*.

The Spaniards have generally mentioned two islands, under the name of *Juan Fernandes*, styling them the greater and the less: the greater being that island where we anchored, and the less being the island we are now describing, which, because it is more distant from the continent, they have distinguished by the name of *Masa-Fuero*. The *Tryal sloop* found that it bore from the greater *Juan Fernandes W. by S.*, and was about twenty-two leagues distant. It is much larger than has been generally reported; for former writers have represented it as a barren rock, destitute of wood and water, and altogether inaccessible; whereas our people found it was covered with trees, and that there were several fine falls of water pouring down its sides into the sea: they found too, that there was a place where a ship might come to an anchor on the north side of it, though indeed the anchorage is inconvenient; for the bank extends but a little way, is steep too, and has very deep water upon it, so that you must come to an anchor very near the shore, and there lie exposed to all the winds but a southerly one: and besides the inconvenience of the anchorage, there is also a

reef of rocks running off the eastern point of the island, about two miles in length; but there is little danger to be feared from them, because they are always to be seen by the seas breaking over them. This place has at present one advantage beyond the island of *Juan Fernandes*; for it abounds with goats, who, not being accustomed to be disturbed, were no ways shy or apprehensive of danger, till they had been frequently fired at. These animals reside here in great tranquillity, the Spaniards not having thought the island considerable enough to be frequented by their enemies, and therefore they have not been solicitous in destroying the provisions upon it; so that no dogs have hitherto been set on shore there. And besides the goats, our people found there vast numbers of seals and sea-lions: and upon the whole, they seemed to imagine, that though it was not the most eligible place for a ship to refresh at, yet in case of necessity it might afford some sort of shelter, and prove of considerable use, especially to a single ship, who might apprehend meeting with a superior force at *Fernandes*.

The latter part of the month of August was spent in unloading the provisions from the *Anna pink*; and here we had the mortification to find that great quantities of our provisions, as bread, rice, groats, &c. were decayed, and unfit for use. This was owing to the water the pink had made by her working and straining, in bad weather; for hereby several of her casks had rotted, and her bags were soaked through. And now, as we had no farther occasion for her service, the commodore, pursuant to his orders from the board of Admiralty, sent notice to Mr. Gerard her master, that he discharged the *Anna pink* from the service of attending the squadron; and gave him, at the same time, a certificate, specifying how long she had been employed. In consequence of this dismissal, her master was at liberty, either to return directly to England, or to make the best of his way to any port, where he thought he could take in such a cargo as would answer the interest of his owners. But the master, being sensible of the bad condition of the ship and of her unfitness for any such voyage, wrote the next day an answer to the commodore's message, acquainting Mr. Anson that, from the great quantity of water the pink had made in her passage round Cape Horn, and since that, in the tempestuous weather he had met with on the coast of Chili, he had reason to apprehend that her bottom was very much decayed; and that besides, her upper-works were rotten abaft; that she was extremely leaky; that her fore-beam was broke; and that, in his opinion, it was impossible to proceed to sea with her, before she had been thoroughly refitted: he therefore requested the commodore, that the carpenters of the squadron might be directed to survey her, that their judgment of her condition might be known. In compliance with this desire, Mr. Anson immediately ordered the carpenters to take a careful and strict survey of the *Anna pink*, and to give him a faithful report under their hands of the condition in which they found her, directing them at the same time to proceed herein with such circumspection, that, if they should be hereafter called upon, they might be able to make oath of the veracity of their proceedings. Pursuant to these orders, the carpenters immediately set about

the examination, and the next day made their report; which was, that the pink had no less than fourteen knees and twelve beams broken and decayed; that one breast-hook was broken, and another rotten; that her water-ways were open and decayed; that two standards were broken, as also several clamps, besides others which were rotten; that all her iron-work was greatly decayed; that her spirkiting and timbers were very rotten; and that, having ripped off part of her sheathing, they found her wales and outside planks extremely defective, and her bows and decks very leaky; and in consequence of these defects and decays, they certified, that in their opinion she could not depart from the island without great hazard, unless she was first of all thoroughly refitted.

The thorough refitting of the *Anna pink*, proposed by the carpenters, was in our present situation impossible to be complied with, as all the plank and iron in the squadron was insufficient for that purpose. And now the master finding his own sentiments confirmed by the opinion of all the carpenters, he offered a petition to the commodore in behalf of his owners, desiring that, since it appeared he was incapable of leaving the island, Mr. Anson would please to purchase the hull and furniture of the pink for the use of the squadron. Hereupon the commodore ordered an inventory to be taken of every particular belonging to the pink, with its just value: and as by this inventory it appeared that there were many stores which would be useful in refitting the other ships, and which were at present very scarce in the squadron, by reason of the great quantities that had been already expended, he agreed with Mr. Gerard to purchase the whole together for three hundred pounds. The pink being thus broken up, Mr. Gerard, with the hands belonging to the pink, were sent on board the *Gloucester*; as that ship had buried the greatest number of men in proportion to her complement. But afterwards, one or two of them were received on board the *Centurion* on their own petition, they being extremely averse to sailing in the same ship with their old master, on account of some particular ill usage they conceived they had suffered from him.

This transaction brought us down to the beginning of September, and our people by this time were so far recovered of the scurvy, that there was little danger of burying any more at present; and therefore I shall now sum up the total of our loss since our departure from England, the better to convey some idea of our past sufferings, and of our present strength. We had buried on board the *Centurion*, since our leaving *St. Helens*, two hundred and ninety-two, and had now remaining on board two hundred and fourteen. This will doubtless appear a most extraordinary mortality: but yet on board the *Gloucester* it had been much greater; for out of a much smaller crew than ours they had buried the same number, and had only eighty-two remaining alive. It might be expected that on board the *Tryal*, the slaughter would have been the most terrible, as her decks were almost constantly knee-deep in water; but it happened otherwise, for she escaped more favourably than the rest, since she only buried forty-two, and had

now thirty-nine remaining alive. The havoc of this disease had fallen still severer on the invalids and marines than on the sailors; for on board the *Centurion*, out of fifty invalids and seventy-nine marines, there remained only four invalids, including officers, and eleven marines; and on board the *Gloucester* every invalid perished; and out of forty-eight marines, only two escaped. From this account it appears, that the three ships together departed from England with nine hundred and sixty-one men on board, of whom six hundred and twenty-six were dead before this time; so that the whole of our remaining crews, which were now to be distributed amongst three ships, amounted to no more than three hundred and thirty-five men and boys; a number greatly insufficient for the manning the *Centurion* alone, and barely capable of navigating all the three, with the utmost exertion of their strength and vigour. This prodigious reduction of our men was still the more terrifying, as we were hitherto uncertain of the fate of Pizarro's squadron, and had reason to suppose, that some part of it at least had got round into these seas: indeed, we were satisfied, from our own experience, that they must have suffered greatly in their passage; but then every port in the South Seas was open to them, and the whole power of Chili and Peru would doubtless be united in refreshing and refitting them, and recruiting the numbers they had lost. Besides, we had some obscure knowledge of a force to be refitted out from Callao; and, however contemptible the ships and sailors of this part of the world may have been generally esteemed, it was scarcely possible for any thing, bearing the name of a ship of force, to be feeble or less considerable than ourselves. And had there been nothing to be apprehended from the naval power of the Spaniards in this part of the world, yet our enfeebled condition would nevertheless give us the greatest uneasiness, as we were incapable of attempting any of their considerable places; for the risking of twenty men, weak as we then were, was risking the safety of the whole: so that we conceived we should be necessitated to content ourselves with what few prizes we could pick up at sea, before we were discovered; after which, we should in all probability be obliged to depart with precipitation, and esteem ourselves fortunate to regain our native country, leaving our enemies to triumph in the inconsiderable mischief they had received from a squadron, whose equipment had filled them with such dreadful apprehensions. This was a subject on which we had reason to imagine the Spanish ostentation would remarkably exert itself; though the causes of our disappointment and their security were neither to be sought for in their valour nor our misconduct.

Such were the desponding reflections which at that time arose on the review and comparison of our remaining strength with our original numbers: indeed our fears were far from being groundless, or disproportioned to our feeble and almost desperate situation. It is true, the final event proved more honourable than we had foreboded; but the intermediate calamities did likewise greatly surpass our most gloomy apprehensions, and could they have been predicted to us at this island of Juan Fernandes, they would doubtless

have appeared insurmountable. But to return from this digression.

In the beginning of September, as has been already mentioned, our men were tolerably well recovered; and now, the time of navigation in this climate drawing near, we exerted ourselves in getting our ships in readiness for the sea. We converted the fore-mast of the victualler into a main-mast for the *Tryal* sloop; and still flattering ourselves with the possibility of the arrival of some other ships of our squadron, we intended to leave the main-mast of the victualler, to make a mizen-mast for the *Wager*. Thus all hands being employed in forwarding our departure, we, on the 8th, about eleven in the morning, espied a sail to the N.E., which continued to approach us, till her courses appeared even with the horizon. In this interval we all had hopes she might prove one of our own squadron; but at length finding she steered away to the eastward, without hauling in for the island, we concluded she must be a Spaniard. And now great disputes were set on foot about the possibility of her having discovered our tents on shore, some of us strongly insisting, that she had doubtless been near enough to have perceived something that had given her a jealousy of an enemy, which had occasioned her standing to the eastward without hauling in; but leaving these contests to be settled afterwards, it was resolved to pursue her, and, the *Centurion* being in the greatest forwardness, we immediately got all our hands on board, set up our rigging, bent our sails, and by five in the afternoon got under sail. We had at this time very little wind, so that all the boats were employed to tow us out of the bay; and even what wind there was lasted only long enough to give us an offing of two or three leagues, when it flattened to a calm. The night coming on we lost sight of the chase, and were extremely impatient for the return of day-light, in hopes to find that she had been becalmed as well as we; though I must confess, that her greater distance from the land was a reasonable ground for suspecting the contrary, as we indeed found in the morning, to our great mortification; for though the weather continued perfectly clear, we had no sight of the ship from the mast-head. But as we were now satisfied that it was an enemy, and the first we had seen in these seas, we resolved not to give over the search lightly; and, a small breeze springing up from the W.N.W., we got up our top-gallant masts and yards, set all the sails, and steered to the S.E., in hopes of retrieving our chase, which we imagined to be bound to Valparaiso. We continued on this course all that day and the next, and then not getting sight of our chase we gave over the pursuit, conceiving that by that time she must in all probability have reached her port. And now we prepared to return to Juan Fernandes, and hauled up to the S.W. with that view, having but very little wind till the 12th, when, at three in the morning, there sprang up a fresh gale from the W.S.W., and we tacked and stood to the N.W.: and at day-break we were agreeably surprised with the sight of a sail on our weather-bow, between four and five leagues distant. On this we crowded all the sail we could, and stood after her, and soon perceived it not to be the same ship we originally gave chase to. She at first bore down upon us, showing Spanish colours, and making a signal, as to her consort; but observ-

ing that we did not answer her signal, she instantly luffed close to the wind, and stood to the southward. Our people were now all in spirits, and put the ship about with great alacrity; and as the chase appeared to be a large ship, and had mistaken us for her consort, we conceived that she was a man of war, and probably one of Pizarro's squadron: this induced the commodore to order all the officers' cabins to be knocked down and thrown overboard, with several casks of water and provisions which stood between the guns; so that we had soon a clear ship ready for an engagement. About nine o'clock we had thick hazy weather and a shower of rain, during which we lost sight of the chase; and we were apprehensive, if the weather should continue, that by going upon the other tack, or by some other artifice, she might escape us; but it clearing up in less than an hour, we found that we had both weathered and fore-reached upon her considerably; and now we were near enough to discover that she was only a merchantman, without so much as a single tier of guns. About half an hour after twelve, being then within a reasonable distance of her, we fired four shot amongst her rigging; on which they lowered their top-sails and bore down to us, but in very great confusion, their top-gallant sails and stay-sails all fluttering in the wind: this was owing to their having let run their sheets and halyards just as we fired at them; after which, not a man amongst them had courage enough to venture aloft (for there the shot had passed but just before) to take them in. As soon as the vessel came within hail of us, the commodore ordered them to bring-to under his lee quarter, and then hoisted out the boat, and sent Mr. Saumarez, his first lieutenant, to take possession of the prize, with directions to send all the prisoners on board the *Centurion*, but first the officers and passengers. When Mr. Saumarez came on board them, they received him at the side with the strongest tokens of the most abject submission; for they were all of them (especially the passengers, who were twenty-five in number) extremely terrified, and under the greatest apprehensions of meeting with very severe and cruel usage; but the lieutenant endeavoured, with great courtesy, to dissipate their fright, assuring them that their fears were altogether groundless, and that they would find a generous enemy in the commodore, who was not less remarkable for his lenity and humanity, than for his resolution and courage. The prisoners, who were first sent on board the *Centurion*, informed us, that our prize was called *Nuestra Senora del Monte Carmelo*, and was commanded by Don Manuel Zamorra. Her cargo consisted chiefly of sugar, and great quantities of blue cloth made in the province of Quito, somewhat resembling our English coarse broad cloths, but inferior to them. They had besides several bales of a coarser sort of cloth, of different colours, somewhat like Colchester bays, called by them *pannia da tierra*, with a few bales of cotton and tobacco; which, though strong, was not ill flavoured. These were the principal goods on board her; but we found, besides, what was to us much more valuable than the rest of the cargo: this was some trunks of wrought plate, and twenty-three seroons of dollars, each weighing upwards of 200lbs. avoirdupois. The ship's burthen was about four hundred and fifty tons; she had fifty-three

sailors on board, both whites and blacks; she came from Callao, and had been twenty-seven days at sea, before she fell into our hands. She was bound to the port of Valparaiso in the kingdom of Chili, and proposed to have returned from thence loaded with corn and Chili wine, some gold, dried beef, and small cordage, which at Callao they convert into larger rope. Our prize had been built upwards of thirty years; yet as they lie in harbour all the winter months, and the climate is favourable, they esteemed it no very great age. Her rigging was very indifferent, as were likewise her sails, which were made of cotton. She had only three four-pounders, which were altogether unserviceable, their carriages being scarcely able to support them; and there were no small arms on board, except a few pistols, belonging to the passengers. The prisoners informed us that they left Callao in company with two other ships, whom they had parted with some days before, and that at first they conceived us to be one of their company; and by the description we gave them of the ship we had chased from Juan Fernandes, they assured us, she was of their number, but that the coming in sight of that island was directly repugnant to the merchants' instructions, who had expressly forbid it, as knowing that if any English squadron was in those seas, the island of Fernandes was most probably the place of their rendezvous.

And now, after this short account of the ship and her cargo, it is necessary that I should relate the important intelligence which we met with on board her, partly from the information of the prisoners, and partly from the letters and papers which fell into our hands. We here first learnt with certainty the force and destination of that squadron, which cruised off the Madeiras at our arrival there, and afterwards chased the Pearl in our passage to port St. Julian. This we now knew was a squadron composed of five large Spanish ships, commanded by Admiral Pizarro, and purposely fitted out to traverse our designs; as hath been already more amply related in the 3rd chapter of the 1st book. And we had, at the same time, the satisfaction to find, that Pizarro, after his utmost endeavours to gain his passage into these seas, had been forced back again into the river of Plate, with the loss of two of his largest ships: and besides this disappointment of Pizarro, which considering our great debility, was no unacceptable intelligence, we farther learnt that an embargo had been laid upon all shipping in these seas, by the viceroy of Peru, in the month of May preceding, on a supposition that about that time we might arrive upon the coast. But on the account sent over-land by Pizarro of his own distresses, part of which they knew we must have encountered, as we were at sea during the same time, and on their having no news of us in eight months after we were known to set sail from St. Catherine's, they were fully persuaded that we were either shipwrecked, or had perished at sea, or at least had been obliged to put back again; for it was conceived impossible for any ships to continue at sea during so long an interval: and therefore, on the application of the merchants, and the firm persuasion of our having miscarried, the embargo had been lately taken off.

This last article made us flatter ourselves, that,

as the enemy was still a stranger to our having got round Cape Horn, and the navigation of these seas was restored, we might meet with some considerable captures, and might thereby indemnify ourselves for the incapacity we were now under of attempting any of their considerable settlements on shore. And thus much we were certain of, from the information of our prisoners, that, whatever our success might be as to the prizes we might light on, we had nothing to fear, weak as we were, from the Spanish force in this part of the world; though we discovered that we had been in most imminent peril from the enemy, when we least apprehended it, and when our other distresses were at the greatest height; for we learnt, from the letters on board, that Pizarro, in the express he despatched to the viceroy of Peru, after his return to the river of Plate, had intimated to him, that it was possible some part, at least, of the English squadron might get round: but that, as he was certain from his own experience, that if they did arrive in those seas, it must be in a very weak and defenceless condition, he advised the viceroy, in order to be secure at all events, to fit out what ships of force he had, and send them to the southward, where, in all probability, they would intercept us singly, and before we had an opportunity of touching anywhere for refreshment; in which case, he doubted not but we should prove an easy conquest. The viceroy of Peru approved of this advice, and immediately fitted out four ships of force from Callao; one of fifty guns, two of forty guns, and one of twenty-four guns: three of them were stationed off the port of Concepcion, and one of them at the island of Fernandes; and in these stations they continued cruising for us till the 6th of June, when not seeing anything of us, and conceiving it to be impossible that we could have kept the seas so long, they quitted their cruise and returned to Callao, fully satisfied that we had either perished, or at least had been driven back. As the time of their quitting their station was but a few days before our arrival at the island of Fernandes, it is evident, that had we made that island on our first search for it, without hauling in for the main to secure our easting, (a circumstance which at that time we considered as very unfortunate to us, on account of the numbers which we lost by our longer continuance at sea) had we, I say, made the island on the 28th of May, when we first expected to see it, and were in reality very near it, we had doubtless fallen in with some part of the Spanish squadron; and in the distressed condition we were then in, the meeting with a healthy well-provided enemy was an incident that could not but have been perplexing, and might perhaps have proved fatal, not only to us, but to the Tryal, the Gloucester, and the Anna pink, who separately joined us, and who were each of them less capable than we were of making any considerable resistance. I shall only add, that these Spanish ships, sent out to intercept us, had been greatly shattered by a storm during their cruise; and that, after their arrival at Callao, they had been laid up. And our prisoners assured us, that whenever intelligence was received at Lima of our being in these seas, it would be at least two months before this armament could be again fitted out.

The whole of this intelligence was as favourable as we in our reduced circumstances could wish for.

And now we were fully satisfied as to the broken jars, ashes, and fish-bones, which we had observed at our first landing at Juan Fernandes, these things being doubtless the relics of the cruisers stationed off that port. Having thus satisfied ourselves in the material articles, and having gotten on board the Centurion most of the prisoners, and all the silver, we, at eight in the same evening, made sail to the northward, in company with our prize, and at six the next morning discovered the island of Fernandes, where, the next day, both we and our prize came to an anchor.

And here I cannot omit one remarkable incident which occurred, when the prize and her crew came into the bay, where the rest of the squadron lay. The Spaniards in the Carmelo had been sufficiently informed of the distresses we had gone through, and were greatly surprised that we had ever surmounted them: but when they saw the Tryal sloop at anchor, they were still more astonished, that after all our fatigues, we had the industry (besides refitting our other ships) to complete such a vessel in so short a time, they taking it for granted that she had been built upon the spot. And it was with great difficulty they were prevailed on to believe that she came from England with the rest of the squadron; they at first insisting, that it was impossible such a bauble as that could pass round Cape Horn, when the best ships of Spain were obliged to put back.

By the time we arrived at Juan Fernandes, the letters found on board our prize were more minutely examined: and, it appearing from them, and from the accounts of our prisoners, that several other merchantmen were bound from Callao to Valparaiso, Mr. Anson despatched the Tryal sloop the very next morning to cruise off the last-mentioned port, reinforcing him with ten hands from on board his own ship. Mr. Anson likewise resolved, on the intelligence recited above, to separate the ships under his command, and employ them in distinct cruises, as he thought that by this means we should not only increase our chance for prizes, but that we should likewise run a less risk of alarming the coast, and of being discovered. And now the spirits of our people being greatly raised, and their despondency dissipated by this earnest of success, they forgot all their past distresses, and resumed their wonted alacrity, and laboured indefatigably in completing our water, receiving our lumber, and in preparing to take our farewell of the island: but as these occupations took us up four or five days with all our industry, the commodore, in that interval, directed that the guns belonging to the Anna pink, being four six-pounders, four four-pounders, and two swivels, should be mounted on board the Carmelo, our prize: and having sent on board the Gloucester six passengers, and twenty-three seamen to assist in navigating the ship, he directed Captain Mitchel to leave the island as soon as possible, the service requiring the utmost despatch, ordering him to proceed to the latitude of five degrees South, and there to cruise off the highland of Païta, at such a distance from shore as should prevent his being discovered. On this station he was to continue till he should be joined by the commodore, which would be whenever it should be known that the viceroy had fitted out the ships at Callao, or on Mr. Anson's receiving any other intelligence, that

should make it necessary to unite our strength. These orders being delivered to the captain of the Gloucester, and all our business completed, we, on the Saturday following, being the 19th of September, weighed our anchor, in company with our prize, and got out of the bay, taking our last leave of the island of Juan Fernandes, and steering to the eastward, with an intention of joining the Tryal sloop in her station off Valparaiso.

CHAPTER V.

Our cruise, from the time of our leaving Juan Fernandes, to the taking the town of Païta.

ALTHOUGH the Centurion, with her prize, the Carmelo, weighed from the bay of Juan Fernandes on the 19th of September, leaving the Gloucester at anchor behind her; yet, by the irregularity and fluctuation of the winds in the offing, it was the 22nd of the same month, in the evening, before we lost sight of the island: after which, we continued our course to the eastward, in order to reach our station, and to join the Tryal off Valparaiso. The next night, the weather proved squally, and we split our maintop-sail, which we handed for the present, but got it repaired, and set it again the next morning. And now, on the 24th, a little before sunset, we saw two sail to the eastward; on which, our prize stood directly from us, to avoid giving any suspicion of our being cruisers; whilst we, in the mean time, made ourselves ready for an engagement, and steered towards the two ships we had discovered with all our canvas. We soon perceived that one of these, which had the appearance of being a very stout ship, made directly for us, whilst the other kept at a very great distance. By seven o'clock we were within pistol-shot of the nearest, and had a broadside ready to pour into her, the gunners having their matches in their hands, and only waiting for orders to fire; but as we knew it was now impossible for her to escape us, Mr. Anson, before he permitted them to fire, ordered the master to hail the ship in Spanish; on which the commanding officer on board her, who proved to be Mr. Hughs, lieutenant of the Tryal, answered us in English, and informed us, that she was a prize taken by the Tryal a few days before, and that the other sail at a distance was the Tryal herself, disabled in her masts. We were soon after joined by the Tryal; and Captain Saunders, her commander, came on board the Centurion. He informed the commodore, that he had taken this ship the 18th instant; that she was a prime sailer, and had cost him thirty-six hours' chase, before he could come up with her; that for some time he gained so little upon her, that he began to despair of taking her; and the Spaniards, though alarmed at first with seeing nothing but a cloud of sail in pursuit of them, the Tryal's hull being so low in the water that no part of it appeared, yet knowing the goodness of their ship, and finding how little the Tryal neared them, they at length laid aside their fears, and, recommending themselves to the blessed Virgin for protection, began to think themselves secure. And indeed their success was very near doing honour to their Ave Marias; for, altering their course in the night, and shutting up their windows to prevent any of

their lights from being seen, they had some chance of escaping ; but a small crevice in one of the shutters rendered all their invocations ineffectual ; for through this crevice the people on board the *Tryal* perceived a light, which they chased, till they arrived within gun-shot ; and then Captain Saunders alarmed them unexpectedly with a broadside, when they flattered themselves they were got out of his reach ; however, for some time after they still kept the same sail abroad, and it was not observed that this first salute had made any impression on them ; but, just as the *Tryal* was preparing to repeat her broadside, the Spaniards crept from their holes, lowered their sails, and submitted without any opposition. She was one of the largest merchantmen employed in those seas, being about six hundred tons burthen, and was called the *Arranzazu*. She was bound from Callao to Valparaiso, and had much the same cargo with the *Carmelo* we had taken before, except that her silver amounted only to about 5000*l.* sterling.

But to balance this success, we had the misfortune to find that the *Tryal* had sprung her main-mast, and that her maintop-mast had come by the board ; and as we were all of us standing to the eastward the next morning, with a fresh gale at South, she had the additional ill-luck to spring her fore-mast : so that now she had not a mast left, on which she could carry sail. These unhappy incidents were still aggravated by the impossibility we were just then under of assisting her ; for the wind blew so hard, and raised such a hollow sea, that we could not venture to hoist out our boat, and consequently could have no communication with her ; so that we were obliged to lie-to for the greatest part of forty-eight hours to attend her, as we could have no thought of leaving her to herself in her present unhappy situation : and as an accumulation to our misfortunes, we were all the while driving to the leeward of our station, at the very time when, by our intelligence, we had reason to expect several of the enemy's ships would appear upon the coast, who would now gain the port of Valparaiso without obstruction. And I am verily persuaded, that the embarrassment we received from the dismasting of the *Tryal*, and our absence from our intended station occasioned thereby, deprived us of some very considerable captures.

The weather proving somewhat more moderate on the 27th, we sent our boat for the captain of the *Tryal*, who, when he came on board us, produced an instrument, signed by himself and all his officers, representing that the sloop, besides being dismasted, was so very leaky in her hull, that even in moderate weather it was necessary to keep the pumps constantly at work, and that they were then scarcely sufficient to keep her free ; so that in the late gale, though they had all been engaged at the pumps by turns, yet the water had increased upon them ; and, upon the whole, they apprehended her to be at present so very defective, that if they met with much bad weather, they must all inevitably perish ; and therefore they petitioned the commodore to take some measures for their future safety. But the refitting of the *Tryal*, and the repairing of her defects, was an undertaking that in the present conjuncture greatly exceeded his power ; for we had no masts to spare her, we had no stores to

complete her rigging, nor had we any port where she might be hove down, and her bottom examined : besides had a port and proper requisites for this purpose been in our possession, yet it would have been extreme imprudence, in so critical a conjuncture, to have loitered away so much time as would have been necessary for these operations. The commodore therefore had no choice left him, but that of taking out her people, and destroying her : but, at the same time, as he conceived it necessary for his Majesty's service to keep up the appearance of our force, he appointed the *Tryal*'s prize (which had been often employed by the viceroy of Peru as a man of war) to be a frigate in his Majesty's service, manning her with the *Tryal*'s crew, and giving new commissions to the captain and all the inferior officers accordingly. This new frigate, when in the Spanish service, had mounted thirty-two guns ; but she was now to have only twenty, which were the twelve that were on board the *Tryal*, and eight that had belonged to the *Anna* pink. When this affair was thus far regulated, Mr. Anson gave orders to Captain Saunders to put it in execution, directing him to take out of the sloop the arms, stores, ammunition, and every thing that could be of any use to the other ships, and then to scuttle her and sink her. And after Captain Saunders had seen her destroyed, he was to proceed with his new frigate (to be called the *Tryal*'s prize) and to cruise off the highland of Valparaiso, keeping it from him N.N.W., at the distance of twelve or fourteen leagues : for as all ships bound from Valparaiso to the northward steer that course, Mr. Anson proposed by this means to stop any intelligence, that might be despatched to Callao, of two of their ships being missing, which might give them apprehensions of the English squadron being in their neighbourhood. The *Tryal*'s prize was to continue on this station twenty-four days, and, if not joined by the commodore at the expiration of that term, she was then to proceed down the coast to Pisco or Nasca, where she would be certain to meet with Mr. Anson. The commodore likewise ordered lieutenant Saumarez, who commanded the *Centurion*'s prize, to keep company with Captain Saunders, both to assist him in unloading the sloop, and also that, by spreading in their cruise, there might be less danger of any of the enemy's ships slipping by unobserved. These orders being despatched, the *Centurion* parted from them at eleven in the evening, on the 27th of September, directing her course to the southward, with a view of cruising for some days to the windward of Valparaiso.

And now by this disposition of our ships we flattered ourselves, that we had taken all the advantages of the enemy that we possibly could with our small force, since our disposition was doubtless the most prudent that could be projected. For, as we might suppose the Gloucester by this time to be drawing near her station off the highland of Paita, we were enabled, by our separate stations, to intercept all vessels employed either betwixt Peru and Chili to the southward, or betwixt Panama and Peru to the northward : since the principal trade from Peru to Chili being carried on to the port of Valparaiso, the *Centurion* cruising to the windward of Valparaiso, would, in all probability, meet with them, as it is the constant practice of those ships to fall in with the

coast, to the windward of that port : and the Gloucester would, in like manner, be in the way of the trade bound from Panama or the northward, to any part of Peru ; since the highland off which she was stationed is constantly made by all ships in that voyage. And whilst the Centurion and Gloucester were thus situated for interrupting the enemy's trade, the *Trial's* prize and Centurion's prize were as conveniently stationed for preventing all intelligence, by intercepting all ships bound from Valparaiso to the northward ; for it was on board these vessels that it was to be feared some account of us might possibly be sent to Peru.

But the most prudent dispositions carry with them only a probability of success, and can never insure its certainty : since those chances, which it was reasonable to overlook in deliberations, are sometimes of most powerful influence in execution. Thus in the present case, the distress of the *Trial*, and the quitting our station to assist her (events which no degree of prudence could either foresee or obviate) gave an opportunity to all the ships, bound to Valparaiso, to reach that port without molestation, during this unlucky interval. So that though, after leaving Captain Saunders, we were very expeditious in regaining our station, where we got the 29th at noon, yet in plying on and off till the 6th of October, we had not the good fortune to discover a sail of any sort : and then, having lost all hopes of making any advantage by a longer stay, we made sail to the leeward of the port, in order to join our prizes ; but when we arrived on the station appointed for them, we did not meet with them, though we continued there four or five days. We supposed that some chase had occasioned their leaving their station, and therefore we proceeded down the coast to the highland of Nasca, where Captain Saunders was directed to join us. Here we arrived on the 21st, and were in great expectation of meeting with some of the enemy's ships on the coast, as both the accounts of former voyages, and the information of our prisoners assured us, that all ships bound to Callao constantly make this land to prevent the danger of running to the leeward of the port. But notwithstanding the advantages of this station, we saw no sail till the 2nd of November, when two ships appeared in sight together ; we immediately gave them chase, but soon perceived that they were the *Trial's* and Centurion's prizes : as they had the wind of us, we brought to and waited their coming up ; when Captain Saunders came on board us, and acquainted the commodore, that he had cleared the *Trial* pursuant to his orders, and having scuttled her, he remained by her till she sunk, but that it was the 4th of October before this was effected ; for there ran so large and hollow a sea, that the sloop, having neither masts nor sails to steady her, rolled and pitched so violently, that it was impossible for a boat to lay along-side of her, for the greatest part of the time : and during this attendance on the sloop, they were all driven so far to the north-west, that they were afterwards obliged to stretch a long way to the westward to regain the ground they had lost ; which was the reason that we had not met with them on their station as we expected. We found they had not been more fortunate in their cruise than we were, for they had seen no vessel since they separated from us. The little success we all had, and our certainty, that had any

ships been stirring in these seas for some time past we must have met with them, made us believe, that the enemy at Valparaiso, on the missing of the two ships we had taken, had suspected us to be in the neighbourhood, and had consequently laid an embargo on all the trade in the southern parts. We likewise apprehended, that they might by this time be fitting out the men of war at Callao ; for we knew that it was no uncommon thing for an express from Valparaiso to reach Lima in twenty-nine or thirty days, and it was now more than fifty since we had taken our first prize. These apprehensions of an embargo along the coast, and of the equipment of the Spanish squadron at Callao, determined the commodore to hasten down to the leeward of Callao, and to join Captain Mitchel (who was stationed off Paíta) as soon as possible, that our strength being united, we might be prepared to give the ships from Callao a warm reception, if they dared to put to sea. With this view we bore away the same afternoon, taking particular care to keep at such a distance from the shore, that there might be no danger of our being discovered from thence ; for we knew that all the country ships were commanded, under the severest penalty, not to sail by the port of Callao without stopping ; and as this order was constantly complied with, we should undoubtedly be known for enemies, if we were seen to act contrary to it. In this new navigation, not being certain whether we might not meet the Spanish squadron in our route, the commodore took on board the Centurion part of his crew, with which he had formerly manned the Carmelo. And now standing to the northward, we, before night came on, had a view of the small island called St. Gallan, which bore from us N.N.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E., about seven leagues distant. This island lies in the latitude of about fourteen degrees South, and about five miles to the northward of a highland, called Morro Veijo, or the old man's head. I mention this island, and the highland near it, more particularly, because between them is the most eligible station on that coast for cruising upon the enemy ; as all ships bound to Callao, whether from the northward or the southward, run well in with the land in this part. By the 5th of November, at three in the afternoon, we were advanced within view of the highland of Barranca, lying in the latitude of $10^{\circ} 36'$ South, bearing from us N.E. by E., distant eight or nine leagues ; and an hour and a half afterwards we had the satisfaction, we had so long wished for, of seeing a sail. She first appeared to leeward, and we all immediately gave her chase ; but the Centurion so much outailed the two prizes, that we soon ran them out of sight, and gained considerably on the chase : however, night coming on before we came up with her, we, about seven o'clock, lost sight of her, and were in some perplexity what course to steer ; but at last Mr. Anson resolved, as we were then before the wind, to keep all his sails set, and not to change his course : for though we had no doubt but the chase would alter her course in the night ; yet, as it was uncertain what tack she would go upon, it was thought more prudent to keep on our course, as we must by this means unavoidably near her, than to change it on conjecture ; when, if we should mistake, we must infallibly lose her. Thus then we continued the chase about an hour

and a half in the dark, some one or other on board us constantly imagining they discerned her sails right a-head of us ; but at last Mr. Brett, then our second lieutenant, did really discover her about four points on the larboard-bow, steering off to the seaward : we immediately clapped the helm a-weather, and stood for her ; and in less than an hour came up with her, and having fired fourteen shot at her, she struck. Our third lieutenant, Mr. Dennis, was sent in the boat with sixteen men, to take possession of the prize, and to return the prisoners to our ship. This ship was named the *Santa Teresa de Jesus*, built at Guayaquil, of about three hundred tons burthen, and was commanded by Bartolome Urrunaga, a Biscayer : she was bound from Guayaquil to Callao ; her loading consisted of timber, cocoa, coconuts, tobacco, hides, Pito thread (which is very strong, and is made of a species of grass) Quito cloth, wax, &c. The specie on board her was inconsiderable, being principally small silver money, and not amounting to more than 170*l.* sterling. It is true, her cargo was of great value, could we have disposed of it ; but, the Spaniards having strict orders never to ransom their ships, all the goods that we took in these seas, except what little we had occasion for ourselves, were of no advantage to us. Indeed, though we could make no profit thereby ourselves, it was some satisfaction to us to consider, that it was so much really lost to the enemy, and that the despoiling them was no contemptible branch of that service, in which we were now employed by our country.

Besides our prize's crew, which amounted to forty-five hands, there were on board her ten passengers, consisting of four men and three women, who were natives of the country, born of Spanish parents, and three black female slaves that attended them. The women were a mother and her two daughters, the eldest about twenty-one, and the youngest about fourteen. It is not to be wondered at, that women of these years should be excessively alarmed at the falling into the hands of an enemy whom, from the former outrages of the buccaneers, and by the artful insinuations of their priests, they had been taught to consider as the most terrible and brutal of all mankind. These apprehensions, too, were in the present instance exaggerated by the singular beauty of the youngest of the women, and the riotous disposition which they might well expect to find in a set of sailors, that had not seen a woman for near a twelvemonth. Full of these terrors, the women all hid themselves when our officer went on board, and when they were found out, it was with great difficulty that he could persuade them to approach the light : however, he soon satisfied them, by the humanity of his conduct and his assurances of their future security and honourable treatment, that they had nothing to fear. And the commodore being informed of the matter, sent directions that they should be continued on board their own ship, with the use of the same apartments, and with all the other conveniences they had enjoyed before, giving strict orders that they should receive no kind of iniquity or molestation whatever : and that they might be the more certain of having these orders complied with, or of complaining if they were not,

the commodore permitted the pilot, who in Spanish ships is generally the second person on board, to stay with them, as their guardian and protector. He was particularly chosen for this purpose by Mr. Anson, as he seemed to be extremely interested in all that concerned the women, and had at first declared that he was married to the youngest of them ; though it afterwards appeared, both from the information of the rest of the prisoners, and other circumstances, that he had asserted this with a view the better to secure them from the insults they expected on their first falling into our hands. By this compassionate and indulgent behaviour of the commodore, the consternation of our female prisoners entirely subsided, and they continued easy and cheerful during the whole time they were with us, as I shall have occasion to mention more particularly hereafter.

I have before observed, that at the beginning of this chase, the Centurion ran her two consorts out of sight, for which reason we lay by all the night, after we had taken the prize, for Captain Saunders and Lieutenant Saumarez to join us, firing guns, and making false fires every half-hour, to prevent their passing us unobserved ; but they were so far a-stern, that they neither heard nor saw any of our signals, and were not able to come up with us till broad day-light. When they had joined us we proceeded together to the northward, being now four sail in company. We here found the sea, for many miles round us, of a beautiful red colour : This, upon examination, we imputed to an immense quantity of spawn spread upon its surface ; and taking up some of the water in a wine-glass, it soon changed from a dirty aspect to a clear crystal, with only some red globules of a slimy nature floating on the top. And now having a supply of timber on board our new prize, the commodore ordered our boats to be repaired, and a swivel gun-stock to be fixed in the bow both of the barge and pinnace, in order to increase their force, in case we should be obliged to have recourse to them for boarding ships, or for any attempts on shore.

As we stood from hence to the northward, nothing remarkable occurred for two or three days, though we spread our ships in such a manner, that it was not probable any vessel of the enemy could escape us. In our run along this coast we generally observed, that there was a current which set us to the northward, at the rate of ten or twelve miles each day. And now being in about eight degrees of South latitude, we began to be attended with vast numbers of flying fish and bonitos, which were the first we saw after our departure from the coast of Brazil. But it is remarkable that on the east side of South America they extended to a much higher latitude than they do on the west side ; for we did not lose them on the coast of Brazil till we approached the southern tropic. The reason for this diversity is doubtless the different degrees of heat obtaining in the same latitude on different sides of that continent. And on this occasion I must beg leave to make a short digression on the heat and cold of different climates, and on the varieties which occur in the same place in different parts of the year, and in different places lying in the same degree of latitude.

The ancients, as appears in many places, conceived that of the five zones, into which they

divided the surface of the globe, two only were habitable, supposing that all between the tropics was too hot, and all within the polar circle too cold, to be supported by mankind. The falsehood of this reasoning has been long evinced; but the particular comparisons of the heat and cold of these various climates, has as yet been very imperfectly considered. However, enough is known safely to determine this position, that all places between the tropics are far from being the hottest on the globe, as many of those within the polar circles are far from enduring that extreme degree of cold, to which their situation should seem to subject them: that is to say, in other words, that the temperature of a place depends much more upon other circumstances, than upon its distance from the pole, or its proximity to the equinoctial.

This proposition relates to the general temperature of places, taking the whole year round; and in this sense it cannot be denied but that the city of London, for instance, enjoys much warmer seasons than the bottom of Hudson's Bay, which is nearly in the same latitude with it; for there the severity of the winter is so great, that it will scarcely permit the hardiest of our garden plants to live. And if the comparison be made between the coast of Brazil and the western shore of South America, as, for example, betwixt Bahia and Lima, the difference will be still more remarkable; for though the coast of Brazil is extremely sultry, yet the coast of the South Seas in the same latitude is perhaps as temperate and tolerable as any part of the globe; since in ranging along it we did not once meet with so warm weather as is frequent in a summer's day in England: and this was the more remarkable, as there never fell any rains to refresh and cool the air.

The causes of this temperature in the South Seas are not difficult to be assigned, and shall be hereafter mentioned. I am now only solicitous to establish the truth of this assertion, that the latitude of a place alone is no rule whereby to judge of the degree of heat and cold which obtains there. Perhaps this position might be more briefly confirmed by observing, that on the tops of the Andes, though under the equinoctial, the snow never melts the whole year round; a criterion of cold, stronger than what is known to take place in many parts far removed within the polar circle.

I have hitherto considered the temperature of the air all the year through, and the gross estimations of heat and cold which every one makes from his own sensation. If this matter be examined by means of thermometers, which in respect to the absolute degree of heat and cold are doubtless the most unerring evidences; if this be done, the result will be indeed most wonderful; for it will appear that the heat in very high latitudes, as at Petersburg for instance, is at particular times much greater than any that has been hitherto observed between the tropics; and that even at London, in the year 1746, there was the part of one day considerably hotter than what was at any time felt by a ship of Mr. Anson's squadron, in running from hence to Cape Horn and back again, and passing twice under the sun; for in the summer of that year, the thermometer in London (being one of those graduated according to the method of Fahrenheit) stood once at 78°; and the

greatest height at which a thermometer of the same kind stood in the foregoing ship, I find to be 76°: this was at St. Catherine's, in the latter end of December, when the sun was within about three degrees of the vertex. And as to Petersburg, I find, by the acts of the Academy established there, that in the year 1734, on the 20th and 25th of July, the thermometer rose to 98° in the shade, that is, it was twenty-two divisions higher than it was found to be at St. Catherine's; which is a degree of heat that, were it not authorised by the regularity and circumspection with which the observations seem to have been made, would appear altogether incredible.

If it should be asked, how it comes to pass then, that the heat in many places between the tropics is esteemed so violent and insufferable, when it appears, by these instances, that it is sometimes rivalled or exceeded in very high latitudes not far from the polar circle? I should answer, that the estimation of heat, in any particular place, ought not to be founded upon that degree of heat which may now and then obtain there, but is rather to be deduced from the medium observed in a whole season, or perhaps in a whole year: and in this light it will easily appear, how much more intense the same degree of heat may prove, by being long continued without remarkable variation. For instance, in comparing together St. Catherine's and Petersburg, we will suppose the summer heat at St. Catherine's to be 76°, and the winter heat to be twenty divisions short of it: I do not make use of this last conjecture upon sufficient observation; but I am apt to suspect that the allowance is full large. Upon this supposition then, the medium heat all the year round will be 66°, and this perhaps by night as well as day, with no great variation: now those who have attended to thermometers will readily own that a continuation of this degree of heat for a length of time would by the generality of mankind be styled violent and suffocating. But now at Petersburg, though a few times in the year the heat, by the thermometer, may be considerably greater than at St. Catherine's, yet, as at other times the cold is immensely sharper, the medium for a year, or even for one season only, would be far short of 66°. For I find that the variation of the thermometer at Petersburg is at least five times greater, from its highest to its lowest point, than what I have supposed to take place at St. Catherine's.

But besides this estimation of the heat of a place, by taking the medium for a considerable time together, there is another circumstance which will still augment the apparent heat of the warmer climates, and diminish that of the colder, though I do not remember to have seen it remarked in any author. To explain myself more distinctly upon this head, I must observe, that the measure of absolute heat, marked by the thermometer, is not the certain criterion of the sensation of heat, with which human bodies are affected: for as the presence and perpetual succession of fresh air is necessary to our respiration, so there is a species of tainted or stagnated air, which is often produced by the continuance of great heats, which never fails to excite in us an idea of sultriness and suffocating warmth, much beyond what the mere heat of the air alone, supposing it pure and agi-

tated, would occasion. Hence it follows, that the mere inspection of the thermometer will never determine the heat which the human body feels from this cause; and hence it follows too, that the heat in most places between the tropics must be much more troublesome and uneasy, than the same degree of absolute heat in a high latitude: for the equability and duration of the tropical heat contribute to impregnate the air with a multitude of steams and vapours from the soil and water, and these being, many of them, of an impure and noxious kind, and being not easily removed, by reason of the regularity of the winds in those parts, which only shift the exhalations from place to place, without dispersing them, the atmosphere is by this means rendered less proper for respiration, and mankind are consequently affected with what they style a most intense and stifling heat: whereas in the higher latitudes these vapours are probably raised in smaller quantities, and the irregularity and violence of the winds frequently disperse them; so that, the air being in general pure and less stagnant, the same degree of absolute heat is not attended with that uneasy and suffocating sensation. This may suffice in general with respect to the present speculation; but I cannot help wishing, as it is a subject in which mankind, especially travellers of all sorts, are very much interested, that it were more thoroughly and accurately examined, and that all ships bound to the warmer climates would furnish themselves with thermometers of a known fabric, and would observe them daily, and register their observations; for considering the turn to philosophical subjects, which has obtained in Europe for the last fourscore years, it is incredible how very rarely anything of this kind has been attended to. For my own part, I do not recollect that I have ever seen any observations of the heat and cold, either in the East or West Indies, which were made by mariners or officers of vessels, except those made by Mr. Anson's order, on board the *Centurion*, and by Captain Legge on board the *Severn*, which was another ship of our squadron.

This digression I have been in some measure drawn into by the consideration of the fine weather we met with on the coast of Peru, even under the equinoctial itself, but the particularities of this weather I have not yet described: I shall now therefore add, that in this climate every circumstance concurred that could render the open air and the daylight desirable. For in other countries the scorching heat of the sun in summer renders the greater part of the day unapt either for labour or amusement; and the frequent rains are not less troublesome in the more temperate parts of the year. But in this happy climate the sun rarely appears: not that the heavens have at any time a dark and gloomy look; but there is constantly a cheerful grey sky, just sufficient to screen the sun, and to mitigate the violence of its perpendicular rays, without obscuring the air, or tinging the daylight with an unpleasant or melancholy hue. By this means all parts of the day are proper for labour or exercise abroad, nor is there wanting that refreshment and pleasing refrigeration of the air, which is sometimes produced in other climates by rains; for here the same effect is brought about by the fresh breezes from

the cooler regions to the southward. It is reasonable to suppose that this fortunate complexion of the heavens is principally owing to the neighbourhood of those vast hills, called the Andes, which running nearly parallel to the shore, and at a small distance from it, and extending themselves immensely higher than any other mountains upon the globe, form upon their sides and declivities a prodigious tract of country, where, according to the different approaches to the summit, all kinds of climates may at all seasons of the year be found. These mountains, by intercepting great part of the eastern winds which generally blow over the continent of South America, and by cooling that part of the air which forces its way over their tops, and by keeping besides a prodigious extent of the atmosphere perpetually cool, by its contiguity to the snows with which they are covered; these hills, I say, by thus extending the influence of their frozen crests to the neighbouring coasts and seas of Peru, are doubtless the cause of the temperature and equability which constantly prevail there. For when we were advanced beyond the equinoctial, where these mountains left us, and had nothing to screen us to the eastward, but the high lands on the isthmus of Panama, which are but mole-hills to the Andes, we then soon found that in a short run we had totally changed our climate, passing in two or three days from the temperate air of Peru to the sultry burning atmosphere of the West Indies. But it is time to return to our narration.

On the 10th of November we were three leagues south of the southernmost island of Lobos, lying in the latitude $6^{\circ} 27'$ South. There are two islands of this name; this, called Lobos de la Mar, and another, which lies to the northward of it, very much resembling it in shape and appearance, and often mistaken for it, called Lobos de Tierra. We were now drawing near to the station appointed to the Gloucester, for which reason, fearing to miss her, we made an easy sail all night. The next morning, at day-break, we saw a ship in-shore, and to windward, plying up to the coast: she had passed by us with the favour of the night, and we soon perceiving her not to be the Gloucester, got our tacks on board, and gave her chase; but it proving very little wind, so that neither of us could make much way, the commodore ordered the barge, his pinnace, and the Tryal's pinnace, to be manned and armed, and to pursue the chase and board her. Lieutenant Brett, who commanded the barge, came up with her first, about nine o'clock, and running along-side of her, he fired a volley of small shot between the masts, just over the heads of the people on board, and then instantly entered with the greatest part of his men; but the enemy made no resistance, being sufficiently frightened by the dazzling of the cutlasses, and the volley they had just received. Lieutenant Brett ordered the sails to be trimmed, and bore down to the commodore, taking up in his way the two pinnaces. When he was arrived within about four miles of us he put off in the barge, bringing with him a number of the prisoners, who had given him some material intelligence, which he was desirous the commodore should be acquainted with as soon as possible. On his arrival we learnt, that the prize was called *Nuestra Senora del Carmin*, of

about two hundred and seventy tons burthen ; she was commanded by Marcos Morena, a native of Venice, and had on board forty-three mariners : she was deep laden with steel, iron, wax, pepper, cedar, plank, snuff, rosarios, European bale goods, powder-blue, cinnamon, Romish indulgences, and other species of merchandize : and though this cargo, in our present circumstances, was but of little value to us, yet with respect to the Spaniards, it was the most considerable capture that fell into our hands in this part of the world ; for it amounted to upwards of 400,000 dollars prime cost at Panama. This ship was bound to Callao, and had stopped at Païta in her passage, to take in a recruit of water and provisions, and had not left that place above twenty-four hours, before she fell into our hands.

I have mentioned that Mr. Brett had received some important intelligence from the prisoners, which he endeavoured to acquaint the commodore with immediately. The first person he received it from (though upon further examination it was confirmed by the other prisoners) was one John Williams, an Irishman, whom he found on board the Spanish vessel. Williams was a papist, who worked his passage from Cadiz, and had travelled over all the kingdom of Mexico as a pedlar : he pretended by this business he had got 4 or 5000 dollars : but that he was embarrassed by the papists, who knew he had money, and was at last stripped of all he had. He was indeed at present all in rags, being but just got out of Païta gaol, where he had been confined for some misdemeanor : he expressed great joy upon seeing his countrymen, and immediately informed them, that a few days before, a vessel came into Païta, where the master of her informed the governor, that he had been chased in the offing by a very large ship, which from her size, and the colour of her sails, he was persuaded must be one of the English squadron : this we then conjectured to have been the Gloucester, as we afterwards found it was. The governor, upon examining the master, was fully satisfied of his relation, and immediately sent away an express to Lima to acquaint the viceroy therewith : and the royal officer residing at Païta, being apprehensive of a visit from the English, was busily employed in removing the king's treasure and his own to Piura, a town within land, about fourteen leagues distant. We further learnt from our prisoners, that there was a very considerable sum of money belonging to some merchants at Lima, that was now lodged at the Custom-house at Païta ; and that this was intended to be shipped on board a vessel, which was then in the port of Païta ; and was preparing to sail with the utmost expedition, being bound for the bay of Sonsonate, on the coast of Mexico, in order to purchase a part of the cargo of the Manila ship. This vessel at Païta was esteemed a prime sailer, and had just received a new coat of tallow on her bottom ; and, in the opinion of the prisoners, she might be able to sail the succeeding morning. The character they gave us of this vessel, in which the money was to be shipped, left us little reason to believe that our ship, which had been in the water near two years, could have any chance of coming up with her, if we once suffered her to escape out of the port. And therefore, as we were now discovered, and the

coast would be soon alarmed, and as our cruising in these parts any longer would answer no purpose, the commodore resolved to surprise the place, having first minutely informed himself of its strength and condition, and being fully satisfied, that there was little danger of losing many of our men in the attempt. This surprise of Païta, besides the treasure it promised us, and its being the only enterprise it was in our power to undertake, had these other advantages attending it, that we should in all probability supply ourselves with great quantities of live provision, of which we were at this time in want : and we should likewise have an opportunity of setting our prisoners on shore, who were now very numerous, and made a greater consumption of our food than our stock that remained was capable of furnishing long. In all these lights the attempt was a most eligible one, and what our necessities, our situation, and every prudential consideration, prompted us to. How it succeeded, and how far it answered our expectations, shall be the subject of the following chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

The taking of Païta, and our proceedings till we left the coast of Peru.

THE town of Païta is situated in the latitude of 5° 12' south, in a most barren soil, composed only of sand and slate : the extent of it is but small, containing in all less than two hundred families. The houses are only ground-floors ; the walls built of split cane and mud, and the roofs thatched with leaves : these edifices, though extremely slight, are abundantly sufficient for a climate, where rain is considered as a prodigy, and is not seen in many years : so that it is said, that a small quantity of rain falling in this country in the year 1728, it ruined a great number of buildings, which mouldered away, and as it were melted before it. The inhabitants of Païta are principally Indians and black slaves, or at least a mixed breed, the whites being very few. The port of Païta, though in reality little more than a bay, is esteemed the best on that part of the coast ; and is indeed a very secure and commodious anchorage. It is greatly frequented by all vessels, coming from the north ; since it is here only that the ships from Acapulco, Sonsonate, Relaleijo and Panama, can touch and refresh in their passage to Callao : and the length of these voyages (the wind for the greatest part of the year being full against them) renders it impossible to perform them without calling upon the coast for a recruit of fresh water. It is true, Païta is situated on so parched a spot, that it does not itself furnish a drop of fresh water, or any kind of greens or provisions, except fish and a few goats : but there is an Indian town called Colan, about two or three leagues distant to the northward, from whence water, maize, greens, fowls, &c. are brought to Païta on balsas or floats, for the convenience of the ships that touch here ; and cattle are sometimes brought from Piura, a town which lies about fourteen leagues up in the country. The water brought from Colan is whitish, and of a disagreeable appearance, but it is said to

be very wholesome: for it is pretended by the inhabitants, that it runs through large woods of sarsaparilla, and that it is sensibly impregnated therewith. This port of Païta, besides furnishing the northern trade bound to Callao with water and necessaries, is the usual place where passengers from Acapulco or Panama, bound to Lima, disembark; for, as it is two hundred leagues from hence to Callao, the port of Lima, and as the wind is generally contrary, the passage by sea is very tedious and fatiguing, but by land there is a tolerably good road parallel to the coast, with many stations and villages for the accommodation of travellers.

The town of Païta is itself an open place; its sole protection and defence being a single fort. It was of consequence to us to be well informed of the fabric and strength of this fort; and by the examination of our prisoners we found, that there were eight pieces of cannon mounted in it, but that it had neither ditch nor outwork, being only surrounded by a plain brick wall; and that the garrison consisted of only one weak company, but the town itself might possibly arm three hundred men more.

Mr. Anson having informed himself of the strength of the place, resolved (as hath been said in the preceding chapter) to attempt it that very night. We were then about twelve leagues distant from the shore, far enough to prevent our being discovered; yet not so far but that, by making all the sail we could, we might arrive in the bay with our ships in the night. However, the commodore prudently considered that this would be an improper method of proceeding, as our ships being such large bodies might be easily discovered at a distance even in the night, and might thereby alarm the inhabitants, and give them an opportunity of removing their valuable effects. He therefore, as the strength of the place did not require our whole force, resolved to attempt it with our boats only, ordering the eighteen-oared barge, and our own and the *Tryal's* pinnaces, on that service; and having picked out fifty-eight men to man them, well provided with arms and ammunition, he gave the command of the expedition to Lieutenant Brett, and gave him his necessary orders. And the better to prevent the disappointment and confusion which might arise from the darkness of the night, and the ignorance of the streets and passages of the place, two of the Spanish pilots were ordered to attend the lieutenant, and to conduct him to the most convenient landing-place, and were afterwards to be his guides on shore; and that we might have the greater security for their faithful behaviour on this occasion, the commodore took care to assure all our prisoners, that if the pilots acted properly, they should all of them be released, and set on shore at this place; but in case of any misconduct or treachery, he threatened them that the pilots should be instantly shot, and that he would carry all the rest of the Spaniards, who were on board him, prisoners to England. So that the prisoners themselves were interested in our success, and therefore we had no reason to suspect our conductors either of negligence or perfidy.

And on this occasion I cannot but remark a singular circumstance of one of the pilots employed by us in this business. It seems (as we afterwards

learnt) he had been taken by Captain Clipperton above twenty years before, and had been forced to lead Clipperton and his people to the surprise of Truxillo, a town within land to the southward of Païta, where, however, he contrived to alarm his countrymen, and to save them, though the place was taken. Now that the only two attempts on shore, which were made at so long an interval from each other, should be guided by the same person, and he too a prisoner both times, and forced upon the employ contrary to his inclination, is an incident so very extraordinary, that I could not help taking notice of it. But to return to the matter in hand.

During our preparations, the ships themselves stood towards the port with all the sail they could make, being secure that we were yet at too great a distance to be seen. But, about ten o'clock at night, the ships being then within five leagues of the place, Lieutenant Brett, with the boats under his command, put off, and arrived at the mouth of the bay without being discovered; but no sooner had he entered it, than some of the people on board a vessel, riding at anchor there, perceived him, who instantly put off in their boat, rowing towards the fort, shouting and crying, "The English, the English dogs," &c. by which the whole town was suddenly alarmed, and our people soon observed several lights hurrying backwards and forwards in the fort, and other marks of the inhabitants being in great motion. Lieutenant Brett, on this, encouraged his men to pull briskly up to the shore, that they might give the enemy as little time as possible to prepare for their defence. However, before our boats could reach the shore, the people in the fort had got ready some of their cannon, and pointed them towards the landing-place; and though in the darkness of the night it might be well supposed that chance had a greater share than skill in their direction, yet the first shot passed extremely near one of the boats, whistling just over the heads of the crew. This made our people redouble their efforts; so that they had reached the shore, and were in part disembarked, by the time the second gun fired. As soon as our men landed, they were conducted by one of the Spanish pilots to the entrance of a narrow street, not above fifty yards distant from the beach, where they were covered from the fire of the fort; and being formed in the best manner the shortness of the time would allow, they immediately marched for the parade, which was a large square at the end of this street, the fort being one side of the square, and the governor's house another. In this march (though performed with tolerable regularity) the shouts and clamours of threescore sailors, who had been confined so long on shipboard, and were now, for the first time, on shore in an enemy's country, joyous as they always are when they land, and animated besides in the present case with the hopes of an immense pillage; the huzzas, I say, of this spirited detachment, joined with the noise of their drums, and favoured by the night, had augmented their numbers, in the opinion of the enemy, to at least three hundred; by which persuasion the inhabitants were so greatly intimidated, that they were much more solicitous about the means of their flight than of their resistance: so that though upon entering the parade, our people received a volley from the merchants who owned

the treasure then in the town; and who, with a few others, had ranged themselves in a gallery that ran round the governor's house, yet that post was immediately abandoned upon the first fire made by our people, who were thereby left in quiet possession of the parade.

On this success Lieutenant Brett divided his men into two parties, ordering one of them to surround the governor's house, and if possible to secure the governor, whilst he himself with the other marched to the fort, with an intent to force it. But, contrary to his expectation, he entered it without opposition; for the enemy, on his approach, abandoned it, and made their escape over the walls. By this means the whole place was mastered in less than a quarter of an hour's time from the first landing, with no other loss than that of one man killed on the spot, and two wounded; one of which was the Spanish pilot of the *Teresa*, who received a slight bruise by a ball which grazed on his wrist: indeed, another of the company, the Honourable Mr. Keppel, son to the Earl of Albemarle, had a very narrow escape; for having on a jockey cap, one side of the peak was shaved off close to his temple by a ball, which however did him no other injury.

And now, Lieutenant Brett, after this success, placed a guard at the fort, and another at the Governor's house, and appointed sentinels at all the avenues of the town, both to prevent any surprise from the enemy, and to secure the effects in the place from being embezzled. And this being done, his next care was to seize on the custom-house where the treasure lay, and to examine if any of the inhabitants remained in the town, that he might know what farther precautions it was necessary to take; but he soon found that the numbers left behind were no ways formidable; for the greatest part of them (being in bed when the place was surprised) had run away with so much precipitation, that they had not given themselves time to put on their clothes. And in this precipitate rout the governor was not the last to secure himself, for he fled betimes half naked, leaving his wife, a young lady of about seventeen years of age, to whom he had been married but three or four days, behind him, though she too was afterwards carried off in her shift by a couple of sentinels, just as the detachment, ordered to invest the house, arrived before it.

This escape of the governor was an unpleasant circumstance, as Mr. Anson had particularly recommended it to Lieutenant Brett to secure his person, if possible, in hopes that by that means we might be able to treat for the ransom of the place; but it seems his alertness rendered it impossible to seize him. The few inhabitants who remained were confined in one of the churches under a guard, except some stout negroes which were found in the place; these, instead of being shut up, were employed the remaining part of the night to assist in carrying the treasure from the custom-house and other places to the fort. However, there was care taken that they should be always attended by a file of musketeers.

The transporting the treasure from the custom-house to the fort, was the principal occupation of Mr. Brett's people, after he had got possession of the place. But the sailors, while they were thus employed, could not be prevented from entering

the houses which lay near them, in search of private pillage. And the first things which occurred to them, being the clothes which the Spaniards in their flight had left behind them, and which, according to the custom of the country, were most of them either embroidered or laced, our people eagerly seized these glittering habits, and put them on over their own dirty trowsers and jackets; not forgetting, at the same time, the tie or bag-wig and laced hat, which were generally found with the clothes; and when this practice was once begun, there was no preventing the whole detachment from imitating it. And those, who came latest into the fashion, not finding men's clothes sufficient to equip themselves, they were obliged to take up with women's gowns and petticoats, which (provided there was finery enough) they made no scruple of putting on, and blending with their own greasy dress. So that when a party of them thus ridiculously metamorphosed first appeared before Mr. Brett, he was extremely surprised at their appearance, and could not immediately be satisfied they were his own people.

These were the transactions of our detachment on shore at Païta the first night. And now to return to what was done on board the *Centurion* in that interval. I must observe, that after the boats were gone off, we lay by till one o'clock in the morning, and then supposing our detachment to be near landing, we made an easy sail for the bay. About seven in the morning we began to open the bay, and soon after we had a view of the town; and though we had no reason to doubt of the success of the enterprise, yet it was with great joy that we first discovered an infallible signal of the certainty of our hopes; this was by means of our perspectives, for through them we saw an English flag hoisted on the flag-staff of the fort, which to us was an incontestable proof that our people had got possession of the town. We plied into the bay with as much expedition as the wind, which then blew off shore, would permit us. And at eleven, the *Tryal's* boat came on board us, laden with dollars and church-plate; and the officer who commanded her informed us of the preceding night's transactions, such as we have already related them. About two in the afternoon we came to an anchor in ten fathom and a half, at a mile and a half distance from the town, and were consequently near enough to have a more immediate intercourse with those on shore. And now we found that Mr. Brett had hitherto gone on in collecting and removing the treasure without interruption; but that the enemy had rendezvoused from all parts of the country on a hill, at the back of the town, where they made no inconsiderable appearance: for amongst the rest of their force, there were two hundred horse seemingly very well armed and mounted, and, as we conceived, properly trained and regimented, being furnished with trumpets, drums, and standards. These troops paraded about the hill with great ostentation, sounding their military music, and practising every art to intimidate us (as our numbers on shore were by this time not unknown to them), in hopes that we might be induced by our fears to abandon the place before the pillage was completed. But we were not so ignorant as to believe that this body of horse, which seemed to be what the enemy principally depended on, would dare to venture in

streets and amongst houses, even had their numbers been three times as great; and therefore, notwithstanding their menaces, we went on, as long as the day-light lasted, calmly, in sending off the treasure, and in employing the boats to carry on board the refreshments, such as hogs, fowls, &c. which we found here in great abundance. But, at night, to prevent any surprise, the commodore sent on shore a reinforcement, who posted themselves in all the streets leading to the parade; and for their greater security, they traversed the streets with barricadoes six feet high. And the enemy continuing quiet all night, we at day-break returned again to our labour of loading the boats and sending them off.

By this time we were convinced of what consequence it would have been to us, had fortune seconded the prudent views of the commodore, by permitting us to have secured the governor. For we found in the place many store-houses full of valuable effects, which were useless to us at present, and such as we could not find room for on board. But had the governor been in our power, he would, in all probability, have treated for a ransom, which would have been extremely advantageous both to him and us: whereas, he being now at liberty, and having collected all the force of the country, for many leagues round, and having even got a body of militia from Piura, which was fourteen leagues distant, he was so elated with his numbers, and so fond of his new military command, that he seemed not to trouble himself about the fate of his government. So that though Mr. Anson sent several messages to him by the inhabitants, who were in our power, desiring him to enter into a treaty for the ransom of the town and goods; giving him, at the same time, an intimation that he should be far from insisting on a rigorous equivalent, but perhaps might be satisfied with some live cattle, and a few necessities for the use of the squadron, and assuring him too, that if he would not condescend at least to treat, he would set fire to the town and all the warehouses; yet the governor was so imprudent and arrogant, that he despised all these reiterated applications, and did not deign even to return the least answer to them.

On the second day of our being in possession of the place, several negro-slaves deserted from the enemy on the hill, and coming into the town, voluntarily entered into our service: one of these was well known to a gentleman on board, who remembered him formerly at Panama. And the Spaniards without the town being in extreme want of water, many of their slaves crept into the place by stealth, and carried away several jars of water to their masters on the hill; and though some of them were seized by our men in the attempt, yet the thirst among the enemy was so pressing, that they continued this practice till we left the place. And now, on this second day we were assured, both by the deserters and by these prisoners we took, that the Spaniards on the hill, who were by this time increased to a formidable number, had resolved to storm the town and fort the succeeding night; and that one Gordon, a Scotch papist, and captain of a ship in those seas, was to have the command of this enterprise. But we notwithstanding, continued sending off our boats, and prosecuted our work without the least hurry

or precipitation till the evening; and then a reinforcement was again sent on shore by the commodore, and Lieutenant Brett doubled his guards at each of the barricadoes; and our posts being connected by the means of sentinels placed within call of each other, and the whole being visited by frequent rounds, attending with a drum, these marks of our vigilance, which the enemy could not be ignorant of, as they could doubtless hear the drum, if not the calls of the sentinels; these marks, I say of our vigilance, and of our readiness to receive them, cooled their resolution, and made them forget the vaunts of the preceding day; so that we passed this second night with as little molestation as we had done the first.

We had finished sending the treasure on board the *Centurion* the evening before; so that the third morning, being the 15th of November, the boats were employed in carrying off the most valuable part of the effects that remained in the town. And the commodore intending to sail this day, he, about ten o'clock, pursuant to his promise, sent all his prisoners, amounting to eighty-eight, on shore, giving orders to Lieutenant Brett to secure them in one of the churches, under a strict guard, till he was ready to embark his men. Mr. Brett was at the same time ordered to set the whole town on fire, except the two churches (which by good fortune stood at some distance from the other houses), and then he was to abandon the place, and to come on board. These orders were punctually complied with; for Mr. Brett immediately set his men to work, to distribute pitch, tar, and other combustibles (of which great quantities were found here) into houses situated in different streets of the town, so that, the place being fired in many quarters at the same time, the destruction might be more violent and sudden, and the enemy, after our departure, might not be able to extinguish it. These preparations being made, he in the next place ordered the cannon, which he found in the fort, to be nailed up; and then setting fire to those houses which were most windward, he collected his men, and marched towards the beach, where the boats waited to carry them off. And the part of the beach where he intended to embark being an open place without the town, the Spaniards on the hill perceiving he was retreating, resolved to try if they could not precipitate his departure, and thereby lay some foundation for their future boasting. And for this purpose a small squadron of their horse, consisting of about sixty, picked out, as I suppose, for this service, marched down the hill with much seeming resolution; so that, had we not been prepossessed with a juster opinion of their prowess, we might have suspected that, now we were on the open beach with no advantage of situation, they would certainly have charged us: but we presumed (and we were not mistaken) that this was mere ostentation. For, notwithstanding the pomp and parade they advanced with, Mr. Brett had no sooner ordered his men to halt and face about, but the enemy stopped their career, and never dared to advance a step further.

When our people were arrived at their boats, and were ready to go on board, they were for some time delayed, by missing one of their number; but being unable, by their mutual inquiries

amongst each other, to inform themselves where he was left, or by what accident he was detained, they, after a considerable delay, resolved to get into their boats, and to put off without him. And the last man was actually embarked, and the boats just putting off, when they heard him calling to them to take him in. The town was by this time so thoroughly on fire, and the smoke covered the beach so effectually, that they could scarcely see him, though they heard his voice. The lieutenant instantly ordered one of the boats to his relief, who found him up to the chin in water, for he had waded as far as he durst, being extremely frightened with the apprehensions of falling into the hands of an enemy, enraged, as they doubtless were, with the pillage and destruction of their town. On inquiring into the cause of his staying behind, it was found that he had taken that morning too large a dose of brandy, which had thrown him into so sound a sleep, that he did not awake till the fire came near enough to scorch him. He was strangely amazed, on first opening his eyes, to see the place all in a blaze on one side, and several Spaniards and Indians not far from him on the other. The greatness and suddenness of his fright instantly reduced him to a state of sobriety, and gave him sufficient presence of mind to push through the thickest of the smoke, as the likeliest means to escape the enemy; and making the best of his way to the beach, he ran as far into the water as he durst, (for he could not swim) before he ventured to look back.

And here I cannot but observe, to the honour of our people, that though there were great quantities of wine and spirituous liquors found in the place, yet this man was the only one who was known to have so far neglected his duty, as to get drunk. Indeed, their whole behaviour, while they were on shore, was much more regular than could well have been expected from sailors, who had been so long confined to a ship: and though part of this prudent demeanour must doubtless be imputed to the diligence of their officers, and to the excellent discipline to which they had been long inured on board the commodore, yet it was doubtless no small reputation to the men, that they should in general refrain from indulging themselves in those intoxicating liquors, which they found ready to their hands in almost every warehouse.

And having mentioned this single instance of drunkenness, I cannot pass by another oversight, which was likewise the only one of its kind, and which was attended with very particular circumstances. There was an Englishman, who had formerly wrought as a ship-carpenter in the yard at Portsmouth, but leaving his country, had afterwards entered into the Spanish service, and was employed by them at the port of Guayaquil; and it being well known to his friends in England that he was then in that part of the world, they put letters on board the Centurion, directed to him. This man being then by accident amongst the Spaniards, who were retired to the hill at Paíta, he was desirous (as it should seem) of acquiring some reputation amongst his new masters. With this view he came down unarmed to a sentinel of ours, who was placed at some distance from the fort towards the enemy, and pretended to be

desirous of surrendering himself, and of entering into our service. Our sentinel had a cocked pistol, but being deceived by the other's fair speeches, he was so imprudent as to let him approach much nearer than he ought; so that the shipwright, watching his opportunity, rushed on the sentinel, and seizing his pistol, wrenched it out of his hand, and instantly ran away with it up the hill. By this time, two of our people, who seeing the fellow advance, had suspected his intention, were making towards him, and were thereby prepared to pursue him; but he got to the top of the hill before they could reach him, and then turning about, fired the pistol; at which instant his pursuers fired at him, and though he was at a great distance, and the crest of the hill hid him as soon as they had fired, so that they took it for granted they had missed him, yet we afterwards learnt that he was shot through the body, and had fallen down dead the very next step he took after he was out of sight. The sentinel too, who had been thus grossly imposed upon, did not escape unpunished; for he was ordered to be severely whipt for being thus shamefully surprised upon his post, and for having given an example of carelessness, which, if followed in other instances, might prove fatal to us all. But to return:

By the time our people had taken their comrades out of the water, and were making the best of their way for the squadron, the flames had taken possession of every part of the town, and had got such hold, both by means of combustibles that had been distributed for that purpose, and by the slowness of the materials of which the houses were composed, and their aptitude to take fire, that it was sufficiently apparent no efforts of the enemy (though they flocked down in great numbers) could possibly put a stop to it, or prevent the entire destruction of the place, and all the merchandise contained therein. A whole town on fire at once, especially a place that burnt with such facility and violence, being a very singular and awful spectacle.

Our detachment under Lieutenant Brett having safely joined the squadron, the commodore prepared to leave the place the same evening. He found, when he first came into the bay, six vessels of the enemy at anchor; one of which was the ship, which, according to our intelligence, was to have sailed with the treasure to the coast of Mexico, and which, as we were persuaded she was a good sailer, we resolved to take with us: the others were two snows, a bark, and two row-galleys of thirty-six oars a-piece: these last, as we were afterwards informed, with many others of the same kind built at different ports, were intended to prevent our landing in the neighbourhood of Callao: for the Spaniards, on the first intelligence of our squadron and its force, expected that we would attempt the city of Lima. The commodore, having no occasion for these other vessels, had ordered the masts of all five of them to be cut away on his first arrival; and now, at his leaving the place, they were towed out of the harbour, and scuttled and sunk; and the command of the remaining ship, called the *Solidad*, being given to Mr. Hughs, the lieutenant of the *Tryal*, who had with him a crew of ten men to navigate her, the squadron towards midnight, weighed anchor, and sailed out of the bay, being now augmented

to six sail, that is the Centurion and the Tryal prize, together with the Carmelo, the Teresa, the Carmin, and our last acquired vessel the Solidad.

And now, before I entirely quit the account of our transactions at this place, it may not perhaps be improper to give a succinct relation of the booty we made here, and of the loss the Spaniards sustained. I have before observed, that there were great quantities of valuable effects in the town; but as the greatest part of them were what we could neither dispose of nor carry away, the total amount of this merchandise can only be rudely guessed at. But the Spaniards, in the representations they made to the court of Madrid (as we were afterwards assured), estimated their whole loss at a million and a half of dollars; and when it is considered, that no small part of the goods we burnt there were of the richest and most expensive species, as broad-cloths, silks, cambrics, velvets, &c., I cannot but think their valuation sufficiently moderate. As to our parts, our acquisition, though inconsiderable in comparison of what we destroyed, was yet in itself far from despicable; for the wrought plate, dollars and other coin, which fell into our hands amounted to upwards of 30,000*l.* sterling, besides several rings, bracelets, and jewels, whose intrinsic value we could not then determine; and over and above all this, the plunder which became the property of the immediate captors, was very great: so that upon the whole it was by much the most important booty we made upon that coast.

There remains, before I take leave of this place, another particularity to be mentioned, which, on account of the great honour which our national character in those parts has thence received, and the reputation which our commodore in particular has thereby acquired, merits a distinct and circumstantial discussion. It has been already related, that all the prisoners taken by us in our preceding prizes were put on shore, and discharged at this place; amongst which there were some persons of considerable distinction, particularly a youth of about seventeen years of age, son of the vice-president of the Council of Chili. As the barbarity of the buccaneers, and the artful use the ecclesiastics had made of it, had filled the natives of those countries with the most terrible ideas of the English cruelty, we always found our prisoners, at their first coming on board us, to be extremely dejected, and under great horror and anxiety. In particular, this youth, whom I last mentioned, having never been from home before, lamented his captivity in the most moving manner, regretting, in very plaintive terms, his parents, his brothers, his sisters, and his native country; of all which he was fully persuaded he had taken his last farewell, believing that he was now devoted, for the remaining part of his life, to an abject and cruel servitude; nor was he singular in his fears, for his companions on board, and indeed all the Spaniards that came into our power, had the same desponding opinion of their situation. Mr. Anson constantly exerted his utmost endeavours to efface these inhuman impressions they had received of us; always taking care, that as many of the principal people among them as there was room for, should dine at his table by turns; and giving the strictest orders too, that they should at all times, and in every circumstance, be treated

with the utmost decency and humanity. But notwithstanding this precaution, it was generally observed, that for the first day or two they did not quit their fears, but suspected the gentleness of their usage to be only preparatory to some unthought-of calamity. However, being confirmed by time, they grew perfectly easy in their situation and remarkably cheerful, so that it was often disputable, whether or no they considered their being detained by us as a misfortune. For the youth I have above-mentioned, who was near two months on board us, had at last so far conquered his melancholy surmises, and had taken such an affection to Mr. Anson, and seemed so much pleased with the manner of life, totally different from all he had ever seen before, that it is doubtful to me whether, if his own opinion had been taken, he would not have preferred a voyage to England in the Centurion, to the being set on shore at Païta, where he was at liberty to return to his country and his friends.

This conduct of the commodore to his prisoners, which was continued without interruption or deviation, gave them all the highest idea of his humanity and benevolence, and induced them likewise (as mankind are fond of forming general opinions) to entertain very favourable thoughts of the whole English nation. But whatever they might be disposed to think of Mr. Anson before the taking of the Teresa, their veneration for him was prodigiously increased by his conduct towards those women, whom (as I have already mentioned) he took in that vessel: for the leaving them in the possession of their apartments, the strict orders given to prevent all his people on board from approaching them, and the permitting the pilot to stay with them as their guardian, were measures that seemed so different from what might be expected from an enemy and a heretic, that the Spaniards on board, though they had themselves experienced his beneficence, were surprised at this new instance of it; and the more so, as all this was done without his ever having seen the women, though the two daughters were both esteemed handsome, and the youngest was celebrated for her uncommon beauty.¹ The women themselves, too, were so sensible of the obligations they owed him for the care and attention with which he had protected them, that they absolutely refused to go on shore at Païta, till they had been permitted to wait on him on board the Centurion, to return him thanks in person. Indeed, all the prisoners left us with the strongest assurances of their grateful remembrance of his uncommon treatment. A Jesuit in particular, whom the commodore had taken, and who was an ecclesiastic of some distinction, could not help expressing himself with great thankfulness for the civilities he and his countrymen had found on board, declaring that he should consider it as his duty to do Mr. Anson justice

¹ "We have heard a great deal of the continence of Scipio Africanus, when that conqueror of Spain refused to see a beautiful princess that had fallen into his power. If Anson, under the circumstances of the times and country, be denied the meed of praise bestowed on the Roman general, as an example of stern Roman virtue, he was amply repaid for his generosity and humanity to his prisoners, by their cordial and grateful remembrance of his treatment, which was applauded and circulated through every corner of Spanish America."—*Barrow's Life of Lord Anson.*

at all times; adding, that his usage of the men-prisoners was such as could never be forgot, and such as he could never fail to acknowledge and recite upon all occasions: but that his behaviour to the women was so extraordinary, and so extremely honourable, that he doubted all the regard due to his own ecclesiastical character, would be scarcely sufficient to render it credible. And indeed we were afterwards informed, that both he and the rest of our prisoners had not been silent on this head, but had, both at Lima and at other places, given the greatest encomiums to our commodore; the jesuit in particular, as we were told, having on his account interpreted in a lax and hypothetical sense that article of his Church, which asserts the impossibility of heretics being saved.

And let it not be imagined, that the impressions which the Spaniards hence received to our advantage, is a matter of small import: for, not to mention several of our countrymen who have already felt the good effects of these prepossessions, the Spaniards are a nation, whose good opinion of us is doubtless of more consequence than that of all the world besides: not only as the commerce we have formerly carried on with them, and perhaps may again hereafter, is so extremely valuable; but also as the transacting it does so immediately depend on the honour and good faith of those who are entrusted with its management. But, however, had no national conveniences attended it, the commodore's equity and good temper would not less have deterred him from all tyranny and cruelty to those whom the fortune of war had put into his hands. I shall only add, that by his constant attachment to these humane and prudent maxims, he has acquired a distinguished reputation amongst the Creolian Spaniards, which is not confined merely to the coast of the South Seas, but is extended through all the Spanish settlements in America; so that his name is frequently to be met with in the mouths of most of the Spanish inhabitants of that prodigious empire.¹

CHAPTER VII.

From our departure from Paita, to our arrival at Quibo.

WHEN we got under sail from the road of Paita (which, as I have already observed, was about midnight, on the 16th of November) we stood to the westward, and in the morning the commodore gave orders that the whole squadron should spread themselves, in order to look out for the Gloucester. For we now drew near to the station where Captain Mitchel had been directed to cruise, and hourly expected to get sight of him; but the whole day passed without seeing him.

And now a jealousy, which had taken its rise at Paita, between those who had been ordered on shore for the attack, and those who had continued on board, grew to such a height that the commodore, being made acquainted with it, thought it necessary to interpose his authority to appease it. The ground of this animosity was the plun-

der gotten at Paita, which those who had acted on shore had appropriated to themselves, and considered it as a reward for the risks they had run, and the resolution they had shown in that service. But those who had remained on board considered this as a very partial and unjust procedure, urging, that had it been left to their choice, they should have preferred the acting on shore to the continuing on board; that their duty, while their comrades were on shore, was extremely fatiguing; for besides the labour of the day, they were constantly under arms all night to secure the prisoners, whose numbers exceeded their own, and of whom it was then necessary to be extremely watchful, to prevent any attempts they might have formed in that critical conjuncture; that upon the whole it could not be denied, but that the presence of a sufficient force on board was as necessary to the success of the enterprise as the action of the others on shore; and therefore those who had continued on board insisted, that they could not be deprived of their share of the plunder without manifest injustice. These were the contests amongst our men, which were carried on with great heat on both sides: and though the plunder in question was a very trifle, in comparison of the treasure taken in the place (in which there was no doubt but those on board had an equal right), yet as the obstinacy of sailors is not always regulated by the importance of the matter in dispute, the commodore thought it necessary to put a stop to this ferment betimes. And accordingly, the morning after our leaving of Paita, he ordered all hands upon the quarter-deck; where, addressing himself to those who had been detached on shore, he commended their behaviour, and thanked them for their services on that occasion: but then representing to them the reasons urged, by those who had continued on board, for an equal distribution of the plunder, he told them that he thought these reasons very conclusive, and that the expectations of their comrades were justly founded; and therefore he ordered, that not only the men, but all the officers likewise, who had been employed in taking the place, should produce the whole of their plunder immediately upon the quarter-deck; and that it should be impartially divided amongst the whole crew, in proportion to each man's rank and commission: and to prevent those who had been in possession of the plunder from murmuring at this diminution of their share, the commodore added, that as an encouragement to others who might be hereafter employed on like services, he would give his entire share to be distributed amongst those who had been detached for the attack of the place. Thus this troublesome affair, which if permitted to have gone on, might perhaps have been attended with mischievous consequences, was by the commodore's prudence soon appeased, to the general satisfaction of the ship's company: not but there were some few, whose selfish dispositions were uninfluenced by the justice of this procedure, and who were incapable of discerning the force of equity, however glaring, when it tended to deprive them of any part of what they had once got into their hands.

This important business employed the best part of the day, after we came from Paita. And now, at night, having no sight of the Gloucester, the commodore ordered the squadron to bring-to, that

¹ "Even to this day the name of Anson is held in the highest respect in the Spanish provinces of America, while the fate of Paita is forgotten, or, if remembered, is so chiefly to reprobate the obstinacy of the governor."—*Barrow's Life of Lord Anson.*

we might not pass her in the dark. The next morning we again looked out for her, and at ten we saw a sail, to which we gave chase; and at two in the afternoon we came near enough to her to discover her to be the Gloucester, with a small vessel in tow. About an hour after, we were joined by them; and then we learnt that Captain Mitchel, in the whole time of his cruise, had only taken two prizes; one of them being a small snow, whose cargo consisted chiefly of wine, brandy, and olives in jars, with about 7000*l.* in specie; and the other a large boat or launch, which the Gloucester's barge came up with near the shore. The prisoners on board this vessel alleged, that they were very poor, and that their lading consisted only of cotton; though the circumstances in which the barge surprised them, seemed to insinuate that they were more opulent than they pretended to be; for the Gloucester's people found them at dinner upon pigeon-pie, served up in silver dishes. However, the officer who commanded the barge having opened several of the jars on board, to satisfy his curiosity, and finding nothing in them but cotton, he was inclined to believe the account the prisoners gave him: but the cargo being taken into the Gloucester, and there examined more strictly, they were agreeably surprised to find, that the whole was a very extraordinary piece of false package; and that there was concealed amongst the cotton, in every jar, a considerable quantity of double doubloons and dollars, to the amount in the whole of near 12,000*l.* This treasure was going to Paita, and belonged to the same merchants who were the proprietors of the greatest part of the money we had taken there; so that, had this boat escaped the Gloucester, it is probable her cargo would have fallen into our hands. Besides these two prizes which we have mentioned, the Gloucester's people told us, that they had been in sight of two or three other ships of the enemy which had escaped them; and one of them we had reason to believe, from some of our intelligence, was of an immense value.

Being now joined by the Gloucester and her prize, it was resolved that we should stand to the northward, and make the best of our way either to Cape St. Lucas on California, or to Cape Corientes on the coast of Mexico. Indeed the commodore, when at Juan Fernandes, had determined with himself to touch in the neighbourhood of Panama, and to endeavour to get some correspondence over-land with the fleet under the command of Admiral Vernon. For when we departed from England, we left a large force at Portsmouth, which was intended to be sent to the West Indies, there to be employed in an expedition against some of the Spanish settlements. And Mr. Anson taking it for granted, that this enterprise had succeeded, and that Porto Bello perhaps might be then garrisoned by British troops, he hoped that on his arrival at the isthmus, he should easily procure an intercourse with our countrymen on the other side, either by the Indians, who were greatly disposed in our favour, or even by the Spaniards themselves, some of whom, for proper rewards, might be induced to carry on this intelligence, which, after it was once begun, might be continued with very little difficulty; so that Mr. Anson flattered himself, that he might by

this means have received a reinforcement of men from the other side, and that by settling a prudent plan of operations with our commanders in the West-Indies, he might have taken even Panama itself; which would have given to the British nation the possession of that isthmus, whereby we should have been in effect masters of all the treasures of Peru, and should have had in our hands an equivalent for any demands, however extraordinary, which we might have been induced to have made on either of the branches of the house of Bourbon.

Such were the projects which the commodore revolved in his thoughts at the island of Juan Fernandes, notwithstanding the feeble condition to which he was then reduced. And indeed, had the success of our force in the West Indies been answerable to the general expectation, it cannot be denied but these views would have been the most prudent that could have been thought of. But in examining the papers which were found on board the Carmelo, the first prize we took, we learnt (though I then omitted to mention it) that our attempt against Carthagena had failed, and that there was no probability that our fleet, in that part of the world, would engage in any new enterprise, that would at all facilitate this plan. And therefore Mr. Anson gave over all hopes of being reinforced across the isthmus, and consequently had no inducement at present to proceed to Panama, as he was incapable of attacking the place; and there was great reason to believe, that by this time there was a general embargo on all the coast.

The only feasible measure then which was left us, was to get as soon as possible to the southern parts of California, or to the adjacent coast of Mexico, there to cruise for the Manila galleon, which we knew was now at sea, bound to the port of Acapulco. And we doubted not to get on that station, time enough to intercept her; for this ship does not actually arrive at Acapulco till towards the middle of January, and we were now but in the middle of November, and did not conceive that our passage thither would cost us above a month or five weeks; so that we imagined, we had near twice as much time as was necessary for our purpose. Indeed there was a business which we foresaw would occasion some delay, but we flattered ourselves that it would be despatched in four or five days, and therefore could not interrupt our project. This was the recruiting of our water; for the number of prisoners we had entertained on board, since our leaving the island of Fernandes, had so far exhausted our stock, that it was impossible to think of venturing upon this passage to the coast of Mexico, till we had procured a fresh supply; especially as at Paita, where we had some hopes of getting a quantity, we did not find enough for our consumption during the time we staid there. It was for some time a matter of deliberation, where we should take in this necessary article; but by consulting the accounts of former navigators, and examining our prisoners, we at last resolved for the island of Quibo, situated at the mouth of the bay of Panama: nor was it but on good grounds that the commodore conceived this to be the properest place for watering the squadron. Indeed, there was a small island called Cocos,

which was less out of our way than Quibo, where some of the buccaneers have pretended they found water; but none of our prisoners knew anything of it, and it was thought too hazardous to risk the safety of the squadron, and expose ourselves to the hazard of not meeting with water when we came there, on the mere authority of these legendary writers, of whose misrepresentations and falsities we had almost daily experience. Besides, by going to Quibo we were not without hopes that some of the enemy's ships bound to or from Panama might fall into our hands, particularly such of them as were put to sea before they had any intelligence of our squadron.

Having determined therefore to go to Quibo, we directed our course to the northward, being eight sail in company, and consequently having the appearance of a very formidable fleet; and on the 19th, at day-break, we discovered Cape Blanco, bearing S.S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. seven miles distant. This cape lies in the latitude of $4^{\circ} 15'$ south, and is always made by ships bound either to windward or to leeward; so that off this cape is a most excellent station to cruise upon the enemy. By this time we found that our last prize, the *Solidad*, was far from answering the character given her of a good sailer; and she and the *Santa Teresa* delaying us considerably, the commodore ordered them both to be cleared of everything that might prove useful to the rest of the ships, and then to be burnt; and having given proper instructions, and a rendezvous to the *Gloucester* and the other prizes, we proceeded in our course for Quibo; and, on the 22d in the morning, saw the island of Plata, bearing east, distant four leagues. Here one of our prizes was ordered to stand close in with it, both to discover if there were any ships between that island and the continent, and likewise to look out for a stream of fresh water, which was reported to be there, and which would have saved us the trouble of going to Quibo; but she returned without having seen any ship, or finding any water. At three in the afternoon Point Manta bore S.E. by E., seven miles distant; and there being a town of the same name in the neighbourhood, Captain Mitchel took this opportunity of sending away several of his prisoners from the *Gloucester* in the Spanish launch. The boats were now daily employed in distributing provisions on board the *Trial* and other prizes, to complete their stock for six months: and that the *Centurion* might be the better prepared to give the Manila ship (one of which we were told was of an immense size) a warm reception, the carpenters were ordered to fix eight stocks in the main and fore tops, which were properly fitted for the mounting of swivel guns.

On the 25th we had a sight of the island of Gallo, bearing E.S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E., four leagues distant; and from hence we crossed the bay of Panama with a N.W. course, hoping that this would have carried us in a direct line to the island of Quibo. But we afterwards found that we ought to have stood more to the westward; for the winds in a short time began to incline to that quarter, and made it difficult for us to gain the island. And now, after passing the equinoctial, (which we did on the 22d,) and leaving the neighbourhood of the Cordilleras, and standing more and more towards

the isthmus, where the communication of the atmosphere to the eastward and the westward was no longer interrupted, we found in very few days an extraordinary alteration in the climate. For instead of that uniform temperature, where neither the excess of heat or cold was to be complained of, we had now for several days together close and sultry weather, resembling what we had before met with on the coast of Brazil, and in other parts between the tropics on the eastern side of America. We had besides frequent calms, and heavy rains; which we at first ascribed to the neighbourhood of the Line, where this kind of weather is generally found to prevail at all seasons of the year; but observing that it attended us to the latitude of seven degrees north, we were at length induced to believe that the stormy season, or, as the Spaniards call it, the *Vandevals*, was not yet over; though many writers, particularly Captain Shelvocke, positively assert, that this season begins in June, and is ended in November; and our prisoners all affirmed the same thing. But perhaps its end may not be always constant, and it might last this year longer than usual.

On the 27th, Captain Mitchel having finished the clearing of his largest prize, she was scuttled, and set on fire; but we still consisted of five ships, and were fortunate enough to find them all good sailers; so that we never occasioned any delay to each other. Being now in a rainy climate, which we had been long disused to, we found it necessary to caulk the decks and sides of the *Centurion*, to prevent the rain-water from running into her.

On the 3rd of December we had a view of the island of Quibo; the east end of which then bore from us N.N.W., four leagues distant, and the island of Quicara W.N.W., at about the same distance. Here we struck ground with sixty-five fathoms of line, and found the bottom to consist of grey sand, with black specks. When we had thus got sight of the land, we found the wind to hang westerly; and therefore, night coming on, we thought it advisable to stand off till morning, as there are said to be some shoals in the entrance of the channel. At six the next morning Point Mariato bore N.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ N., three or four leagues distant. In weathering this point, all the squadron, except the *Centurion*, were very near it; and the *Gloucester*, being the leewardmost ship, was forced to tack and stand to the southward, so that we lost sight of her. At nine, the island Sebaco bore N.W. by N., four leagues distant; but the wind still proving unfavourable, we were obliged to ply on and off for the succeeding twenty-four hours, and were frequently taken aback. However, at eleven the next morning, the wind happily settled in the S.S.W., and we bore away for the S.S.E. end of the island, and about three in the afternoon entered the Canal Bueno, passing round a shoal which stretches off about two miles from the south point of the island. This Canal Bueno, or Good Channel, is at least six miles in breadth; and as we had the wind large, we kept in a good depth of water, generally from twenty-eight to thirty-three fathoms, and came not within a mile and a half distance of the breakers; though, in all probability, if it had been necessary, we might have ventured much nearer without incurring the

least danger. At seven in the evening we came to an anchor in thirty-three fathoms muddy ground; the south point of the island bearing S.E. by S., a remarkable high part of the island W. by N., and the island Sebaco E. by N. Being thus arrived at this island of Quibo, the account of the place, and of our transactions there shall be referred to the ensuing chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

Our proceedings at Quibo, with an account of the place.

THE next morning, after our coming to an anchor, an officer was despatched on shore to discover the watering-place, who having found it, returned before noon; and then we sent the long-boat for a load of water, and at the same time we weighed and stood farther in with our ships. At two we came again to an anchor in twenty-two fathoms, with a bottom of rough gravel intermixed with broken shells, the watering place now bearing from us N.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ N., only three quarters of a mile distant.

This island of Quibo is extremely convenient for wooding and watering; for the trees grow close to the high-water mark, and a large rapid stream of fresh water runs over the sandy beach into the sea: so that we were little more than two days in laying in all the wood and water we wanted. The whole island is of a very moderate height, excepting one part. It consists of a continued wood spread over the whole surface of the country, which preserves its verdure all the year round. Amongst the other wood we found there abundance of cassia and a few lime trees. It appeared singular to us that, considering the climate and the shelter, we should see no other birds there than parrots, parroquets, and macaws; indeed of these last there were prodigious flights. Next to these birds, the animals we found there in most plenty were monkeys and guanos, and these we frequently killed for food; for though there were many herds of deer upon the place, yet the difficulty of penetrating the woods prevented our coming near them, so that though we saw them often, we killed only two during our stay. Our prisoners assured us that this island abounded with tigers; and we did once discover the print of a tiger's paw upon the beach, but the tigers themselves we never saw. The Spaniards, too, informed us that there was often found in the woods a most mischievous serpent, called the flying snake, which they said darted itself from the boughs of trees on either man or beast that came within its reach; and whose sting they believed to be inevitable death. Besides these mischievous land animals, the sea hereabouts is infested with great numbers of alligators of an extraordinary size; and we often observed a large kind of flat-fish, jumping a considerable height out of the water, which we supposed to be the fish that is said frequently to destroy the pearl divers, by claspings them in its fins as they rise from the bottom; and we were told that the divers, for their security, are now always armed with a sharp knife, which, when they are entangled, they stick into the belly of the fish, and thereby disengage themselves from its embraces.

Whilst the ship continued here at anchor, the commodore, attended by some of his officers, went in a boat to examine a bay which lay to the northward; and they afterwards ranged all along the eastern side of the island. And in the places where they put on shore in the course of this expedition, they generally found the soil to be extremely rich, and met with great plenty of excellent water. In particular, near the N.E. point of the island, they discovered a natural cascade, which surpassed, as they conceived, everything of this kind which human art or industry has hitherto produced. It was a river of transparent water, about forty yards wide, which ran down a declivity of near a hundred and fifty yards in length. The channel it ran in was very irregular; for it was entirely formed of rock, both its sides and bottom being made up of large detached blocks; and by these the course of the water was frequently interrupted: for in some places it ran sloping with a rapid but uniform motion, while in other parts it tumbled over the ledges of rocks with a perpendicular descent. All the neighbourhood of this stream was a fine wood; and even the huge masses of rock which overhung the water, and which, by their various projections, formed the inequalities of the channel, were covered with lofty forest trees. Whilst the commodore, and those who were with him, were attentively viewing this place, and were remarking the different blendings of the water, the rocks and the wood, there came in sight (as it were with an intent still to heighten and animate the prospect) a prodigious flight of macaws, which hovering over this spot, and often wheeling and playing on the wing about it, afforded a most brilliant appearance, by the glittering of the sun on their variegated plumage; so that some of the spectators cannot refrain from a kind of transport, when they recount the complicated beauties which occurred in this extraordinary waterfall.

In this expedition, which the boat made along the eastern side of the island, though they met with no inhabitants, yet they saw many huts upon the shore, and great heaps of shells of fine mother-of-pearl scattered up and down in different places: these were the remains left by the pearl-fishers from Panama, who often frequent this place in the summer season; for the pearl oysters, which are to be met with everywhere in the bay of Panama, are so plentiful at Quibo, that by advancing a very little way into the sea, you might stoop down and reach them from the bottom. They are usually very large, and out of curiosity we opened some of them with a view of tasting them, but we found them extremely tough and unpalatable. And having mentioned these oysters and the pearl-fishery, I must beg leave to recite a few particulars relating thereto.

The oysters most productive of pearls are those found in considerable depths; for though what are taken up by wading near shore are of the same species, yet the pearls found in them are very rare and very small. It is said too that the pearl partakes in some degree of the quality of the bottom on which the oyster is found; so that if the bottom be muddy the pearl is dark and ill-coloured.

The taking up oysters from great depths for the sake of the pearls they contain, is a work per-

formed by negro slaves, of which the inhabitants of Panama and the neighbouring coast formerly kept great numbers, which were carefully trained to this business. And these are said not to be esteemed complete divers till they have by degrees been able to protract their stay under water so long, that the blood gushes out from their nose, mouth, and ears. And it is the tradition of the country, that when this accident has once befallen them, they dive for the future with much greater facility than before; and they have no apprehension either that any inconvenience can attend it, the bleeding generally stopping of itself, or that there is any probability of their being ever subject to it a second time. But to return from this digression.

Though the pearl-oyster, as has been said, was incapable of being eaten, yet the sea at this place furnished us with another dainty, in the greatest plenty and perfection: this was the turtle, of which we took here what quantity we pleased. There are generally reckoned four species of turtle; that is, the trunk turtle, the loggerhead, the hawksbill, and the green turtle. The two first are rank and unwholesome; the hawksbill (which furnishes the tortoiseshell) is but indifferent food, though better than the other two; but the green turtle is generally esteemed, by the greatest part of those who are acquainted with its taste, to be the most delicious of all eatables; and that it is a most wholesome food, we are amply convinced by our own experience: for we fed on this last species, or the green turtle, for near four months, and consequently, had it been in any degree noxious, its ill effects could not possibly have escaped us. At this island we took what quantity we pleased with great facility; for as they are an amphibious animal, and get on shore to lay their eggs, which they generally deposit in a large hole in the sand, just above the high-water mark, covering them up, and leaving them to be hatched by the heat of the sun, we usually dispersed several of our men along the beach, whose business it was to turn them on their backs when they came to land; and the turtle being thereby prevented from getting away, we carried them off at our leisure: by this means we not only secured a sufficient stock for the time we staid on the island, but we took a number of them with us to sea, which proved of great service both in lengthening out our store of provision, and in heartening the whole crew with an almost constant supply of fresh and palatable food; for the turtle being large, they generally weighing about 200lbs. weight each, those we took with us lasted us near a month, and by that time we met with a fresh recruit on the coast of Mexico, where we often saw them in the heat of the day floating in great numbers on the surface of the water fast asleep. When we discovered them we usually sent out our boat with a man in the bow, who was a dexterous diver, and when the boat came within a few yards of the turtle, the diver plunged into the water, and took care to rise close upon it; and seizing the shell near the tail, and pressing down the hinder parts, the turtle, when awakened, began to strike with its claws, which motion supported both it and the diver, till the boat came up and took them in. By this management we never wanted turtle for the succeeding four months in which we continued at sea; and though, when at

Quibo, we had already been three months on board, without otherwise putting our feet on shore, than in the few days we stayed at this island of Quibo, (except those employed in the attack of Paita,) yet in the whole seven months, from our leaving Juan Fernandes to our anchoring in the harbour of Chequetan, we buried no more in the whole squadron than two men; a most incontestable proof that the turtle, on which we fed for the last four months of this term, was at least innocent, if not something more.

Considering the scarcity of provisions on some part of the coast of these seas, it appears wonderful, that a species of food so very palatable and salubrious as turtle, and so much abounding in those parts, should be proscribed by the Spaniards as unwholesome, and little less than poisonous. Perhaps the strange appearance of this animal may have been the foundation of this ridiculous and superstitious aversion, which is strongly rooted in all the inhabitants of that coast, and of which we had many instances in the course of this navigation. I have already observed, that we put our Spanish prisoners on shore at Paita, and that the Gloucester sent theirs to Manta; but as we had taken in our prizes some Indian and negro slaves, we did not set these on shore with their masters, but continued them on board, as our crews were thin, to assist in navigating our ships. These poor people being possessed with the prejudices of the country they came from, were astonished at our feeding on turtle, and seemed fully persuaded that it would soon destroy us; but finding that none of us died, nor even suffered in our health by a continuation of this diet, they at last got so far the better of their aversion, as to be persuaded to taste it, to which the absence of all other kinds of fresh provisions might not a little contribute. However, it was with great reluctance, and very sparingly, that they first began to eat of it: but the relish improving upon them by degrees, they at last grew extremely fond of it, and preferred it to every other kind of food, and often felicitated each other on the happy experience they had acquired, and the delicious and plentiful repasts it would be always in their power to procure, when they should again return back to their country. Those who are acquainted with the manner of life of these unhappy wretches, need not be told, that next to large draughts of spirituous liquors, plenty of tolerable food is the greatest joy they know, and consequently the discovering a method which would always supply them with what quantity they pleased, of a food more luxurious to the palate than any their haughty lords and masters could indulge in, was doubtless a circumstance which they considered as the most fortunate that could befall them.

After this digression, which the prodigious quantity of turtle on this island of Quibo, and the store of it we thence took to sea, in some measure led me into, I shall now return to our own proceedings.

In three days' time we had completed our business at this place, and were extremely impatient to put to sea, that we might arrive time enough on the coast of Mexico to intercept the Manila galleon. But the wind being contrary, detained us a night; and the next day, when we got into the offing, (which we did through the same chan-

nel by which we entered,) we were obliged to keep hovering about the island, in hopes of getting sight of the Gloucester; which, as I have in the last chapter mentioned, was separated from us on our first arrival. It was the 9th of December, in the morning, when we put to sea; and continuing to the southward of the island, looking out for the Gloucester, we, on the 10th, at five in the afternoon, discerned a small sail to the northward of us, to which we gave chase, and, coming up with her, took her. She proved to be a barque from Panama, bound to Cheripec, an inconsiderable village on the continent, and was called the *Jesu Nazareno*. She had nothing on board but some oakum, about a ton of rock-salt, and between 30%, and 40% in specie, most of it consisting of small silver money, intended for purchasing a cargo of provisions at Cheripec.

And on occasion of this prize I cannot but observe, for the use of future cruisers, that had we been in want of provisions, we had by this capture an obvious method of supplying ourselves. For at Cheripec, whither she was bound, there is a constant store of provisions prepared for the vessels who go thither every week from Panama, the market of Panama being chiefly supplied from thence: so that by putting a few of our hands on board our prize, we might easily have seized a large store without any hazard, since Cheripec is a place of no strength. And as provisions are the staple commodity of that place and of its neighbourhood, the knowledge of this circumstance may be of great use to such cruisers as find their provisions grow scant, and yet are desirous of continuing on that coast as long as possible. But to return:

On the 12th of December, we were at last relieved from the perplexity we had suffered by the separation of the Gloucester; for on that day she joined us, and informed us that in tacking to the southward, on our first arrival, she had sprung her foretop-mast, which had disabled her from working to windward, and prevented her from joining us sooner. And now we scuttled and sunk the *Jesu Nazareno*, the prize we took last; and having the greatest impatience to get into a proper station for the galleon, we stood all together to the westward, leaving the island of Quibo (notwithstanding all the impediments we met with) in about nine days after our first coming in sight of it.

CHAPTER IX.

From Quibo to the coast of Mexico.

On the 12th of December we stood from Quibo to the westward, and the same day the commodore delivered fresh instructions to the captains of the men-of-war, and the commanders of our prizes, appointing them the rendezvous they were to make, and the courses they were to steer, in case of a separation. And first, they were directed to use all possible despatch in getting to the northward of the harbour of Acapulco, where they were to endeavour to fall in with the land, between the latitudes of 18 and 19 degrees; from thence, they were to beat up the coast at eight or ten leagues' distance from the shore, till they came abreast of Cape Corientes, in the latitude of 20° 20'. When

they arrived there, they were to continue cruising on that station till the 14th of February; and then they were to proceed to the middle island of the Tres Marias, in the latitude of 21° 25', bearing from Cape Corientes N.W. by N., twenty-five leagues distant. And if at this island they did not meet the commodore, they were there to recruit their wood and water, and then to make the best of their way to the island of Macao, on the coast of China. These orders being distributed to all the ships, we had little doubt of arriving soon upon our intended station, as we expected, upon the increasing our offing from Quibo, to fall in with the regular trade-wind. But, to our extreme vexation, we were baffled for near a month, either with tempestuous weather from the western quarter, or with dead calms and heavy rains, attended with a sultry air; so that it was the 25th of December before we got a sight of the island of Cocos, which by our reckoning was only a hundred leagues from the continent; and we had the mortification to make so little way, that we did not lose sight of it again in five days. This island we found to be in the latitude of 5° 20' north. It has a high hummock towards the western part, which descends gradually, and at last terminates in a low point to the eastward. From the island of Cocos we stood W. by N., and were till the 9th of January in running a hundred leagues more. We had at first flattered ourselves, that the uncertain weather and western gales we met with were owing to the neighbourhood of the continent, from which, as we got more distant, we expected every day to be relieved, by falling in with the eastern trade-wind: but as our hopes were so long baffled, and our patience quite exhausted, we began at length to despair of succeeding in the great purpose we had in view, that of intercepting the Manila galleon; and this produced a general dejection amongst us, as we had at first considered this project as almost infallible, and had indulged ourselves in the most boundless hopes of the advantages we should thence receive. However, our despondency was at last somewhat alleviated, by a favourable change of the wind; for on the 9th of January, a gale for the first time sprang up from the N.E., and on this we took the *Carmelo* in tow, as the Gloucester did the *Carmin*, making all the sail we could to improve the advantage, for we still suspected that it was only a temporary gale, which would not last long; but the next day we had the satisfaction to find, that the wind did not only continue in the same quarter, but blew with so much briskness and steadiness, that we now no longer doubted of its being the true trade-wind. And as we advanced apace towards our station, our hopes began to revive, and our former despair by degrees gave place to more sanguine prejudices: for though the customary season of the arrival of the galleon at Acapulco was already elapsed, yet we were by this time unreasonable enough to flatter ourselves, that some accidental delay might, for our advantage, lengthen out her passage beyond its usual limits.

When we got into the trade-wind, we found no alteration in it till the 17th of January, when we were advanced to the latitude of 12° 50', but on that day it shifted to the westward of the north: this change we imputed to our having hauled up too soon, though we then esteemed ourselves full

seventy leagues from the coast, which plainly shows that the trade-wind does not take place but at a considerable distance from the continent. After this, the wind was not so favourable to us as it had been: however, we still continued to advance, and, on the 25th of January, being then to the northward of Acapulco, we tacked and stood to the eastward, with a view of making the land.

In the preceding fortnight we caught some turtle on the surface of the water, and several dolphins, bonitos, and albicores. One day, as one of the sail-maker's mates was fishing from the end of the jib-boom, he lost his hold, and dropped into the sea; and the ship, which was then going at the rate of six or seven knots, went directly over him: but as we had the Carmelo in tow, we instantly called out to the people on board her, who threw him over several ends of ropes, one of which he fortunately caught hold of, and twisting it round his arm, they hauled him into the ship, without his having received any other injury than a wrench in his arm, of which he soon recovered.

When, on the 26th of January, we stood to the eastward, we expected, by our reckonings, to have fallen in with the land on the 28th; but though the weather was perfectly clear, we had no sight of it at sunset, and therefore we continued on our course, not doubting but we should see it by the next morning. About ten at night we discovered a light on the larboard-bow, bearing from us N.N.E. The *Tryal's* prize, too, which was about a mile ahead of us, made a signal at the same time for seeing a sail; and as we had none of us any doubt but what we saw was a ship's light, we were all extremely animated with a firm persuasion that it was the Manila galleon, which had been so long the object of our wishes: and what added to our alacrity, was our expectation of meeting with two of them instead of one, for we took it for granted that the light in view was carried in the top of one ship for a direction to her consort. We immediately cast off the Carmelo and pressed forward with all our canvas, making a signal for the Gloucester to do the same. Thus we chased the light, keeping all our hands to their respective quarters, under an expectation of engaging in the next half hour, as we sometimes conceived the chase to be about a mile distant, and at other times to be within reach of our guns; and some on board us positively averred, that besides the light, they could plainly discern her sails. The commodore himself was so fully persuaded that we should be soon alongside of her, that he sent for his first lieutenant, who commanded between decks, and directed him to see all the great guns loaded with two round-shot for the first broadside, and after that with one round-shot and one grape; strictly charging him, at the same time, not to suffer a gun to be fired, till he, the commodore, should give orders, which he informed the lieutenant would not be till we arrived within pistol-shot of the enemy. In this constant and eager attention we continued all night, always presuming that another quarter of an hour would bring us up with this Manila ship, whose wealth, with that of her supposed consort, we now estimated by round millions. But when the morning broke, and daylight came on, we were most strangely and vexatiously disappointed, by finding that the

light which had occasioned all this bustle and expectancy, was only a fire on the shore. Indeed the circumstances of this deception are so extraordinary as to be scarcely credible; for, by our run during the night, and the distance of the land in the morning, there was no doubt to be made but this fire, when we first discovered it, was above twenty-five leagues from us: and yet I believe there was no person on board who doubted of its being a ship's light, or of its being near at hand. It was indeed upon a very high mountain, and continued burning for several days afterwards; it was not a volcano, but rather, as I suppose, stubble or heath set on fire for some purpose of agriculture.

At sun-rising, after this mortifying delusion, we found ourselves about nine leagues off the land, which extended from the N.W. to E. $\frac{1}{2}$ N. *On this land we observed two remarkable hummocks, such as are usually called paps, which bore north from us: these, a Spanish pilot and two Indians, who were the only persons amongst us that pretended to have traded in this part of the world, affirmed to be over the harbour of Acapulco. Indeed, we very much doubted their knowledge of the coast; for we found these paps to be in the latitude of $17^{\circ} 56'$, whereas those over Acapulco are said to be in 17° degrees only; and we afterwards found our suspicions of their skill to be well grounded: however, they were very confident, and assured us, that the height of the mountains was itself an infallible mark of the harbour; the coast, as they pretended (though falsely) being generally low to the eastward and westward of it.

And now being in the track of the Manila galleon, it was a great doubt with us (as it was near the end of January) whether she was or was not arrived: but examining our prisoners about it, they assured us, that she was sometimes known to come in after the middle of February; and they endeavoured to persuade us, that the fire we had seen on shore was a proof that she was as yet at sea, it being customary, as they said, to make use of these fires as signals for her direction, when she continued longer out than ordinary. On this information, strengthened by our propensity to believe them in a matter which so pleasingly flattered our wishes, we resolved to cruise for her for some days; and we accordingly spread our ships at the distance of twelve leagues from the coast, in such a manner, that it was impossible she should pass us unobserved: however, not seeing her soon, we were at intervals inclined to suspect that she had gained her port already; and as we now began to want a harbour to refresh our people, the uncertainty of our present situation gave us great uneasiness, and we were very solicitous to get some positive intelligence, which might either set us at liberty to consult our necessities, if the galleon was arrived, or might animate us to continue on our present cruise with cheerfulness, if she was not. With this view the commodore, after examining our prisoners very particularly, resolved to send a boat, under colour of the night, into the harbour of Acapulco, to see if the Manila ship was there or not, one of the Indians being very positive that this might be done without the boat itself being discovered. To execute this project, the barge was despatched

the 5th of February, with a sufficient crew and two officers, who took with them a Spanish pilot, and the Indian who had insisted on the practicability of this measure, and had undertaken to conduct it. Our barge did not return to us again till the eleventh, when the officers acquainted Mr. Anson, that, agreeable to our suspicion, there was nothing like a harbour in the place where the Spanish pilots had at first asserted Acapulco to lie; that when they had satisfied themselves in this particular, they steered to the eastward, in hopes of discovering it, and had coasted alongshore thirty-two leagues; that in this whole range they met chiefly with sandy beaches of a great length, over which the sea broke with so much violence, that it was impossible for a boat to land; that at the end of their run they could just discover two paps at a very great distance to the eastward, which from their appearance and their latitude, they concluded to be those in the neighbourhood of Acapulco; but that not having a sufficient quantity of fresh water and provision for their passage thither and back again, they were obliged to return to the commodore, to acquaint him with their disappointment. On this intelligence we all made sail to the eastward, in order to get into the neighbourhood of that port, the commodore resolving to send the barge a second time upon the same enterprise, when we were arrived within a moderate distance. And the next day, which was the 12th of February, we being by that time considerably advanced, the barge was again dispatched, and particular instructions given to the officers to preserve themselves from being seen from the shore. On the thirteenth we espied a high land to the eastward, which we first imagined to be that over the harbour of Acapulco; but we afterwards found that it was the high land of Seguateneio, where there is a small harbour, of which we shall have occasion to make more ample mention hereafter.

And now, having waited six days without any news of our barge, we began to be uneasy for her safety; but, on the seventh day, that is, on the 19th of February, she returned. The officers informed the commodore, that they had discovered the harbour of Acapulco, which they esteemed to bear from us E.S.E., at least fifty leagues distant: that on the 17th, about two in the morning, they were got within the island that lies at the mouth of the harbour, and yet neither the Spanish pilot, nor the Indian, who were with them, could give them any information where they then were; but that while they were lying upon their oars in suspense what to do, being ignorant that they were then at the very place they sought for, they discerned a small light upon the surface of the water, on which they instantly plied their paddles, and moving as silently as possible towards it, they found it to be in a fishing canoe, which they surprised, with three negroes that belonged to it. It seems the negroes at first attempted to jump overboard; and being so near the land, they would easily have swum on shore; but they were prevented by presenting a piece at them, on which they readily submitted, and were taken into the barge. The officers further added, that they had immediately turned the canoe adrift against the face of a rock, where it would inevitably be dashed to pieces by the fury of the sea.

This they did to deceive those who perhaps might be sent from the town to search after the canoe; for upon seeing several pieces of a wreck, they would immediately conclude that the people on board her had been drowned, and would have no suspicion of their having fallen into our hands. When the crew of the barge had taken this precaution, they exerted their utmost strength in pulling out to sea, and by dawn of day had gained such an offing, as rendered it impossible for them to be seen from the coast.

And now having gotten the three negroes in our possession, who were not ignorant of the transactions at Acapulco, we were soon satisfied about the most material points which had long kept us in suspense: and on examination we found, that we were indeed disappointed in our expectation of intercepting the galleon before her arrival at Acapulco; but we learnt other circumstances which still revived our hopes, and which, we then conceived, would more than balance the opportunity we had already lost; for though our negro prisoners informed us that the galleon arrived at Acapulco on our 9th of January, which was about twenty days before we fell in with this coast, yet they at the same time told us, that the galleon had delivered her cargo, and was taking in water and provisions for her return, and that the viceroy of Mexico had, by proclamation, fixed her departure from Acapulco to the 14th of March, N. S. This last news was most joyfully received by us, as we had no doubt but she must certainly fall into our hands, and as it was much more eligible to seize her on her return, than it would have been to have taken her before her arrival, as the specie for which she had sold her cargo, and which she would now have on board, would be prodigiously more to be esteemed by us than the cargo itself; great part of which would have perished on our hands, and no part of it could have been disposed of by us at so advantageous a mart as Acapulco.

Thus we were a second time engaged in an eager expectation of meeting with this Manila ship, which, by the fame of its wealth, we had been taught to consider as the most desirable prize that was to be met with in any part of the globe. As all our future projects will be in some sort regulated with a view to the possession of this celebrated galleon, and as the commerce which is carried on by means of these vessels between the city of Manila and the port of Acapulco is perhaps the most valuable, in proportion to its quantity, of any in the known world, I shall endeavour, in the ensuing chapter, to give as distinct an account as I can of all the particulars relating thereto, both as it is a matter in which I conceive the public to be in some degree interested, and as I flatter myself, that from the materials which have fallen into my hands, I am enabled to describe it with more distinctness than has hitherto been done, at least in our language.

CHAPTER X.

An account of the commerce carried on between the city of Manila on the island of Luconia, and the port of Acapulco on the coast of Mexico.

ABOUT the end of the 15th century, and the beginning of the 16th, the discovery of new countries and of new branches of commerce was the reigning passion of several of the European princes. But those who engaged most deeply and fortunately in these pursuits were the kings of Spain and Portugal; the first of these having discovered the immense and opulent continent of America and its adjacent islands, whilst the other, by doubling the Cape of Good Hope, had opened to his fleets a passage to the southern coast of Asia, usually called the East Indies, and by his settlements in that part of the globe became possessed of many of the manufactures and natural productions with which it abounded, and which, for some ages, had been the wonder and delight of the more polished and luxurious part of mankind.

In the mean time, these two nations of Spain and Portugal, who were thus prosecuting the same views, though in different quarters of the world, grew extremely jealous of each other, and became apprehensive of mutual encroachments, and therefore, to quiet their jealousies, and to enable them with more tranquillity to pursue the propagation of the catholic faith in these distant countries, (they having both of them given distinguished marks of their zeal for their mother church, by their butchery of innocent pagans,) Pope Alexander VI. granted to the Spanish crown the property and dominion of all places either already discovered, or that should be discovered, a hundred leagues to the westward of the islands of Azores, leaving all the unknown countries to the eastward of this limit, to the industry and future disquisition of the Portuguese; and this boundary being afterwards removed two hundred and fifty leagues more to the westward, by the agreement of both nations, it was imagined that by this regulation all the seeds of future contests were suppressed. For the Spaniards presumed, that the Portuguese would be hereby prevented from meddling with their colonies in America: and the Portuguese supposed that their East Indian settlements, and particularly the Spice Islands, which they had then newly discovered, were secured from any future attempts of the Spanish nation.

But it seems that the infallibility of the holy father had, on this occasion, deserted him, and for want of being more conversant in geography, he had not foreseen that the Spaniards, by pushing their discoveries to the west, and the Portuguese to the east, might at last meet with each other, and be again embroiled; as it actually happened within a few years afterwards. For Frederick Magellan, who was an officer in the king of Portugal's service, having received some disgust from that court, either by the defalcation of his pay, or by having his parts, as he conceived, too cheaply considered, he entered into the service of the king of Spain; and being, as it appears, a man of ability, he was very desirous of signaling his talents by some enterprise, which might prove extremely vexatious to his former masters, and

might teach them to estimate his worth by the greatness of the mischief he brought upon them; this being the most obvious and natural turn of all fugitives, and more especially of those who, being really men of capacity, have quitted their country by reason of the small account that has been made of them. Magellan, in pursuance of these vindictive views, knowing that the Portuguese court considered their possession of the Spice Islands as their most important acquisition in the East Indies, resolved with himself to instigate the court of Spain to an enterprise which, by still pushing their discoveries, would give them a right to interfere both in the property and commerce of those renowned Portuguese settlements; and the king of Spain approving of this project, Magellan, in the year 1519, set sail from the port of Seville, in order to carry this enterprise into execution. He had with him a considerable force, consisting of five ships and two hundred and thirty-four men, with which he stood for the coast of South America, and ranging along the shore, he at last, towards the end of October, 1520, had the good fortune to discover those straits, which have since been denominated from him, and which opened him a passage into the Pacific Ocean. And this first part of his scheme being thus happily accomplished, he, after some stay on the coast of Peru, set sail again to the westward, with a view of falling in with the Spice Islands. In this extensive run he first discovered the Ladrões or Marian Islands; and continuing on his course, he at length reached the Philippine Islands, which are the most eastern part of Asia, where, venturing on shore in a hostile manner, and skirmishing with the Indians, he was slain.

By the death of Magellan, the original project of securing some of the Spice Islands was defeated; for those who were left in command contented themselves with ranging through them, and purchasing some spices from the natives; after which they returned home round the Cape of Good Hope, being the first ships which had ever surrounded this terraqueous globe; and thereby demonstrated, by a palpable experiment obvious to the grossest and most vulgar capacity, the reality of its long disputed spherical figure.

But though Spain did not hereby acquire the property of any of the Spice Islands, yet the discovery made in this expedition of the Philippine Islands was thought too considerable to be neglected; for these were not far distant from those places which produced spices, and were very well situated for the Chinese trade, and for the commerce of other parts of India; and, therefore, a communication was soon established and carefully supported between these islands and the Spanish colonies on the coast of Peru: so that the city of Manila (which was built on the island of Luconia, the chief of the Philippines) soon became the mart for all Indian commodities, which were bought up by the inhabitants, and were annually sent to the South Seas to be there vended on their account; and the returns of this commerce to Manila, being principally made in silver, the place by degrees grew extremely opulent and considerable, and its trade so far increased as to engage the attention of the court of Spain, and to be frequently controlled and regulated by royal edicts.

In the infancy of this trade, it was carried on from the port of Callao to the city of Manila, in which voyage the trade-wind continually favoured them ; so that notwithstanding these places were distant between three and four thousand leagues, yet the voyage was often made in little more than two months : but then the return from Manila was extremely troublesome and tedious, and is said to have sometimes taken them up above a twelvemonth, which, if they pretended to ply up within the limits of the trade-wind, is not at all to be wondered at ; and it is asserted that, in their first voyages, they were so imprudent and unskilful as to attempt this course. However, that route was soon laid aside, by the advice, as it is said, of a Jesuit, who persuaded them to steer to the northward till they got clear of the trade-winds, and then, by the favour of the westerly winds, which generally prevail in high latitudes, to stretch away for the coast of California. This has been the practice for at least a hundred and sixty years past : for Sir Thomas Cavendish, in the year 1596, engaged, off the south end of California, a vessel bound from Manila to the American coast. And it was in compliance with this new plan of navigation, and to shorten the run both backwards and forwards, that the staple of this commerce to and from Manila was removed from Callao, on the coast of Peru, to the port of Acapulco on the coast of Mexico, where it continues fixed at this time.

Such was the commencement, and such were the early regulations, of this commerce ; but its present condition being a much more interesting subject, I must beg leave to dwell longer on this head, and to be indulged in a more particular narration, beginning with a description of the island of Luconia, and of the port and bay of Manila.

The island of Luconia, though situated in the latitude of 15 degrees north, is esteemed to be in general extremely healthy, and the water that is found upon it is said to be the best in the world ; it produces all the fruits of the warm climates, and abounds in a most excellent breed of horses, supposed to be carried thither first from Spain : it is very well situated for the Indian and Chinese trade ; and the bay and port of Manila, which lies on its western side, is perhaps the most remarkable on the whole globe, the bay being a large circular basin, near ten leagues in diameter, and great part of it entirely land-locked. On the east side of this bay stands the city of Manila, which is very large and populous ; and which, at the beginning of this war, was only an open place, its principal defence consisting in a small fort, which was in great measure surrounded on every side by houses ; but they have lately made considerable additions to its fortifications, though I have not yet learnt in what manner. The port, peculiar to the city, is called Cabite, and lies near two leagues to the southward ; and in this port all the ships employed in the Acapulco trade are usually stationed.

The city of Manila itself is in a very healthy situation, is well watered, and is in the neighbourhood of a very fruitful and plentiful country ; but as the principal business of this place is its trade to Acapulco, it lies under some disadvantage from the difficulty there is in getting to sea to the east-

ward : for the passage is among islands and through channels where the Spaniards, by reason of their unskilfulness in marine affairs, waste much time, and are often in great danger.

The trade carried on from this place to China and different parts of India, is principally for such commodities as are intended to supply the kingdoms of Mexico and Peru. These are spices, all sorts of Chinese silks and manufactures ; particularly silk stockings, of which I have heard that no less than fifty thousand pair were the usual number shipped on board the annual ship ; vast quantities of Indian stuffs, as calicoes and chintz, which are much worn in America, together with other minuter articles, as goldsmiths' work, &c., which is principally done at the city of Manila itself by the Chinese ; for it is said there are at least twenty thousand Chinese who constantly reside there, either as servants, manufacturers, or brokers. All these different commodities are collected at Manila, thence to be transported annually in one or more ships, to the port of Acapulco, in the kingdom of Mexico.

But this trade to Acapulco is not laid open to all the inhabitants of Manila, but is confined by very particular regulations, somewhat analogous to those by which the trade of the register-ships from Cadiz to the West Indies is restrained. The ships employed herein are found by the king of Spain, who pays the officers and crews ; and the tonnage is divided into a certain number of bales, all of the same size ; these are distributed amongst the convents at Manila, but principally to the Jesuits, as a donation for the support of their mission for the propagation of the catholic faith ; and these convents have hereby a right to embark such a quantity of goods on board the Manila ship, as the tonnage of their bales amounts to ; or if they choose not to be concerned in trade themselves, they have the power of selling this privilege to others ; and as the merchants to whom they grant their shares are often unprovided of a stock, it is usual for the convents to lend them considerable sums of money on bottomry.

The trade is, by the royal edicts, limited to a certain value, which the annual cargo ought not to exceed. Some Spanish manuscripts I have seen, mention this limitation to be 600,000 dollars ; but the annual cargo does certainly surpass this sum ; and though it may be difficult to fix its exact value, yet, from many comparisons, I conclude, that the return cannot be greatly short of three millions of dollars.

It is sufficiently obvious that the greatest part of the treasure, returned from Acapulco to Manila, does not remain in that place, but is again dispersed into different parts of India. And as all European nations have generally esteemed it good policy to keep their American settlements in an immediate dependence on their mother country, without permitting them to carry on directly any gainful traffic with other powers, these considerations have occasioned many remonstrances to be presented to the court of Spain against the Indian trade, hereby allowed to the kingdom of Peru and Mexico ; it having been urged, that the silk manufactures of Valencia and other parts of Spain are hereby greatly prejudiced, and the lineas carried from Cadiz are much injured in their sale :

since the Chinese silks coming almost directly to Acapulco, can be afforded much cheaper there than any European manufactures of equal goodness; and the cottons from the Coromandel coast make the European linens almost useless. So that the Manila trade renders both Mexico and Peru less dependent upon Spain for a supply of their necessities than they ought to be; and exhausts those countries of a considerable quantity of silver, the greatest part of which, were this trade prohibited, would centre in Spain, either in payment for Spanish commodities, or in gains to the Spanish merchant; whereas now the only advantage which arises from it is, the enriching the Jesuits and a few particular persons besides, at the other extremity of the world. These arguments did so far influence Don Joseph Patinho, who was then prime minister, but an enemy to the Jesuits, that about the year 1725, he had resolved to abolish this trade, and to have permitted no Indian commodities to be introduced into any of the Spanish ports in the West Indies, but what were carried there in the register ships from Europe. But the powerful intrigues of the Jesuits prevented this regulation from taking place.

This trade from Manila to Acapulco and back again, is usually carried on in one or at most two annual ships, which set sail from Manila about July, and arrive at Acapulco in the December, January, or February following, and having there disposed of their effects, return for Manila sometime in March, where they generally arrive in June; so that the whole voyage takes up very near an entire year; for this reason, though there is often no more than one ship employed at a time, yet there is always one ready for the sea when the other arrives; and, therefore, the commerce at Manila are provided with three or four stout ships, that, in case of any accident, the trade may not be suspended. The largest of these ships, whose name I have not learnt, is described as little less than one of our first-rate men-of-war, and indeed she must be of an enormous size, for it is known that when she was employed with other ships from the same port, to cruise for our China trade, she had no less than twelve hundred men on board. Their other ships, though far inferior in bulk to this, are yet stout large vessels, of the burthen of twelve hundred tons and upwards, and usually carry from three hundred and fifty to six hundred hands, passengers included, with fifty odd guns. As these are all king's ships, commissioned and paid by him, there is usually one of the captains, who is styled the general, and who carries the royal standard of Spain at the main-top gallant mast-head, as we shall more particularly observe hereafter.

And now, having described the port of Manila and the shipping they employ, it is necessary to give a more circumstantial detail of their navigation. The ship having received her cargo on board, and being fitted for the sea, generally weighs from the mole of Cabite about the middle of July, taking the advantage of the westerly monsoon, which then sets in, to carry them to sea. It appears that the getting through the Boccadero to the eastward must be a troublesome navigation, and, in fact, it is sometimes the end of August before they get clear of the land. When they have got through this passage, and

are clear of the islands, they stand to the northward of the east, in order to get into the latitude of 30 odd degrees, where they expect to meet with westerly winds, before which they run away for the coast of California. It is most remarkable that, by the concurrent testimony of all the Spanish navigators, there is not one port, nor even a tolerable road, as yet found out betwixt the Philippine Islands and the coast of California and Mexico; so that from the time the Manila ship first loses sight of land, she never lets go her anchor till she arrives on the coast of California, and very often not till she gets to its southernmost extremity; and, therefore, as this voyage is rarely of less than six months' continuance, and the ship is deep laden with merchandise and crowded with people, it may appear wonderful how they can be supplied with a stock of fresh water for so long a time; and indeed their method of procuring it is extremely singular, and deserves a very particular recital.

It is well known to those who are acquainted with the Spanish customs in the South Seas, that their water is preserved on ship-board, not in casks, but in earthen jars, which in some sort resemble the large oil jars we often see in Europe. When the Manila ship first puts to sea, they take on board a much greater quantity of water than can be stowed between decks; and the jars which contain it are hung all about the shrouds and stays, so as to exhibit at a distance a very odd appearance. And though it is one convenience of their jars that they are much more manageable than casks, and are liable to no leakage, unless they are broken, yet it is sufficiently obvious that a six, or even a three months' store of water could never be stowed in a ship so loaded, by any management whatsoever; and therefore without some other supply, this navigation could not be performed. A supply, indeed, they have; but the reliance upon it seems at first sight so extremely precarious, that it is wonderful such numbers should risk the perishing by the most dreadful of all deaths, on the expectation of so casual a circumstance. In short, their only method of recruiting their water is by the rains, which they meet with between the latitudes of 30° and 40° north, and which they are always prepared to catch. For this purpose they take to sea with them a great number of mats, which they place slopingly against the gunwale, whenever the rain descends; these mats extend from one end of the ship to the other; and their lower edges rest on a large split bamboo, so that all the water which falls on the mats drains into the bamboo, and by this, as a trough, is conveyed into a jar; and this method of supplying their water, however accidental and extraordinary it may at first sight appear, has never been known to fail them; so that it is common for them, when their voyage is a little longer than usual, to fill all their water-jars several times over.

However, though their distresses for fresh water are much short of what might be expected in so tedious a navigation, yet there are other inconveniences generally attendant upon a long continuance at sea, from which they are not exempted. The principal of these is the scurvy, which some times rages with extreme violence, and destroys great numbers of the people; but at other times

their passage to Acapulco (of which alone I would be here understood to speak) is performed with little loss.

The length of time employed in this passage, so much beyond what usually occurs in any other navigation, is perhaps in part to be imputed to the indolence and unskillfulness of the Spanish sailors, and to an unnecessary degree of caution and concern for so rich a vessel; for it is said that they never set their main-sail in the night, and often lie by unnecessarily. And indeed the instructions given to their captains (which I have seen) seem to have been drawn up by such as were more apprehensive of too strong a gale, though favourable, than of the inconveniences and mortality attending a lingering and tedious voyage; for the captain is particularly ordered to make his passage in the latitude of thirty degrees, if possible; and to be extremely careful to stand no farther to the northward than is absolutely necessary for the getting a westerly wind. This, according to our conceptions, appears to be a very absurd restriction; since it can scarcely be doubted, but that in the higher latitudes the westerly winds are much steadier and brisker than in the latitude of thirty degrees; so that the whole conduct of this navigation seems liable to very great censure. For if, instead of steering E.N.E. into the latitude of thirty odd degrees, they at first stood N.E., or even still more northerly, into the latitude of forty or forty-five degrees, in part of which course the trade-winds would greatly assist them, I doubt not but by this management they might considerably contract their voyage, and perhaps perform it in half the time which is now allotted for it; for in the journals I have seen of these voyages, it appears, that they are often a month or six weeks after their laying the land, before they get into the latitude of thirty degrees; whereas, with a more northerly course, it might easily be done in a fourth part of the time; and when they were once well advanced to the northward, the westerly winds would soon blow them over to the coast of California, and they would be thereby freed from the other embarrassments to which they are now subjected, only at the expense of a rough sea and a stiff gale. And this is not merely matter of speculation; for I am credibly informed that, about the year 1721, a French ship, by pursuing this course, ran from the coast of China to the valley of Vnderas, on the coast of Mexico, in less than fifty days. But it was said that this ship, notwithstanding the shortness of her passage, suffered prodigiously by the scurvy, so that she had only four or five of her crew left when she arrived in America.

However, I shall descant no longer on the probability of performing this voyage in a much shorter time, but shall content myself with reciting the actual occurrences of the present navigation. The Manila ship having stood so far to the northward as to meet with a westerly wind, stretches away nearly in the same latitude for the coast of California. And when she has run into the longitude of ninety-six degrees from Cape Espiritu Santo, she generally meets with a plant floating on the sea, which, being called *porra* by the Spaniards, is, I presume, a species of sea-leek. On the sight of this plant they esteem themselves sufficiently near the Californian shore, and immediately stand

to the southward; and they rely so much on this circumstance, that on the first discovery of the plant the whole ship's company chant a solemn *Te Deum*, esteeming the difficulties and hazards of their passage to be now at an end; and they constantly correct their longitude thereby, without ever coming within sight of land. After falling in with these signs, as they denominate them, they steer to the southward, without endeavouring to fall in with the coast, till they have run into a lower latitude; for as there are many islands and some shoals adjacent to California, the extreme caution of the Spanish navigators makes them very apprehensive of being engaged with the land; however, when they draw near its southern extremity, they venture to haul in, both for the sake of making Cape St. Lucas to ascertain their reckoning, and also to receive intelligence from the Indian inhabitants, whether or no there are any enemies on the coast; and this last circumstance, which is a particular article in the captain's instructions, makes it necessary to mention the late proceedings of the Jesuits amongst the Californian Indians.

Since the first discovery of California, there have been various wandering missionaries who have visited it at different times, though to little purpose; but of late years the Jesuits, encouraged and supported by a large donation from the Marquis de Valero, a most munificent bigot, have fixed themselves upon the place, and have established a very considerable mission. Their principal settlement lies just within Cape St. Lucas, where they have collected a great number of savages, and have endeavoured to inure them to agriculture and other mechanic arts. And their efforts have not been altogether ineffectual; for they have planted vines at their settlements with very good success, so that they already make a considerable quantity of wine, resembling in flavour the inferior sort of Madeira, which begins to be esteemed in the neighbouring kingdom of Mexico.

The Jesuits, then, being thus firmly rooted on California, they have already extended their jurisdiction quite across the country from sea to sea, and are endeavouring to spread their influence farther to the northward; with which view they have made several expeditions up the gulf between California and Mexico, in order to discover the nature of the adjacent countries, all which they hope hereafter to bring under their power. And being thus occupied in advancing the interests of their society, it is no wonder if some share of attention is engaged about the security of the Manila ship, in which their convents at Manila are so deeply concerned. For this purpose there are refreshments, as fruits, wine, water, &c., constantly kept in readiness for her; and there is besides care taken, at Cape St. Lucas, to look out for any ship of the enemy, which might be cruising there to intercept her; this being a station where she is constantly expected, and where she has been often waited for and fought with, though generally with little success. In consequence then of these measures mutually settled between the Jesuits of Manila and their brethren at California, the captain of the galleon is ordered to fall in with the land to the northward of Cape St. Lucas, where the inhabitants are directed, on sight of the vessel, to make the proper signals with fires; and on

discovering these fires, the captain is to send his launch on shore with twenty men, well armed, who are to carry with them the letters from the convents at Manila to the Californian missionaries, and are to bring back the refreshments which will be prepared for them, and likewise intelligence whether or no there are any enemies on the coast. And if the captain finds, from the account which is sent him, that he has nothing to fear, he is directed to proceed for Cape St. Lucas, and thence to Cape Corientes, after which he is to coast it along for the port of Acapulco.

The most usual time of the arrival of the galleon at Acapulco is towards the middle of January; but this navigation is so uncertain, that she sometimes gets in a month sooner, and at other times has been detained at sea above a month longer. The port of Acapulco is by much the securest and finest in all the northern parts of the Pacific Ocean; being, as it were, a basin surrounded by very high mountains. But the town is a most wretched place, and extremely unhealthy, for the air about it is so pent up by the hills, that it has scarcely any circulation. The place is, besides, destitute of fresh water, except what is brought from a considerable distance; and is in all respects so inconvenient, that, except at the time of the mart, whilst the Manila galleon is in the port, it is almost deserted.

When the galleon arrives in this port, she is generally moored on its western side, and her cargo is delivered with all possible expedition. And now the town of Acapulco, from almost a solitude, is immediately thronged with merchants from all parts of the kingdom of Mexico. The cargo being landed and disposed of, the silver and the goods intended for Manila are taken on board, together with provisions and water, and the ship prepares to put to sea with the utmost expedition. There is indeed no time to be lost; for it is an express order to the captain to be out of the port of Acapulco, on his return, before the first day of April, N. S.

And having mentioned the goods intended for Manila, I must observe, that the principal return is always made in silver, and, consequently, the rest of the cargo is but of little account; the other articles, besides the silver, being some cochineal and a few sweetmeats, the produce of the American settlements, together with European millinery ware for the women at Manila, and some Spanish wines, such as *tent* and sherry, which are intended for the use of their priests in the administration of the sacrament.

And this difference in the cargo of the ship to and from Manila, occasions a very remarkable variety in the manner of equipping the ship for these two different voyages. For the galleon, when she sets sail from Manila, being deep laden with a variety of bulky goods, she has not the convenience of mounting her lower tier of guns, but carries them in her hold till she draws near Cape St. Lucas, and is apprehensive of an enemy. Her hands too are as few as is consistent with the safety of the ship, that she may be less pestered with the stowage of provisions. But on her return from Acapulco, as her cargo lies in less room, her lower tier is (or ought to be) always mounted before she leaves the port, and her crew

is augmented with a supply of sailors, and with one or two companies of foot, which are intended to reinforce the garrison at Manila. And there being, besides, many merchants who take their passage to Manila on board the galleon, her whole number of hands on her return is usually little short of six hundred, all which are easily provided for by reason of the small stowage necessary for the silver.

The galleon being thus fitted for her return, the captain, on leaving the port of Acapulco, steers for the latitude of 13° or 14° , and runs on that parallel till he gets sight of the island of Guam, one of the Ladrões. In this run the captain is particularly directed to be careful of the shoals of St. Bartholomew, and of the island of Gasparico. He is also told in his instructions that, to prevent his passing the Ladrões in the dark, there are orders given that, through all the month of June, fires shall be lighted every night on the highest part of Guam and Rota, and kept in till the morning.

At Guam there is a small Spanish garrison, (as will be more particularly mentioned hereafter,) purposely intended to secure that place for the refreshment of the galleon, and to yield her all the assistance in their power. However, the danger of the road at Guam is so great, that though the galleon is ordered to call there, yet she rarely stays above a day or two, but getting her water and refreshments on board as soon as possible, she steers away directly for Cape Espiritu Santo, on the island of Samal. Here the captain is again ordered to look out for signals; and he is told, that sentinels will be posted not only on that cape, but likewise in Catanduanas, Butusan, Birriborongo, and on the island of Batan. These sentinels are instructed to make a fire when they discover the ship, which the captain is carefully to observe: for if, after this first fire is extinguished, he perceives that four or more are lighted up again, he is then to conclude that there are enemies on the coast; and on this he is immediately to endeavour to speak with the sentinel on shore, and to procure from him more particular intelligence of their force, and of the station they cruise in: pursuant to which, he is to regulate his conduct, and to endeavour to gain some secure port amongst those islands, without coming in sight of the enemy; and in case he should be discovered when in port, and should be apprehensive of an attack, he is then to land his treasure, and to take some of his artillery on shore for its defence, not neglecting to send frequent and particular accounts to the city of Manila of all that passes. But if, after the first fire on shore, the captain observes that two others only are made by the sentinels, he is then to conclude, that there is nothing to fear; and he is to pursue his course without interruption, and to make the best of his way to the port of Cabite, which is the port to the city of Manila, and the constant station for all the ships employed in this commerce to Acapulco.

CHAPTER XI.

Our cruise off the port of Acapulco for the Manila ship.

I HAVE already mentioned, in the ninth chapter, that the return of our barge from the port of Acapulco, where she had surprised three negro fishermen, gave us inexpressible satisfaction, as we learnt from our prisoners that the galleon was then preparing to put to sea, and that her departure was fixed, by an edict of the viceroy of Mexico, to the 14th of March, N.S., that is, to the 3d of March according to our reckoning.

What related to this Manila ship being the matter to which we were most attentive, it was necessarily the first article of our examination; but having satisfied ourselves upon this head, we then indulged our curiosity in inquiring after other news; when the prisoners informed us that they had received intelligence at Acapulco of our having plundered and burnt the town of Païta; and that on this occasion the governor of Acapulco had augmented the fortifications of the place, and had taken several precautions to prevent us from forcing our way into the harbour; that, in particular, he had placed a guard on the island which lies at the harbour's mouth, and that this guard had been withdrawn but two nights before the arrival of our barge: so that had the barge succeeded in her first attempt, or had she arrived at the port the second time two days sooner, she could scarcely have avoided being seized on, or if she had escaped, it must have been with the loss of the greatest part of her crew, as she would have been under the fire of the guard before she had known her danger.

The withdrawing of this guard was a circumstance that greatly encouraged us, as it seemed to demonstrate, not only that the enemy had not as yet discovered us, but likewise that they had now no farther apprehensions of our visiting their coast. Indeed the prisoners assured us that they had no knowledge of our being in those seas, and that they had therefore flattered themselves that, in the long interval since our taking of Païta, we had steered another course. But we did not consider the opinion of these negro prisoners as so authentic a proof of our being hitherto concealed, as the withdrawing of the guard from the harbour's mouth; for this, being the action of the governor, was of all arguments the most convincing, as he might be supposed to have intelligence with which the rest of the inhabitants were unacquainted.

Satisfied, therefore, that we were undiscovered, and that the time was fixed for the departure of the galleon from Acapulco, we made all necessary preparations, and waited with the utmost impatience for the important day. As this was the 3d of March, and it was the 19th of February when the barge returned and brought us our intelligence, the commodore resolved to continue the greatest part of the intermediate time on his present station, to the westward of Acapulco, conceiving that in this situation there would be less danger of his being seen from the shore, which was the only circumstance that could deprive us of the immense treasure on which we had at present so eagerly fixed our thoughts. During this interval we were employed in scrubbing and cleansing our ships'

bottoms, in bringing them into their most advantageous trim, and in regulating the orders, signals, and stations, to be observed when we should arrive off Acapulco, and the time of the departure of the galleon should draw nigh.

And now, on the first of March, we made the high lands, usually called the paps, over Acapulco, and got with all possible expedition into the situation prescribed by the Commodore's orders. The distribution of our squadron on this occasion, both for the intercepting the galleon and for the avoiding a discovery from the shore, was so very judicious, that it well merits to be distinctly described. The order of it was thus:

The Centurion brought the paps over the harbour to bear N.N.E., at fifteen leagues' distance, which was a sufficient offing to prevent our being seen by the enemy. To the westward of the Centurion there was stationed the Carmelo, and to the eastward were the Tryal prize, the Gloucester, and the Carmin. These were all ranged in a circular line, and each ship was three leagues distant from the next; so that the Carmelo and the Carmin, which were the two extremes, were twelve leagues' distance from each other: and as the galleon could without doubt be discerned at six leagues' distance from either extremity, the whole sweep of our squadron, within which nothing could pass undiscovered, was at least twenty-four leagues in extent; and yet we were so connected by our signals, as to be easily and speedily informed of what was seen in any part of the line: and to render this disposition still more complete, and to prevent even the possibility of the galleon's escaping us in the night, the two cutters belonging to the Centurion and the Gloucester were both manned and sent in shore, and were ordered to lie all day at the distance of four or five leagues from the entrance of the port, where, by reason of their smallness, they could not possibly be discovered; but in the night they were directed to stand nearer to the harbour's mouth, and as the light of the morning came on, they were to return back again to their day-posts. When the cutters should first discover the Manila ship, one of them was ordered to return to the squadron, and to make a signal whether the galleon stood to the eastward or to the westward, whilst the other was to follow the galleon at a distance, and, if it grew dark, was to direct the squadron in their chase by showing false fires.

Besides the care we had taken to prevent the galleon from passing by us unobserved, we had not been inattentive to the means of engaging her to advantage when we came up with her: for, considering the thinness of our hands, and the vaunting accounts given by the Spaniards of her size, her guns, and her strength, this was a consideration not to be neglected. As we supposed that none of our ships but the Centurion and the Gloucester were capable of lying alongside of her, we took on board the Centurion all the hands belonging to the Carmelo and the Carmin, except what were just sufficient to navigate those ships; and Captain Saunders was ordered to send from the Tryal prize ten Englishmen, and as many negroes, to reinforce the crew of the Gloucester: and for the encouragement of our negroes, of which we had a considerable number on board, we promised them that on their good behaviour they should all

have their freedom ; and as they had been almost every day trained to the management of the great guns for the two preceding months, they were very well qualified to be of service to us ; and from their hopes of liberty, and in return for the usage they had met with amongst us, they seemed disposed to exert themselves to the utmost of their power.

And now being thus prepared for the reception of the galleon, we expected with the utmost impatience the so often mentioned 3d of March, the day fixed for her departure. And on that day we were all of us most eagerly engaged in looking out towards Acapulco ; and we were so strangely prepossessed with the certainty of our intelligence, and with an assurance of her coming out of port, that some or other on board us were constantly imagining that they discovered one of our cutters returning with a signal. But, to our extreme vexation, both this day and the succeeding night passed over without any news of the galleon. However we did not yet despair, but were all heartily disposed to flatter ourselves that some unforeseen accident had intervened, which might have put off her departure for a few days ; and suggestions of this kind occurred in plenty, as we knew that the time fixed by the viceroy for her sailing, was often prolonged on the petition of the merchants of Mexico. Thus we kept up our hopes, and did not abate of our vigilance ; and as the 7th of March was Sunday, the beginning of Passion-week, which is observed by the papists with great strictness and a total cessation from all kinds of labour, so that no ship is permitted to stir out of port during the whole week, this quieted our apprehensions for some days, and disposed us not to expect the galleon till the week following. On the Friday in this week our cutters returned to us, and the officers on board them were very confident that the galleon was still in port, for that she could not possibly have come out but they must have seen her. On the Monday morning succeeding Passion-week, that is, on the 15th of March, the cutters were again despatched to their old station, and our hopes were once more indulged in as sanguine prepossessions as before ; but in a week's time our eagerness was greatly abated, and a general dejection and despondency took place in its room. It is true there were some few amongst us who still kept up their spirits, and were very ingenious in finding out reasons to satisfy themselves that the disappointment we had hitherto met with had only been occasioned by a casual delay of the galleon, which a few days would remove, and not by a total suspension of her departure for the whole season. But these speculations were not relished by the generality of our people, for they were persuaded that the enemy had by some accident discovered our being upon the coast, and had therefore laid an embargo on the galleon till the next year. And indeed this persuasion was but too well founded, for we afterwards learnt that our barge, when sent on the discovery of the port of Acapulco, had been seen from the shore, and that this circumstance (no embarkations but canoes ever frequenting that coast) was to them a sufficient proof of the neighbourhood of our squadron ; on which they stopped the galleon till the succeeding year.

The commodore himself, though he declared not

his opinion, was yet in his own thoughts very apprehensive that we were discovered, and that the departure of the galleon was put off ; and he had, in consequence of this opinion, formed a plan for possessing himself of Acapulco ; for he had no doubt but the treasure as yet remained in the town, even though the orders for the despatching of the galleon were countermanded. Indeed the place was too well defended to be carried by an open attempt ; for, besides the garrison and the crew of the galleon, there were in it at least a thousand men, well armed, who had marched thither as guards to the treasure, when it was brought down from the city of Mexico ; for the roads thereabouts are so much infested, either by independent Indians or fugitives, that the Spaniards never trust the silver without an armed force to protect it. And besides, had the strength of the place been less considerable, and such as might have appeared not superior to the efforts of our squadron, yet a declared attack would have prevented us from receiving any advantages from its success ; since, upon the first discovery of our squadron, all the treasure would have been ordered into the country, and in a few hours would have been out of our reach ; so that our conquest would have been only a desolate town, where we should have found nothing that could have been of the least consequence to us.

For these reasons, the surprisal of the place was the only method that could at all answer our purpose ; and, therefore, the manner in which Mr. Anson proposed to conduct this enterprise was, by setting sail with the squadron in the evening, time enough to arrive at the port in the night ; and as there is no danger on that coast, he would have stood boldly for the harbour's mouth, where he expected to arrive, and might perhaps have entered it before the Spaniards were acquainted with his designs. As soon as he had run into the harbour, he intended to have pushed two hundred of his men on shore in his boats, who were immediately to attempt the fort ; whilst he, the commodore, with his ships, was employed in firing upon the town, and the other batteries. And these different operations, which would have been executed with great regularity, could hardly have failed of succeeding against an enemy, who would have been prevented by the suddenness of the attack, and by the want of daylight, from concerting any measures for their defence ; so that it was extremely probable that we should have carried the fort by storm ; and then the other batteries, being open behind, must have been soon abandoned ; after which, the town, and its inhabitants, and all the treasure, must necessarily have fallen into our hands, for the place is so cooped up with mountains, that it is scarcely possible to escape out of it, but by the great road, which passes under the fort. This was the project which the commodore had settled in general in his thoughts ; but when he began to inquire into such circumstances as were necessary to be considered in order to regulate the particulars of its execution, he found there was a difficulty, which, being insuperable, occasioned the enterprise to be laid aside : for on examining the prisoners about the winds which prevail near the shore, he learned (and it was afterwards confirmed by the officers of our cutters) that nearer in-shore there was

always a dead calm for the greatest part of the night, and that towards morning, when a gale sprung up, it constantly blew off the land ; so that the setting sail from our present station in the evening, and arriving at Acapulco before daylight, was impossible.

This scheme, as has been said, was formed by the commodore upon a supposition that the galleon was detained till the next year ; but as this was a matter of opinion only, and not founded on intelligence, and there was a possibility that she might still put to sea in a short time, the commodore thought it prudent to continue his cruise upon this station, as long as the necessary attention to his stores of wood and water, and to the convenient season for his future passage to China, would give him leave ; and, therefore, as the cutters had been ordered to remain before Acapulco till the 23d of March, the squadron did not change its position till that day ; when the cutters not appearing, we were in some pain for them, apprehending they might have suffered either from the enemy or the weather ; but we were relieved from our concern the next morning, when we discovered them, though at a great distance, and to the leeward of the squadron. We bore down to them and took them up, and were informed by them, that, conformable to their orders, they had left their station the day before, without having seen anything of the galleon ; and we found that the reason of their being so far to the leeward of us was a strong current, which had driven the whole squadron to windward.

And here it is necessary to mention that, by information which was afterwards received, it appeared that this prolongation of our cruise was a very prudent measure, and afforded us no contemptible chance of seizing the treasure, on which we had so long fixed our thoughts. For it seems, after the embargo was laid on the galleon, as is before mentioned, the persons principally interested in the cargo sent several expresses to Mexico to beg that she might still be permitted to depart. For as they knew, by the accounts sent from Paita, that we had not more than three hundred men in all, they insisted that there was nothing to be feared from us ; for that the galleon (carrying above twice as many hands as our whole squadron) would be greatly an overmatch for us. And though the viceroy was inflexible, yet, on the account of their representation, she was kept ready for the sea for near three weeks after the first order came to detain her.

When we had taken up the cutters, all the ships being joined, the commodore made a signal to speak with their commanders ; and upon inquiry into the stock of fresh water remaining on board the squadron, it was found to be so very slender, that we were under a necessity of quitting our station to procure a fresh supply ; and consulting what place was the most proper for this purpose, it was agreed, that the harbour of Seguataneo or Chequetan, being the nearest to us, was on that account the most eligible ; and it was therefore immediately resolved to make the best of our way thither. And that, even while we were recruiting our water, we might not totally abandon our views upon the galleon ; which, perhaps upon certain intelligence of our being employed at Chequetan, might venture to slip out to sea. Our cutter, under

the command of Mr. Hughes, the lieutenant of the *Tryal* prize, was ordered to cruise off the port of Acapulco for twenty-four days ; that if the galleon should set sail in that interval, we might be speedily informed of it. In pursuance of these resolutions, we endeavoured to ply to the westward to gain our intended port ; but were often interrupted in our progress by calms and adverse currents. In these intervals we employed ourselves in taking out the most valuable part of the cargoes of the *Carmelo* and *Carmin* prizes, which two ships we intended to destroy as soon as we had tolerably cleared them.

By the first of April we were so far advanced towards Seguataneo, that we thought it expedient to send out two boats, that they might range along the coast and discover the watering-place ; they were gone some days, and our water being now very short, it was a particular felicity to us that we met with daily supplies of turtle, for had we been entirely confined to salt provisions, we must have suffered extremely in so warm a climate. Indeed, our present circumstances were sufficiently alarming, and gave the most considerate amongst us as much concern as any of the numerous perils we had hitherto encountered ; for our boats, as we conceived by their not returning, had not as yet discovered a place proper to water at, and by the leakage of our casks and other accidents, we had not ten days' water on board the whole squadron : so that, from the known difficulty of procuring water on this coast, and the little reliance we had on the buccaneer writers, (the only guides we had to trust to,) we were apprehensive of being soon exposed to a calamity, the most terrible of any in the long disheartening catalogue of the distresses of a sea-faring life.

But these gloomy suggestions were soon happily ended ; for our boats returned on the fifth of April, having discovered a place proper for our purpose, about seven miles to the westward of the rocks of Seguataneo, which, by the description they gave of it, appeared to be the port, called by Dampier the harbour, of Chequetan. The success of our boats was highly agreeable to us, and they were ordered out again the next day, to sound the harbour and its entrance, which they had represented as very narrow. At their return they reported the place to be free from any danger ; so that on the seventh we stood in, and that evening came to an anchor in eleven fathoms. The Gloucester came to an anchor at the same time with us ; but the *Carmelo* and the *Carmin* having fallen to leeward, the *Tryal* prize was ordered to join them, and to bring them in, which in two or three days she effected.

Thus, after a four months' continuance at sea, from the leaving of Quibo, and having but six days' water on board, we arrived in the harbour of Chequetan, the description of which, and of the adjacent coast, shall be the business of the ensuing chapter.

* CHAPTER XII.

Description of the harbour of Chequetan, and of the adjacent coast and country.

THE harbour of Chequetan, which we here propose to describe, lies in the latitude of $17^{\circ} 36'$ north, and is about thirty leagues to the westward of Acapulco. It is easy to be discovered by any ship that will keep well in with the land, especially by such as range down coast from Acapulco, and will attend to the following particulars.

There is a beach of sand which extends eighteen leagues from the harbour of Acapulco to the westward, against which the sea breaks with such violence, that it is impossible to land in any part of it; but yet the ground is so clean that ships, in the fair season, may anchor in great safety, at the distance of a mile or two from the shore. The land adjacent to this beach is generally low, full of villages, and planted with a great number of trees; and on the tops of some small eminences there are several look-out towers; so that the face of the country affords a very agreeable prospect. For the cultivated part, which is the part here described, extends some leagues back from the shore, and there appears to be bounded by the chain of mountains, which stretch to a considerable distance on either side of Acapulco. It is a most remarkable particularity, that in this whole extent, being, as has been mentioned, eighteen leagues, and containing, in appearance, the most populous and best planted district of the whole coast, there should be neither canoes, boats, nor any other embarkations either for fishing, coasting, or for pleasure.

The beach here described is the surest guide for finding the harbour of Chequetan; for five miles to the westward of the extremity of this beach there appears a hummock, which at first makes like an island, and is in shape not very unlike the hill of Petaplan hereafter mentioned, though much smaller. Three miles to the westward of this hummock is a white rock lying near the shore, which cannot easily be passed by unobserved. It is about two cables' length from the land, and lies in a large bay about nine leagues over. The westward point of this bay is the hill of Petaplan. This hill, too, like the fore-mentioned hummock, may be at first mistaken for an island, though it be in reality a peninsula, which is joined to the continent by a low and narrow isthmus, covered over with shrubs and small trees. The bay of Seguataneo extends from this hill a great way to the westward; at a small distance from the hill, and opposite to the entrance of the bay, there is an assemblage of rocks, which are white from the excrements of boobies and tropical birds. Four of these rocks are high and large, and, together with several smaller ones, are, by the help of a little imagination, pretended to resemble the form of a cross, and are called the "White Friars." These rocks bear W. by N. from Petaplan; and about seven miles to the westward of them lies the harbour of Chequetan, which is still more minutely distinguished by a large and single rock, that rises out of the water a mile and a half distant from its entrance, and bears S. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. from the middle of it.

These are the infallible marks by which the harbour of Chequetan may be known to those who keep well in with the land; and I must add, that the coast is no ways to be dreaded from the middle of October to the beginning of May, nor is there then any danger from the winds; though, in the remaining part of the year, there are frequent and violent tornadoes, heavy rains, and hard gales in all directions of the compass. But, as to those who keep at any considerable distance from the coast, there is no other method to be taken by them for finding this harbour, than that of making it by its latitude: for there are so many ranges of mountains rising one upon the back of another within land, that no drawings of the appearance of the coast can be at all depended on, when off at sea; for every little change of distance or variation of position brings new mountains in view, and produces an infinity of different prospects, which would render all attempts of delineating the aspect of the coast impossible.

This may suffice as to the methods of discovering the harbour of Chequetan. Its entrance is but about half-a-mile broad; the two points which form it, and which are faced with rocks that are almost perpendicular, bear from each other S.E. and N.W. The harbour is environed on all sides, except to the westward, with high mountains over-spread with trees. The passage into it is very safe on either side of the rock that lies off the mouth of it, though we, both in coming in and going out, left it to the eastward. The ground without the harbour is gravel mixed with stones, but within it is a soft mud: and it must be remembered that, in coming to an anchor, a good allowance should be made for a large swell, which frequently causes a great send of the sea; as likewise, for the ebbing and flowing of the tide, which we observed to be about five feet, and that it set nearly E. and W.

The watering-place for fresh water has the appearance of a large standing lake, without any visible outlet into the sea, from which it is separated by a part of the strand. The origin of this lake is a spring, that bubbles out of the ground near half-a-mile within the country. We found the water a little brackish, but more considerably so towards the sea-side; for the nearer we advanced towards the spring-head, the softer and fresher it proved: this laid us under a necessity of filling all our casks from the furthest part of the lake, and occasioned us some trouble; and would have proved still more difficult, had it not been for our particular management, which, for the convenience of it, deserves to be recommended to all who shall hereafter water at this place. Our method consisted in making use of canoes which drew but little water; for, loading them with a number of small casks, they easily got up the lake to the spring-head, and the small casks being there filled, were in the same manner transported back again to the beach, where some of our hands always attended to start them into other casks of a larger size.

Though this lake, during our continuance there, appeared to have no outlet into the sea, yet there is reason to suppose that in the wet season it overflows the strand, and communicates with the ocean; for Dampier, who was formerly here, speaks of it as a large river. Indeed there must

be a very great body of water amassed before the lake can rise high enough to overflow the strand ; for the neighbouring country is so low, that great part of it must be covered with water, before it can run out over the beach.

As the country in the neighbourhood, particularly the tract which we have already described, appeared to be well peopled, and cultivated, we hoped thence to have procured fresh provision and other refreshments which we stood in need of. With this view, the morning after we came to an anchor, the commodore ordered a party of forty men, well armed, to march into the country, and to endeavour to discover some town or village, where they were to attempt to set on foot a correspondence with the inhabitants ; for we doubted not, if we could have any intercourse with them, but that by presents of some of the coarse merchandise, with which our prizes abounded (which, though of little consequence to us, would to them be extremely valuable) we should allure them to furnish us with whatever fruits or fresh provisions were in their power. Our people were directed on this occasion to proceed with the greatest circumspection, and to make as little ostentation of hostility as possible ; for we were sensible, that we could meet with no wealth here worth our notice, and that what necessities we really wanted, we should in all probability be better supplied with by an open amicable traffic, than by violence and force of arms. But this endeavour of opening an intercourse with the inhabitants proved ineffectual ; for towards evening, the party which had been ordered to march into the country, returned greatly fatigued with their unusual exercise, and some of them so far spent as to have fainted by the way, and to be obliged to be brought back upon the shoulders of their companions. They had marched in all, as they conceived, about ten miles, in a beaten road, where they often saw the fresh dung of horses or mules. When they had got about five miles from the harbour, the road divided between the mountains into two branches, one running to the east, and the other to the west : after some deliberation about the course they should take, they agreed to pursue the eastern road, which, when they had followed for some time, led them at once into a large plain or savannah ; on one side of which they discovered a sentinel on horseback with a pistol in his hand : it was supposed that when they first saw him he was asleep, but his horse startled at the glittering of their arms, and turning round suddenly rode off with his master, who was very near being unhorsed in the surprise, but he recovered his seat, and escaped with the loss only of his hat and his pistol, which he dropped on the ground. Our people ran after him, in hopes of discovering some village or habitation which he would retreat to, but as he had the advantage of being on horseback, he soon lost sight of them. However, they were unwilling to come back without making some discovery, and therefore still followed the track they were in ; but the heat of the day increasing, and finding no water to quench their thirst, they were at first obliged to halt, and then resolved to return ; for as they saw no signs of plantations or cultivated land, they had no reason to believe that there was any village or settlement near them : but to leave no means untried of procuring some intercourse with the

people, the officers stuck up several poles in the road, to which were affixed declarations, written in Spanish, encouraging the inhabitants to come down to the harbour, and to traffic with us, giving the strongest assurances of a kind reception, and faithful payment for any provisions they should bring us. This was doubtless a very prudent measure, but yet it produced no effect ; for we never saw any of them during the whole time of our continuance at this port of Chequetan. But had our men, upon the division of the path, taken the western road instead of the eastern, it would soon have led them to a village or town, which in some Spanish manuscripts is mentioned as being in the neighbourhood of this port, and which we afterwards learned was not above two miles from that turning.

And on this occasion I cannot help mentioning another adventure, which happened to some of our people in the bay of Petaplan, as it may help to give the reader a just idea of the temper of the inhabitants of this part of the world. Some time after our arrival at Chequetan, Lieutenant Brett was sent by the commodore, with two of our boats under his command, to examine the coast to the eastward, particularly to make observations on the bay and watering-place of Petaplan. As Mr. Brett, with one of the boats, was preparing to go on shore towards the hill of Petaplan, he, accidentally looking across the bay, perceived, on the opposite strand, three small squadrons of horse parading upon the beach, and seeming to advance towards the place where he proposed to land. On sight of this he immediately put off the boat, though he had but sixteen men with him, and stood over the bay towards them : and he soon came near enough to perceive that they were mounted on very sightly horses, and were armed with carbines and lances. On seeing him make towards them, they formed upon the beach, and seemed resolved to dispute his landing, firing several distant shot at him as he drew near ; till at last the boat being arrived within a reasonable distance of the most advanced squadron, Mr. Brett ordered his people to fire, upon which this resolute cavalry instantly ran in great confusion into the wood, through a small opening. In this precipitate flight one of their horses fell down and threw his rider ; but, whether he was wounded or not we could not learn, for both man and horse soon got up again, and followed the rest into the wood. In the mean time, the other two squadrons, who were drawn up at a great distance behind, out of the reach of our shot, were calm spectators of the rout of their comrades ; for they had halted on our first approach, and never advanced afterwards. It was doubtless fortunate for our people that the enemy acted with so little prudence, and exerted so little spirit ; for had they concealed themselves till our men had landed, it is scarcely possible but the whole boat's crew must have fallen into their hands ; since the Spaniards were not much short of two hundred, and the whole number, with Mr. Brett, as hath been already mentioned, only amounted to sixteen. However, the discovery of so considerable a force, collected in this bay of Petaplan, obliged us constantly to keep a boat or two before it : for we were apprehensive that the cutter, which we had left to cruise off Acapulco, might, on her return, be surprised by

the enemy, if she did not receive timely information of her danger. But now to proceed with the account of the harbour of Chequetan.

After our unsuccessful attempt to engage the people of the country to furnish us with the necessaries we wanted, we desisted from any more endeavours of the same nature, and were obliged to be contented with what we could procure for ourselves in the neighbourhood of the port. We caught fish here in tolerable quantities, especially when the smoothness of the water permitted us to haul the seine. Amongst the rest, we got there cavallies, breams, mullets, soles, fiddle-fish, sea-eggs, and lobsters : and we here, and in no other place, met with that extraordinary fish called the torpedo, or numbing fish, which is in shape very like the fiddle-fish, and is not to be known from it but by a brown circular spot of about the bigness of a crown-piece near the centre of its back ; perhaps its figure will be better understood, when I say it is a flat fish, much resembling the thorn-back. This fish, the torpedo, is indeed of a most singular nature, productive of the strangest effects on the human body : for whoever handles it, or happens even to set his foot upon it, is presently seized with a numbness all over him ; but which is more distinguishable in that limb which was in immediate contact with it. The same effect too will be in some degree produced by touching the fish with anything held in the hand ; for I myself had a considerable degree of numbness conveyed to my right arm, through a walking cane which I rested on the body of the fish for some time ; and I make no doubt but I should have been much more sensibly affected, had not the fish been near expiring when I made the experiment : for it is observable that this influence acts with most vigour when the fish is first taken out of the water, and entirely ceases when it is dead, so that it may be then handled or even eaten without any inconvenience. I shall only add that the numbness of my arm on this occasion did not go off on a sudden, as the accounts of some naturalists gave me reason to expect, but diminished gradually, so that I had some sensation of it remaining till the next day.

To the account given of the fish we met with here, I must add, that though turtle now grew scarce, and we met with none in this harbour of Chequetan, yet our boats, which, as I have mentioned, were stationed off Petaplan, often supplied us therewith ; and though this was a food that we had now been so long as it were confined to, (for it was the only fresh provisions which we had tasted for near six months,) yet we were far from being cloyed with it, or from finding that the relish we had of it at all diminished.

The animals we met with on shore were principally guanos, with which the country abounds, and which are by some reckoned delicious food. We saw no beasts of prey here, except we should esteem that amphibious animal, the alligator, as such, several of which our people discovered, but none of them very large. However, we were satisfied that there were great numbers of tigers in the woods, though none of them came in sight ; for we every morning found the beach near the watering place imprinted very thick with their footsteps : but we never apprehended any mischief from them ;

for they are by no means so fierce as the Asiatic or African tiger, and are rarely, if ever, known to attack mankind. Birds were here in sufficient plenty ; for we had abundance of pheasants of different kinds, some of them of an uncommon size, but they were very dry and tasteless food. And besides these we had a variety of smaller birds, particularly parrots, which we often killed for food.

The fruits and vegetable refreshments at this place were neither plentiful, nor of the best kinds : there were, it is true, a few bushes scattered about the woods, which supplied us with limes, but we scarcely could procure enough for our present use ; and these, with a small plum of an agreeable acid, called in Jamaica the hog-plum, together with another fruit called the papah, were the only fruits to be found in the woods. Nor is there any other useful vegetable here worth mentioning, except brooklime : this indeed grew in great quantities near the fresh-water banks ; and, as it was esteemed an antiscorbutic, we fed upon it frequently, though its extreme bitterness made it very unpalatable.

These are the articles most worthy of notice in this harbour of Chequetan. I shall only mention a particular of the coast lying to the westward of it, that to the eastward having been already described. As Mr. Anson was always attentive to whatever might be of consequence to those who might frequent these seas hereafter ; and, as we had observed that there was a double land to the westward of Chequetan, which stretched out to a considerable distance, with a kind of opening, which appeared not unlike the inlet to some harbour, the commodore, soon after we came to an anchor, sent a boat to discover it more accurately, and it was found, on a nearer examination, that the two hills, which formed the double land, were joined together by a valley, and that there was no harbour nor shelter between them.

By all that has been said, it will appear that the conveniences of this port of Chequetan, particularly in the articles of refreshment, are not altogether such as might be desired : but yet, upon the whole, it is a place of considerable consequence, and the knowledge of it may be of great import to future cruisers. For it is the only secure harbour in a vast extent of coast, except Acapulco, which is in the hands of the enemy. It lies at a proper distance from Acapulco for the convenience of such ships as may have any designs on the Manila galleon ; and it is a place where wood and water may be taken in with great security, in despite of the efforts of the inhabitants of the adjacent district : for there is but one narrow path which leads through the woods into the country, and this is easily to be secured by a very small party, against all the strength the Spaniards in that neighbourhood can muster. After this account of Chequetan, and the coast contiguous to it, we shall return to the recital of our own proceedings.

CHAPTER XIII.

Our proceedings at Chequetan and on the adjacent coast, till our setting sail for Asia.

THE next morning, after our coming to an anchor in the harbour of Chequetan, we sent about ninety of our men well armed on shore, forty of whom were ordered to march into the country, as has been mentioned, and the remaining fifty were employed to cover the watering-place, and to prevent any interruption from the natives.

Here we completed the unloading of the *Carmelo* and *Carmin*, which we had begun at sea ; at least we took out of them the indigo, cacao, and cochineal, with some iron for ballast, which were all the goods we intended to preserve, though they did not amount to a tenth of their cargoes. Here, too, it was agreed, after a mature consultation, to destroy the *Tryal's* prize, as well as the *Carmelo* and *Carmin*, whose fate had been before resolved on. Indeed the ship was in good repair and fit for the sea ; but as the whole numbers on board our squadron did not amount to the complement of a fourth-rate man-of-war, we found it was impossible to divide them into three ships, without rendering them incapable of navigating in safety in the tempestuous weather we had reason to expect on the coast of China, where we supposed we should arrive about the time of the change of the monsoons. These considerations determined the commodore to destroy the *Tryal's* prize, and to reinforce the *Gloucester* with the greatest part of her crew. And in consequence of this resolve, all the stores on board the *Tryal's* prize were removed into the other ships, and the prize herself, with the *Carmelo* and *Carmin*, were prepared for scuttling with all the expedition we were masters of ; but the greatest difficulties we were under in laying in a store of water (which have been already touched on) together with the necessary repairs of our rigging and other unavoidable occupations, took us up so much time, and found us such unexpected employment, that it was near the end of April before we were in a condition to leave the place.

During our stay here, there happened an incident, which, as it proved the means of convincing our friends in England of our safety, which for some time they had despaired of, and were then in doubt about, I shall beg leave particularly to recite. I have observed, in the preceding chapter, that from this harbour of Chequetan there was but one pathway which led through the woods into the country. This we found much beaten, and were thence convinced that it was well known to the inhabitants. As it passed by the spring-head, and was the only avenue by which the Spaniards could approach us, we, at some distance beyond the spring-head, felled several large trees, and laid them one upon the other across the path ; and at this barricado we constantly kept a guard ; and we besides ordered our men employed in watering to have their arms ready, and, in case of any alarm, to march instantly to this post. And though our principal intention was to prevent our being disturbed by any sudden attack of the enemy's horse, yet it answered another purpose, which was not in itself less important ; this was to hinder our own people from straggling singly into the country,

where we had reason to believe they would be surprised by the Spaniards, who would doubtless be extremely solicitous to pick up some of them, in hopes of getting intelligence of our future designs. To avoid this inconvenience, the strictest orders were given to the sentinels to let no person whatever pass beyond their post : but notwithstanding this precaution we missed one *Lewis Leger*, who was the commodore's cook : and as he was a Frenchman, and suspected to be a papist, it was by some imagined that he had deserted with a view of betraying all that he knew to the enemy ; but this appeared, by the event, to be an ill-grounded surmise ; for it was afterwards known that he had been taken by some Indians, who carried him prisoner to *Acapulco*, from whence he was transferred to Mexico, and thence to *Vera Cruz*, where he was shipped on board a vessel bound to *Old Spain* : and the vessel being obliged by some accident to put into *Lisbon*, *Leger* escaped on shore, and was by the British consul sent from thence to *England* ; where he brought the first authentic account of the safety of the commodore, and of what he had done in the South Seas. The relation he gave of his own seizure was, that he had rambled into the woods at some distance from the barricado, where he had first attempted to pass, but had been stopped and threatened to be punished ; that his principal view was to get a quantity of limes for his master's store ; and that in this occupation he was surprised unawares by four Indians, who stripped him naked, and carried him in that condition to *Acapulco*, exposed to the scorching heat of the sun, which at that time of the year shone with its greatest violence : and afterwards at Mexico his treatment in prison was sufficiently severe, and the whole course of his captivity was a continued instance of the hatred which the Spaniards bear to all those who endeavour to disturb them in the peaceable possession of the coasts of the South Seas. Indeed *Leger's* fortune was, upon the whole, extremely singular ; for after the hazards he had run in the commodore's squadron, and the severities he had suffered in his long confinement amongst the enemy, a more fatal disaster attended him on his return to *England* : for though, when he arrived in London, some of Mr. Anson's friends interested themselves in relieving him from the poverty to which his captivity had reduced him ; yet he did not long enjoy the benefit of their humanity, for he was killed in an insignificant night brawl, the cause of which could scarcely be discovered.

And here I must observe that though the enemy never appeared in sight during our stay in this harbour, yet we perceived that there were large parties of them encamped in the woods about us ; for we could see their smokes, and could thence determine that they were posted in a circular line surrounding us at a distance ; and just before our coming away they seemed, by the increase of their fires, to have received a considerable reinforcement. But to return :

Towards the latter end of April, the unloading of our three prizes, our wooding and watering, and, in short, all our proposed employments at the harbour of Chequetan, were completed : so that, on the 27th of April, the *Tryal's* prize, the *Carmelo* and the *Carmin*, all which we here intended to destroy, were towed on shore and scuttled, and

a quantity of combustible materials were distributed in their upper works ; and the next morning the Centurion and the Gloucester weighed anchor, but as there was but little wind, and that not in their favour, they were obliged to warp out of the harbour. When they had reached the offing, one of the boats was despatched back again to set fire to our prize, which was accordingly executed. And a canoe was left fixed to a grapple in the middle of the harbour, with a bottle in it well corked, inclosing a letter to Mr. Hughes, who commanded the cutter, which was ordered to cruise before the port of Acapulco, when we came off that station. And on this occasion I must mention more particularly than I have yet done, the views of the commodore in leaving the cutter before that port.

When we were necessitated to make for Chequetan to take in our water, Mr. Anson considered that our being in that harbour would soon be known at Acapulco ; and therefore he hoped that, on the intelligence of our being employed in port, the galleon might put to sea, especially as Chequetan is so very remote from the course generally steered by the galleon : he therefore ordered the cutter to cruise twenty-four days off the port of Acapulco, and her commander was directed, on perceiving the galleon under sail, to make the best of his way to the commodore at Chequetan. As the Centurion was doubtless a much better sailer than the galleon, Mr. Anson, in this case, resolved to have got to sea as soon as possible, and to have pursued the galleon across the Pacific Ocean : and supposing he should not have met with her in his passage, (which, considering that he would have kept nearly the same parallel, was not very improbable,) yet he was certain of arriving off Cape Espiritu Santo, on the island of Samal, before her ; and that being the first land she makes on her return to the Philippines, we could not have failed to have fallen in with her, by cruising a few days in that station. But the viceroy of Mexico ruined this project by keeping the galleon in the port of Acapulco all that year.

The letter left in the canoe for Mr. Hughes, the commander of the cutter, (the time of whose return was now considerably elapsed,) directed him to go back immediately to his former station before Acapulco, where he would find Mr. Anson, who resolved to cruise for him there for a certain number of days ; after which, it was added, that the commodore would return to the southward to join the rest of the squadron. This last article was inserted to deceive the Spaniards, if they got possession of the canoe, (as we afterwards learnt they did,) but could not impose on Mr. Hughes, who well knew that the commodore had no squadron to join, nor any intention of steering back to Peru.

Being now in the offing of Chequetan, bound across the vast Pacific Ocean in our way to China, we were impatient to run off the coast as soon as possible ; for as the stormy season was approaching apace, and as we had no further views in the American seas, we had hoped that nothing would have prevented us from standing to the westward, the moment we got out of the harbour of Chequetan : and it was no small mortification to us, that our necessary employment there had detained us so much longer than we expected ; and now

we were farther detained by the absence of the cutter, and the standing towards Acapulco in search of her. Indeed, as the time of her cruise had been expired for near a fortnight, we suspected that she had been discovered from the shore ; and that the governor of Acapulco had thereupon sent out a force to seize her, which, as she carried but six hands, was no very difficult enterprise. However, this being only conjecture, the commodore, as soon as he was got clear of the harbour of Chequetan, stood along the coast to the eastward in search of her : and to prevent her from passing by us in the dark, we brought to every night ; and the Gloucester, whose station was a league within us towards the shore, carried a light, which the cutter could not but perceive, if she kept along-shore, as we supposed she would do ; and as a farther security, the Centurion and the Gloucester alternately showed two false fires every half hour. Indeed, had she escaped us, she would have found orders in the canoe to have returned immediately before Acapulco, where Mr. Anson proposed to cruise for her some days.

By Sunday, the 2d of May, we were advanced within three leagues of Acapulco, and having seen nothing of our boat, we gave her over for lost, which, besides the compassionate concern for our ship-mates, and for what it was apprehended they might have suffered, was in itself a misfortune, which, in our present scarcity of hands, we were all greatly interested in : for the crew of the cutter, consisting of six men and the lieutenant, were the very flower of our people, purposely picked out for this service, and known to be every one of them of tried and approved resolution, and as skilful seamen as ever trod a deck. However, as it was the general belief among us that they were taken and carried into Acapulco, the commodore's prudence suggested a project which we hoped would recover them. This was founded on our having many Spanish and Indian prisoners in our possession, and a number of sick negroes, who could be of no service to us in the navigating of the ship. The commodore therefore wrote a letter the same day to the governor of Acapulco, telling him, that he would release them all, provided the governor returned the cutter's crew ; and the letter was despatched the same afternoon by a Spanish officer, of whose honour we had a good opinion, and who was furnished with a launch belonging to one of our prizes, and a crew of six other prisoners who all gave their parole for their return. The officer, too, besides the commodore's letter, carried with him a joint petition signed by all the rest of the prisoners, beseeching his Excellency to acquiesce in the terms proposed for their liberty. From a consideration of the number of our prisoners, and the quality of some of them, we did not doubt but the governor would readily comply with Mr. Anson's proposal, and therefore we kept plying on and off the whole night, intending to keep well in with the land, that we might receive an answer at the limited time, which was the next day, being Monday : but both on the Monday and Tuesday we were driven so far off shore, that we could not hope to receive any answer ; and on the Wednesday morning we found ourselves fourteen leagues from the harbour of Acapulco ; but as the wind was now favourable, we pressed forwards with all our

sail, and did not doubt of getting in with the land in a few hours. Whilst we were thus standing in, the man at the mast-head called out that he saw a boat under sail at a considerable distance to the south-eastward: this we took for granted was the answer of the governor to the commodore's message, and we instantly edged towards it; but when we drew nearer, we found to our unspeakable joy that it was our own cutter. While she was still at a distance, we imagined that she had been discharged out of the port of Acapulco by the governor; but when she drew nearer, the wan and meagre countenances of the crew, the length of their beards, and the feeble and hollow tone of their voices, convinced us that they had suffered much greater hardships than could be expected from even the severities of a Spanish prison. They were obliged to be helped into the ship, and were immediately put to bed, and with rest, and nourishing diet, which they were plentifully supplied with from the commodore's table, they recovered their health and vigour apace: and now we learnt that they had kept the sea the whole time of their absence, which was above six weeks; that when they finished their cruise before Acapulco, and had just begun to ply to the westward in order to join the squadron, a strong adverse current had forced them down the coast to the eastward in spite of all their efforts; that at length their water being all expended, they were obliged to search the coast farther on to the eastward, in quest of some convenient landing-place, where they might get a fresh supply; that in this distress they ran upwards of eighty leagues to leeward, and found everywhere so large a surf, that there was not the least possibility of their landing; that they passed some days in this dreadful situation, without water, and having no other means left them to allay their thirst than sucking the blood of the turtle which they caught; and at last, giving up all hopes of relief, the heat of the climate too augmenting their necessities, and rendering their sufferings insupportable, they abandoned themselves to despair, fully persuaded that they should perish by the most terrible of all deaths; but that they were soon after happily relieved by a most unexpected incident, for there fell so heavy a rain, that by spreading their sails horizontally, and by putting bullets in the centers of them to draw them to a point, they caught as much water as filled all their cask; that immediately upon this fortunate supply they stood to the westward in quest of the commodore; and being now luckily favoured by a strong current, they joined us in less than fifty hours, from the time they stood to the westward, after having been absent from us full forty-three days. Those who have an idea of the inconsiderable size of a cutter belonging to a sixty-gun ship, (being only an open boat about twenty-two feet in length,) and who will attend to the various accidents to which she was exposed during a six weeks' continuance alone, in the open ocean, on so impracticable and dangerous a coast, will readily own, that her return to us at last, after all the difficulties which she actually experienced, and the hazards to which she was each hour exposed, may be considered as little short of miraculous.

I cannot finish the article of this cutter, with-

out remarking how little reliance navigators ought to have on the accounts of the buccaneer writers: for though in this run of hers, eighty leagues to the eastward of Acapulco, she found no place where it was possible for a boat to land, yet those writers have not been ashamed to feign harbours and convenient watering-places within these limits; thereby exposing such as should confide in their relations, to the risk of being destroyed by thirst.

And now having received our cutter, the sole object of our coming a second time before Acapulco, the commodore resolved not to lose a moment's time longer, but to run off the coast with the utmost expedition, both as the stormy season on the coast of Mexico was now approaching apace, and as we were apprehensive of having the westerly monsoon to struggle with when we came upon the coast of China; and therefore he no longer stood towards Acapulco, as he now wanted no answer from the governor; but yet he resolved not to deprive his prisoners of the liberty, which he had promised them; so that they were all immediately embarked in two launches which belonged to our prizes, those from the *Centurion* in one launch, and those from the *Gloucester* in the other. The launches were well equipped with masts, sails and oars; and, lest the wind might prove unfavourable, they had a stock of water and provisions put on board them sufficient for fourteen days. There were discharged thirty-nine persons from on board the *Centurion*, and eighteen from the *Gloucester*, the greatest part of them Spaniards, the rest Indians and sick negroes: but as our crews were very weak, we kept the mulattoes and some of the stoutest of the negroes, with a few Indians, to assist us; but we dismissed every Spanish prisoner whatever. We have since learnt, that these two launches arrived safe at Acapulco, where the prisoners could not enough extol the humanity with which they had been treated; and that the governor, before their arrival, had returned a very obliging answer to the commodore's letter, and had attended it with a present of two boats laden with the choicest refreshments and provisions which were to be got at Acapulco; but that these boats not having found our ships, were at length obliged to put back again, after having thrown all their provisions overboard in a storm which threatened their destruction.

The sending away our prisoners was our last transaction on the American coast; for no sooner had we parted with them, than we and the *Gloucester* made sail to the S.W., proposing to get a good offing from the land, where we hoped, in a few days, to meet with the regular trade-wind, which the accounts of former navigators had represented as much brisker and steadier in this ocean, than in any other part of the globe: for it has been esteemed no uncommon passage, to run from hence to the easternmost parts of Asia in two months; and we flattered ourselves that we were as capable of making an expeditious passage, as any ships that had ever run this course before us: so that we hoped soon to gain the coast of China, for which we were now bound. And conformable to the general idea of this navigation given by former voyagers, we considered it as free from all kinds of embarrassment

of bad weather, fatigue, or sickness; and consequently we undertook it with alacrity, especially as it was no contemptible step towards our arrival at our native country, for which many of us by this time began to have great longings. Thus, on the 6th of May, we, for the last time, lost sight of the mountains of Mexico, persuaded, that in a few weeks we should arrive at the river of Canton in China, where we expected to meet with many English ships, and numbers of our countrymen; and hoped to enjoy the advantages of an amicable, well-frequented port, inhabited by a polished people, and abounding with the conveniences and indulgences of a civilised life; blessings, which now for near twenty months had never been once in our power. But there yet remains (before we take our leave of America) the consideration of a matter well worthy of attention, the discussion of which shall be referred to the ensuing chapter.

CHAPTER XIV.

A brief account of what might have been expected from our squadron, had it arrived in the South Seas in good time.

AFTER the recital of the transactions of the commodore, and the ships under his command, on the coasts of Peru and Mexico, as contained in the preceding part of this book, it will be no useless digression to examine what the whole squadron might have been capable of achieving, had it arrived in those seas in so good a plight, as it would probably have done, had the passage round Cape Horn been attempted in a more seasonable time of the year. This disquisition may be serviceable to those who shall hereafter form projects of the like nature for that part of the world, or may be entrusted with their execution. And therefore I propose, in this chapter, to consider, as succinctly as I can, the numerous advantages which the public might have received from the operations of the squadron, had it set sail from England a few months sooner.

And first, I must suppose, that in the summer-time we might have got round Cape Horn with an inconsiderable loss, and without any damage to our ships or rigging. For the Duke and Duchess of Bristol, who between them had above three hundred men, buried no more than two, from the coast of Brazil to Juan Fernandes; and out of a hundred and eighty-three hands which were on board the Duke, there were only twenty-one sick of the scurvy, when they arrived at that island: whence, as men-of-war are much better provided with all conveniences than privateers, we might, doubtless, have appeared before Baldivia in full strength, and in a condition of entering immediately on action; and therefore, as that place was in a very defenceless state, its cannon incapable of service, and its garrison in great measure unarmed, it was impossible that it could have opposed our force, or that its half-starved inhabitants, most of whom are convicts banished thither from other parts, could have had any other thoughts than that of submitting; and Baldivia, which is a most excellent port, being once taken, we should immediately have been terrible to the whole kingdom of Chili, and should, doubtless, have awed the most distant parts of the Spanish empire. Indeed,

it is far from improbable that, by a prudent use of our advantages, we might have given a violent shock to the authority of Spain on that whole continent; and might have rendered some, at least, of her provinces independent. This would, doubtless, have turned the whole attention of the Spanish ministry to that part of the world, where the danger would have been so pressing. And thence Great Britain and her allies might have been rid of the numerous embarrassments, which the wealth of the Spanish Indies, operating in conjunction with the Gallic intrigues, have constantly thrown in her way.

And that I may not be thought to over-rate the force of this squadron, by ascribing to it a power of overturning the Spanish government in America, it is necessary to premise a few observations on the condition of the provinces bordering on the South Seas, and on the disposition of the inhabitants, both Spaniards and Indians, at that time; by which it will appear, that there was great dissension amongst the governors, and disaffection among the Creolians; that they were in want of arms and stores, and had fallen into a total neglect of all military regulations in their garrisons; and that as to the Indians on their frontier, they were universally discontented, and seemed to be watching with impatience for the favourable moment, when they might take a severe revenge for the barbarities they had groaned under for more than two ages; so that every circumstance concurred to facilitate the enterprises of our squadron. Of all these particulars we were amply informed by the letters we took on board our prizes, none of these vessels, as I remember, having had the precaution to throw her papers overboard.

The ill blood amongst the governors was greatly augmented by their apprehensions of our squadron; for every one being willing to have it believed, that the bad condition of his government was not the effect of negligence, there were continual demands and remonstrances amongst them, in order to throw the blame upon each other. Thus, for instance, the president of St. Jago in Chili, the president of Panama, and many other governors and military officers, were perpetually soliciting the viceroy of Peru to furnish them with the necessary supplies of money for putting their provinces and places in a proper state of defence to oppose our designs. But the customary answer of the viceroy to these representations was the emptiness of the royal chest at Lima, and the difficulties he was under to support the expenses of his own government; and in one of his letters (which we intercepted), he mentioned his apprehensions that he might even be necessitated to stop the pay of the troops, and of the garrison of Callao, the key of the whole kingdom of Peru. Indeed he did at times remit to these governors some part of their demands; but as what he sent them was greatly short of their wants, it rather tended to the raising jealousies and heart-burnings amongst them, than contributed to the purposes for which it was intended.

And besides these mutual janglings amongst the governors, the whole body of the people were extremely dissatisfied; for they were fully persuaded that the affairs of Spain, for many years before, had been managed by the influence of a particular foreign interest, which was altogether detached

from the advantages of the Spanish nation. So that the inhabitants of these distant provinces believed themselves to be sacrificed to an ambition, which never considered their convenience or interests, or paid any regard to the reputation of their name, or the honour of their country. That this was the temper of the Creolian Spaniards at that time, might be evinced from a hundred instances; but I shall content myself with one, which is indeed conclusive. This is the testimony of the French mathematicians sent into America, to measure the magnitude of an equatorial degree of latitude. For in the relation of the murder of a surgeon belonging to their company in one of the cities of Peru, and of the popular tumult occasioned thereby, written by one of those astronomers, the author confesses, that the inhabitants, during the uproar, all joined in imprecations on their bad governors, and bestowed the most abusive language upon the French, detesting them, in all probability, more particularly as belonging to a nation, to whose influence in the Spanish councils the Spaniards imputed all their misfortunes.

And whilst the Creolian Spaniards were thus dissatisfied, it appears by the letters we intercepted, that the Indians, on almost every frontier, were ripe for a revolt, and would have taken up arms on the slightest encouragement; in particular, the Indians in the southern parts of Peru; as likewise the Arraucos, and the rest of the Chilian Indians, the most powerful and terrible to the Spanish name of any on that continent. For it seems, that in the disputes between the Spaniards and the Indians, which happened some time before our arrival, the Spaniards had insulted the Indians with an account of the force, which they expected from Old Spain, under the command of Admiral Pizarro, and had vaunted that he was coming thither to complete the great work which had been left unfinished by his ancestors. These threats alarmed the Indians, and made them believe that their extirpation was resolved on. For the Pizarros being the first conquerors of that coast, the Peruvian Indians held the name, and all that bore it, in execration; not having forgot the destruction of their monarchy, the massacre of their beloved Inca, Atapalipa, the extinction of their religion, and the slaughter of their ancestors; all perpetrated by the family of the Pizarros. The Chilian Indians, too, abhorred a chief descended from those, who, by their lieutenants, had first attempted to enslave them, and had necessitated their tribes, for more than a century, to be continually wasting their blood in defence of their independence.

And let it not be supposed, that among those barbarous nations the traditions of such distant transactions could not be continued till the present times; for all who have been acquainted with that part of the world agree, that the Indians, in their public feasts, and annual solemnities, constantly revive the memory of these tragic incidents; and those who have been present at these spectacles have observed, that all the recitals and representations of this kind were received with an enthusiastic rage, and with such vehement emotions, as plainly evinced how strongly the memory of their former wrongs was implanted in them, and how acceptable the means of revenge would at all times prove. To this account I must add,

too, that the Spanish governors themselves were so fully informed of the disposition of the Indians, and were so apprehensive of a general defection among them, that they employed all their industry to reconcile the most dangerous tribes, and to prevent them from immediately taking up arms. Among the rest, the president of Chili in particular made large concessions to the Arraucos, and the other Chilian Indians, by which, and by distributing considerable presents to their leading men, he at last got them to consent to a prolongation of the truce between the two nations. But these negotiations were not concluded at the time when we might have been in the South Seas; and had they been completed, yet the hatred of these Indians to the Spaniards was so great, that it would have been impossible for their chiefs to have prevented their joining us.

Thus, then, it appears that on our arrival in the South Sea we might have found the whole coast unprovided with troops, and destitute even of arms; for we well knew, from very particular intelligence, that there were not three hundred fire-arms, of which too the greatest part were matchlocks, in all the province of Chili. At the same time, the Indians would have been ready to revolt, the Spaniards disposed to mutiny, and the governors enraged with each other, and each prepared to rejoice at the disgrace of his antagonist; whilst we, on the other hand, might have consisted of near two thousand men, the greatest part in health and vigour, all well armed and united under a chief, whose enterprising genius (as we have seen) could not be depressed by a continued series of the most sinister events, and whose equable and prudent turn of temper would have remained unvaried, in the midst of the greatest degree of good success; and who besides possessed, in a distinguished manner, the two qualities, the most necessary in these uncommon undertakings; I mean, that of maintaining his authority, and preserving, at the same time, the affections of his people. Our other officers too of every rank, appear, by the experience the public has since had of them, to have been equal to any enterprise they might have been charged with by their commander; and our men (at all times brave if well conducted) in such a cause where treasure was the object, and under such leaders, would doubtless have been prepared to rival the most celebrated achievements hitherto performed by British mariners.

It cannot then be contested, but that Baldivia must have surrendered on the appearance of our squadron; after which it may be presumed that the Arraucos, the Pulches, and Penguiches, inhabiting the banks of the river Imperial, about twenty-five leagues to the northward of this place, would have immediately taken up arms, being disposed, as has been already related, and encouraged by the arrival of so considerable a force in their neighbourhood. As these Indians can bring into the field near thirty thousand men, the greatest part of them horse, their first step would doubtless have been the invading the province of Chili, which they would have found totally unprovided of ammunition and weapons; and as its inhabitants are a luxurious and effeminate race, they would have been incapable, on such an emergency, of giving any opposition to this rugged enemy; so that it is no strained conjecture to

imagine, that the Indians would soon have been masters of the whole country. And the other Indians on the frontiers of Peru being equally disposed with the Arrauco to shake off the Spanish yoke, it is highly probable, that they likewise would have embraced the occasion, and that a general insurrection would have taken place through all the Spanish territories in South America ; in which case, the only resource left to the Creolians (dissatisfied as they were with the Spanish government) would have been to have made the best terms they could with their Indian neighbours, and to have withdrawn themselves from the obedience of a master, who had shown so little regard to their security. This last supposition may perhaps appear chimerical to those who measure the possibility of all events by the scanty standard of their own experience ; but the temper of the times, and the strong dislike of the natives to the measures then pursued by the Spanish court, sufficiently evince at least its possibility. But not to insist on the presumption of a general revolt, it is sufficient for our purpose to conclude that the Arrauco would scarcely have failed of taking arms on our appearance ; for this alone would so far have embarrassed the enemy that they would no longer have thought of opposing us, but would have turned all their care to the Indian affairs ; as they still remember, with the utmost horror, the sacking of their cities, the rifling of their convents, the captivity of their wives and daughters, and the desolation of their country by these resolute savages, in the last war between the two nations. For it must be remembered, that this tribe of Indians have been frequently successful against the Spaniards, and possess at this time a large tract of country, which was formerly full of Spanish towns and villages, whose inhabitants were all either destroyed or carried into captivity by the Arrauco and the neighbouring Indians, who, in a war against the Spaniards, never fail to join their forces.

But even independent of an Indian revolt, there were but two places on all the coast of the South Sea, which could be supposed capable of resisting our squadron ; these were the cities of Panama and Callao : as to the first of these, its fortifications were so decayed, and it was so much in want of powder, that the governor himself, in an intercepted letter, acknowledged it was incapable of being defended ; so that I take it for granted it would have given us but little trouble, especially if we had opened a communication across the Isthmus with our fleet on the other side : and for the city and port of Callao, its condition was not much better than that of Panama ; for its walls are built upon the plain ground, without either outwork or ditch before them, and consist only of very slender feeble masonry, without any earth behind them ; so that a battery of five or six pieces of cannon, raised anywhere within four or five hundred paces of the place, would have had a full view of the whole rampart, and would have opened it in a short time ; and the breach hereby formed, as the walls are so extremely thin, could not have been difficult of ascent : for the ruins would have been but little higher than the surface of the ground ; and it would have yielded this particular advantage to the assailants, that the

bullets, which grazed upon it, would have driven before them such shivers of brick and stone, as would have prevented the garrison from forming behind it, supposing that the troops employed in the defence of the place, should have so far surpassed the usual limits of Creolian bravery, as to resolve to stand a general assault : indeed, such a resolution cannot be imputed to them ; for the garrison and people were in general dissatisfied with the viceroy's behaviour, and were never expected to act a vigorous part. The viceroy himself greatly apprehended that the commodore would make him a visit at Lima, the capital of the kingdom of Peru ; to prevent which, if possible, he had ordered twelve galleys to be built at Guayaquil and other places, which were intended to oppose the landing of our boats, and to hinder us from pushing our men on shore. But this was an impracticable project, and proceeded on the supposition that our ships, when we should land our men, would keep at such a distance, that these galleys, by drawing little water, would have been out of the reach of their guns ; whereas the commodore, before he had made such an attempt, would doubtless have been possessed of several prize ships, which he would not have hesitated to have run on shore for the protection of his boats ; and besides there were many places on that coast, and one in particular in the neighbourhood of Callao, where there was good anchoring, though a great depth of water, within a cable's length of the shore ; so that the cannon of the men-of-war would have swept all the coast to above a mile's distance from the water's edge, and would have effectually prevented any force from assembling to oppose the landing and forming of our men : and the place had this additional advantage, that it was but two leagues distant from the city of Lima ; so that we might have been at that city within four hours after we should have been first discovered from the shore. The place I have here in view is about two leagues south of Callao, and just to the northward of the head-land called, in Frezier's draught of that coast, Morro Solar. Here there is seventy or eighty fathoms of water within two cables' length of the shore ; and the Spaniards themselves were so apprehensive of our attempting to land there, that they had projected to build a fort close to the water ; but there being no money in the royal chests, they could not go on with that work, and therefore they contented themselves with keeping a guard of a hundred horse there, that they might be sure to receive early notice of our appearance on that coast. Indeed some of them (as we were told) conceiving our management at sea to be as pusillanimous as their own, pretended that the commodore would never dare to bring in his ships there, for fear that in so great a depth of water their anchors could not hold them.

And here let it not be imagined that I am proceeding upon groundless and extravagant presumptions, when I conclude that fifteen hundred or a thousand of our people, well conducted, should have been an over-match for any numbers the Spaniards could muster in South America. For not to mention the experience we had of them at Paita and Petaplan, it must be remembered, that our commodore was extremely solicitous to have all his men trained to the dextrous use of

their fire-arms ; whereas the Spaniards in this part of the world were in great want of arms, and were very awkward in the management of the few they had ; and though, on their repeated representations, the court of Spain had ordered several thousand firelocks to be put on board Pizarro's squadron, yet those, it is evident, could not have been in America time enough to have been employed against us ; so that by our arms, and our readiness in the use of them, (not to insist on the timidity and softness of our enemy,) we should in some degree have had the same advantages which the Spaniards themselves had, in the first discovery of this country, against its naked and unarmed inhabitants.

And now let it be considered what were the events which we had to fear, or what were the circumstances which could have prevented us from giving law to all the coast of South America, and thereby cutting off from Spain the resources which she drew from those immense provinces. By sea there was no force capable of opposing us ; for how soon soever we had sailed, Pizarro's squadron could not have sailed sooner than it did, and therefore could not have avoided the fate it met with ; as we should have been masters of the ports of Chili, we could there have supplied ourselves with the provisions we wanted in the greatest plenty ; and from Baldivia to the equinoctial we ran no risk of losing our men by sickness, (that being of all climates the most temperate and healthy,) nor of having our ships disabled by bad weather ; and had we wanted hands to assist in the navigating our squadron, whilst a considerable part of our men were employed on shore, we could not have failed of getting whatever numbers we pleased in the ports we should have taken, and the prizes which would have fallen into our hands ; and I must observe that the Indians, who are the principal sailors in that part of the world, are extremely docile and dextrous, and though they are not fit to struggle with the inclemencies of a cold climate, yet in temperate seas they are most useful and laborious seamen.

Thus, then, it appears what important revolutions might have been brought about by our squa-

dron, had it departed from England as early as it ought to have done : and from hence it is easy to conclude, what immense advantages might have thence accrued to the public. For, as on our success it would have been impossible for the kingdom of Spain to have received any treasure from the provinces bordering on the South Seas, or even to have had any communication with them, it is certain that the whole attention of that monarchy must have been immediately employed in regaining the possession of these inestimable territories, either by force or compact. By the first of these methods it was scarcely possible they could succeed ; for it must have been at least a twelvemonth from our arrival, before any ships from Spain could get into the South Seas, and those perhaps separated, disabled, and sickly ; and by that time they would have had no port in their possession, either to rendezvous at or to refit in ; whilst we might have been supplied across the Isthmus with whatever necessities, stores, or even men we wanted, and might thereby have maintained our squadron in as good a plight as when it first set sail from St. Helens. In short, it required but little prudence in the conduct of this business to have rendered all the efforts of Spain, seconded by the power of France, ineffectual, and to have maintained our conquests in defiance of them both : so that they must either have resolved to have left Great Britain masters of the wealth of South America, (the principal support of all their destructive projects,) or they must have submitted to her terms, and have been contented to receive these provinces back again as an equivalent for those restrictions to their future ambition, which her prudence should have dictated to them. Having thus discussed the prodigious weight which the operations of our squadron might have added to the national influence of this kingdom, I shall here end this second book, referring to the next, the passage of the shattered remains of our force across the Pacific Ocean, and all their future transactions till the commodore's arrival in England.

END OF BOOK II.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

The run from the coast of Mexico to the Ladrões or Marian islands.

WHEN, on the sixth of May, 1742, we left the coast of America, we stood to the S.W. with a view of meeting with the N.E. trade-wind, which the accounts of former writers made us expect at seventy or eighty leagues' distance from the land : we had besides another reason for standing to the southward, which was the getting into the latitude of 13 or 14° north ; that being the parallel where the Pacific Ocean is most usually crossed, and consequently where the navigation is esteemed the safest : this last purpose we had soon answered, being in a day or two sufficiently advanced to the south. At the same time we were also farther from the shore than we had presumed was neces-

sary for the falling in with the trade-wind : but in this particular we were most grievously disappointed ; for the wind still continued to the westward, or at best variable. As the getting into the N.E. trade, was to us a matter of the last consequence, we stood more to the southward, and made many experiments to meet with it ; but all our efforts were for a long time unsuccessful : so that it was seven weeks, from our leaving the coast, before we got into the true trade-wind. This was an interval, in which we believed we should well nigh have reached the easternmost parts of Asia : but we were so baffled with the contrary and variable winds, which for all that time perplexed us, that we were not as yet advanced above a fourth part of the way. The delay alone would have been a sufficient mortification ; but there were other circumstances attending it, which

rendered this situation not less terrible, and our apprehensions perhaps still greater than in any of our past distresses. For our two ships were by this time extremely crazy; and many days had not passed, before we discovered a spring in the foremast of the *Centurion*, which rounded about twenty-six inches of its circumference, and which was judged to be at least four inches deep: and no sooner had our carpenters secured this with fishing it, but the *Gloucester* made a signal of distress; and we learnt that she had a dangerous spring in her main-mast, twelve feet below the trussel-trees; so that she could not carry any sail upon it. Our carpenters, on a strict examination of this mast, found it so very rotten and decayed, that they judged it necessary to cut it down as low as it appeared to have been injured; and by this it was reduced to nothing but a stump, which served only as a step to the topmast. These accidents augmented our delay, and occasioned us great anxiety about our future security: for on our leaving the coast of Mexico, the scurvy had begun to make its appearance again amongst our people; though from our departure from Juan Fernandes we had till then enjoyed a most uninterrupted state of health. We too well knew the effects of this disease, from our former fatal experience, to suppose that anything but a speedy passage could secure the greater part of our crew from perishing by it: and as, after being seven weeks at sea, there did not appear any reasons that could persuade us we were nearer the trade-wind than when we first set out, there was no ground for us to suppose but our passage would prove at least three times as long as we at first expected; and consequently we had the melancholy prospect, either of dying by the scurvy, or perishing with the ship for want of hands to navigate her. Indeed, some amongst us were at first willing to believe, that in this warm climate, so different from what we felt in passing round Cape Horn, the violence of this disease, and its fatality, might be in some degree mitigated; as it had not been unusual to suppose that its particular virulence in that passage was in a great measure owing to the severity of the weather: but the havoc of the distemper, in our present circumstances, soon convinced us of the falsity of this speculation; as it likewise exploded some other opinions, which usually pass current about the cause and nature of this disease.

For it has been generally presumed, that plenty of fresh provisions and of water are effectual preventives of this malady; but it happened that in the present instance we had a considerable stock of fresh provisions on board, as hogs and fowls, which were taken at *Paita*; and we besides almost every day caught great abundance of bonitos, dolphins, and albacores; and the unsettled season, which deprived us of the benefit of the trade-wind, proved extremely rainy; so that we were enabled to fill up our water-casks, almost as fast as they were empty; and every man had five pints of water allowed him every day, during the passage. But notwithstanding this plenty of water, and that the fresh provisions were distributed amongst the sick, and the whole crew often fed upon fish, yet neither were the sick hereby relieved, nor the progress and advancement of the disease retarded: nor was it in these instances only that we found ourselves disappointed; for though it has been

usually esteemed a necessary piece of management to keep all ships, where the crews are large, as clean and airy between decks as possible; and it has been believed by many, that this particular, if well attended to, would prevent the appearance of the scurvy, or at least, mitigate its effects; yet we observed, during the latter part of our run, that though we kept all our ports open, and took uncommon pains in cleansing and sweetening the ships, yet neither the progress nor the virulence of the disease were thereby sensibly abated.

However, I would not be understood to assert, that fresh provisions, plenty of water, and a constant fresh supply of sweet air between decks, are matters of no moment: I am, on the contrary, well satisfied, that they are all of them articles of great importance, and are doubtless extremely conducive to the health and vigour of a crew, and may in many cases prevent the fatal malady we are now speaking of from taking place. All I have aimed at, in what I have advanced, is only to show that in some instances, both the cure and the prevention of this disease is impossible to be effected by any management, or by the application of any remedies which can be made use of at sea. Indeed, I am myself fully persuaded, that when it has once got to a certain head, there are no other means in nature for relieving the diseased, but carrying them on shore, or at least bringing them into the neighbourhood of land. Perhaps a distinct and adequate knowledge of the source of this disease may never be discovered; but in general, there is no difficulty in conceiving that as a continued supply of fresh air is necessary to all animal life, and as this air is so particular a fluid, that without losing its elasticity, or any of its obvious properties, it may be rendered unfit for this purpose, by the mixing with it some very subtle and otherwise imperceptible effluvia; it may be conceived, I say, that the steams arising from the ocean may have a tendency to render the air they are spread through less properly adapted to the support of the life of terrestrial animals, unless these steams are corrected by effluvia of another kind, and which perhaps the land alone can supply.

To what hath been already said in relation to this disease, I shall add, that our surgeon (who during our passage round Cape Horn, had ascribed the mortality we suffered to the severity of the climate) exerted himself in the present run to the utmost, and at last declared, that all his measures were totally ineffectual, and did not in the least avail his patients: on which it was resolved by the commodore to try the effects of two medicines, which, just before his departure from England, were the subject of much discourse, I mean the pill and drop of Mr. Ward. For however violent the effects of these medicines are said to have sometimes proved, yet in the present instance, where destruction seemed inevitable without some remedy, the experiment at least was thought advisable: and therefore, one or both of them, at different times, were given to persons in every stage of the distemper. Out of the numbers that took them, one, soon after swallowing the pill, was seized with a violent bleeding at the nose: he was before given over by the surgeon, and lay almost at the point of death; but he immediately found himself much better, and continued to recover, though slowly, till we arrived on shore, which was near a fortnight after.

A few others too were relieved for some days, but the disease returned again with as much violence as ever; though neither did these, nor the rest, who received no benefit, appear to be reduced to a worse condition than they would have been if they had taken nothing. The most remarkable property of these medicines, and what was obvious in almost every one that took them, was, that they operated in proportion to the vigour of the patient; so that those who were within two or three days of dying were scarcely affected; and as the patient was differently advanced in the disease, the operation was either a gentle perspiration, an easy vomit, or a moderate purge: but if they were taken by one in full strength, they then produced all the before-mentioned effects with considerable violence, which sometimes continued for six or eight hours together, with little intermission. But to return to the prosecution of our voyage.

I have already observed, that, a few days after our running off the coast of Mexico, the Gloucester had her main-mast cut down to a stump, and we were obliged to fish our fore-mast; and that these misfortunes were greatly aggravated, by our meeting with contrary and variable winds for near seven weeks. I shall now add, that when we reached the trade-wind, and it settled between the north and the east, yet it seldom blew with so much strength, but the Centurion might have carried all her small sails abroad with the greatest safety; so that now, had we been a single ship, we might have run down our longitude apace, and have reached the Ladrões soon enough to have recovered great numbers of our men, who afterwards perished. But the Gloucester, by the loss of her main-mast, sailed so very heavily, that we had seldom any more than our top-sails set, and yet were frequently obliged to lie-to for her: and, I conceive, that in the whole we lost little less than a month by our attendance upon her, in consequence of the various mischances she encountered. In all this run it was remarkable, that we were rarely many days together, without seeing great numbers of birds; which is a proof that there are many islands, or at least rocks, scattered all along at no very considerable distance from our track. Some indeed there are marked in the Spanish chart, hereafter mentioned; but the frequency of the birds, seem to evince that there are many more than have been hitherto discovered; for the greatest part of the birds we observed were such as are known to roost on shore; and the manner of their appearance sufficiently made out, that they came from some distant haunt every morning, and returned thither again in the evening; for we never saw them early or late; and the hour of their arrival and departure gradually varied, which we supposed was occasioned by our running nearer their haunts or getting further from them.

The trade-wind continued to favour us without any fluctuation, from the end of June till towards the end of July. But on the 26th of July, being then, as we esteemed, about three hundred leagues distant from the Ladrões, we met with a westerly wind, which did not come about again to the eastward in four days' time. This was a most dispiriting incident, as it at once damped all our hopes of speedy relief, especially too as it was attended with a vexatious accident to the Gloucester: for in one part of these four days the wind flattened to a calm, and the ships rolled very deep; by which means

the Gloucester's fore-camp split, and her top-mast came by the board, and broke her fore-yard directly in the slings.* As she was hereby rendered incapable of making any sail for some time, we were obliged, as soon as a gale sprang up, to take her in tow; and near twenty of the healthiest and ablest of our seamen were taken from the business of our own ship, and were employed for eight or ten days together on board the Gloucester in repairing her damages: but these things, mortifying as we thought them, were but the beginning of our disasters; for scarce had our people finished their business in the Gloucester, before we met with a most violent storm in the western board, which obliged us to lie-to. In the beginning of this storm our ship sprang a leak, and let in so much water, that all our people, officers included, were employed continually in working the pumps: and the next day we had the vexation to see the Gloucester, with her top-mast once more by the board; and whilst we were viewing her with great concern for this new distress, we saw her main-top-mast, which had hitherto served as a jury main-mast, share the same fate. This completed our misfortunes, and rendered them without resource; for we knew the Gloucester's crew were so few and feeble, that without our assistance they could not be relieved: and our sick were now so far increased, and those that remained in health so continually fatigued with the additional duty of our pumps, that it was impossible for us to lend them any aid. Indeed we were not as yet fully apprised of the deplorable situation of the Gloucester's crew; for when the storm abated, (which during its continuance prevented all communication with them,) the Gloucester bore up under our stern; and captain Mitchel informed the commodore, that besides the loss of his masts, which was all that had appeared to us, the ship had then no less than seven feet of water in her hold, although his officers and men had been kept constantly at the pumps for the last twenty-four hours.

This last circumstance was indeed a most terrible accumulation to the other extraordinary distresses of the Gloucester, and required, if possible, the most speedy and vigorous assistance; which Captain Mitchel begged the commodore to send him: but the debility of our people, and our own immediate preservation, rendered it impossible for the commodore to comply with his request. All that could be done was to send our boat on board for a more particular condition of the ship; and it was soon suspected that the taking her people on board us, and then destroying her, was the only measure that could be prosecuted in the present emergency, both for the security of their lives and of our own.

Our boat soon returned with a representation of the state of the Gloucester, and of her several defects, signed by Captain Mitchel and all his

* "On the 15th of June the Gloucester found her main-mast sprung at the head, which, upon examination, was discovered to be entirely rotten. On the 29th of July the Gloucester carried away her foretop-mast and fore-yard. My ship's company are now miserably afflicted with the scurvy, the ship very leaky, the men and officers that were well being only able to make one spell at the pump."—*Anson's Official Report.*

"This is all," observes Sir John Barrow, "that Anson says of the second attack of this afflicting malady; but, coming from the commodore, it speaks volumes."

officers; by which it appeared, that she had sprung a leak by the stern-post being loose, and working with every roll of the ship, and by two beams a-midships being broken in the orlop; no part of which the carpenters reported was possible to be repaired at sea: that both officers and men had worked twenty-four hours at the pumps without intermission, and were at length so fatigued, that they could continue their labour no longer, but had been forced to desist, with seven feet of water in the hold, which covered their casks, so that they could neither come at fresh-water, nor provision: that they had no mast standing, except the fore-mast, the mizen-mast, and the mizen top-mast, nor had they any spare masts to get up in the room of those they had lost: that the ship was besides extremely decayed in every part, for her knees and clamps were all worked quite loose, and her upper works in general were so loose, that the quarter-deck was ready to drop down: and that her crew was greatly reduced, for there remained alive on board her no more than seventy-seven men, eighteen boys, and two prisoners, officers included; and that of this whole number, only sixteen men and eleven boys were capable of keeping the deck, and several of these very infirm.

The commodore, on the perusal of this melancholy representation, presently ordered them a supply of water and provisions, of which they seemed to be in immediate want, and at the same time sent his own carpenter on board them, to examine into the truth of every particular; and it being found, on the strictest inquiry, that the preceding account was in no instance exaggerated, it plainly appeared, that there was no possibility of preserving the Gloucester any longer, as her leaks were irreparable, and the united hands on board both ships, capable of working, would not be able to free her, even if our own ship should not employ any part of them. What then could be resolved on, when it was the utmost we ourselves could do to manage our own pumps? indeed there was no room for deliberation; the only step to be taken was, the saving the lives of the few that remained on board the Gloucester, and getting out of her as much as possible before she was destroyed. And therefore the commodore immediately sent an order to Captain Mitchel, as the weather was now calm and favourable, to send his people on board the Centurion as expeditiously as he could; and to take out such stores as he could get at, whilst the ship could be kept above water. And as our leak required less attention, whilst the present easy weather continued, we sent our boats with as many men as we could spare, to Captain Mitchel's assistance.

The removing the Gloucester's people on board us, and the getting out such stores as could most easily be come at, gave us full employment for two days. Mr. Anson was extremely desirous to have gotten two of her cables and an anchor, but the ship rolled so much, and the men were so excessively fatigued, that they were incapable of effecting it; nay, it was even with the greatest difficulty that the prize-money, which the Gloucester had taken in the South Seas, was secured, and sent on board the Centurion: however, the prize-goods on board her, which amounted to several thousand pounds in value, and were prin-

cipally the Centurion's property, were entirely lost; nor could any more provision be got out than five casks of flour, three of which were spoiled by the salt-water. Their sick men, amounting to near seventy, were removed into boats with as much care as the circumstances of that time would permit; but three or four of them expired as they were hoisting them into the Centurion.

It was the 15th of August, in the evening, before the Gloucester was cleared of every thing that was proposed to be removed; and though the hold was now almost full of water, yet as the carpenters were of opinion that she might still swim for some time, if the calm should continue, and the water become smooth, she was set on fire; for we knew not how near we might now be to the island of Guam, which was in the possession of our enemies, and the wreck of such a ship would have been to them no contemptible acquisition. When she was set on fire, Captain Mitchel and his officers left her, and came on board the Centurion: and we immediately stood from the wreck, not without some apprehensions (as we had now only a light breeze) that if she blew up soon, the concussion of the air might damage our rigging; but she fortunately burnt, though very fiercely, the whole night, her guns firing successively, as the flames reached them. And it was six in the morning, when we were about four leagues distant, before she blew up; the report she made upon this occasion was but a small one, but there was an exceeding black pillar of smoke, which shot up into the air to a very considerable height.

Thus perished his Majesty's ship the Gloucester. And now it might have been expected, that being freed from the embarrassments which her frequent disasters had involved us in, we might proceed on our way much brisker than we had hitherto done, especially as we had received some small addition to our strength, by the taking on board the Gloucester's crew; but our anxieties were not yet to be relieved; for, notwithstanding all that we had hitherto suffered, there remained much greater distresses, which we were still to struggle with. For the late storm, which had proved so fatal to the Gloucester, had driven us to the northward of our intended course; and the current setting the same way, after the weather abated, had forced us still a degree or two farther, so that we were now in $17^{\circ} \frac{1}{4}$ of North latitude, instead of being in $13^{\circ} \frac{1}{2}$, which was the parallel we proposed to keep, in order to reach the island of Guam: and as it had been a perfect calm for some days since the cessation of the storm, and we were ignorant how near we were to the meridian of the Ladrões, and supposed ourselves not to be far from it, we apprehended that we might be driven to the leeward of them by the current, without discovering them: in this case, the only land we could make would be some of the eastern parts of Asia, where, if we could arrive, we should find the western monsoon in its full force, so that it would be impossible for the stoutest best-manned ship to get in. And this coast being removed between four and five hundred leagues farther, we, in our languishing circumstances, could expect no other than to be destroyed by the scurvy, long before the most favourable gale could carry us to such a distance: for our deaths were now ex-

treribly alarming, no day passing in which we did not bury eight or ten, and sometimes twelve, of our men; and those, who had hitherto continued healthy, began to fall down apace. Indeed we made the best use we could of the present calm, by employing our carpenters in searching after the leak, which was now considerable, notwithstanding the little wind we had: the carpenters at length discovered it to be in the gunner's fore-store-room, where the water rushed in under the breast-hook, on each side of the stem; but though they found where it was, they agreed that it was impossible to stop it, till we should get into port, and till they could come at it on the outside; however, they did the best they could within-board, and were fortunate enough to reduce it, which was a considerable relief to us.

We had hitherto considered the calm which succeeded the storm, and which continued for some days, as a very great misfortune; since the currents were driving us to the northward of our parallel, and we thereby risked the missing of the *Ladrones*, which we now conceived ourselves to be very near. But when a gale sprang up, our condition was still worse; for it blew from the S.W., and consequently was directly opposed to the course we wanted to steer: and though it soon veered to the N.E., yet this served only to tantalise us, for it returned back again in a very short time to its old quarter. However, on the 22d of August we had the satisfaction to find that the current was shifted, and had set us to the southward: and the 23d, at day-break, we were cheered with the discovery of two islands in the western board: this gave us all great joy, and raised our drooping spirits; for before this, a universal dejection had seized us, and we almost despaired of ever seeing land again: the nearest of these islands we afterwards found to be *Anatacan*; we judged it to be full fifteen leagues from us, and it seemed to be high land, though of an indifferent length: the other was the island of *Serigan*; and had rather the appearance of a high rock, than a place we could hope to anchor at. We were extremely impatient to get in with the nearest island, where we expected to meet with anchoring-ground, and an opportunity of refreshing our sick: but the wind proved so variable all day, and there was so little of it, that we advanced towards it but slowly; however, by the next morning we were got so far to the westward that we were in view of a third island, which was that of *Paxaros*, though marked in the chart only as a rock. This was small and very low land, and we had passed within less than a mile of it, in the night, without seeing it: and now at noon, being within four miles of the island of *Anatacan*, the boat was sent away to examine the anchoring-ground and the produce of the place; and we were not a little solicitous for her return, as we then conceived our fate to depend upon the report we should receive: for the other two islands were obviously enough incapable of furnishing us with any assistance, and we knew not then that there were any others which we could reach. In the evening the boat came back, and the crew informed us that there was no place for a ship to anchor, the bottom being everywhere foul ground, and all, except one small spot, not less than fifty fathoms in depth; that on that spot there was thirty fathoms, though not above half a mile from

the shore; and that the bank was steep too, and could not be depended on: they farther told us, that they had landed on the island, but with some difficulty, on account of the greatness of the swell; that they found the ground was everywhere covered with a kind of wild cane, or rush; but that they met with no water, and did not believe the place to be inhabited; though the soil was good, and abounded with groves of cocoa-nut trees.

This account of the impossibility of anchoring at this island occasioned a general melancholy on board; for we considered it as little less than the prelude to our destruction; and our despondency was increased by a disappointment we met with the succeeding night; for, as we were plying under topsails, with an intention of getting nearer to the island, and of sending our boat on shore to load with cocoa-nuts for the refreshment of our sick, the wind proved squally, and blew so strong off shore, that we were driven so far to the southward, that we dared not send off our boat. And now the only possible circumstance, that could secure the few which remained alive from perishing, was the accidental falling in with some other of the *Ladrones* Islands better prepared for our accommodation; and as our knowledge of these islands was extremely imperfect, we were to trust entirely to chance for our guidance; only as they are all of them usually laid down near the same meridian, and we had conceived those we had already seen to be part of them, we concluded to stand to the southward as the most probable means of falling in with the next. Thus, with the most gloomy persuasion of our approaching destruction, we stood from the island of *Anatacan*, having all of us the strongest apprehensions (and those not ill founded) either of dying of the scurvy, or of perishing with the ship, which, for want of hands to work her pumps, might in a short time be expected to founder.

CHAPTER II.

Our arrival at Tinian, and an account of the Island, and of our proceedings there, till the Centurion drove out to Sea.

It was on the 26th of August, 1742, in the morning, when we lost sight of *Anatacan*. The next morning we discovered three other islands to the eastward, which were from ten to fourteen leagues from us. These were, as we afterwards learnt, the islands of *Saypan*, *Tinian*, and *Aguigan*. We immediately steered towards *Tinian*, which was the middlemost of the three, but had so much of calms and light airs, that though we were helped forwards by the currents, yet next day, at day-break, we were at least five leagues distant from it. However, we kept on our course, and about ten in the morning we perceived a proa under sail to the southward, between *Tinian* and *Aguigan*. As we imagined from hence that these islands were inhabited, and knew that the Spaniards had always a force at *Guam*, we took the necessary precautions for our own security, and for preventing the enemy from taking advantage of our present wretched circumstances, of which they would be sufficiently informed by the manner of our working the ship; we therefore mustered all our hands,

who were capable of standing to their arms, and loaded our upper and quarter-deck guns with grape-shot; and that we might the more readily procure some intelligence of the state of these islands, we showed Spanish colours, and hoisted a red flag at the fore top-mast-head, to give our ship the appearance of the Manila galleon, hoping thereby to decoy some of the inhabitants on board us. Thus preparing ourselves, and standing towards the land, we were near enough, at three in the afternoon, to send the cutter in shore, to find out a proper berth for the ship; and we soon perceived that a proa came off the shore to meet the cutter, fully persuaded, as we afterwards found, that we were the Manila ship. As we saw the cutter returning back with the proa in tow, we immediately sent the pinnace to receive the proa and the prisoners, and to bring them on board, that the cutter might proceed on her errand. The pinnace came back with a Spaniard and four Indians, which were the people taken in the proa. The Spaniard was immediately examined as to the produce and circumstances of this island of Tinian, and his account of it surpassed even our most sanguine hopes; for he informed us that it was uninhabited, which, in our present defenceless condition, was an advantage not to be despised, especially as it wanted but few of the conveniences that could be expected in the most cultivated country; for he assured us, that there was great plenty of very good water, and that there were an incredible number of cattle, hogs, and poultry running wild on the island, all of them excellent in their kind; that the woods produced sweet and sour oranges, limes, lemons, and cocoa-nuts in great plenty, besides a fruit peculiar to these islands (called by Dampier, bread-fruit); that from the quantity and goodness of the provisions produced here, the Spaniards at Guam made use of it as a store for supplying the garrison; that he himself was a serjeant of that garrison, and was sent there with twenty-two Indians to jerk beef, which he was to load for Guam on board a small bark of about fifteen tons, which lay at anchor near the shore.

This account was received by us with inexpressible joy: part of it we were ourselves able to verify on the spot, as we were by this time near enough to discover several numerous herds of cattle feeding in different places of the island; and we did not any ways doubt the rest of his relation, as the appearance of the shore prejudiced us greatly in its favour, and made us hope, that not only our necessities might be there fully relieved, and our diseased recovered, but that, amidst those pleasing scenes which were then in view, we might procure ourselves some amusement and relaxation, after the numerous fatigues we had undergone: for the prospect of the country did by no means resemble that of an uninhabited and uncultivated place, but had much more the air of a magnificent plantation, where large lawns and stately woods had been laid out together with great skill, and where the whole had been so artfully combined, and so judiciously adapted to the slopes of the hills, and the inequalities of the ground, as to produce a most striking effect, and to do honour to the invention of the contriver. Thus (an event not unlike what we had already seen) we were forced upon the most desirable and salutary measures by

accidents, which at first sight we considered as the greatest of misfortunes; for had we not been driven by the contrary winds and currents to the northward of our course, (a circumstance, which at that time gave us the most terrible apprehensions,) we should, in all probability, never have arrived at this delightful island, and consequently, we should have missed of that place, where alone all our wants could be most amply relieved, our sick recovered, and our enfeebled crew once more refreshed, and enabled to put again to sea.

The Spanish serjeant, from whom we received the account of the island, having informed us that there were some Indians on shore under his command, employed in jerking beef, and that there was a barque at anchor to take it on board, we were desirous, if possible, to prevent the Indians from escaping, who doubtless would have given the governor of Guam intelligence of our arrival; and we therefore immediately dispatched the pinnace to secure the barque, which the serjeant told us was the only embarkation on the place; and then, about eight in the evening, we let go our anchor in twenty-two fathoms; and though it was almost calm, and whatever vigour and spirit was to be found on board was doubtless exerted to the utmost on this pleasing occasion, when, after having kept the sea for some months, we were going to take possession of this little paradise, yet we were full five hours in furling our sails: it is true, we were somewhat weakened by the crews of the cutter and pinnace, which were sent on shore; but it is not less true, that, including those absent with the boats and some negro and Indian prisoners, all the hands we could muster capable of standing at a gun amounted to no more than seventy-one, most of which number, too, were incapable of duty; but on the greatest emergencies this was all the force we could collect, in our present enfeebled condition, from the united crews of the *Centurion*, the *Gloucester*, and the *Tryal*, which, when we departed from England, consisted altogether of near a thousand hands.

When we had furled our sails, the remaining part of the night was allowed to our people for their repose, to recover them from the fatigue they had undergone; and in the morning a party was sent on shore, well armed, of which I myself was one, to make ourselves masters of the landing-place, as we were not certain what opposition might be made by the Indians on the island: we landed without difficulty, for the Indians having perceived, by our seizure of the barque the night before, that we were enemies, they immediately fled into the woody parts of the island. We found on shore many huts which they had inhabited, and which saved us both the time and trouble of erecting tents; one of these huts which the Indians made use of for a store-house was very large, being twenty yards long and fifteen broad; this we immediately cleared of some bales of jerked beef, which we found in it, and converted it into an hospital for our sick, who, as soon as the place was ready to receive them, were brought on shore, being in all a hundred and twenty-eight: numbers of these were so very helpless, that we were obliged to carry them from the boats to the hospital upon our shoulders, in which humane employment (as before at Juan Fernandes) the commodore himself, and every one of his officers, were engaged

without distinction; and, notwithstanding the great debility and the dying aspects of the greatest part of our sick, it is almost incredible how soon they began to feel the salutary influence of the land; for, though we buried twenty-one men on this and the preceding day, yet we did not lose above ten men more during our whole two months' stay here; and in general, our diseased received so much benefit from the fruits of the island, particularly the fruits of the acid kind, that, in a week's time, there were but few who were not so far recovered, as to be able to move about without help.

And now being in some sort established at this place, we were enabled more particularly to examine its qualities and productions; and that the reader may the better judge of our manner of life here, and future navigators be better apprised of the conveniences we met with, I shall, before I proceed any farther in the history of our own adventures, throw together the most interesting particulars that came to our knowledge, in relation to the situation, soil, produce, and conveniences of this island of Tinian.

This island lies in the latitude of $15^{\circ} 8'$ north, and longitude from Acapulco $114^{\circ} 50'$ west. Its length is about twelve miles, and its breadth about half as much; it extending from the S.S.W. to N.N.E. The soil is everywhere dry and healthy, and somewhat sandy, which being less disposed than other soils to a rank and over luxuriant vegetation, occasions the meadows and the bottoms of the woods to be much neater and smoother than is customary in hot climates. The land rises by easy slope, from the very beach where we watered to the middle of the island; though the general course of its ascent is often interrupted and traversed by gentle descents and valleys; and the inequalities that are formed by the different combinations of these gradual swellings of the ground, are most beautifully diversified with large lawns, which are covered with a very fine trefoil, intermixed with a variety of flowers, and are skirted by woods of tall and well-spread trees, most of them celebrated either for their aspect or their fruit. The turf of the lawns is quite clean and even, and the bottoms of the woods in many places clear of all bushes and underwoods; and the woods themselves usually terminate on the lawns with a regular outline, not broken, nor confused with straggling trees, but appearing as uniform, as if laid out by art. Hence arose a great variety of the most elegant and entertaining prospects, formed by the mixture of these woods and lawns, and their various intersections with each other, as they spread themselves differently through the valleys, and over the slopes and declivities with which the place abounds. The fortunate animals, too, which for the greatest part of the year are the sole lords of this happy soil, partake in some measure of the romantic cast of the island, and are no small addition to its wonderful scenery: for the cattle, of which it is not uncommon to see herds of some thousands feeding together in a large meadow, are certainly the most remarkable in the world; for they are all of them milk-white, except their ears, which are generally black. And though there are no inhabitants here, yet the clamour and frequent parading of domestic poultry, which range the woods in great numbers, perpetually excite the ideas of the neighbourhood of farms and

villages, and greatly contribute to the cheerfulness and beauty of the place. The cattle on the island we computed were at least ten thousand; and we had no difficulty in getting near them, as they were not shy of us. Our first method of killing them was shooting them; but at last, when, by accidents to be hereafter recited, we were obliged to husband our ammunition, our men ran them down with ease. Their flesh was extremely well tasted, and was believed by us to be much more easily digested, than any we had ever met with. The fowls too were exceeding good, and were likewise run down with little trouble; for they could scarcely fly further than a hundred yards at a flight, and even that fatigued them so much, that they could not readily rise again; so that, aided by the openness of the woods, we could at all times furnish ourselves with whatever number we wanted. Besides the cattle and the poultry, we found here abundance of wild hogs: these were most excellent food; but as they were a very fierce animal, we were obliged either to shoot them, or to hunt them with large dogs, which we found upon the place at our landing, and which belonged to the detachment which was then upon the island amassing provisions for the garrison of Guam. As these dogs had been purposely trained to the killing of the wild hogs, they followed us very readily, and hunted for us; but though they were a large bold breed, the hogs fought with so much fury, that they frequently destroyed them, so that we by degrees lost the greatest part of them.

But this place was not only extremely grateful to us from the plenty and excellence of its fresh provisions, but was as much perhaps to be admired for its fruits and vegetable productions, which were most fortunately adapted to the cure of the sea scurvy, which had so terribly reduced us. For in the woods there were inconceivable quantities of cocoa-nuts, with the cabbages growing on the same tree: there were besides guavaes, limes, sweet and sour oranges, and a kind of fruit, peculiar to these islands, called by the Indians, rima, but by us the bread-fruit, for it was constantly eaten by us during our stay upon the island instead of bread, and so universally preferred to it, that no ship's bread was expended during that whole interval. It grew upon a tree which is somewhat lofty, and which, towards the top, divides into large and spreading branches. The leaves of this tree are of a remarkable deep green, are notched about the edges, and are generally from a foot to eighteen inches in length. The fruit itself grows indifferently on all parts of the branches; it is in shape rather elliptical than round, is covered with a rough rind, and is usually seven or eight inches long; each of them grows singly and not in clusters. This fruit is fittest to be used when it is full grown, but is still green; in which state its taste has some distant resemblance to that of an artichoke bottom, and its texture is not very different, for it is soft and spongy. As it ripens it grows softer and of a yellow colour, and then contracts a luscious taste, and an agreeable smell, not unlike a ripe peach; but then it is esteemed unwholesome, and is said to produce fluxes. Besides the fruits already enumerated, there were many other vegetables extremely conducive to the cure of the malady we had long laboured under, such as water-melons, dandelion, creeping purslain, mint,

scurvy-grass, and sorrel; all which, together with the fresh meats of the place, we devoured with great eagerness, prompted thereto by the strong inclination which nature never fails of exciting in scorbutic disorders for these powerful specifics.

It will easily be conceived from what hath been already said, that our cheer upon this island was in some degree luxurious, but I have not yet recited all the varieties of provision which we here indulged in. Indeed we thought it prudent totally to abstain from fish, the few we caught at our first arrival having surfeited those who ate of them; but considering how much we had been inured to that species of food, we did not regard this circumstance as a disadvantage, especially as the defect was so amply supplied by the beef, pork, and fowls already mentioned, and by great plenty of wild fowl; for I must observe, that near the centre of the island there were two considerable pieces of fresh water, which abounded with duck, teal, and curlew: not to mention the whistling plover, which we found there in prodigious plenty.

And now perhaps it may be wondered at, that an island, so exquisitely furnished with the conveniences of life, and so well adapted, not only to the subsistence, but likewise to the enjoyment of mankind, should be entirely destitute of inhabitants, especially as it is in the neighbourhood of other islands, which in some measure depend upon this for their support. To obviate this difficulty, I must observe, that it is not fifty years since the island was depopulated. The Indians we had in our custody assured us, that formerly the three islands of Tinian, Rota, and Guam, were all full of inhabitants; and that Tinian alone contained thirty thousand souls: but a sickness raging amongst these islands which destroyed multitudes of the people, the Spaniards, to recruit their numbers at Guam, which were greatly diminished by this mortality, ordered all the inhabitants of Tinian thither; where, languishing for their former habitations, and their customary method of life, the greatest part of them in a few years died of grief. Indeed, independent of that attachment which all mankind have ever shown to the places of their birth and bringing up, it should seem, from what has been already said, that there were few countries more worthy to be regretted than this of Tinian.

These poor Indians might reasonably have expected, at the great distance from Spain where they were placed, to have escaped the violence and cruelty of that haughty nation, so fatal to a large proportion of the whole human race: but it seems their remote situation could not protect them from sharing in the common destruction of the western world, all the advantage they received from their distance being only to perish an age or two later. It may perhaps be doubted, if the number of the inhabitants of Tinian, who were banished to Guam, and who died the repining for their native home, was so great as what we have related above; but, not to mention the concurrent assertion of our prisoners and the commodiousness of the island and its great fertility, there are still remains to be met with on the place which evince it to have been once extremely populous, for there are in all parts of the island a great number of ruins of a very particular kind; they usually consist of two rows of square pyramidal

pillars, each pillar being about six feet from the next, and the distance between the rows being about twelve feet; the pillars themselves are about five feet square at the base, and about thirteen feet high, and on the top of each of them there is a semi-globe, with the flat part upwards; the whole of the pillars and semi-globe is solid, being composed of sand and stone cemented together and plastered over. If the account our prisoners gave us of these structures was true, the island must indeed have been extremely populous, for they assured us that they were the foundations of particular buildings set apart for those Indians only who had engaged in some religious vow; and monastic institutions are often to be met with in many Pagan nations. However, if these ruins were originally the basis of the common dwelling-houses of the natives, their numbers must have been considerable, for in many parts of the island they are extremely thick planted, and sufficiently evince the great plenty of former inhabitants. But to return to the present state of the island.

Having mentioned the conveniences of this place, the excellence and quantity of its fruits and provisions, the neatness of its lawns, the stateliness, freshness, and fragrance of its woods, the happy inequality of its surface, and the variety and elegance of the views it afforded, I must now observe that all these advantages were greatly enhanced by the healthiness of its climate, by the almost constant breezes which prevail there, and by the frequent showers which fall, and which, though of a very short and almost momentary duration, are extremely grateful and refreshing, and are perhaps one cause of the salubrity of the air, and of the extraordinary influence it was observed to have upon us, in increasing and invigorating our appetites and digestion. This was so remarkable, that those among our officers who were at all other times spare and temperate eaters, who, besides a slight breakfast, made but one moderate repast a day, were here, in appearance, transformed into gluttons; for instead of one reasonable flesh-meal, they were now scarcely satisfied with three, and each of them so prodigious in quantity, as would at another time have produced a fever or a surfeit: and yet our digestion so well corresponded with the keenness of our appetites, that we were neither disordered nor even loaded by this repletion; for after having, according to the custom of the island, made a large beef breakfast, it was not long before we began to consider the approach of dinner as a very desirable though somewhat tardy incident.

And now having been thus large in my encomiums on this island, in which, however, I conceive I have not done it justice, it is necessary I should speak of those circumstances in which it is defective, whether in point of beauty or utility.

And first, with respect to its water. I must own that before I had seen this spot I did not conceive that the absence of running water, of which it is entirely destitute, could have been so well replaced by any other means as it is in this island; for though there are no streams, yet the water of the wells and springs, which are to be met with everywhere near the surface, is extremely good; and in the midst of the island there are two or three considerable pieces of excellent water, whose edges are as neat and even as if they had

been basons purposely made for the decoration of the place. It must however be confessed that, with regard to the beauty of the prospects, the want of rills and streams is a very great defect, not to be compensated either by large pieces of standing water, or by the neighbourhood of the sea, though that, by reason of the smallness of the island, generally makes a part of every extensive view.

As to the residence upon the island, the principal inconvenience attending it is the vast numbers of musquitos and various other species of flies, together with an insect called a tick, which, though principally attached to the cattle, would yet frequently fasten upon our limbs and bodies, and if not perceived and removed in time would bury its head under the skin and raise a painful inflammation. We found here too centipedes and scorpions, which we supposed were venomous, but none of us ever received any injury from them.

But the most important and formidable exception to this place remains still to be told. This is the inconvenience of the road, and the little security there is at some seasons for a ship at anchor. The only proper anchoring-place for ships of burthen is at the S.W. end of the island. In this place the *Centurion* anchored in twenty and twenty-two fathom water, opposite to a sandy bay, and about a mile and a half distant from the shore. The bottom of this road is full of sharp-pointed coral rocks, which, during four months of the year, that is from the middle of June to the middle of October, renders it a very unsafe place to lie at. This is the season of the western monsoons, when near the full and change of the moon, but more particularly at the change, the wind is usually variable all round the compass, and seldom fails to blow with such fury that the stoutest cables are not to be confided in. What adds to the danger at these times is the excessive rapidity of the tide of flood, which sets to the S.E. between this island and that of *Aguiguan*, a small island near the southern extremity of *Tinian*. This tide runs at first with a vast head and overflow of water, and occasions such a hollow and overgrown sea as is scarcely to be conceived; so that (as will be hereafter more particularly mentioned) we were under the dreadful apprehension of being pooped by it, though we were in a sixty-gun ship. In the remaining eight months of the year, that is, from the middle of October to the middle of June, there is a constant season of settled weather, when, if the cables are but well armed, there is scarcely any danger of their being so much as rubbed; so that during all that interval it is as secure a road as could be wished for. I shall only add, that the anchoring bank is very shelving, and stretches along the S.W. end of the island, and that it is entirely free from shoals, except a reef of rocks which is visible and lies about half a mile from the shore, and affords a narrow passage into a small sandy bay, which is the only place where boats can possibly land. After this account of the island and its produce, it is necessary to return to our own history.

Our first undertaking after our arrival was the removal of our sick on shore, as hath been mentioned. Whilst we were thus employed, four of the Indians on shore, being part of the Spanish serjeant's detachment, came and surrendered

themselves to us, so that with those we took in the *proa* we had now eight of them in our custody. One of the four who submitted undertook to show us the most convenient place for killing cattle, and two of our men were ordered to attend him on that service; but one of them unwarily trusting the Indian with his firelock and pistol, the Indian escaped with them into the woods: his countrymen who remained behind were apprehensive of suffering for this perfidy of their comrade, and therefore begged leave to send one of their own party into the country, who they engaged should both bring back the arms and persuade the whole detachment from *Guam* to submit to us. The commodore granted their request, and one of them was despatched on this errand, who returned next day and brought back the firelock and pistol, but assured us he had met with them in a pathway in the wood, and protested that he had not been able to meet with any one of his countrymen. This report had so little the air of truth, that we suspected there was some treachery carrying on, and therefore, to prevent any future communication amongst them, we immediately ordered all the Indians who were in our power on board the ship, and did not permit them to return any more on shore.

When our sick were well settled on the island, we employed all the hands that could be spared from attending them, in arming the cables with a good rounding several fathom from the anchor, to secure them from being rubbed by the coral rocks which here abounded. And this being completed, our next attention was our leak, and in order to raise it out of water, we, on the first of September, began to get the guns aft to bring the ship by the stern; and now the carpenters, being able to come at it on the outside, ripped off the old sheathing that was left, and caulked all the seams on both sides the cut-water and leaved them over, and then new sheathed the bows to the surface of the water. By this means we conceived the defect was sufficiently secured; but upon our beginning to bring the guns into their places, we had the mortification to perceive that the water rushed into the ship in the old place with as much violence as ever. Hereupon we were necessitated to begin again; and that our second attempt might be more effectual we cleared the fore store-room, and sent a hundred and thirty barrels of powder on board the small Spanish bark we had seized here, by which means we raised the ship about three feet out of the water forwards, and the carpenters ripped off the sheathing lower down, and new caulked all the seams, and afterwards laid on new sheathing; and then, supposing the leak to be effectually stopped, we began to move the guns forwards; but, the upper deck guns were scarcely in their places, when, to our amazement, it burst out again; and now, as we durst not cut away the lining within board, lest a but-end or a plank might start, and we might go down immediately, we had no other resource left than chincing and caulking within-board; and indeed by this means the leak was stopped for some time; but when our guns were all in their places, and our stores were taken on board, the water again forced its way through a hole in the stem, where one of the bolts was driven in; and on this we desisted from all farther efforts, being now well assured that the

defect was in the stem itself, and that it was not to be remedied till we should have an opportunity of heaving down.

Towards the middle of September several of our sick were tolerably recovered by their residence on shore ; and on the 12th of September all those who were so far relieved, since their arrival, as to be capable of doing duty were sent on board the ship. And then the commodore, who was himself ill of the scurvy, had a tent erected for him on shore, where he went with the view of staying a few days for the recovery of his health, being convinced, by the general experience of his people, that no other method but living on the land was to be trusted to for the removal of this dreadful malady. The place where his tent was pitched on this occasion was near the well, whence we got all our water, and was indeed a most elegant spot.

As the crew on board were now reinforced by the recovered hands returned from the island, we began to send our casks on shore to be fitted up, which till now could not be done, for the coopers were not well enough to work. We likewise weighed our anchors that we might examine our cables, which we suspected had by this time received considerable damage. And as the new moon was now approaching, when we apprehended violent gales, the commodore, for our greater security, ordered that part of the cables next to the anchors to be armed with the chains of the fire-grapnels ; and they were besides cackled twenty fathom from the anchors, and seven fathom from the service, with a good rounding of a 4½ inch hawser ; and to all these precautions we added that of lowering the main and fore-yard close down, that in case of blowing weather the wind might have less power upon the ship to make her ride a strain.

Thus effectually prepared, as we conceived, we expected the new moon, which was the 18th of September, and riding safe that and the three succeeding days (though the weather proved very squally and uncertain), we flattered ourselves (for I was then on board) that the prudence of our measures had secured us from all accidents ; but on the 22nd the wind blew from the eastward with such fury, that we soon despaired of riding out the storm ; and therefore we should have been extremely glad that the commodore and the rest of our people on shore, which were the greatest part of our hands, had been on board with us, since our only hopes of safety seemed to depend on our putting immediately to sea ; but all communication with the shore was now effectually cut off, for there was no possibility that a boat could live, so that we were necessitated to ride it out till our cables parted. Indeed it was not long before this happened, for the small bower parted at five in the afternoon, and the ship swung off to the best bower ; and as the night came on the violence of the wind still increased ; but notwithstanding its inexpressible fury, the tide ran with so much rapidity as to prevail over it ; for the tide having set to the northward in the beginning of the storm, turned suddenly to the southward about six in the evening, and forced the ship before it in despite of the storm which blew upon the beam. And now the sea broke most surprisingly all round us, and a large tumbling swell threatened to poop us ; the

long-boat, which was at this time moored a-stern, was on a sudden canted so high, that it broke the transom of the commodore's gallery, whose cabin was on the quarter-deck, and would doubtless have risen as high as the taffarel, had it not been for this stroke which stove the boat all to pieces ; but the poor boat-keeper, though extremely bruised, was saved almost by miracle. About eight the tide slackened, but the wind did not abate ; so that at eleven the best bower cable, by which alone we rode, parted. Our sheet anchor, which was the only one we had left, was instantly cut from the bow ; but before it could reach the bottom we were driven from twenty-two into thirty-five fathom ; and after we had veered away one whole cable, and two thirds of another, we could not find ground with sixty fathom of line. This was a plain indication that the anchor lay near the edge of the bank, and could not hold us long. In this pressing danger, Mr. Saumarez, our first lieutenant, who now commanded on board, ordered several guns to be fired, and lights to be shown, as a signal to the commodore of our distress ; and in a short time after, it being then about one o'clock, and the night excessively dark, a strong gust, attended with rain and lightning, drove us off the bank and forced us out to sea, leaving behind us on the island, Mr. Anson, with many more of our officers, and great part of our crew, amounting in the whole to a hundred and thirteen persons. Thus were we all, both at sea and on shore, reduced to the utmost despair by this catastrophe, those on shore conceiving they had no means left them ever to leave the island, and we on board utterly unprepared to struggle with the fury of the seas and winds we were now exposed to, and expecting each moment to be our last.

CHAPTER III.

Transactions at Tianian after the departure of the Centurion.

THE storm which drove the Centurion to sea, blew with too much turbulence to permit either the commodore or any of the people on shore to hear the guns, which she fired as signals of distress ; and the frequent glare of the lightning had prevented the explosions from being observed. So that, when at day-break, it was perceived from the shore that the ship was missing, there was the utmost consternation amongst them. For much the greatest part of them immediately concluded that she was lost, and intreated the commodore that the boat might be sent round the island to look for the wreck ; and those who believed her safe, had scarcely any expectation that she would ever be able to make the island again. For the wind continued to blow strong at east, and they knew how poorly she was manned and provided for struggling with so tempestuous a gale. And if the Centurion was lost, or should be incapable of returning, there appeared in either case no possibility of their ever getting off the island ; for they were at least six hundred leagues from Macao, which was their nearest port ; and they were masters of no other vessel than the small Spanish bark of about fifteen tons, which they seized at their first arrival, and which would not even hold

a fourth part of their number. And the chance of their being taken off the island by the casual arrival of any other ship was altogether desperate; as perhaps no European ship had ever anchored here before, and it were madness to expect that like incidents should send another here in a hundred ages to come. So that their desponding thoughts could only suggest to them the melancholy prospect of spending the remainder of their days on this island, and bidding adieu for ever to their country, their friends, their families, and all their domestic endearments.

Nor was this the worst they had to fear: for they had reason to expect, that the governor of Guam, when he should be informed of their situation, might send a force sufficient to overpower them, and to remove them to that island; and then, the most favourable treatment they could hope for would be to be detained prisoners for life; since, from the known policy and cruelty of the Spaniards in their distant settlements, it was rather to be expected that the governor, if he once had them in his power, would make their want of commissions (all of them being on board the *Centurion*) a pretext for treating them as pirates, and for depriving them of their lives with infamy.¹

In the midst of these gloomy reflections, Mr. Anson had doubtless his share of disquietude; but he always kept up his usual composure and steadiness: and having soon projected a scheme for extorting himself and his men from their present anxious situation, he first communicated it to some of the most intelligent persons about him; and having satisfied himself that it was practicable, he then endeavoured to animate his people to a speedy and vigorous prosecution of it. With this view he represented to them, how little foundation there was for their apprehensions of the *Centurion's* being lost: that he should have hoped, they had been all of them better acquainted with sea affairs, than to give way to the impression of so chimerical a fright; and that he doubted not, but if they would seriously consider what such a ship was capable of enduring, they would confess that there was not the least probability of her having perished: that he was not without hopes that she might return in a few days; but if she did not, the worst that could be supposed, was, that she was driven so far to the leeward of the island that she could not regain it, and that she would consequently be obliged to bear away for Macao on the coast of China: that as it was necessary to be prepared against all events, he had, in this case, considered of a method of carrying them off the island, and joining their old ship the *Centurion* again at Macao: that this method was to hale the Spanish bark on shore, to saw her asunder, and to lengthen her twelve feet, which would enlarge her to near

forty tons burthen, and would enable her to carry them all to China: that he had consulted the carpenters, and they had agreed that this proposal was very feasible, and that nothing was wanting to execute it but the united resolution and industry of the whole body: he added, that for his own part, he would share the fatigue and labour with them, and would expect no more from any man than what he, the commodore himself, was ready to submit to; and concluded with representing to them the importance of saving time; and that, in order to be the better prepared for all events, it was necessary to set to work immediately, and to take it for granted, that the *Centurion* would not be able to put back (which was indeed the commodore's secret opinion); since, if she did return, they should only throw away a few days' application; but, if she did not, their situation, and the season of the year, required their utmost despatch.

These remonstrances, though not without effect, did not immediately operate so powerfully as Mr. Anson could have wished: he indeed raised their spirits, by showing them the possibility of their getting away, of which they had before despaired; but then, from their confidence of this resource, they grew less apprehensive of their situation, gave a greater scope to their hopes, and flattered themselves that the *Centurion* would return and prevent the execution of the commodore's scheme, which they could easily foresee would be a work of considerable labour: by this means it was some days before they were all of them heartily engaged in the project; but at last, being in general convinced of the impossibility of the ship's return, they set themselves zealously to the different tasks allotted them, and were as industrious and as eager as their commander could desire, punctually assembling at daybreak at the rendezvous, whence they were distributed to their different employments, which they followed with unusual vigour till night came on.

And here I must interrupt the course of this transaction for a moment, to relate an incident which for some time gave Mr. Anson more concern than all the preceding disasters. A few days after the ship was driven off, some of the people on shore cried out, "A sail!" This spread a general joy, every one supposing that it was the ship returning; but presently a second sail was descried, which quite destroyed their first conjecture and made it difficult to guess what they were. The commodore eagerly turned his glass towards them, and saw they were two boats; on which it immediately occurred to him that the *Centurion* was gone to the bottom, and that these were her two boats coming back with the remains of her people; and this sudden and unexpected suggestion wrought on him so powerfully that, to conceal his emotion, he was obliged (without speaking to any one) instantly to retire to his tent, where he passed some bitter moments in the firm belief that the ship was lost, and that now all his views of farther distressing the enemy, and of still signaling his expedition by some important exploit, were at an end.

But he was soon relieved from these disturbing thoughts by discovering that the two boats in the offing were Indian proas; and, perceiving that they stood towards the shore, he directed every

* "An enterprising Englishman, John Oxnam by name, having been active in his attacks upon the Spaniards, was at length taken prisoner at the Pearl Islands, by an expedition despatched from Panama, under the command of Juan de Ortega, in 1575. Being carried to that place, and questioned by the governor, as to whether he had the Queen of England's commission, or a licence from any other prince or state? He replied, that he had no commission, but that he acted upon his own authority, and at his own risk. Upon this answer, Oxnam and his men were condemned to death, and the whole, except five boys, were executed."—*Burney's History of Discoveries.*

appearance that could give them any suspicion to be removed, and concealed his people in the adjacent thickets, prepared to secure the Indians when they should land. But after the proas had stood in within a quarter of a mile of the land, they suddenly stopped short, and remaining there motionless for near two hours they then made sail again and stood to the southward. But to return to the projected enlargement of the bark.

If we examine how they were prepared for going through with this undertaking, on which their safety depended, we shall find that, independent of other matters which were of as much importance, the lengthening of the bark alone was attended with great difficulty. Indeed, in a proper place, where all the necessary materials and tools were to be had, the embarrassment would have been much less; but some of these tools were to be made, and many of the materials were wanting, and it required no small degree of invention to supply all these deficiencies. And when the hull of the bark should be completed this was but one article, and there were many others of equal weight which were to be well considered: these were the rigging it, the victualling it, and, lastly, the navigating it for the space of six or seven hundred leagues, through unknown seas, where no one of the company had ever passed before. In some of these particulars such obstacles occurred that, without the intervention of very extraordinary and unexpected accidents, the possibility of the whole enterprise would have fallen to the ground, and their utmost industry and efforts must have been fruitless. Of all these circumstances I shall make a short recital.

It fortunately happened that the carpenters, both of the Gloucester and of the Tryal, with their chests of tools, were on shore when the ship drove out to sea; the smith too was on shore, and had with him his forge and some tools, but unhappily his bellows had not been brought from on board, so that he was incapable of working, and without his assistance they could not hope to proceed with their design. Their first attention therefore was to make him a pair of bellows, but in this they were for some time puzzled by their want of leather; however, as they had hides in sufficient plenty, and they had found a hog'shead of lime, which the Indians or Spaniards had prepared for their own use, they tanned some hides with this lime; and though we may suppose the workmanship to be but indifferent, yet the leather they thus made served tolerably well, and the bellows (to which a gun-barrel served for a pipe) had no other inconvenience than that of being somewhat strong scented from the imperfection of the tanner's work.

Whilst the smith was preparing the necessary iron-work, others were employed in cutting down trees and sawing them into planks; and this being the most laborious task, the commodore wrought at it himself for the encouragement of his people. As there were neither blocks nor cordage sufficient for tackles to hale the bark on shore, it was proposed to get her up on rollers, and for these the body of the cocoa-nut tree was extremely useful, for its smoothness and circular turn prevented much labour, and fitted it for the purpose with very little workmanship: a number of these trees were therefore felled and the ends of them pro-

perly opened for the reception of handspikes, and in the meantime a dry-dock was dug for the bark, and ways laid from thence quite into the sea, to facilitate the bringing her up. And besides those who were thus occupied in preparing measures for the future enlargement of the bark, a party was constantly ordered for the killing and preparing of provisions for the rest: and though in these various employments, some of which demanded considerable dexterity, it might have been expected there would have been great confusion and delay, yet good order being once established, and all hands engaged, their preparations advanced apace. Indeed the common men, I presume, were not the less tractable for their want of spirituous liquors; for, there being neither wine nor brandy on shore, the juice of the cocoa-nut was their constant drink, and this, though extremely pleasant, was not at all intoxicating, but kept them very cool and orderly.

And now the officers began to consider of all the articles necessary for the fitting out the bark; when it was found, that the tents on shore, and the spare cordage accidentally left there by the Centurion, together with the sails and rigging already belonging to the bark, would serve to rig her indifferently well, when she was lengthened: and as they had tallow in plenty, they proposed to pay her bottom with a mixture of tallow and lime, which it was known was well adapted to that purpose: so that with respect to her equipment, she would not have been very defective. There was, however, one exception, which would have proved extremely inconvenient, and that was her size: for as they could not make her quite forty tons burthen, she would have been incapable of containing half the crew below the deck, and she would have been so top-heavy, that if they were all at the same time ordered upon deck, there would be no small hazard of her oversteering; but this was a difficulty not to be removed, as they could not augment her beyond the size already proposed. After the manner of rigging and fitting up the bark was considered and regulated, the next essential point to be thought on was, how to procure a sufficient stock of provisions for their voyage; and here they were greatly at a loss what course to take; for they had neither grain nor bread of any kind on shore, their bread-fruit, which would not keep at sea, having all along supplied its place: and though they had live cattle enough, yet they had no salt to cure beef for a sea-store, nor would meat take salt in that climate. Indeed, they had preserved a small quantity of jerked beef, which they found upon the place at their landing; but this was greatly disproportioned to the run of near six hundred leagues, which they were to engage in, and to the number of hands they should have on board. It was at last, however, resolved to take on board as many cocoa-nuts as they possibly could; to make the most of their jerked beef, by a very sparing distribution of it; and to endeavour to supply their want of bread by rice; to furnish themselves with which, it was proposed, when the bark was fitted up, to make an expedition to the island of Rota, where they were told that the Spaniards had large plantations of rice under the care of the Indian inhabitants: but as this last measure was to be executed by force, it became necessary to examine what

ammunition had been left on shore, and to preserve it carefully; and on this inquiry, they had the mortification to find, that the utmost that could be collected by the strictest search, did not amount to more than ninety charges of powder for their firelocks, which was considerably short of one a-piece for each of the company, and was indeed a very slender stock of ammunition, for such as were to eat no grain or bread for a month, but what they were to procure by force of arms.

But the most alarming circumstance, and what, without the providential interposition of very improbable events, had rendered all their schemes abortive, remains yet to be related. The general idea of the fabric and equipment of the vessel was settled in a few days; and when this was done, it was not difficult to make some estimation of the time necessary to complete her. After this, it was natural to expect that the officers would consider on the course they were to steer, and the land they were to make. These reflections led them to the disheartening discovery, that there was neither compass nor quadrant on the island. Indeed the commodore had brought a pocket-compass on shore for his own use; but Lieutenant Brett had borrowed it to determine the position of the neighbouring islands, and he had been driven to sea in the Centurion, without returning it: and as to a quadrant, that could not be expected to be found on shore, for as it was of no use at land, there could be no reason for bringing it from on board the ship. It was eight days, from the departure of the Centurion, before they were in any degree relieved from this terrible perplexity: at last, in rummaging a chest belonging to the Spanish bark, they found a small compass, which, though little better than the toys usually made for the amusement of school-boys, was to them an invaluable treasure. And a few days after, by a similar piece of good fortune, they found a quadrant on the sea-shore, which had been thrown overboard amongst other lumber belonging to the dead: the quadrant was eagerly seized, but on examination, it unluckily wanted vanes, and therefore in its present state was altogether useless; however, fortune still continuing in a favourable mood, it was not long before a person out of curiosity pulling out the drawer of an old table, which had been driven on shore, found therein some vanes, which fitted the quadrant very well; and it being thus completed, it was examined by the known latitude of the place, and was found to answer to a sufficient degree of exactness.

And now, all these obstacles being in some degree removed, (which were always as much as possible concealed from the vulgar, that they might not grow remiss with the apprehension of labouring to no purpose) the work proceeded very successfully and vigorously: the necessary iron-work was in great forwardness; and the timbers and planks (which, though not the most exquisite performances of the sawyer's art, were yet sufficient for the purpose) were all prepared; so that, on the 6th of October, being the fourteenth day from the departure of the ship, they haled the bark on shore, and, on the two succeeding days she was sawn asunder, (though with great care not to cut her planks) and her two parts were separated the proper distance from each other, and, the mate-

rials being all ready before-hand, they, the next day, being the 9th of October, went on with great despatch in their proposed enlargement of her; and by this time they had all their future operations so fairly in view, and were so much masters of them, that they were able to determine when the whole would be finished, and had accordingly fixed the 5th of November for the day of their putting to sea. But their projects and labours were now drawing to a speedier and happier conclusion; for on the 11th of October, in the afternoon, one of the Gloucester's men, being upon a hill in the middle of the island, perceived the Centurion at a distance, and running down with his utmost speed towards the landing-place, he, in the way, saw some of his comrades, to whom he hallooed out with great ecstasy, "The ship, the ship!" This being heard by Mr. Gordon, a lieutenant of marines, who was convinced by the fellow's transport that his report was true, Mr. Gordon ran towards the place where the commodore and his people were at work, and being fresh and in breath, easily outstripped the Gloucester's man, and got before him to the commodore, who, on hearing this happy and unexpected news, threw down his axe with which he was then at work, and by his joy broke through, for the first time, the equable and unvaried character which he had hitherto preserved; the others, who were with him, instantly ran down to the sea-side in a kind of frenzy, eager to feast themselves with a sight they had so ardently wished for, and of which they had now for a considerable time despaired. By five in the evening, the Centurion was visible in the offing to them all; and, a boat being sent off with eighteen men to reinforce her, and with fresh meat and fruits for the refreshment of her crew, she, the next afternoon, happily came to an anchor in the road, where the commodore immediately came on board her, and was received by us with the sincerest and heartiest acclamations: for, from the following short recital of the fears, the dangers and fatigues we in the ship underwent, during our nineteen days' absence from Tinian, it may be easily conceived, that a harbour, refreshments, repose, and the joining of our commander and shipmates, were not less pleasing to us, than our return was to them.

CHAPTER IV.

Proceedings on board the Centurion, when driven out to sea.

THE Centurion being now once more safely arrived at Tinian, to the mutual respite of the labours of our divided crew, it is high time that the reader, after the relation already given of the projects and employment of those left on shore, should be apprised of the fatigues and distresses, to which we, who were driven off to sea, were exposed during the long interval of nineteen days that we were absent from the island.

It has been already mentioned, that it was the 22nd of September, about one o'clock, in an extremely dark night, when by the united violence of a prodigious storm, and an exceeding rapid tide, we were driven from our anchors and forced to sea. Our condition then was truly deplorable; we were in a leaky ship, with three cables in our

hawses, to one of which hung our only remaining anchor ; we had not a gun on board lashed, nor a port barred in ; our shrouds were loose, and our top-masts unrigged, and we had struck our fore and main yards close down before the storm came on, so that there were no sails we could set, except our mizen.

In this dreadful extremity we could muster no more strength on board, to navigate the ship, than a hundred and eight hands, several negroes and Indians included : this was scarcely the fourth part of our complement ; and of these the greater number were either boys, or such as, being lately recovered from the scurvy, had not yet arrived at half their former vigour. No sooner were we at sea, but by the violence of the storm, and the working of the ship, we made a great quantity of water through our hawse-holes, ports and scuppers, which, added to the constant effect of our leak, rendered our pumps alone a sufficient employment for us all : but though this leakage, by being a short time neglected, would inevitably end in our destruction, yet we had other dangers then impending, which occasioned this to be regarded as a secondary consideration only. For we all imagined, that we were driving directly on the neighbouring island of Aguiguan, which was about two leagues distant ; and as we had lowered our main and fore yards close down, we had no sails we could set but the mizen, which was altogether insufficient to carry us clear of this instant peril : we therefore immediately applied ourselves to work, endeavouring, by the utmost of our efforts, to heave up the main and fore yards, in hopes that, if we could but be enabled to make use of our lower canvas, we might possibly weather the island, and thereby save ourselves from this impending shipwreck. But after full three hours' ineffectual labour, the jeers broke, and the men being quite jaded, we were obliged, by mere debility, to desist, and quietly to expect our fate, which we then conceived to be unavoidable : for we imagined ourselves by this time to be driven just upon the shore, and the night was so extremely dark, that we expected to discover the island no otherwise than by striking upon it ; so that the belief of our destruction, and the uncertainty of the point of time when it would take place, occasioned us to pass several hours under the most serious apprehensions that each succeeding moment would send us to the bottom. Nor did these continued terrors, of instantly striking and sinking, end but with the daybreak ; when we with great transport perceived, that the island, we had thus dreaded, was at a considerable distance, and that a strong northern current had been the cause of our preservation.

The turbulent weather, which forced us from Tinian, did not begin to abate till three days after ; and then we swayed up the fore-yard, and began to heave up the main-yard, but the jeers broke and killed one of our men, and prevented us at that time from proceeding. The next day, being the 26th of September, was a day of most severe fatigue to us all ; for it must be remembered, that in these exigencies no rank or office exempted any person from the manual application and bodily labour of a common sailor. The business of this day was no less than an attempt to heave up the sheet-anchor, which we had hitherto dragged at

our bows with two cables an end¹. This was a work of great importance to our future preservation. For, not to mention the impediment to our navigation, and the hazard it would be to our ship, if we attempted to make sail with the anchor in its present situation, we had this most interesting consideration to animate us, that it was the only anchor we had left ; and, without securing it, we should be under the utmost difficulties and hazards whenever we made the land again ; and therefore being all of us fully apprised of the consequence of this enterprise, we laboured at it with the severest application for full twelve hours, when we had indeed made a considerable progress, having brought the anchor in sight ; but it then growing dark, and we being excessively fatigued, we were obliged to desist, and to leave our work unfinished till the next morning, when, by the benefit of a night's rest, we completed and hung the anchor at our bow.

It was the 27th of September in the morning, that is, five days after our departure, when we thus secured our anchor ; and the same day we got up our main-yard. And having now conquered, in some degree, the distress and disorder which we were necessarily involved in at our first driving out to sea, and being enabled to make use of our canvas, we set our courses, and for the first time stood to the eastward, in hopes of regaining the island of Tinian, and joining our commodore in a few days. For we were then, by our accounts, only forty-seven leagues to the south-west of Tinian ; so that on the first day of October, having then run the distance necessary for making the island according to our reckoning, we were in full expectation of seeing it ; but we were unhappily disappointed, and were thereby convinced that a current had driven us to the westward. And as we could not judge how much we might hereby have deviated, and, consequently, how long we might still expect to be at sea, we had great apprehensions that our stock of water might prove deficient ; for we were doubtful about the quantity we had on board, and found many of our casks so decayed, as to be half-leaked out. However, we were delivered from our uncertainty the next day, by having a sight of the island of Guam, by which we discovered that the currents had driven us forty-four leagues to the westward of our accounts. This sight of land having satisfied us of our situation, we kept plying to the eastward, though with excessive labour, for the wind continuing fixed in the eastern board, we were obliged to tack often, and our crew were so weak, that without the assistance of every man on board, it was not in our power to put the ship about. This severe employment lasted till the 11th of October, being the nineteenth day from our departure ; when arriving in the offing of Tinian, we were reinforced from the shore, as hath been already mentioned ; and on the evening of the same day, we, to our inexpressible joy, came to an anchor in the road, thereby procuring to our shipmates on shore, as well as to ourselves, a cessation from the fatigues and apprehensions which this disastrous incident had given rise to.

¹ The nautical reader will be surprised at this passage. The first object should have been to heave up the anchor ; for how was it possible for the ship to perform, even if they had succeeded in swaying the yards up and making sail, with the sheet anchor at the end of 200 fathoms (400 yards) of cable towing at the bows ?

CHAPTER V.

Employment at Tinian, till the final departure of the Centurion from thence; with a description of the Ladrões.

WHEN the commodore came on board the *Centurion*, on her return to Tinian, as already mentioned, he resolved to stay no longer at the island than was absolutely necessary to complete our stock of water, a work which we immediately set ourselves about. But the loss of our long-boat, which was staved against our poop, when we were driven out to sea, put us to great inconveniences in getting our water on board; for we were obliged to raft off all our casks, and the tide ran so strong, that, besides the frequent delays and difficulties it occasioned, we more than once lost the whole raft. Nor was this our only misfortune; for, on the 14th of October, being but the third day after our arrival, a sudden gust of wind brought home our anchor, forced us off the bank, and drove the ship out to sea a second time. The commodore, it is true, and the principal officers, were now on board; but we had near seventy men on shore, who had been employed in filling our water, and procuring provisions. These had with them our two cutters; but as they were too many for the cutters to bring off at once, we sent the eighteen-oared barge to assist them; and at the same time made a signal for all that could to embark. The two cutters soon came off to us full of men; but forty of the company, who were employed in killing cattle in the wood, and in bringing them down to the landing-place, were left behind; and though the eighteen-oared barge was left for their conveyance, yet, as the ship soon drove to a considerable distance, it was not in their power to join us. However, as the weather was favourable, and our crew was now stronger than when we were first driven out, we, in about five days' time, returned again to an anchor at Tinian, and relieved those we had left behind us from their second fears of being deserted by their ship.

On our arrival, we found that the Spanish bark, the old object of their hopes, had undergone a new metamorphosis. For those we had left on shore began to despair of our return; and conceiving that the lengthening the bark, as formerly proposed, was both a toilsome and unnecessary measure, considering the small number they consisted of, they had resolved to join her again, and to restore her to her first state; and in this scheme they had made some progress; for they had brought the two parts together, and would have soon completed her, had not our coming back put a period to their labours and disquietudes.

These people we had left behind informed us, that just before we were seen in the offing, two proas had stood in very near the shore, and had continued there for some time; but on the appearance of our ship, they crowded away, and were presently out of sight. And, on this occasion I must mention an incident, which, though it happened during the first absence of the ship, was then omitted, to avoid interrupting the course of the narration.

It hath already been observed, that a part of the detachment sent to this island under the com-

mand of the Spanish serjeant, lay concealed in the woods; and we were the less solicitous to find them out, as our prisoners all assured us that it was impossible for them to get off, and, consequently, that it was impossible for them to send any intelligence about us to Guam. But when the *Centurion* drove out to sea, and left the commodore on shore, he one day, attended by some of his officers, endeavoured to make the tour of the island. In this expedition, being on a rising ground, they perceived in the valley beneath them the appearance of a small thicket, which, by observing more nicely, they found had a progressive motion. This at first surprised them; but they soon discovered that it was no more than several large cocoa-bushes, which were dragged along the ground, by persons concealed beneath them. They immediately concluded that these were some of the serjeant's party (which was indeed true); and therefore the commodore and his people made after them, in hopes of finding out their retreat. The Indians soon perceived they were discovered, and hurried away with precipitation; but Mr. Anson was so near them, that he did not lose sight of them till they arrived at their cell, which he and his officers entering found to be abandoned, there being a passage from it down a precipice contrived for the convenience of flight. They found here an old firelock or two, but no other arms. However, there was a great quantity of provisions, particularly salted spareribs of pork, which were excellent; and from what our people saw here, they concluded, that the extraordinary appetite which they had found at this island was not confined to themselves alone; for, it being about noon, the Indians had laid out a very plentiful repast, considering their numbers, and had their bread-fruit and cocoa-nuts prepared ready for eating, and in a manner which plainly evinced that, with them too, a good meal was neither an uncommon nor an unheeded article. The commodore having in vain endeavoured to discover the path by which the Indians had escaped, he and his officers contented themselves with sitting down to the dinner which was thus luckily fitted to their present appetites; after which they returned back to their old habitation, displeased at missing the Indians, as they hoped to have engaged them in our service, if they could have had any conference with them. But notwithstanding what our prisoners had asserted, we were afterwards assured, that these Indians were carried off to Guam long before we left the place. But to return to our history.

On our coming to an anchor again, after our second driving off to sea, we laboured indefatigably in getting in our water; and having, by the 20th of October, completed it to fifty tons, which we supposed would be sufficient for our passage to Macao, we, on the next day, sent one of each mess on shore, to gather as large a quantity of oranges, lemons, cocoa-nuts, and other fruits of the island, as they possibly could, for the use of themselves and messmates, when at sea. And these purveyors returning on board us on the evening of the same day, we then set fire to the bark and proa, hoisted in our boats, and got under sail, steering away for the south end of the island of Formosa, and taking our leaves, for the third and last time, of the island of Tinian: an island which,

whether we consider the excellence of its productions, the beauty of its appearance, the elegance of its woods and lawns, the healthiness of its air, or the adventures it gave rise to, may in all these views be truly styled romantic.

And now, postponing for a short time our run to Formosa, and thence to Canton, I shall interrupt the narration with a description of that range of islands, usually called the Ladrões, or Marian Islands, of which this of Tinian is one.

These islands were discovered by Magellan in the year 1521; and by the account given of the two he first fell in with, it should seem that they were the islands of Saypan and Tinian; for they are described in his expedition as very beautiful islands, and as lying between fifteen and sixteen degrees of north latitude. These characteristics are particularly applicable to the two above-mentioned places; for the pleasing appearance of Tinian hath occasioned the Spaniards to give it the additional name of Buenavista; and Saypan, which is in the latitude of 15° 22' north, affords no contemptible prospect when seen from the sea.

There are usually reckoned twelve of these islands; but if the small islets and rocks are counted in, then their whole number will amount to above twenty. They were formerly most of them well inhabited; and, even not sixty years ago, the three principal islands, Guam, Rota, and Tinian, together, are said to have contained above fifty thousand people: but since that time Tinian has been entirely depopulated; and only two or three hundred Indians have been left at Rota to cultivate rice for the island of Guam; so that now no more than Guam can properly be said to be inhabited. This island of Guam is the only settlement of the Spaniards; here they keep a governor and garrison, and here the Manila ship generally touches for refreshment in her passage from Acapulco to the Philippines. It is esteemed to be about thirty leagues in circumference, and contains, by the Spanish accounts, near four thousand inhabitants, of which a thousand are said to live in the city of San Ignacio de Agand, where the governor generally resides, and where the houses are represented as considerable, being built with stone and timber, and covered with tiles, a very uncommon fabric for these warm climates and savage countries: besides this city there are upon the island thirteen or fourteen villages. As this is a post of some consequence, on account of the refreshment it yields to the Manila ship, there are two castles on the seashore; one is the castle of St. Angelo, which lies near the road, where the Manila ship usually anchors, and is but an insignificant fortress, mounting only five guns, eight-pounders; the other is the castle of St. Lewis, which is N.E. from St. Angelo, and four leagues distant, and is intended to protect a road where a small vessel anchors, which arrives here every other year from Manila. This fort mounts the same number of guns as the former: and besides these forts there is a battery of five pieces of cannon, on an eminence near the seashore. The Spanish troops employed on this island consist of three companies of foot, from forty to fifty men each; and this is the principal strength the governor has to depend on; for he cannot rely on any assistance from the Indian inhabitants, being

generally upon ill terms with them, and so apprehensive of them, that he has debarred them the use of fire-arms or lances.

The rest of these islands, though not inhabited, do yet abound with many kinds of refreshment and provision; but there is no good harbour or road to be met with amongst them all: of that of Tinian we have treated largely already; nor is the road of Guam much better: for it is not unusual for the Manila ship, though she proposes to stay there but twenty-four hours, to be forced to sea, and to leave her boat behind her. This is an inconvenience so sensibly felt by the commerce at Manila, that it is always recommended to the governor at Guam to use his best endeavours for the discovery of some safe port in this part of the world. How industrious he may be to comply with his instructions I know not; but this is certain, that, notwithstanding the many islands already found out between the coast of Mexico and the Philippines, there is not yet known any one safe port in that whole tract; though in other parts of the world it is not uncommon for very small islands to furnish most excellent harbours.

From what has been said it appears that the Spaniards, on the island of Guam, are extremely few compared to the Indian inhabitants; and formerly the disproportion was still greater, as may be easily conceived from what has been said, in another chapter, of the numbers heretofore on Tinian alone. These Indians are a bold well-limbed people; and it should seem from some of their practices that they are no ways defective in understanding; for their flying proas in particular, which have been for ages the only vessels used by them, are so singular and extraordinary an invention, that it would do honour to any nation, however dexterous and acute. For if we consider the aptitude of this proa to the particular navigation of these islands, which, lying all of them nearly under the same meridian, and within the limits of the trade-wind, require the vessels made use of in passing from one to the other to be particularly fitted for sailing with the wind upon the beam; or, if we examine the uncommon simplicity and ingenuity of its fabric and contrivance, or the extraordinary velocity with which it moves, we shall, in each of these articles, find it worthy of our admiration, and meriting a place amongst the mechanical productions of the most civilised nations, where arts and sciences have most eminently flourished. As former navigators, though they have mentioned these vessels, have yet treated of them imperfectly; and, as I conceive that, besides their curiosity, they may furnish both the shipwright and seaman with no contemptible observations, I shall here insert a very exact description of the built, rigging, and working of these vessels which I am well enabled to do; for one of them, as I have mentioned, fell into our hands at our first arrival at Tinian, and Mr. Brett took it to pieces, on purpose to delineate its fabric and dimensions with greater accuracy: so that the following account may be relied on.

The name of flying proa given to these vessels, is owing to the stiffness with which they sail. Of this the Spaniards assert such stories as appear altogether incredible to those who have never seen these vessels move; nor are the Spaniards the

only people who relate these extraordinary tales of their celerity. For those who shall have the curiosity to inquire at the dock at Portsmouth, about a trial made there some years since with a very imperfect one built at that place, will meet with accounts not less wonderful than any the Spaniards have given. However, from some rude estimations made by our people of the velocity with which they crossed the horizon at a distance, while we lay at Tinian, I cannot help believing that, with a brisk trade-wind, they will run near twenty miles an hour : which, though greatly short of what the Spaniards report of them, is yet a prodigious degree of swiftness. But let us give a distinct idea of its figure.

The construction of this proa is a direct contradiction to the practice of all the rest of mankind. For as the rest of the world make the head of their vessels different from the stern, but the two sides alike ; the proa, on the contrary, has her head and stern exactly alike, but her two sides very different ; the side intended to be always the lee-side being flat ; and the windward-side made rounding, in the manner of other vessels ; and, to prevent her oversetting, which, from her small breadth, and the straight run of her leeward-side, would, without this precaution, infallibly happen, there is a frame laid out from her to windward, to the end of which is fastened a log fashioned into the shape of a small boat, and made hollow : the weight of the frame is intended to balance the proa, and the small boat is by its buoyancy (as it is always in the water) to prevent her oversetting to windward ; and this frame is usually called an outrigger. The body of the proa (at least of that we took) is made of two pieces joined endways, and sewed together with bark, for there is no iron used about her : she is about two inches thick at the bottom, which at the gunwale is reduced to less than one : the mast is supported by a shroud, and by two stays : the sail is made of matting, and the mast, yard, boom, and outriggers, are all made of bamboo : the heel of the yard is always lodged in one of the sockets, according to the tack the proa goes on ; and when she alters her tack, they bear away a little to bring her stern up to the wind, then by easing the halyard and raising the yard, and carrying the heel of it along the lee-side of the proa, they fix it in the opposite socket ; whilst the boom at the same time, by letting fly one sheet, and haling the other sheet, shifts into a contrary situation to what it had before, and that which was the stern of the proa now becomes the head, and she is trimmed on the other tack. When it is necessary to reef or furl the sail, this is done by rolling it round the boom. The proa generally carries six or seven Indians ; two of which are placed in the head and stern, who steer the vessel alternately with a paddle according to the tack she goes on, he in the stern being the steersman ; the other Indians are employed either in baling out the water which she accidentally ships, or in setting and trimming the sail. From the description of these vessels it is sufficiently obvious how dexterously they are fitted for ranging this collection of islands called the Ladrões : for as these islands lie nearly N. and S. of each other, and are all within the limits of the trade-wind, the proas, by sailing most excellently on a wind, and with either end foremost, can run from one of these

islands to the other and back again, only by shifting the sail, without ever putting about ; and, by the flatness of their lee-side, and their small breadth, they are capable of lying much nearer the wind than any other vessel hitherto known, and thereby have an advantage which no vessels that go large can ever pretend to : the advantage I mean is that of running with a velocity nearly as great, and perhaps sometimes greater than that with which the wind blows. This, however paradoxical it may appear, is evident enough in similar instances on shore : for it is well known that the sails of a windmill often move faster than the wind ; and one great superiority of common windmills over all others, that ever were, or ever will be contrived to move with a horizontal motion, is analogous to the case we have mentioned of a vessel upon a wind and before the wind : for the sails of a horizontal windmill, the faster they move, the more they detract from the impulse of the wind upon them ; whereas the common windmills, by moving perpendicular to the torrent of air, are nearly as forcibly acted on by the wind when they are in motion as when they are at rest.

Thus much may suffice as to the description and nature of these singular embarkations. I must add that vessels bearing some obscure resemblance to these are to be met with in various parts of the East Indies ; but none of them, that I can learn, to be compared with those of the Ladrões, either in their construction or celerity ; which should induce one to believe that this was originally the invention of some genius of these islands, and was afterwards imperfectly copied by the neighbouring nations : for though the Ladrões have no immediate intercourse with any other people, yet there lie to the S. and S.W. of them a great number of islands, which are supposed to extend to the coast of New Guinea. These islands are so near the Ladrões that canoes from them have sometimes, by distress, been driven to Guam ; and the Spaniards did once despatch a bark for their discovery, which left two Jesuits amongst them, who were afterwards murdered : and the inhabitants of the Ladrões with their proas may, by like accident, have been driven amongst these islands. Indeed I should conceive that the same range of islands extends to the S.E. as well as the S.W. and that to a prodigious distance : for Schouten, who traversed the south part of the Pacific Ocean in the year 1615, met with a large double canoe full of people, at above a thousand leagues distance from the Ladrões towards the S.E. If this double canoe was any distant imitation of the flying proa, which is no very improbable conjecture, it can only be accounted for by supposing that there is a range of islands, near enough to each other to be capable of an accidental communication, which is extended from the Ladrões thither. And indeed all those who have crossed from America to the East Indies in a southern latitude, have never failed of meeting with several very small islands scattered over that immense ocean.

And as there may be hence some reason to suppose that the Ladrões are only a part of an extensive chain of islands spreading themselves to the southward towards the unknown boundaries of the Pacific Ocean ; so it appears from the Spanish chart, elsewhere spoken of, that the same chain is extended from the northward of the

Ladrones to Japan: so that in this light the Ladrones will be only one small portion of a range of islands, reaching from Japan perhaps to the unknown southern continent. After this short account of these places, I shall now return to the prosecution of our voyage.

CHAPTER VI.

From Tinian to Macao.

I HAVE already mentioned, that, on the 21st of October, in the evening, we took our leave of the island of Tinian, steering the proper course for Macao in China. The eastern monsoon was now, we reckoned, fairly settled; and we had a constant gale blowing right upon our stern: so that we generally ran from forty to fifty leagues a-day. But we had a large hollow sea pursuing us, which occasioned the ship to labour much; whence we received great damage in our rigging, which was grown very rotten, and our leak was augmented: but happily for us, our people were now in full health; so that there were no complaints of fatigue, but all went through their attendance on the pumps, and every other duty of the ship, with ease and cheerfulness.

Having now no other but our sheet-anchor left, except our prize-anchors, which were stowed in the hold, and were too light to be depended on, we were under great concern how we should manage on the coast of China, where we were all entire strangers, and where we should doubtless be frequently under the necessity of coming to an anchor. Our sheet-anchor being obviously much too heavy for a coasting anchor, it was at length resolved to fix two of our largest prize-anchors into one stock, and to place between their shanks two guns, four pounders, which was accordingly executed, and it was to serve as a best bower: and a third prize-anchor being in like manner joined with our stream-anchor, with guns between them, we thereby made a small bower; so that, besides our sheet-anchor, we had again two others at our bows, one of which weighed 3900 and the other 2900 pounds.

The 3d of November, about three in the afternoon, we saw an island, which at first we imagined to be the island of Botel Tobago Ximo: but on our nearer approach we found it to be much smaller than that is usually represented; and about an hour after we saw another island, five or six miles farther to the westward. As no chart, nor any journal we had seen, took notice of any other island to the eastward of Formosa, than Botel Tobago Ximo, and as we had no observation of our latitude at noon, we were in some perplexity, being apprehensive that an extraordinary current had driven us into the neighbourhood of the Bashee islands; and therefore, when night came on, we brought to, and continued in this posture till the next morning, which proving dark and cloudy, for some time prolonged our uncertainty; but it cleared up about nine o'clock, when we again discerned the two islands above-mentioned; we then pressed forward to the westward, and by eleven got sight of the southern part of the island of Formosa. This satisfied us that the second island we saw was Botel Tobago Ximo,

and the first a small island or rock, lying five or six miles due east from it, which, not being mentioned by any of our books or charts, was the occasion of our fears.

When we got sight of the island of Formosa, we steered W. by S. in order to double its extremity, and kept a good look out for the rocks of Vele Rete, which we did not see till two in the afternoon. They then bore from us W.N.W., three miles distant, the south end of Formosa at the same time bearing N. by W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W., about five leagues distant. To give these rocks a good berth, we immediately hauled up S. by W., and so left them between us and the land. Indeed we had reason to be careful of them; for though they appeared as high out of the water as a ship's hull, yet they are environed with breakers on all sides, and there is a shoal stretching from them at least a mile and a half to the southward, whence they may be truly called dangerous. The course from Botel Tobago Ximo to these rocks, is S.W. by W. and the distance about twelve or thirteen leagues: and the south end of Formosa, off which they lie, is in the latitude of $21^{\circ} 50'$ north, and in $23^{\circ} 50'$ west longitude from Tinian, according to our most approved reckonings, though by some of our accounts above a degree more.

While we were passing by these rocks of Vele Rete, there was an outcry of fire on the fore-castle; this occasioned a general alarm, and the whole crew instantly flocked together in the utmost confusion, so that the officers found it difficult for some time to appease the uproar: but having at last reduced the people to order, it was perceived that the fire proceeded from the furnace; and pulling down the brick-work, it was extinguished with great facility, for it had taken its rise from the bricks, which, being over-heated, had begun to communicate the fire to the adjacent wood-work. In the evening we were surprised with a view of what we at first sight conceived to have been breakers, but, on a stricter examination, we found them to be only a great number of fires on the island of Formosa. These, we imagined, were intended by the inhabitants of that island as signals for us to touch there, but that suited not our views, we being impatient to reach the port of Macao as soon as possible. From Formosa we steered W.N.W., and sometimes still more northerly, proposing to fall in with the coast of China, to the eastward of Pedro Blanco; for the rock so called is usually esteemed an excellent direction for ships bound to Macao. We continued this course till the following night, and then frequently brought to, to try if we were in soundings: but it was the 5th of November, at nine in the morning, before we struck ground, and then we had forty-two fathom, and a bottom of grey sand mixed with shells. When we had got about twenty miles farther W.N.W., we had thirty-five fathom, and the same bottom, from whence our soundings gradually decreased from thirty-five to twenty-five fathom; but soon after, to our great surprise, they jumped back again to thirty fathom: this was an alteration we could not very well account for, since all the charts laid down regular soundings everywhere to the northward of Pedro Blanco; and for this reason we kept a very careful look-out, and altered our course to N.N.W., and having run thirty-five miles in this direction, our soundings

again gradually diminished to twenty-two fathom, and we at last, about midnight, got sight of the mainland of China, bearing N. by W., four leagues distant: we then brought the ship to, with her head to the sea, proposing to wait for the morning; and before sunrise we were surprised to find ourselves in the midst of an incredible number of fishing-boats, which seemed to cover the surface of the sea as far as the eye could reach. I may well style their number incredible, since I cannot believe, upon the lowest estimate, that there were so few as six thousand, most of them manned with five hands, and none of those we saw with less than three. Nor was this swarm of fishing vessels peculiar to this spot; for, as we ran on to the westward, we found them as abundant on every part of the coast. We at first doubted not but we should procure a pilot from them to carry us to Macao; but though many of them came close to the ship, and we endeavoured to tempt them by showing them a number of dollars, a most alluring bait for Chinese of all ranks and professions, yet we could not entice them on board us, nor procure any directions from them; though, I presume, the only difficulty was their not comprehending what we wanted them to do, for we could have no communication with them but by signs: indeed we often pronounced the word Macao; but this we had reason to suppose they understood in a different sense; for in return they sometimes held up fish to us, and we afterwards learnt, that the Chinese name for fish is of a somewhat similar sound. But what surprised us most, was the inattention and want of curiosity, which we observed in this herd of fishermen: a ship like ours had doubtless never been in those seas before; perhaps, there might not be one, amongst all the Chinese employed in this fishery, who had ever seen any European vessel; so that we might reasonably have expected to have been considered by them as a very uncommon and extraordinary object; but though many of their vessels came close to the ship, yet they did not appear to be at all interested about us, nor did they deviate in the least from their course to regard us; which insensibility, especially in maritime persons, about a matter in their own profession, is scarcely to be credited, did not the general behaviour of the Chinese, in other instances, furnish us with continual proofs of a similar turn of mind: it may perhaps be doubted, whether this cast of temper be the effect of nature or education; but, in either case, it is an incontestible symptom of a mean and contemptible disposition, and is alone a sufficient confutation of the extravagant panegyrics, which many hypothetical writers have bestowed on the ingenuity and capacity of this nation. But to return:

Not being able to procure any information from the Chinese fishermen about our proper course to Macao, it was necessary for us to rely entirely on our own judgment; and concluding from our latitude, which was $22^{\circ} 42'$ North, and from our soundings, which were only seventeen or eighteen fathoms, that we were yet to the eastward of Pedro Blanco, we stood to the westward: and for the assistance of future navigators, who may hereafter doubt about the parts of the coast they are upon, I must observe, that besides the latitude of Pedro Blanco, which is $22^{\circ} 18'$, and the depth

of water, which to the westward of that rock is almost everywhere twenty fathoms, there is another circumstance which will give great assistance in judging of the position of the ship: this is the kind of ground; for, till we came within thirty miles of Pedro Blanco, we had constantly a sandy bottom; but there the bottom changed to soft and muddy, and continued so quite to the island of Macao; only while we were in sight of Pedro Blanco, and very near it, we had for a short space a bottom of greenish mud, intermixed with sand.

It was on the 5th of November, at midnight, when we first made the coast of China; and the next day, about two o'clock, as we were standing to the westward within two leagues of the coast, and still surrounded by fishing vessels in as great numbers as at first, we perceived that a boat a-head of us waved a red flag, and blew a horn: this we considered as a signal made to us, either to warn us of some shoal, or to inform us that they would supply us with a pilot, and in this belief we immediately sent our cutter to the boat, to know their intentions; but we were soon made sensible of our mistake, and found that this boat was the commodore of the whole fishery, and that the signal she had made was to order them all to leave off fishing, and to return in shore, which we saw them instantly obey. On this disappointment we kept on our course, and soon after passed by two very small rocks, which lay four or five miles distant from the shore; but night came on before we got sight of Pedro Blanco, and we therefore brought to till the morning, when we had the satisfaction to discover it. It is a rock of a small circumference, but of a moderate height, and, both in shape and colour, resembles a sugar-loaf, and is about seven or eight miles from the shore. We passed within a mile and a half of it, and left it between us and the land, still keeping on to the westward; and the next day, being the 7th, we were a-breast of a chain of islands, which stretched from east to west. These, as we afterwards found, were called the islands of Lema; they are rocky and barren, and are in all, small and great, fifteen or sixteen; and there are, besides, a great number of other islands between them and the mainland of China. These islands we left on the starboard side, passing within four miles of them, where we had twenty-four fathom water. We were still surrounded by fishing-boats; and we once more sent the cutter on board one of them, to endeavour to procure a pilot, but could not prevail; however one of the Chinese directed us by signs to sail round the westernmost of the island or rocks of Lema, and then to hale up. We followed this direction, and in the evening came to an anchor in eighteen fathom.

After having continued at anchor all night, we on the 9th, at four in the morning, sent our cutter to sound the channel, where we proposed to pass; but before the return of the cutter, a Chinese pilot put on board us, and told us, in broken Portuguese, he would carry us to Macao for thirty dollars. These were immediately paid him, and we then weighed and made sail; and soon after several other pilots came on board us, who, to recommend themselves, produced certificates from the captains of several ships they had piloted in, but we con-

tinued the ship under the management of the Chinese who came first on board. By this time we learned that we were not far distant from Macao, and that there were in the river of Canton, at the mouth of which Macao lies, eleven European ships, of which four were English. Our pilot carried us between the islands of Bamboo and Cabouce, but the winds hanging in the northern board, and the tides often setting strongly against us, we were obliged to come frequently to an anchor, so that we did not get through between the two islands till the 12th of November, at two in the morning. In passing through, our depth of water was from twelve to fourteen fathom; and as we still steered on N. by W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W., between a number of other islands, our soundings underwent little or no variation till towards the evening, when they increased to seventeen fathom; in which depth (the wind dying away) we anchored not far from the island of Lantoon, which is the largest of all this range of islands. At seven in the morning we weighed again, and steering W. S. W. and S. W. by W., we at ten o'clock happily anchored in Macao road, in five fathom water, the city of Macao bearing W. by N., three leagues distant; the peak of Lantoon E. by N., and the grand Ladrone S. by E., each of them about five leagues distant. Thus, after a fatiguing cruise of above two years' continuance, we once more arrived in an amicable port in a civilised country; where the conveniences of life were in great plenty; where the naval stores, which we now extremely wanted, could be in some degree procured; where we expected the inexpressible satisfaction of receiving letters from our relations and friends; and where our countrymen, who were lately arrived from England, would be capable of answering the numerous inquiries we were prepared to make, both about public and private occurrences, and to relate to us many particulars, which, whether of importance or not, would be listened to by us with the utmost attention, after the long suspension of our correspondence with our country, to which the nature of our undertaking had hitherto subjected us.

CHAPTER VII.

Proceedings at Macao.

THE city of Macao, in the road of which we came to an anchor on the 12th of November, is a Portuguese settlement, situated in an island at the mouth of the river of Canton. It was formerly a very rich and populous city, and capable of defending itself against the power of the adjacent Chinese governors; but at present it is much fallen from its ancient splendour; for though it is inhabited by Portuguese, and hath a governor nominated by the king of Portugal, yet it subsists merely by the suzerainty of the Chinese, who can starve the place, and dispossess the Portuguese, whenever they please. This obliges the governor of Macao to behave with great circumspection, and carefully to avoid every circumstance that may give offence to the Chinese. The river of Canton, at the mouth of which this city lies, is the only Chinese port frequented by European ships; and this river is indeed a more commodious harbour, on many accounts, than Macao. But the

peculiar customs of the Chinese, only adapted to the entertainment of trading ships, and the apprehensions of the commodore, lest he should embroil the East-India Company with the regency of Canton, if he should insist on being treated upon a different footing than the merchantmen, made him resolve to go first to Macao, before he ventured into the port of Canton. Indeed, had not this reason prevailed with him, he himself had nothing to fear; for it is certain that he might have entered the port of Canton, and might have continued there as long as he pleased, and afterwards have left it again, although the whole power of the Chinese empire had been brought together to oppose him.

The commodore, not to depart from his usual prudence, no sooner came to an anchor in Macao road, than he despatched an officer with his compliments to the Portuguese governor of Macao, requesting his excellency, by the same officer, to advise him in what manner it would be proper to act to avoid offending the Chinese; which, as there were then four of our ships in their power at Canton, was a matter worthy of attention. The difficulty which the commodore principally apprehended, related to the duty usually paid by all ships in the river of Canton, according to their tonnage. For as men of war are exempted in every foreign harbour from all manner of port charges, the commodore thought it would be derogatory to the honour of his country, to submit to this duty in China: and therefore he desired the advice of the governor of Macao, who, being a European, could not be ignorant of the privileges claimed by a British man of war, and consequently might be expected to give us the best lights for avoiding this perplexity. Our boat returned in the evening with two officers sent by the governor, who informed the commodore, that it was the governor's opinion, that if the Centurion ventured into the river of Canton, the duty would certainly be demanded; and, therefore, if the commodore approved of it, he would send him a pilot, who should conduct us into another safe harbour, called the Typa, which was every way commodious for careening the ship (an operation we were resolved to begin upon as soon as possible) and where the above-mentioned duty would in all probability be never asked for.

This proposal the commodore agreed to, and in the morning we weighed anchor, and under the direction of the Portuguese pilot, steered for the intended harbour. As we entered two islands, which form the eastern passage to it, we found our soundings decreased to three fathom and a half. But the pilot assuring us that this was the least depth we should meet with, we continued our course, till at length the ship stuck fast in the mud, with only eighteen foot water abaft; and the tide of ebb making, the water sewed to sixteen feet, but the ship remained perfectly upright; we then sounded all round us, and finding the water deepened to the northward, we carried out our small bower with two hawsers an end, and at the return of the tide of flood, hove the ship afloat; and a small breeze springing up at the same instant, we set the fore-top sail, and slipping the hawser, ran into the harbour, where we moored in about five fathom water. This harbour of the Typa is formed by a number of islands, and is

about six miles distant from Macao. Here we saluted the castle of Macao with eleven guns, which were returned by an equal number.

The next day the commodore paid a visit in person to the governor, and was saluted at his landing by eleven guns; which were returned by the *Centurion*. Mr. Anson's business in this visit, was to solicit the governor to grant us a supply of provisions, and to furnish us with such stores as were necessary to refit the ship. The governor seemed really inclined to do us all the service he could, and assured the commodore, in a friendly manner, that he would privately give us all the assistance in his power; but he, at the same time, frankly owned, that he dared not openly furnish us with anything we demanded, unless we first procured an order for it from the viceroy of Canton; for that he neither received provisions for his garrison, nor any other necessities, but by permission from the Chinese government; and as they took care only to furnish him from day to day, he was indeed no other than their vassal, whom they could at all times compel to submit to their own terms, only by laying an embargo on his provisions.

On this declaration of the governor, Mr. Anson resolved himself to go to Canton, to procure a license from the viceroy; and he accordingly hired a Chinese boat for himself and his attendants; but just as he was ready to embark, the hoppo, or Chinese custom-house officer at Macao, refused to grant a permit to the boat, and ordered the watermen not to proceed, at their peril. The commodore at first endeavoured to prevail with the hoppo to withdraw his injunction, and to grant a permit; and the governor of Macao employed his interest with the hoppo to the same purpose. Mr. Anson, finding the officer inflexible, told him the next day, that if he longer refused to grant the permit, he would man and arm his own boats to carry him thither; asking the hoppo, at the same time, who he imagined would dare to oppose him. This threat immediately brought about what his intreaties had laboured for in vain. The permit was granted, and Mr. Anson went to Canton. On his arrival there, he consulted with the supercargoes and officers of the English ships, how to procure an order from the viceroy for the necessities he wanted. But in this he had reason to suppose that the advice they gave him, though doubtless well intended, was yet not the most prudent. For as it is the custom with these gentlemen never to apply to the supreme magistrate himself, whatever difficulties they labour under, but to transact all matters relating to the government by the mediation of the principal Chinese merchants, Mr. Anson was advised to follow the same method upon this occasion, the English promising (in which they were doubtless sincere) to exert all their interest to engage the merchants in his favour. And when the Chinese merchants were applied to, they readily undertook the management of it, and promised to answer for its success; but after near a month's delay, and reiterated excuses, during which interval they pretended to be often upon the point of completing the business, they at last (being pressed, and measures being taken for delivering a letter to the viceroy) threw off the mask, and declared they neither had applied to the viceroy, nor could they; for he was too great a

man, they said, for them to approach on any occasion. And, not contented with having themselves thus grossly deceived the commodore, they now used all their persuasion with the English at Canton, to prevent them from intermeddling with anything that regarded him, representing to them, that it would in all probability embroil them with the government, and occasion them a great deal of unnecessary trouble; which groundless insinuations had indeed but too much weight with those they were applied to.

It may be difficult to assign a reason for this perfidious conduct of the Chinese merchants: interest indeed is known to exert a boundless influence over the inhabitants of that empire; but how their interest could be affected in the present case, is not easy to discover; unless they apprehended that the presence of a ship of force might damp their Manila trade, and therefore acted in this manner with a view of forcing the commodore to Batavia; but it might be as natural in this light to suppose, that they would have been eager to have got him despatched. I therefore rather impute their behaviour to the unparalleled pusillanimity of the nation, and to the awe they are under of the government: for as such a ship as the *Centurion*, fitted for war only, had never been seen in those parts before, she was the horror of these dastards, and the merchants were in some degree terrified even with the idea of her, and could not think of applying to the viceroy (who is doubtless fond of all opportunities of fleecing them) without representing to themselves the pretences which a hungry and tyrannical magistrate might possibly find, for censuring their intermeddling in so unusual a transaction, in which he might pretend the interest of the state was immediately concerned. However, be this as it may, the commodore was satisfied that nothing was to be done by the interposition of the merchants, as it was on his pressing them to deliver a letter to the viceroy, that they had declared they durst not intermeddle, and had confessed, that notwithstanding all their pretences of serving him, they had not yet taken one step towards it. Mr. Anson therefore told them, that he would proceed to Batavia, and refit his ship there; but informed them, at the same time, that this was impossible to be done, unless he was supplied with a stock of provisions sufficient for his passage. The merchants, on this, undertook to procure him provisions, but assured him, that it was what they durst not engage in openly, but proposed to manage it in a clandestine manner, by putting a quantity of bread, flour, and other provisions on board the English ships, which were now ready to sail; and these were to stop at the mouth of the Typha, where the *Centurion's* boats were to receive it. This article, which the merchants represented as a matter of great favour, being settled, the commodore, on the 16th of December, returned from Canton to the ship, seemingly resolved to proceed to Batavia to refit, as soon as he should get his supplies of provision on board.

But Mr. Anson (who never intended going to Batavia) found, on his return to the *Centurion*, that her main-mast was sprung in two places, and that the leak was considerably increased; so that, upon the whole, he was fully satisfied, that though he should lay in a sufficient stock of provisions, yet it would be impossible for him to put to sea

without refitting: for, if he left the port with his ship in her present condition, she would be in the utmost danger of foundering; and therefore, notwithstanding the difficulties he had met with, he resolved at all events to have her hove down, before he left Macao. He was fully convinced, by what he had observed at Canton, that his great caution not to injure the East-India Company's affairs, and the regard he had shown to the advice of their officers, had occasioned all his embarrassments. For he now saw clearly, that if he had at first carried his ship into the river of Canton, and had immediately applied himself to the mandarins, who are the chief officers of state, instead of employing the merchants to apply for him; he would, in all probability, have had all his requests granted, and would have been soon despatched. He had already lost a month, by the wrong measures he had been put upon, but he resolved to lose as little more time as possible; and therefore, the 17th of December, being the next day after his return from Canton, he wrote a letter to the viceroy of that place, acquainting him, that he was commander-in-chief of a squadron of his Britannic Majesty's ships of war, which had been cruising for two years past in the South Seas against the Spaniards, who were at war with the king his master; that, in his way back to England, he had put into the port of Macao, having a considerable leak in his ship, and being in great want of provisions, so that it was impossible for him to proceed on his voyage, till his ship was repaired, and he was supplied with the necessaries he wanted; that he had been at Canton, in hopes of being admitted to a personal audience of his excellency; but being a stranger to the customs of the country, he had not been able to inform himself what steps were necessary to be taken to procure such an audience, and therefore was obliged to apply to him in this manner, to desire his excellency to give order for his being permitted to employ carpenters and proper workmen to refit his ship, and to furnish himself with provisions and stores, thereby to enable him to pursue his voyage to Great Britain with this monsoon, hoping, at the same time, that these orders would be issued with as little delay as possible, lest it might occasion his loss of the season, and he might be prevented from departing till next winter.

This letter was translated into the Chinese language, and the commodore delivered it himself to the hoppo or chief officer of the emperor's customs at Macao, desiring him to forward it to the viceroy of Canton, with as much expedition as he could. The officer at first seemed unwilling to take charge of it, and raised many objections about it, so that Mr. Anson suspected him of being in league with the merchants of Canton, who had always shown a great apprehension of the commodore's having any immediate intercourse with the viceroy or mandarins; and therefore the commodore, with some resentment, took back his letter from the hoppo, and told him he would immediately send an officer with it to Canton in his own boat, and would give him positive orders not to return without an answer from the viceroy. The hoppo perceiving the commodore to be in earnest, and fearing to be called to an account for his refusal, begged to be entrusted with the letter, and promised to

deliver it, and to procure an answer as soon as possible. And now it was soon seen how justly Mr. Anson had at last judged of the proper manner of dealing with the Chinese; for this letter was written but the 17th of December, as hath been already observed; and, on the 19th in the morning a mandarin of the first rank, who was governor of the city of Janson, together with two mandarins of an inferior class, and a great retinue of officers and servants, having with them eighteen half galleys decorated with a greater number of streamers, and furnished with music, and full of men, came to grapple a-head of the Centurion; whence the mandarin sent a message to the commodore, telling him that he (the mandarin) was ordered, by the viceroy of Canton, to examine the condition of the ship, and desiring the ship's boat might be sent to fetch him on board. The Centurion's boat was immediately despatched, and preparations were made for receiving him; for a hundred of the most slightly of the crew were uniformly dressed in the regimentals of the marines, and were drawn up under arms on the main-deck, against his arrival. When he entered the ship he was saluted by the drums, and what other military music there was on board; and passing by the new-formed guard, he was met by the commodore on the quarter-deck, who conducted him to the great cabin. Here the mandarin explained his commission, declaring that his business was to examine all the particulars mentioned in the commodore's letter to the viceroy, and to confront them with the representation that had been given of them; that he was particularly instructed to inspect the leak, and had for that purpose brought with him two Chinese carpenters; and that for the greater regularity and despatch of his business, he had every head of enquiry separately written down on a sheet of paper, with a void space opposite to it, where he was to insert such information and remarks thereon, as he could procure by his own observation.

This mandarin appeared to be a person of very considerable parts, and endowed with more frankness and honesty, than is to be found in the generality of the Chinese. After the proper inquiries had been made, particularly about the leak, which the Chinese carpenters reported to be as dangerous as it had been represented, and consequently that it was impossible for the Centurion to proceed to sea without being refitted, the mandarin expressed himself satisfied with the account given in the commodore's letter. And this magistrate, as he was more intelligent than any other person of his nation that came to our knowledge, so likewise was he more curious and inquisitive, viewing each part of the ship with particular attention, and appearing greatly surprised at the largeness of the lower deck guns, and at the weight and size of the shot. The commodore, observing his astonishment, thought this a proper opportunity to convince the Chinese of the prudence of granting him a speedy and ample supply of all he wanted: with this view he told the mandarin, and those who were with him, that, besides the demands he made for a general supply, he had a particular complaint against the proceedings of the custom-house of Macao; that at his first arrival the Chinese boats had brought on board plenty of greens, and variety of fresh provisions for daily use, for which they had always

been paid to their full satisfaction, but that the custom-house officers at Macao had soon forbid them, by which means he was deprived of those refreshments which were of the utmost consequence to the health of his men, after their long and sickly voyage; that as they, the mandarins, had informed themselves of his wants, and were eye-witnesses of the force and strength of his ship, they might be satisfied it was not for want of power to supply himself, that he desired the permission of the government to purchase what provisions he stood in need of; that they must be convinced that the Centurion alone was capable of destroying the whole navigation of the port of Canton, or of any other port in China, without running the least risk from all the force the Chinese could collect; that it was true, this was not the manner of proceeding between nations in friendship with each other; but it was likewise true, that it was not customary for any nation to permit the ships of their friends to starve and sink in their ports, when those friends had money to supply their wants, and only desired liberty to lay it out; that they must confess, he and his people had hitherto behaved with great modesty and reserve; but that, as his wants were each day increasing, hunger would at last prove too strong for any restraint, and necessity was acknowledged in all countries to be superior to every other law; and therefore it could not be expected that his crew would long continue to starve in the midst of that plenty to which their eyes were every day witnesses: to this the commodore added, (though perhaps with a less serious air) that if by the delay of supplying him with provisions his men should be reduced to the necessity of turning cannibals, and preying upon their own species, it was easy to be foreseen that, independent of their friendship to their comrades, they would, in point of luxury, prefer the plump well-fed Chinese to their own emaciated shipmates. The first mandarin acquiesced in the justness of this reasoning, and told the commodore, that he should that night proceed for Canton; that on his arrival, a council of mandarins would be summoned, of which he himself was a member; and that by being employed in the present commission, he was of course the commodore's advocate; that, as he was fully convinced of the urgency of Mr. Anson's necessity, he did not doubt but, on his representation, the council would be of the same opinion; and that all that was demanded would be amply and speedily granted: and with regard to the commodore's complaint of the custom-house of Macao, he undertook to rectify that immediately by his own authority; for desiring a list to be given him of the quantity of provisions necessary for the expense of the ship for a day, he wrote a permit under it, and delivered it to one of his attendants, directing him to see that quantity sent on board early every morning; and this order, from that time forwards, was punctually complied with.

When this weighty affair was thus in some degree regulated, the commodore invited him and his two attendant mandarins to dinner, telling them at the same time, that if his provisions, either in kind or quantity, was not what they might expect, they must thank themselves for having confined him to so hard an allowance. One of his dishes was beef, which the Chinese all dislike,

though Mr. Anson was not apprised of it; this seems to be derived from the Indian superstition, which for some ages past has made a great progress in China. However, his guests did not entirely fast; for the three mandarins completely finished the white part of four large fowls. But they were extremely embarrassed with their knives and forks, and were quite incapable of making use of them: so that, after some fruitless attempts to help themselves, which were sufficiently awkward, one of the attendants was obliged to cut their meat in small pieces for them. But whatever difficulty they might have in complying with the European manner of eating, they seemed not to be novices in drinking. The commodore excused himself in this part of the entertainment under the pretence of illness; but there being another gentleman present, of a florid and jovial complexion, the chief mandarin clapped him on the shoulder, and told him by the interpreter, that certainly he could not plead sickness, and therefore insisted on his bearing him company; and that gentleman perceiving, that after they had despatched four or five bottles of Frontinac, the mandarin still continued unruffled, he ordered a bottle of citron-water to be brought up, which the Chinese seemed much to relish; and this being near finished, they arose from table, in appearance cool and uninfluenced by what they had drunk, and the commodore having, according to custom, made the mandarin a present, they all departed in the same vessels that brought them.

After their departure the commodore with great impatience expected the resolution of the council, and the necessary licenses for his refitment. For it must be observed, as has already appeared from the preceding narration, that he could neither purchase stores nor necessaries with his money, nor did any kind of workmen dare to engage themselves to work for him, without the permission of the government first obtained. And in the execution of these particular injunctions the magistrates never fail of exercising great severity; they, notwithstanding the fustian eulogiums bestowed upon them by the catholic missionaries and their European copiers, being composed of the same fragile materials with the rest of mankind, and often making use of the authority of the law, not to suppress crimes, but to enrich themselves by the pillage of those who commit them; for capital punishments are rare in China, the effeminate genius of the nation, and their strong attachment to lucre, disposing them rather to make use of fines; and hence arises no inconsiderable profit to those who compose their tribunals: consequently prohibitions of all kinds, particularly such as the alluring prospect of great profit may often tempt the subject to infringe, cannot but be favourite institutions in such a government. But to return:

Some time before this Captain Saunders took his passage to England on board a Swedish ship, and was charged with despatches from the commodore; and soon after, in the month of December, Captain Mitchel, Colonel Cracherode, and Mr. Tassel, one of the agent-victuallers, with his nephew Mr. Charles Harriot, embarked on board some of our Company's ships; and I, having obtained the commodore's leave to return home, embarked with them. I must observe too (having

omitted it before) that whilst we lay here at Macao, we were informed by some of the officers of our Indiamen, that the *Severn* and *Pearl*, the two ships of our squadron which had separated from us off Cape Noir, were safely arrived at Rio Janeiro on the coast of Brazil. I have formerly taken notice that, at the time of their separation, we apprehended them to be lost. And there were many reasons which greatly favoured this suspicion: for we knew that the *Severn* in particular was extremely sickly; and this was the more obvious to the rest of the ships, as in the preceding part of the voyage her commander Captain Legge had been remarkable for his exemplary punctuality in keeping his station, till, for the last ten days before his separation, his crew was so diminished and enfeebled, that with his utmost efforts it was not possible for him to maintain his proper position with his wonted exactness. The extraordinary sickness on board him was by many imputed to the ship, which was new, and on that account was believed to be the more unhealthy; but whatever was the cause of it, the *Severn* was by much the most sickly of the squadron: for before her departure from St. Catherine's she buried more men than any of them, inasmuch that the commodore was obliged to recruit her with a number of fresh hands; and, the mortality still continuing on board her, she was supplied with men a second time at sea after our setting sail from St. Julians; and, notwithstanding these different reinforcements, she was at last reduced to the distressed condition I have already mentioned: so that the commodore himself was firmly persuaded she was lost; and therefore it was with great joy we received the news of her and the *Pearl's* safety, after the strong persuasion, which had so long prevailed amongst us, of their having both perished. But to proceed with the transactions between Mr. Anson and the Chinese.

Notwithstanding the favourable disposition of the mandarin governor of Janson at his leaving Mr. Anson, several days were elapsed before he had any advice from him; and Mr. Anson was privately informed there were great debates in council upon his affair; partly perhaps owing to its being so unusual a case, and in part to the influence, as I suppose, of the intrigues of the French at Canton: for they had a countryman and fast friend residing on the spot who spoke the language very well, and was not unacquainted with the venality of the government, nor with the persons of several of the magistrates, and consequently could not be at a loss for means of traversing the assistance desired by Mr. Anson. And this opposition of the French was not merely the effect of national prejudice or contrariety of political interests, but was in a good measure owing to their vanity, a motive of much more weight with the generality of mankind than any attachment to the public service of their community: for, the French pretending their Indiamen to be men-of-war, their officers were apprehensive that any distinction granted to Mr. Anson, on account of his bearing the king's commission, would render them less considerable in the eyes of the Chinese, and would establish a prepossession at Canton in favour of ships of war, by which they, as trading vessels, would suffer in their importance: and I wish the affectation of endeavouring to pass for men-of-war,

and the fear of sinking in the estimation of the Chinese, if the *Centurion* was treated in a different manner from themselves, had been confined to the officers of the French ships only. However, notwithstanding all these obstacles, it should seem that the representation of the commodore to the mandarins of the facility with which he could right himself, if justice were denied him, had at last its effect: for, on the 6th of January, in the morning, the governor of Janson, the commodore's advocate, sent down the viceroy of Canton's warrant for the refitment of the *Centurion*, and for supplying her people with all they wanted; and, the next day, a number of Chinese smiths and carpenters went on board, to agree for all the work by the great. They demanded at first to the amount of a thousand pounds sterling for the necessary repairs of the ship, the boats, and the masts: this the commodore seemed to think an unreasonable sum, and endeavoured to persuade them to work by the day; but that proposal they would not hearken to; so it was at last agreed that the carpenters should have to the amount of about six hundred pounds for their work; and that the smiths should be paid for their iron-work by weight, allowing them at the rate of three pounds a hundred nearly for the small work, and forty-six shillings for the large.

This being regulated, the commodore exerted himself to get this most important business completed; I mean the heaving down the *Centurion*, and examining the state of her bottom: for this purpose the first lieutenant was despatched to Canton to hire two country vessels, called in their language junks, one of them being intended to heave down by, and the other to serve as a magazine for the powder and ammunition: at the same time the ground was smoothed on one of the neighbouring islands, and a large tent was pitched for lodging the lumber and provisions, and near a hundred Chinese caulkers were soon set to work on the decks and sides of the ship. But all these preparations, and the getting ready the careening gear, took up a great deal of time; for the Chinese caulkers, though they worked very well, were far from being expeditious; and it was the 26th of January before the junks arrived; and the necessary materials, which were to be purchased at Canton, came down very slowly; partly from the distance of the place, and partly from the delays and backwardness of the Chinese merchants. And in this interval Mr. Anson had the additional perplexity to discover that his fore-mast was broken asunder above the upper deck partners, and was only kept together by the fishes which had been formerly clapt upon it.

However, the *Centurion's* people made the most of their time, and exerted themselves the best they could; and as, by clearing the ship, the carpenters were enabled to come at the leak, they took care to secure that effectually whilst the other preparations were going forwards. The leak was found to be below the fifteen foot mark, and was principally occasioned by one of the bolts being worn away and loose in the joining of the stem where it was scarfed.

At last, all things being prepared, they, on the 22nd of February, in the morning, hove out the first course of the *Centurion's* starboard side, and had the satisfaction to find that her bottom ap-

peared sound and good; and, the next day, (having by that time completed the new sheathing of the first course) they righted her again to set up anew the careening rigging, which stretched much. Thus they continued heaving down, and often righting the ship from a suspicion of their careening tackle, till the 3rd of March; when, having completed the paying and sheathing the bottom, which proved to be everywhere very sound; they, for the last time, righted the ship, to their great joy; for not only the fatigue of careening had been considerable, but they had been apprehensive of being attacked by the Spaniards, whilst the ship was thus incapacitated for defence. Nor were their fears altogether groundless; for they learnt afterwards, by a Portuguese vessel, that the Spaniards at Manila had been informed that the *Centurion* was in the *Typa*, and intended to careen there; and that thereupon the governor had summoned his council, and had proposed to them to endeavour to burn her whilst she was careening, which was an enterprise which, if properly conducted, might have put them in great danger: they were farther told, that this scheme was not only proposed, but resolved on; and that a captain of a vessel had actually undertaken to perform the business for forty thousand dollars, which he was not to receive unless he succeeded; but the governor pretending that there was no treasure in the royal chest, and insisting that the merchants should advance the money, and they refusing to comply with the demand, the affair was dropped: perhaps the merchants suspected that the whole was only a pretext to get forty thousand dollars from them; and indeed this was affirmed by some who bore the governor no good will, but with what truth it is difficult to ascertain.

As soon as the *Centurion* was righted, they took in her powder, and gunner's stores, and proceeded in getting in their guns as fast as possible, and then used their utmost expedition in repairing the foremast, and in completing the other articles of her refitment. And being thus employed, they were alarmed, on the 10th of March, by a Chinese fisherman, who brought them intelligence that he had been on board a large Spanish ship off the *Grand Ladrone*, and that there were two more in company with her: he added several particulars to his relation; as that he had brought one of their officers to Macao; and that, on this, boats went off early in the morning from Macao to them: and the better to establish the belief of his veracity, he said he desired no money, if his information should not prove true. This was presently believed to be the forementioned expedition from Manila; and the commodore immediately fitted his cannon and small arms in the best manner he could for defence; and having then his pinnace and cutter in the offing, which had been ordered to examine a Portuguese vessel, which was getting under sail, he sent them the advice he had received, and directed them to look out strictly: but no such ships ever appeared, and they were soon satisfied the whole of the story was a fiction; though it was difficult to conceive what reason could induce the fellow to be at such extraordinary pains to impose on them.

It was the beginning of April before they had new-rigged the ship, stowed their provisions and water on board, and had fitted her for the sea;

and before this time the Chinese grew very uneasy, and extremely desirous that she should be gone; either not knowing, or pretending not to believe, that this was a point the commodore was as eagerly set on as they could be. On the 3rd of April, two mandarin boats came on board from Macao to urge his departure; and this having been often done before, though there had been no pretence to suspect Mr. Anson of any affected delays, he at this last message answered them in a determined tone, desiring them to give him no further trouble, for he would go when he thought proper, and not before. On this rebuke the Chinese (though it was not in their power to compel him to be gone) immediately prohibited all provisions from being carried on board him, and took such care that their injunctions should be complied with, that from that time forwards nothing could be purchased at any rate whatever.

On the 6th of April, the *Centurion* weighed from the *Typa*, and warped to the southward; and, by the 15th, she was got into Macao road, completing her water as she passed along, so that there remained now very few articles more to attend to; and her whole business being finished by the 19th, she, at three in the afternoon of that day, weighed and made sail, and stood to sea.

CHAPTER VIII.

From Macao to Cape Espiritu Santo: the taking of the Manila galleon, and returning back again.

THE commodore was now got to sea, with his ship very well refitted, his stores replenished, and an additional stock of provisions on board: his crew too was somewhat reinforced; for he had entered twenty-three men during his stay at Macao, the greatest part of which were Lascars or Indian sailors, and some few Dutch.¹ He gave out at Macao, that he was bound to Batavia, and thence to England; and though the westerly monsoon was now set in, when that passage is considered as impracticable, yet, by the confidence he had expressed in the strength of his ship, and the dexterity of his people, he had persuaded not only his own crew, but the people at Macao likewise, that he proposed to try this unusual experiment; so that there were many letters put on board him by the inhabitants of Canton and Macao for their friends at Batavia.

But his real design was of a very different nature: for he knew, that instead of one annual ship from Acapulco to Manila there would be this year, in all probability, two; since, by being before Acapulco, he had prevented one of them from putting to sea the preceding season. He therefore resolved to cruise for these returning vessels off Cape Espiritu Santo, on the island of Samal, which is the first land they always make in the Philippine Islands. And as June is generally the month in which they arrive there, he doubted not but he should get to his intended

¹ The number of men I have now borne is two hundred and one, amongst which are included all the officers and boys which I had out of the Gloucester, Tryal prize, and Anna pink, so that I have not before the most more than forty-five able seamen."—*Anson's official report.*

station time enough to intercept them. It is true they were said to be stout vessels, mounting forty-four guns a-piece, and carrying above five hundred hands, and might be expected to return in company; and he himself had but two hundred and twenty-seven hands on board, of which near thirty were boys: but this disproportion of strength did not deter him, as he knew his ship to be much better fitted for a sea-engagement than theirs, and as he had reason to expect that his men would exert themselves in the most extraordinary manner, when they had in view the immense wealth of these Manila galleons.

This project the commodore had resolved on in his own thoughts, ever since his leaving the coast of Mexico. And the greatest mortification which he received, from the various delays he had met with in China, was his apprehension, lest he might be thereby so long retarded as to let the galleons escape him. Indeed, at Macao it was incumbent on him to keep these views extremely secret; for there being a great intercourse and a mutual connexion of interests between that port and Manila, he had reason to fear, that if his designs were discovered, intelligence would be immediately sent to Manila, and measures would be taken to prevent the galleons from falling into his hands: but being now at sea, and entirely clear of the coast, he summoned all his people on the quarter-deck, and informed them of his resolution to cruise for the two Manila ships, of whose wealth they were not ignorant. He told them he should choose a station, where he could not fail of meeting with them; and though they were stout ships, and full manned, yet, if his own people behaved with their accustomed spirit, he was certain he should prove too hard for them both, and that one of them at least could not fail of becoming his prize: he further added, that many ridiculous tales had been propagated about the strength of the sides of these ships, and their being impenetrable to cannon-shot; that these fictions had been principally invented to palliate the cowardice of those who had formerly engaged them; but he hoped there were none of those present weak enough to give credit to so absurd a story: for his own part, he did assure them upon his word, that, whenever he met with them, he would fight them so near that they should find, his bullets, instead of being stopped by one of their sides, should go through them both.

This speech of the commodore's was received by his people with great joy: for no sooner had he ended, than they expressed their approbation, according to naval custom, by three strenuous cheers, and all declared their determination to succeed or perish, whenever the opportunity presented itself. And now their hopes, which since their departure from the coast of Mexico, had entirely subsided, were again revived; and they all persuaded themselves, that, notwithstanding the various casualties and disappointments they had hitherto met with, they should yet be repaid the price of their fatigues, and should at last return home enriched with the spoils of the enemy: for firmly relying on the assurances of the commodore, that they should certainly meet with the vessels, they were all of them too sanguine to doubt a moment of mastering them; so that they considered themselves as having them already in

their possession. And this confidence was so universally spread through the whole ship's company, that, the commodore having taken some Chinese sheep to sea with him for his own provision, and one day inquiring of his butcher, why, for some time past, he had seen no mutton at his table, asking him if all the sheep were killed, the butcher very seriously replied, that there were indeed two sheep left, but that if his honour would give him leave, he proposed to keep those for the entertainment of the general of the galleons.

When the Centurion left the port of Macao, she stood for some days to the westward; and, on the first of May, they saw part of the island of Formosa; and, standing thence to the southward, they, on the 4th of May, were in the latitude of the Bashee islands, as laid down by Dampier; but they suspected his account of inaccuracy, as they found that he had been considerably mistaken in the latitude of the south end of Formosa: for this reason they kept a good look-out, and about seven in the evening discovered from the mast-head five small islands, which were judged to be the Bashees, and they had afterwards a sight of Botel Tobago Ximo. By this means they had an opportunity of correcting the position of the Bashee islands, which had been hitherto laid down twenty-five leagues too far to the westward: for by their observations, they esteemed the middle of these islands to be in $21^{\circ} 4'$ north, and to bear from Botel Tobago Ximo S.S.E. twenty leagues distant, that island itself being in $21^{\circ} 57'$ north.

After getting a sight of the Bashee islands, they stood between the S. and S.W. for Cape Espiritu Santo; and, the 20th of May at noon, they first discovered that cape, which about four o'clock they brought to bear S.S.W., about eleven leagues distant. It appeared to be of a moderate height, with several round hummocks on it. As it was known that there were sentinels placed upon this cape to make signals to the Acapulco ship, when she first falls in with the land, the commodore immediately tacked, and ordered the top-gallant sails to be taken in, to prevent being discovered; and, this being the station in which it was resolved to cruise for the galleons, they kept the cape between the south and the west, and endeavoured to confine themselves between the latitude of $12^{\circ} 50'$ and $13^{\circ} 5'$, the cape itself lying, by their observations, in $12^{\circ} 40'$ north and in 4° of east longitude from Botel Tobago Ximo.

It was the last of May, by the foreign style, when they arrived off this cape; and, the month of June, by the same style, being that in which the Manila ships are usually expected, the Centurion's people were now waiting each hour with the utmost impatience for the happy crisis which was to balance the account of all their past calamities. As from this time there was but small employment for the crew, the commodore ordered them almost every day to be exercised in the management of the great guns, and in the use of their small arms. This had been his practice, more or less, at all convenient seasons during the whole course of his voyage; and the advantages which he received from it, in his engagement with the galleon, were an ample recompense for all his care and attention. Indeed, it should seem that there are few particulars of a commander's duty of more importance than this, how much soever it may have

been sometimes overlooked or misunderstood : for it will, I suppose, be confessed, that in two ships of war, equal in the number of their men and guns, the disproportion of strength, arising from a greater or less dexterity in the use of their great guns and small arms, is what can scarcely be balanced by any other circumstances whatever. For, as these are the weapons with which they are to engage, what greater inequality can there be betwixt two contending parties, than that one side should perfectly understand the use of their weapons, and should have the skill to employ them in the most effectual manner for the annoyance of their enemy, while the other side should, by their awkward management of them, render them rather terrible to themselves, than mischievous to their antagonists ? This seems so plain and natural a conclusion, that a person unacquainted with these affairs would suppose the first care of a commander to be the training his people to the use of their arms.

But human affairs are not always conducted by the plain dictates of common sense. There are many other principles which influence our transactions : and there is one in particular, which though of a very erroneous complexion, is scarcely ever excluded from our most serious deliberations ; I mean custom, or the practice of those who have preceded us. This is usually a power too mighty for reason to grapple with ; and is the most terrible to those who oppose it, as it has much of superstition in its nature, and pursues all those who question its authority with unrelenting vehemence. However, in these later ages of the world, some lucky encroachments have been made upon its prerogative ; and it may reasonably be hoped, that the gentlemen of the navy, whose particular profession hath of late been considerably improved by a number of new inventions, will of all others be the readiest to give up those practices which have nothing to plead but prescription, and will not suppose that every branch of their business hath already received all the perfection of which it is capable. Indeed, it must be owned, that if a dexterity in the use of small arms, for instance, hath been sometimes less attended to on board our ships of war, than might have been wished for, it hath been rather owing to unskilful methods of teaching it, than to negligence : for the common sailors, how strongly soever attached to their own prejudices, are very quick-sighted in finding out the defects of others, and have ever shown a great contempt for the formalities practised in the training of land troops to the use of their arms ; but when those who have undertaken to instruct the seamen have contented themselves with inculcating only what was useful, and that in the simplest manner, they have constantly found their people sufficiently docile, and the success hath even exceeded their expectation. Thus on board Mr. Anson's ship, where they were only taught the shortest method of loading with cartridges, and were constantly trained to fire at a mark, which was usually hung at the yard-arm, and where some little reward was given to the most expert, the whole crew, by this management, were rendered extremely skilful, quick in loading, all of them good marksmen, and some of them most extraordinary ones ; so that I doubt not but, in the use of small arms, they were more

than a match for double their number, who had not been habituated to the same kind of exercise. But to return :

It was the last of May, N.S. as hath been already said, when the Centurion arrived off Cape Espiritu Santo ; and consequently the next day began the month in which the galleons were to be expected. The commodore therefore made all necessary preparations for receiving them, having hoisted out his long-boat, and lashed her alongside, that the ship might be ready for engaging, if they fell in with the galleons in the night. All this time too he was very solicitous to keep at such a distance from the cape, as not to be discovered : but it hath been since learnt, that notwithstanding his care, he was seen from the land ; and advice of him was sent to Manila, where it was at first disbelieved, but on reiterated intelligence (for it seems he was seen more than once) the merchants were alarmed, and the governor was applied to, who undertook (the commerce supplying the necessary sums) to fit out a force consisting of two ships of thirty-two guns, one of twenty guns and two sloops of ten guns, each, to attack the Centurion on her station : and some of these vessels did actually weigh with this view ; but the principal ship not being ready, and the monsoon being against them, the commerce and the governor disagreed, and the enterprise was laid aside. This frequent discovery of the Centurion from the shore was somewhat extraordinary ; for the pitch of the cape is not high, and she usually kept from ten to fifteen leagues distant ; though once indeed, by an indraught of the tide, as was supposed, they found themselves in the morning within seven leagues of the land.

As the month of June advanced, the expectancy and impatience of the commodore's people each day increased. And I think no better idea can be given of their great eagerness on this occasion, than by copying a few paragraphs from the journal of an officer, who was then on board ; as it will, I presume, be a more natural picture of the full attachment of their thoughts to the business of their cruise, than can be given by any other means. The paragraphs I have selected, as they occur in order of time, are as follow :

" May 31, Exercising our men at their quarters, in great expectation of meeting with the galleons very soon ; this being the eleventh of June their style."

" June 3, Keeping in our stations, and looking out for the galleons."

" June 5, Begin now to be in great expectation, this being the middle of June their style."

" June 11, Begin to grow impatient at not seeing the galleons."

" June 13, The wind having blown fresh easterly for the forty-eight hours past, gives us great expectations of seeing the galleons soon."

" June 15, Cruising on and off, and looking out strictly."

" June 19, This being the last day of June, N.S. the galleons, if they arrive at all, must appear soon."

From these samples it is sufficiently evident, how completely the treasure of the galleons had engrossed their imagination, and how anxiously they passed the latter part of their cruise, when

the certainty of the arrival of these vessels was dwindled down to probability only, and that probability became each hour more and more doubtful. However, on the 20th of June O. S., being just a month from their arrival on their station, they were relieved from this state of uncertainty; when, at sun-rise, they discovered a sail from the mast-head, in the S.E. quarter. On this, a general joy spread through the whole ship; for they had no doubt but this was one of the galleons, and they expected soon to see the other. The commodore instantly stood towards her, and at half an hour after seven they were near enough to see her from the Centurion's deck; at which time the galleon fired a gun, and took in her top-gallant sails, which was supposed to be a signal to her consort, to hasten her up; and therefore the Centurion fired a gun to leeward, to amuse her. The commodore was surprised to find, that in all this time the galleon did not change her course, but continued to bear down upon him; for he hardly believed, what afterwards appeared to be the case, that she knew his ship to be the Centurion, and resolved to fight him.

About noon the commodore was little more than a league distant from the galleon, and could fetch her wake, so that she could not now escape; and, no second ship appearing, it was concluded that she had been separated from her consort. Soon after, the galleon hauled up her fore-sail, and brought-to under top-sails, with her head to the northward, hoisting Spanish colours, and having the standard of Spain flying at the top-gallant mast-head. Mr. Anson, in the mean time, had prepared all things for an engagement on board the Centurion, and had taken all possible care, both for the most effectual exertion of his small strength, and for the avoiding the confusion and tumult, too frequent in actions of this kind. He picked out about thirty of his choicest hands and best marksmen, whom he distributed into his tops, and who fully answered his expectation, by the signal services they performed. As he had not hands enough remaining to quarter a sufficient number to each great gun, in the customary manner, he therefore, on his lower tier, fixed only two men to each gun, who were to be solely employed in loading it, whilst the rest of his people were divided into different gangs of ten and twelve men each, which were constantly moving about the decks, to run out and fire such guns as were loaded. By this management he was enabled to make use of all his guns; and, instead of firing broadsides with intervals between them, he kept up a constant fire without intermission, whence he doubted not to procure very signal advantages; for it is common with the Spaniards to fall down upon the decks when they see a broadside preparing, and to continue in that posture till it is given; after which they rise again, and, presuming the danger to be some time over, work their guns, and fire with great briskness, till another broadside is ready: but the firing gun by gun, in the manner directed by the commodore, rendered this practice of theirs impossible.

The Centurion being thus prepared, and nearing the galleon apace, there happened, a little after noon, several squalls of wind and rain, which often obscured the galleon from their sight; but whenever it cleared up, they observed her resolutely

lying-to; and, towards one o'clock, the Centurion hoisted her broad pendant and colours, she being then within gun-shot of the enemy. And the commodore observing the Spaniards to have neglected clearing their ship till that time, as he then saw them throwing overboard cattle and lumber, he gave orders to fire upon them with the chase-guns, to embarrass them in their work, and prevent them from completing it, though his general directions had been not to engage till they were within pistol-shot. The galleon returned the fire with two of her stern-chasers; and the Centurion getting her sprit-sail-yard fore and aft, that if necessary she might be ready for boarding; the Spaniards in a bravado rigged their sprit-sail-yard fore and aft likewise. Soon after, the Centurion came abreast of the enemy within pistol-shot, keeping to the leeward with a view of preventing them from putting before the wind, and gaining the port of Jalapay, from which they were about seven leagues distant. And now the engagement began in earnest, and, for the first half hour, Mr. Anson over-reached the galleon, and lay on her bow; where, by the great wideness of his ports he could traverse almost all his guns upon the enemy, whilst the galleon could only bring a part of hers to bear. Immediately on the commencement of the action, the mats, with which the galleon had stuffed her netting, took fire, and burnt violently, blazing up half as high as the mizen-top. This accident (supposed to be caused by the Centurion's wads) threw the enemy into great confusion, and at the same time alarmed the commodore, for he feared lest the galleon should be burnt, and lest he himself too might suffer by her driving on board him: but the Spaniards at last freed themselves from the fire, by cutting away the netting, and tumbling the whole mass which was in flames, into the sea. But still the Centurion kept her first advantageous position, firing her cannon with great regularity and briskness, whilst at the same time the galleon's decks lay open to her top-men, who, having at their first volley driven the Spaniards from their tops, made prodigious havoc with their small arms, killing or wounding every officer but one that ever appeared on the quarter-deck, and wounding in particular the general of the galleon himself. And though the Centurion, after the first half hour, lost her original situation, and was close alongside the galleon, and the enemy continued to fire briskly for near an hour longer, yet at last the commodore's grape-shot swept their decks so effectually, and the number of their slain and wounded was so considerable, that they began to fall into great disorder, especially as the general, who was the life of the action, was no longer capable of exerting himself. Their embarrassment was visible from on board the commodore. For the ships were so near, that some of the Spanish officers were seen running about with great assiduity, to prevent the desertion of their men from their quarters: but all their endeavours were in vain; for after having, as a last effort, fired five or six guns with more judgment than usual, they gave up the contest; and, the galleon's colours being singed off the ensign-staff in the beginning of the engagement, she struck the standard at her main-top-gallant mast-head, the person who was employed to do it having been in imminent peril

of being killed, had not the commodore, who perceived what he was about, given express orders to his people to desist from firing.

Thus was the Centurion possessed of this rich prize, amounting in value to near a million and a half of dollars. She was called the *Nostra Signora de Cabadonga*, and was commanded by the general Don Jeronimo de Montero, a Portuguese by birth, and the most approved officer for skill and courage of any employed in that service. The galleon was much larger than the Centurion, had five hundred and fifty men and thirty-six guns mounted for action, besides twenty-eight *pidreroes* in her gunwale, quarters and tops, each of which carried a four-pound ball. She was very well furnished with small-arms, and was particularly provided against boarding, both by her close quarters, and by a strong net-work of two inch rope, which was laced over her waist, and was defended by half pikes. She had sixty-seven killed in the action, and eighty-four wounded, whilst the Centurion had only two killed, and a lieutenant and sixteen wounded, all of whom, but one, recovered: of so little consequence are the most destructive arms in untutored and unpractised hands!

The treasure thus taken by the Centurion having been for at least eighteen months the great object of their hopes, it is impossible to describe the transport on board, when, after all their reiterated disappointments, they at last saw their wishes accomplished. But their joy was near being suddenly damped by a most tremendous incident: for no sooner had the galleon struck, than one of the lieutenants coming to Mr. Anson to congratulate him on his prize, whispered him at the same time, that the Centurion was dangerously on fire near the powder-room. The commodore received this dreadful news without any apparent emotion, and, taking care not to alarm his people, gave the necessary orders for extinguishing it, which was happily done in a short time, though its appearance at first was extremely terrible. It seems some cartridges had been blown up by accident between decks, whereby a quantity of oakum in the after-hatchway, near the after powder-room, was set on fire; and the great smother and smoke of the oakum occasioned the apprehension of a more extended and mischievous fire. At the same instant, too, the galleon fell on board the Centurion on the starboard quarter, but she was cleared without doing or receiving any considerable damage.

The commodore made his first lieutenant, Mr. Saumarez, captain of this prize, appointing her a post-ship in his Majesty's service. Captain Saumarez, before night, sent on board the Centurion all the Spanish prisoners, but such as were thought the most proper to be retained to assist in navigating the galleon. And now the commodore learnt, from some of these prisoners, that the other ship, which he had kept in the port of Acapulco the preceding year, instead of returning in company with the present prize as was expected, had set sail from Acapulco alone much sooner than usual, and had, in all probability, got into the port of Manila long before the Centurion arrived off *Espiritu Santo*; so that Mr. Anson, notwithstanding his present success, had great reason to regret his loss of time at Macao, which prevented him from taking two rich prizes instead of one.

The commodore, when the action was ended,

resolved to make the best of his way with his prize for the river of Canton, being in the mean time fully employed in securing his prisoners, and in removing the treasure from on board the galleon into the Centurion. The last of these operations was too important to be postponed; for as the navigation to Canton was through seas but little known, and where, from the season of the year, much bad weather might be expected, it was of great consequence that the treasure should be sent on board the Centurion, which ship, by the presence of the commander-in-chief, the greater number of her hands, and her other advantages, was doubtless much safer against all the casualties of winds and seas than the galleon: and the securing the prisoners was a matter of still more consequence, as not only the possession of the treasure, but the lives of the captors, depended thereon. This was indeed an article which gave the commodore much trouble and disquietude; for they were above double the number of his own people; and some of them, when they were brought on board the Centurion, and had observed how slenderly she was manned, and the large proportion which the striplings bore to the rest, could not help expressing themselves with great indignation, to be thus beaten by a handful of boys. The method which was taken to hinder them from rising, was by placing all but the officers and the wounded in the hold, where, to give them as much air as possible, two hatchways were left open; but then (to avoid all danger whilst the Centurion's people should be employed upon the deck) there was a square partition of thick planks, made in the shape of a funnel, which enclosed each hatch-way on the lower deck, and reached to that directly over it on the upper deck; these funnels served to communicate the air to the hold better than could have been done without them; and, at the same time, added greatly to the security of the ship; for they being seven or eight feet high, it would have been extremely difficult for the Spaniards to have clambered up; and still to augment that difficulty, four swivel-guns, loaded with musket-bullets, were planted at the mouth of each funnel, and a sentinel with a lighted match constantly attended, prepared to fire into the hold amongst them, in case of any disturbance. Their officers, who amounted to seventeen or eighteen, were all lodged in the first lieutenant's cabin, under a constant guard of six men; and the general, as he was wounded, lay in the commodore's cabin with a sentinel always with him; and they were all informed, that any violence or disturbance would be punished with instant death. And that the Centurion's people might be at all times prepared, if, notwithstanding these regulations, any tumult should arise, the small arms were constantly kept loaded in a proper place, whilst all the men went armed with cutlasses and pistols; and no officer ever pulled off his clothes, and when he slept had always his arms lying ready by him.

These measures were obviously necessary, considering the hazards to which the commodore and his people would have been exposed, had they been less careful. Indeed, the sufferings of the poor prisoners, though impossible to be alleviated, were much to be commiserated; for the weather was extremely hot, the stench of the hold loathsome, beyond all conception, and their allowance of water

but just sufficient to keep them alive, it not being practicable to spare them more than at the rate of a pint a day for each, the crew themselves having only an allowance of a pint and a half. All this considered, it was wonderful that not a man of them died during their long confinement, except three of the wounded, who died the same night they were taken: though it must be confessed, that the greatest part of them were strangely metamorphosed by the heat of the hold; for when they were first taken, they were sightly, robust fellows; but when, after above a month's imprisonment, they were discharged in the river of Canton, they were reduced to mere skeletons; and their air and looks corresponded much more to the conception formed of ghosts and spectres, than to the figure and appearance of real men.

Thus employed in securing the treasure and the prisoners, the commodore, as hath been said, stood for the river of Canton; and, on the 30th of June, at six in the evening, got sight of Cape Delangano, which then bore west ten leagues distant; and the next day he made the Bashee islands, and the wind being so far to the northward, that it was difficult to weather them, it was resolved to stand through between Grafton and Monmouth islands, where the passage seemed to be clear; but in getting through, the sea had a very dangerous aspect, for it rippled and foamed, as if it had been full of breakers, which was still more terrible, as it was then night. But the ships got through very safe (the prize always keeping a-head), and it was found that the appearance which had alarmed them had been occasioned only by a strong tide. I must here observe, that though the Bashee islands are usually reckoned to be no more than five, yet there are many more lying about them to the westward, which, as the channels amongst them are not at all known, makes it advisable for ships rather to pass to the northward or southward, than through them; and indeed the commodore proposed to have gone to the northward, between them and Formosa, had it been possible for him to have weathered them. From hence the Centurion steering the proper course for the river of Canton, she, on the 8th of July, discovered the island of Supata, the westernmost of the Lema islands, being the double-peaked rock, formerly referred to. This island of Supata they made to be a hundred and thirty-nine leagues distant from Grafton's island, and to bear from it north 82° 37' west: and, on the 11th, having taken on board two Chinese pilots, one for the Centurion, and the other for the prize, they came to an anchor off the city of Macao.

By this time the particulars of the cargo of the galleon were well ascertained, and it was found that she had on board 1,313,843 pieces of eight, and 35,682 oz. of virgin silver, besides some cochineal, and a few other commodities, which, however, were but of small account, in comparison of the specie. And this being the commodore's last prize, it hence appears, that all the treasure taken by the Centurion was not much short of 400,000*l.* independent of the ships and merchandise, which she either burnt or destroyed, and which, by the most reasonable estimation, could not amount to so little as 600,000*l.* more: so that the whole loss of the enemy, by our squadron, did doubtless exceed a million sterling. To which, if there be added

the great expense of the court of Spain, in fitting out Pizarro, and in paying the additional charges in America, incurred on our account, together with the loss of their men-of-war, the total of all these articles will be a most exorbitant sum, and is the strongest conviction of the utility of this expedition, which, with all its numerous disadvantages, did yet prove so extremely prejudicial to the enemy. I shall only add, that there were taken on board the galleon several draughts and journals, from some of which many of the particulars recited in the 10th chapter of the second book are collected. Among the rest there was found a chart of all the ocean, between the Philippines and the coast of Mexico, which was what was made use of by the galleon in her own navigation.

CHAPTER IX.

Transactions in the river of Canton.

THE commodore having taken pilots on board, proceeded with his prize for the river of Canton; and, on the 14th of July, came to an anchor short of the Bocca Tigris, which is a narrow passage forming the mouth of that river: this entrance he proposed to stand through the next day, and to run up as far as Tiger Island, which is a very safe road, secured from all winds. But whilst the Centurion and her prize were thus at anchor, a boat with an officer came off from the mandarin, commanding the forts at Bocca Tigris to examine what the ships were, and whence they came. Mr. Anson informed the officer, that his ship was a ship of war, belonging to the king of Great Britain; and that the other in company with him was a prize he had taken; that he was going into Canton river to shelter himself against the hurricanes which were then coming on; and that as soon as the monsoon shifted, he should proceed for England. The officer then desired an account of what men, guns, and ammunition were on board, a list of all which he said was to be sent to the government of Canton. But when these articles were repeated to him, particularly when he was told that there were in the Centurion four hundred firelocks, and between three and four hundred barrels of powder, he shrugged up his shoulders, and seemed to be terrified with the bare recital, saying, that no ships ever came into Canton river armed in that manner; adding, that he durst not set down the whole of this force, lest it should too much alarm the regency. After he had finished his inquiries, and was preparing to depart, he desired to leave two custom-house officers behind him; on which the commodore told him, that though as a man-of-war he was prohibited from trading, and had nothing to do with customs or duties of any kind, yet, for the satisfaction of the Chinese, he would permit two of their people to be left on board, who might themselves be witnesses how punctually he should comply with his instructions. The officer seemed amazed when Mr. Anson mentioned being exempted from all duties, and told him, that the emperor's duty must be paid by all ships that came into his ports: and it is supposed, that on this occasion, private directions were given by him to the Chinese pilot, not to carry the commodore through the Bocca Tigris; which makes

it necessary, more particularly, to describe that entrance.

The Bocca Tigris is a narrow passage, little more than musket-shot over, formed by two points of land, on each of which there is a fort, that on the starboard side being a battery on the water's edge, with eighteen embrasures, but where there were no more than twelve iron cannon mounted, seeming to be four or six pounders; the fort on the larboard side is a large castle, resembling those old buildings which here in England we often find distinguished by that name; it is situated on a high rock, and did not appear to be furnished with more than eight or ten cannon, none of which were supposed to exceed six-pounders. These are the defences which secure the river of Canton; and which the Chinese (extremely defective in all military skill) have imagined were sufficient to prevent any enemy from forcing his way through.

But it is obvious, from the description of these forts, that they could have given no obstruction to Mr. Anson's passage, even if they had been well supplied with gunners and stores; and therefore, though the pilot, after the Chinese officer had been on board, refused at first to take charge of the ship, till he had leave from the forts, yet as it was necessary to get through without any delay, for fear of the bad weather which was hourly expected, the commodore weighed on the 15th, and ordered the pilot to carry him by the forts, threatening him that, if the ship ran aground, he would instantly hang him up at the yard-arm. The pilot, awed by these threats, carried the ship through safely, the forts not attempting to dispute the passage. Indeed the poor pilot did not escape the resentment of his countrymen, for when he came on shore, he was seized and sent to prison, and was rigorously disciplined with the bamboo. However, he found means to get at Mr. Anson afterwards, to desire of him some recompense for the chastisement he had undergone, and of which he then carried very significant marks about him; and Mr. Anson, in commiseration of his sufferings, gave him such a sum of money, as would at any time have enticed a Chinese to have undergone a dozen bastinadoings.

Nor was the pilot the only person that suffered on this occasion; for the commodore soon after seeing some royal junks pass by him from Bocca Tigris towards Canton, he learnt, on inquiry, that the mandarin commanding the forts was a prisoner on board them; that he was already turned out, and was now carrying to Canton, where it was expected he would be severely punished for having permitted the ships to pass; and the commodore urging the unreasonableness of this procedure, from the inability of the forts to have done otherwise, explaining to the Chinese the great superiority his ships would have had over the forts, by the number and size of their guns, the Chinese seemed to acquiesce in his reasoning, and allowed that their forts could not have stopped him; but they still asserted, that the mandarin would infallibly suffer, for not having done what all his judges were convinced, was impossible. To such indefensible absurdities are those obliged to submit, who think themselves concerned to support their authority, when the necessary force is wanting. But to return:

On the 16th of July the commodore sent his second lieutenant to Canton, with a letter to the viceroy, informing him of the reason of the Centurion's putting into that port; and that the commodore himself soon proposed to repair to Canton, to pay a visit to the viceroy. The lieutenant was very civilly received, and was promised that an answer should be sent to the commodore the next day. In the mean time Mr. Anson gave leave to several of the officers of the galleon to go to Canton, they engaging their parole to return in two days. When these prisoners got to Canton, the regency sent for them, and examined them, inquiring particularly by what means they had fallen into Mr. Anson's power. And on this occasion the prisoners were honest enough to declare, that as the kings of Great Britain and of Spain were at war, they had proposed to themselves the taking of the Centurion, and had bore down upon her with that view, but that the event had been contrary to their hopes: however, they acknowledged that they had been treated by the commodore, much better than they believed they should have treated him, had he fallen into their hands. This confession from an enemy had great weight with the Chinese, who, till then, though they had revered the commodore's power, had yet suspected his morals, and had considered him rather as a lawless freebooter, than as one commissioned by the state for the revenge of public injuries. But they now changed their opinion, and regarded him as a more important person; to which perhaps the vast treasure of his prize might not a little contribute; the acquisition of wealth being a matter greatly adapted to the estimation and reverence of the Chinese nation.

In this examination of the Spanish prisoners, though the Chinese had no reason in the main to doubt of the account which was given them, yet there were two circumstances which appeared to them so singular, as to deserve a more ample explanation; one of them was the great disproportion of men between the Centurion and the galleon; the other was the humanity, with which the people of the galleon were treated after they were taken. The mandarins therefore asked the Spaniards, how they came to be overpowered by so inferior a force; and how it happened, since the two nations were at war, that they were not put to death when they came into the hands of the English. To the first of these inquiries the Spaniards replied, that though they had more hands than the Centurion, yet she being intended solely for war, had a great superiority in the size of her guns, and in many other articles, over the galleon, which was a vessel fitted out principally for traffic: and as to the second question, they told the Chinese, that amongst the nations of Europe, it was not customary to put to death those who submitted; though they readily owned, that the commodore, from the natural bias of his temper, had treated both them and their countrymen, who had formerly been in his power, with very unusual courtesy, much beyond what they could have expected, or than was required by the customs established between nations at war with each other. These replies fully satisfied the Chinese, and at the same time wrought very powerfully in the commodore's favour.

On the 20th of July, in the morning, three

mandarins, with a great number of boats, and a vast retinue, came on board the *Centurion*, and delivered to the commodore the viceroy of Canton's order for a daily supply of provisions, and for pilots to carry the ships up the river as far as the second bar; and at the same time they delivered him a message from the viceroy, in answer to the letter sent to Canton. The substance of the message was, that the viceroy desired to be excused from receiving the commodore's visit, during the then excessive hot weather; because the assembling the mandarins and soldiers, necessary to that ceremony, would prove extremely inconvenient and fatiguing; but that in September, when the weather would be more temperate, he should be glad to see both the commodore himself, and the English captain of the other ship that was with him. As Mr. Anson knew that an express had been despatched to the court at Peking, with an account of the *Centurion* and her prize being arrived in the river of Canton, he had no doubt but the principal motive for putting off this visit was, that the regency at Canton might gain time to receive the emperor's instructions, about their behaviour in this unusual affair.

When the mandarins had delivered their message, they began to talk to the commodore about the duties to be paid by his ships; but he immediately told them, that he would never submit to any demand of that kind; that as he neither brought any merchandise thither, nor intended to carry any away, he could not be reasonably deemed to be within the meaning of the emperor's orders, which were doubtless calculated for trading vessels only; adding, that no duties were ever demanded of men-of-war, by nations accustomed to their reception, and that his master's orders expressly forbade him from paying any acknowledgment for his ships anchoring in any port whatever.

The mandarins being thus cut short on the subject of the duty, they said they had another matter to mention, which was the only remaining one they had in charge; this was a request to the commodore, that he would release the prisoners he had taken on board the galleon; for that the viceroy of Canton apprehended the emperor, his master, might be displeased, if he should be informed, that persons, who were his allies, and carried on a great commerce with his subjects, were under confinement in his dominions. Mr. Anson was himself extremely desirous to get rid of the Spaniards, having, on his first arrival, sent about a hundred of them to Macao, and those who remained, which were near four hundred more, were on many accounts, a great incumbrance to him. However, to inhance the favour, he at first raised some difficulties; but permitting himself to be prevailed on, he at last told the mandarins, that to show his readiness to oblige the viceroy, he would release the prisoners, whenever they, the Chinese, would send boats to fetch them off. This matter being thus adjusted, the mandarins departed; and, on the 28th of July, two Chinese junks were sent from Canton, to take on board the prisoners, and to carry them to Macao. And the commodore, agreeably to his promise, dismissed them all, and ordered his purser to send with them eight days' provision for their subsistence, during their sailing down the river; this being despatched, the *Centurion* and

her prize came to her moorings, about the second bar, where they proposed to continue till the monsoon shifted.

Though the ships, in consequence of the viceroy's permit, found no difficulty in purchasing provisions for their daily consumption, yet it was impossible for the commodore to proceed to England, without laying in a large quantity both of provisions and stores for his use, during the voyage: the procuring this supply was attended with much embarrassment; for there were people at Canton who had undertaken to furnish him with biscuit, and whatever else he wanted; and his linguist, towards the middle of September, had assured him, from day to day, that all was ready, and would be sent on board him immediately. But a fortnight being elapsed, and nothing being brought, the commodore sent to Canton to inquire more particularly into the reasons of this disappointment: and he had soon the vexation to be informed, that the whole was an illusion; that no order had been procured from the viceroy, to furnish him with his sea-stores, as had been pretended; that there was no biscuit baked, nor any one of the articles in readiness, which had been promised him; nor did it appear, that the contractors had taken the least step to comply with their agreement. This was most disagreeable news, and made it suspected, that the furnishing the *Centurion* for her return to Great Britain might prove a more troublesome matter than had been hitherto imagined; especially, too, as the month of September was nearly elapsed, without Mr. Anson's having received any message from the viceroy of Canton.

And here perhaps it might be expected that some satisfactory account should be given of the motives of the Chinese for this faithless procedure. But as I have already, in a former chapter, made some kind of conjectures about a similar event, I shall not repeat them again in this place, but shall observe, that after all, it may perhaps be impossible for a European, ignorant of the customs and manners of that nation, to be fully apprised of the real incitements to this behaviour. Indeed, thus much may undoubtedly be asserted, that in artifice, falsehood, and an attachment to all kinds of lucre, many of the Chinese are difficult to be paralleled by any other people; but then the combination of these talents, and the manner in which they are applied in particular emergencies, are often beyond the reach of a foreigner's penetration; so that though it may be safely concluded, that the Chinese had some interest in thus amusing the commodore, yet it may not be easy to assign the individual views by which they were influenced. And that I may not be thought too severe in ascribing to this nation a fraudulent and selfish turn of temper, so contradictory to the character given of them in the legendary accounts of the Roman missionaries, I shall here mention an extraordinary transaction or two, which I hope will be some kind of confirmation of what I have advanced.

When the commodore lay first at Macao, one of his officers, who had been extremely ill, desired leave of him to go on shore every day on a neighbouring island, imagining that a walk upon the land would contribute greatly to the restoring of his health: the commodore would have dissuaded

him, suspecting the tricks of the Chinese, but the officer continuing importunate, in the end the boat was ordered to carry him. The first day he was put on shore he took his exercise, and returned without receiving any molestation, or even seeing any of the inhabitants; but the second day, he was assaulted, soon after his arrival, by a great number of Chinese who had been hoeing rice in the neighbourhood, and who beat him so violently with the handles of their hoes, that they soon laid him on the ground incapable of resistance; after which they robbed him, taking from him his sword, the hilt of which was silver, his money, his watch, gold-headed cane, snuff-box, sleeve-buttons and hat, with several other trinkets: in the mean time the boat's crew, who were at some little distance, and had no arms of any kind with them, were incapable of giving him any assistance; till at last one of them flew on the fellow who had the sword in his possession, and wresting it out of his hands drew it, and with it was preparing to fall on the Chinese, some of whom he could not have failed of killing; but the officer, perceiving what he was about, immediately ordered him to desist, thinking it more prudent to submit to the present violence, than to embroil his commodore in an inextricable squabble with the Chinese government, by the death of their subjects; which calmness in this gentleman was the more meritorious, as he was known to be a person of an uncommon spirit, and of a somewhat hasty temper: by this means the Chinese recovered the possession of the sword, which they soon perceived was prohibited to be made use of against them, and carried off their whole booty unmolested. No sooner were they gone, than a Chinese on horseback, very well dressed, and who had the air and appearance of a gentleman, came down to the shore, and, as far as could be understood by his signs, seemed to censure the conduct of his countrymen, and to commiserate the officer, being wonderfully officious to assist in getting him on board the boat: but notwithstanding this behaviour, it was shrewdly suspected that he was an accomplice in the theft, and time fully evinced the justice of those suspicions.

When the boat returned on board, and reported what had passed to the commodore, he immediately complained of it to the mandarin, who attended to see his ship supplied; but the mandarin coolly replied, that the boat ought not to have gone on shore, promising, however, that if the thieves could be found out, they should be punished; though it appeared plain enough, by his manner of answering, that he would never give himself any trouble in searching them out. However, a considerable time afterwards, when some Chinese boats were selling provisions to the Centurion, the person who had wrested the sword from the Chinese came with great eagerness to the commodore, to assure him that one of the principal thieves was then in a provision-boat along-side the ship; and the officer, who had been robbed, viewing the fellow on this report, and well remembering his face, orders were immediately given to seize him; and he was accordingly secured on board the ship, where strange discoveries were now made.

This thief, on his being first apprehended, expressed so much fright in his countenance, that it

was feared he would have died upon the spot; the mandarin too, who attended the ship, had visibly no small share of concern on the occasion. Indeed he had reason enough to be alarmed, since it was soon evinced that he had been privy to the whole robbery; for the commodore declaring that he would not deliver up the thief, but would himself order him to be shot, the mandarin immediately put off the magisterial air, with which he had at first pretended to demand him, and begged his release in the most abject manner: and the commodore appearing inflexible, there came on board, in less than two hours' time, five or six of the neighbouring mandarins, who all joined in the same intreaty, and, with a view of facilitating their suit, offered a large sum of money for the fellow's liberty. Whilst they were thus soliciting, it was discovered that the mandarin who was the most active amongst them, and who seemed to be most interested in the event, was the very gentleman who came to the officer, just after the robbery, and who pretended to be so much displeased with the villany of his countrymen. And, on further inquiry it was found that he was the mandarin of the island; and that he had, by the authority of his office, ordered the peasants to commit that infamous action. And it seemed, as far as could be collected from the broken hints which were casually thrown out, that he and his brethren, who were all privy to the transaction, were terrified with the fear of being called before the tribunal at Canton, where the first article of their punishment would be the stripping them of all they were worth; though their judges (however fond of inflicting a chastisement so lucrative to themselves) were perhaps of as tainted a complexion as the delinquents. Mr. Anson was not displeased to have caught the Chinese in this dilemma; and he entertained himself for some time with their perplexity, rejecting their money with scorn, appearing inexorable to their prayers, and giving out that the thief should certainly be shot; but as he then foresaw that he should be forced to take shelter in their ports a second time, when the influence he might hereby acquire over the magistrates would be of great service to him, he at length permitted himself to be persuaded, and as a favour released his prisoner, but not till the mandarin had collected and returned all that had been stolen from the officer, even to the minutest trifle.

But notwithstanding this instance of the good intelligence between the magistrates and criminals, the strong addiction of the Chinese to lucre often prompts them to break through this awful confederacy, and puts them on defrauding the authority that protects them of its proper quota of the pillage. For not long after the above-mentioned transaction (the former mandarin, attendant on the ship, being, in the meantime, relieved by another), the commodore lost a topmast from his stern, which, after the most diligent inquiry, could not be traced: and as it was not his own, but had been borrowed at Macao to heave down by, and was not to be replaced in that part of the world, he was extremely desirous to recover it, and published a considerable reward to any who would bring it him again. There were suspicions from the first of its being stolen, which made him conclude a reward was the likeliest method of getting it back: accordingly, soon after, the mandarin told

him that some of his, the mandarin's, people had found the topmast, desiring the commodore to send his boats to fetch it, which being done, the mandarin's people received the promised reward ; but the commodore told the mandarin that he would make him a present besides for the care he had taken in directing it to be searched for ; and accordingly Mr. Anson gave a sum of money to his linguist, to be delivered to the mandarin ; but the linguist knowing that the people had been paid, and ignorant that a further present had been promised, kept the money himself : however, the mandarin fully confiding in Mr. Anson's word, and suspecting the linguist, he took occasion, one morning, to admire the size of the Centurion's masts, and thence, on a pretended sudden recollection, he made a digression to the topmast which had been lost, and asked Mr. Anson if he had not got it again. Mr. Anson presently perceived the bent of this conversation, and inquired of him if he had not received the money from the linguist, and finding he had not, he offered to pay it him upon the spot. But this the mandarin refused, having now somewhat more in view than the sum which had been detained : for the next day the linguist was seized, and was doubtless mulcted of all he had gotten in the commodore's service, which was supposed to be little less than two thousand dollars ; he was besides so severely bastinadoed with the bamboo, that it was with difficulty he escaped with his life ; and when he was upbraided by the commodore (to whom he afterwards came begging) with his folly, in risking all he had suffered for fifty dollars, (the present intended for the mandarin) he had no other excuse to make than the strong bias of his nation to dishonesty ; replying, in his broken jargon, "*Chinese man very great rogue truly, but have fashion, no can help.*"

It were endless to recount all the artifices, extortions, and frauds which were practised on the commodore and his people, by this interested race. The method of buying all things in China being by weight, the tricks made use of by the Chinese to increase the weight of the provision they sold to the Centurion, were almost incredible. One time a large quantity of fowls and ducks being bought for the ship's use, the greatest part of them presently died. This alarmed the people on board with the apprehension that they had been killed by poison ; but on examination it appeared that it was only owing to their being crammed with stones and gravel to increase their weight, the quantity thus forced into most of the ducks being found to amount to ten ounces in each. The hogs too, which were bought ready killed of the Chinese butchers, had water injected into them for the same purpose ; so that a carcass, hung up all night for the water to drain from it, has lost above a stone of its weight ; and when, to avoid this cheat, the hogs were bought alive, it was found that the Chinese gave them salt to increase their thirst, and having by this means excited them to drink great quantities of water, they then took measures to prevent them from discharging it again by urine, and sold the tortured animals in this inflated state. When the commodore first put to sea from Macao, they practised an artifice of another kind ; for as the Chinese never object to the eating of any food that dies of itself, they took care, by some secret practices, that great part of his live sea-store should

die in a short time after it was put on board, hoping to make a second profit of the dead carcasses which they expected would be thrown overboard ; and two-thirds of the hogs dying before the Centurion was out of sight of land, many of the Chinese boats followed her only to pick up the carrion. These instances may serve as a specimen of the manners of this celebrated nation, which is often recommended to the rest of the world as a pattern of all kinds of laudable qualities. But to return :

The commodore, towards the end of September, having found out (as has been said) that those who had contracted to supply him with sea-provisions and stores had deceived him, and that the viceroy had not sent to him according to his promise, he saw it would be impossible for him to surmount the embarrassment he was under without going himself to Canton, and visiting the viceroy ; and therefore, on the 27th of September, he sent a message to the mandarin who attended the Centurion, to inform him that he, the commodore, intended, on the first of October, to proceed in his boat to Canton ; adding, that the day after he got there, he should notify his arrival to the viceroy, and should desire him to fix a time for his audience ; to which the mandarin returned no other answer, than that he would acquaint the viceroy with the commodore's intentions. In the meantime all things were prepared for this expedition ; and the boat's crew in particular, which Mr. Anson proposed to take with him, were clothed in a uniform dress, resembling that of the watermen on the Thames ; they were in number eighteen and a coxswain ; they had scarlet jackets and blue silk waistcoats, the whole trimmed with silver buttons, and with silver badges on their jackets and caps. As it was apprehended, and even asserted, that the payment of the customary duties for the Centurion and her prize, would be demanded by the regency of Canton, and would be insisted on previous to the granting a permission for victualling the ship for her future voyage ; the commodore, who was resolved never to establish so dishonourable a precedent, took all possible precaution to prevent the Chinese from facilitating the success of their unreasonable pretensions by having him in their power at Canton : and therefore, for the security of his ship, and the great treasure on board her, he appointed his first lieutenant, Mr. Brett, to be captain of the Centurion under him, giving him proper instructions for his conduct ; directing him, particularly, if he, the commodore, should be detained at Canton on account of the duties in dispute, to take out the men from the Centurion's prize, and to destroy her ; and then to proceed down the river through the Bocca Tigris, with the Centurion alone, and to remain without that entrance till he received further orders from Mr. Anson.

These necessary steps being taken, which were not unknown to the Chinese, it should seem as if their deliberations were in some sort embarrassed thereby. It is reasonable to imagine that they were in general very desirous of getting the duties to be paid them ; not perhaps solely in consideration of the amount of those dues, but to keep up their reputation for address and subtlety, and to avoid the imputation of receding from claims on which they had already so frequently insisted. However, as they now foresaw that they had no

other method of succeeding than by violence, and that even against this the commodore was prepared, they were at last disposed, I conceive, to let the affair drop, rather than entangle themselves in a hostile measure, which they found would only expose them to the risk of having the whole navigation of their port destroyed, without any certain prospect of gaining their favourite point thereby.

However, though there is reason to imagine that these were their thoughts at that time, yet they could not depart at once from the evasive conduct to which they had hitherto adhered. For when the commodore, on the morning of the first of October, was preparing to set out for Canton, his linguist came to him from the mandarin who attended his ship, to tell him that a letter had been received from the viceroy of Canton, desiring the commodore to put off his going thither for two or three days : but in the afternoon of the same day another linguist came on board, who, with much seeming fright, told Mr. Anson that the viceroy had expected him up that day, that the council was assembled, and the troops had been under arms to receive him ; and that the viceroy was highly offended at the disappointment, and had sent the commodore's linguist to prison chained, supposing that the whole had been owing to the linguist's negligence. This plausible tale gave the commodore great concern, and made him apprehend that there was some treachery designed him, which he could not yet fathom ; and though it afterwards appeared that the whole was a fiction, not one article of it having the least foundation, yet (for reasons best known to themselves) this falsehood was so well supported by the artifices of the Chinese merchants at Canton, that, three days afterwards, the commodore received a letter signed by all the supercargoes of the English ships then at that place, expressing their great uneasiness at what had happened, and intimating their fears that some insult would be offered to his boat if he came thither before the viceroy was fully satisfied about the mistake. To this letter Mr. Anson replied, that he did not believe there had been any mistake ; but was persuaded it was a forgery of the Chinese to prevent his visiting the viceroy ; that therefore he would certainly come up to Canton on the 13th of October, confident that the Chinese would not dare to offer him an insult, as well knowing it would be properly returned.

On the 13th of October, the commodore continuing firm to his resolution, all the supercargoes of the English, Danish, and Swedish ships came on board the *Centurion*, to accompany him to Canton, for which place he set out in his barge the same day, attended by his own boats, and by those of the trading ships, which on this occasion came to form his retinue ; and as he passed by Wampo, where the European vessels lay, he was saluted by all of them but the French, and in the evening he arrived safely at Canton. His reception at that city, and the most material transactions from henceforward, till his arrival in Great Britain, shall be the subject of the ensuing chapter.

CHAPTER X.

Proceedings at the city of Canton, and the return of the Centurion to England.

WHEN the commodore arrived at Canton he was visited by the principal Chinese merchants, who affected to appear very much pleased that he had met with no obstruction in getting thither, and who thence pretended to conclude, that the viceroy was satisfied about the former mistake, the reality of which they still insisted on ; they added, that as soon as the viceroy should be informed that Mr. Anson was at Canton, (which they promised should be done the next morning) they were persuaded a day would be immediately appointed for the visit, which was the principal business that had brought the commodore thither.

The next day the merchants returned to Mr. Anson, and told him, that the viceroy was then so fully employed in preparing his despatches for Peking, that there was no getting admittance to him for some days ; but that they had engaged one of the officers of his court to give them information, as soon as he should be at leisure, when they proposed to notify Mr. Anson's arrival, and to endeavour to fix the day of audience. The commodore was by this time too well acquainted with their artifices, not to perceive that this was a falsehood ; and had he consulted only his own judgment, he would have applied directly to the viceroy by other hands : but the Chinese merchants had so far prepossessed the supercargoes of our ships with chimerical fears, that they (the supercargoes) were extremely apprehensive of being embroiled with the government, and of suffering in their interest, if those measures were taken, which appeared to Mr. Anson at that time to be the most prudent : and therefore, lest the malice and double-dealing of the Chinese might have given rise to some sinister incident, which would be afterwards laid at his door, he resolved to continue passive, as long as it should appear that he lost no time, by thus suspending his own opinion. With this view, he promised not to take any immediate step himself for getting admittance to the viceroy, provided the Chinese, with whom he contracted for provisions, would let him see that his bread was baked, his meat salted, and his stores prepared with the utmost despatch ; but if by the time when all was in readiness to be shipped off, (which it was supposed would be in about forty days) the merchants should not have procured the viceroy's permission, then the commodore proposed to apply for it himself. These were the terms Mr. Anson thought proper to offer, to quiet the uneasiness of the supercargoes ; and notwithstanding the apparent equity of the conditions, many difficulties and objections were urged ; nor would the Chinese agree to them, till the commodore had consented to pay for every article he bespoke before it was put in hand. However, at last the contract being passed, it was some satisfaction to the commodore to be certain that his preparations were now going on, and being himself on the spot, he took care to hasten them as much as possible.

During this interval, in which the stores and provisions were getting ready, the merchants con-

tinually entertained Mr. Anson with accounts of their various endeavours to get a license from the viceroy, and their frequent disappointments; which to him was now a matter of amusement, as he was fully satisfied there was not one word of truth in any thing they said. But when all was completed, and wanted only to be shipped, which was about the 24th of November, at which time too the N.E. monsoon was set in, he then resolved to apply himself to the viceroy to demand an audience, as he was persuaded that, without this ceremony, the procuring a permission to send his stores on board would meet with great difficulty. On the 24th of November, therefore, Mr. Anson sent one of his officers to the mandarin, who commanded the guard of the principal gate of the city of Canton, with a letter directed to the viceroy. When this letter was delivered to the mandarin, he received the officer who brought it very civilly, and took down the contents of it in Chinese, and promised that the viceroy should be immediately acquainted with it; but told the officer, it was not necessary for him to wait for an answer, because a message would be sent to the commodore himself.

On this occasion Mr. Anson had been under great difficulties about a proper interpreter to send with his officer, as he was well aware that none of the Chinese, usually employed as linguists, could be relied on: but he at last prevailed with Mr. Flint, an English gentleman belonging to the factory, who spoke Chinese perfectly well, to accompany his officer. This person, who upon this occasion and many others was of singular service to the commodore, had been left at Canton when a youth, by the late Captain Rigby. The leaving him there to learn the Chinese language was a step taken by that captain, merely from his own persuasion of the great advantages which the East India Company might one day receive from an English interpreter; and though the utility of this measure has greatly exceeded all that was expected from it, yet I have not heard that it has been to this day imitated: but we imprudently choose (except in this single instance) to carry on the vast transactions of the port of Canton, either by the ridiculous jargon of broken English which some few of the Chinese have learnt, or by the suspected interpretation of the linguists of other nations.

Two days after the sending the above-mentioned letter, a fire broke out in the suburbs of Canton. On the first alarm, Mr. Anson went thither with his officers, and his boat's crew, to assist the Chinese. When he came there, he found that it had begun in a sailor's shed, and that by the slightness of the buildings, and the awkwardness of the Chinese, it was getting head apace: but he perceived, that by pulling down some of the adjacent sheds it might easily be extinguished; and particularly observing that it was running along a wooden cornice, which would soon communicate it to a great distance, he ordered his people to begin with tearing away that cornice; this was presently attempted, and would have been soon executed; but, in the mean time, he was told, that, as there was no mandarin there to direct what was to be done, the Chinese would make him, the commodore, answerable for whatever should be pulled down by his orders. On this his people desisted; and he sent them to the English

factory, to assist in securing the Company's treasure and effects, as it was easy to foresee that no distance was a protection against the rage of such a fire, where so little was done to put a stop to it; for all this time the Chinese contented themselves with viewing it, and now and then holding one of their idols near it, which they seemed to expect should check its progress: however, at last, a mandarin came out of the city, attended by four or five hundred firemen: these made some feeble efforts to pull down the neighbouring houses; but by this time the fire had greatly extended itself, and was got amongst the merchants' warehouses; and the Chinese firemen, wanting both skill and spirit, were incapable of checking its violence; so that its fury increased upon them, and it was feared the whole city would be destroyed. In this general confusion the viceroy himself came thither, and the commodore was sent to, and was entreated to afford his assistance, being told that he might take any measures he should think most prudent in the present emergency. And now he went thither a second time, carrying with him about forty of his people; who, upon this occasion, exerted themselves in such a manner, as in that country was altogether without example: for they were rather animated than deterred by the flames and falling buildings amongst which they wrought; so that it was not uncommon to see the most forward of them tumble to the ground on the roofs, and amidst the ruins of houses, which their own efforts brought down with them. By their boldness and activity the fire was soon extinguished, to the amazement of the Chinese; and the buildings being all on one floor, and the materials slight, the seamen, notwithstanding their daring behaviour, happily escaped with no other injuries than some considerable bruises.

The fire, though at last thus luckily extinguished, did great mischief during the time it continued; for it consumed a hundred shops and eleven streets full of warehouses, so that the damage amounted to an immense sum; and one of the Chinese merchants, well known to the English, whose name was Suceoy, was supposed, for his own share, to have lost near two hundred thousand pounds sterling. It raged indeed with unusual violence, for in many of the warehouses there were large quantities of camphor which greatly added to its fury, and produced a column of exceeding white flame, which shot up into the air to such a prodigious height, that the flame itself was plainly seen on board the *Centurion*, though she was thirty miles distant.

Whilst the commodore and his people were labouring at the fire, and the terror of its becoming general still possessed the whole city, several of the most considerable Chinese merchants came to Mr. Anson, to desire that he would let each of them have one of his soldiers (for such they styled his boat's crew from the uniformity of their dress) to guard their warehouses and dwelling-houses, which, from the known dishonesty of the populace, they feared would be pillaged in the tumult. Mr. Anson granted them this request; and all the men that he thus furnished to the Chinese behaved greatly to the satisfaction of their employers, who afterwards highly applauded their great diligence and fidelity.

By this means, the resolution of the English at

the fire and their trustiness, and punctuality elsewhere, was the general subject of conversation amongst the Chinese: and the next morning, many of the principal inhabitants waited on the commodore to thank him for his assistance; frankly owning to him, that they could never have extinguished the fire themselves, and that he had saved their city from being totally consumed. And soon after a message came to the commodore from the viceroy, appointing the 30th of November for his audience; which sudden resolution of the viceroy, in a matter that had been so long agitated in vain, was also owing to the signal services performed by Mr. Anson and his people at the fire, of which the viceroy himself had been in some measure an eye-witness.

The fixing this business of the audience was, on all accounts, a circumstance which Mr. Anson was much pleased with; as he was satisfied that the Chinese government would not have determined this point, without having agreed among themselves to give up their pretensions to the duties they claimed, and to grant him all he could reasonably ask; for as they well knew the commodore's sentiments, it would have been a piece of imprudence, not consistent with the refined cunning of the Chinese, to have admitted him to an audience, only to have contested with him. And therefore, being himself perfectly easy about the result of his visit, he made all necessary preparations against the day; and engaged Mr. Flint, whom I have mentioned before, to act, as interpreter in the conference; who, in this affair, as in all others, acquitted himself much to the commodore's satisfaction; repeating with great boldness, and doubtless with exactness, all that was given in charge, a part which no Chinese linguist would ever have performed with any tolerable fidelity.

At ten o'clock in the morning, on the day appointed, a mandarin came to the commodore, to let him know that the viceroy was ready to receive him; on which the commodore and his retinue immediately set out; and as soon as he entered the outer gate of the city, he found a guard of two hundred soldiers drawn up ready to attend him; these conducted him to the great parade before the emperor's palace, where the viceroy then resided. In this parade, a body of troops, to the number of ten thousand, were drawn up under arms, and made a very fine appearance, being all of them new clothed for this ceremony: and Mr. Anson and his retinue having passed through the middle of them, he was then conducted to the great hall of audience, where he found the viceroy seated under a rich canopy in the emperor's chair of state, with all his council of mandarins attending: here there was a vacant seat prepared for the commodore, in which he was placed on his arrival: he was ranked the third in order from the viceroy, there being above him only the head of the law, and of the treasury, who in the Chinese government take place of all military officers. When the commodore was seated, he addressed himself to the viceroy by his interpreter, and began with reciting the various methods he had formerly taken to get an audience; adding, that he imputed the delays he had met with to the insincerity of those he had employed, and that he had therefore no other means left, than to send, as he had done, his own officer with a letter to the

gate. On the mention of this the viceroy stopped the interpreter, and bade him assure Mr. Anson, that the first knowledge they had of his being at Canton was from that letter. Mr. Anson then proceeded, and told him, that the subjects of the king of Great Britain trading to China had complained to him, the commodore, of the vexatious impositions both of the merchants and inferior custom-house officers, to which they were frequently necessitated to submit, by reason of the difficulty of getting access to the mandarins, who alone could grant them redress: that it was his (Mr. Anson's) duty, as an officer of the king of Great Britain, to lay before the viceroy these grievances of the British subjects, which he hoped the viceroy would take into consideration, and would give orders, that for the future there should be no just reason for complaint. Here Mr. Anson paused, and waited some time in expectation of an answer; but nothing being said, he asked his interpreter, if he was certain the viceroy understood what he had urged; the interpreter told him he was certain it was understood, but he believed no reply would be made to it. Mr. Anson then represented to the viceroy the case of the ship *Hastingfield*, which, having been dismasted on the coast of China, had arrived in the river of Canton but a few days before. The people on board this vessel had been great sufferers by the fire; the captain in particular had all his goods burnt, and had lost besides, in the confusion, a chest of treasure of four thousand five hundred *tahel*, which was supposed to be stolen by the Chinese boat men. Mr. Anson therefore desired that the captain might have the assistance of the government, as it was apprehended the money could never be recovered without the interposition of the mandarins. And to this request the viceroy made answer, that in settling the emperor's customs for that ship, some abatement should be made in consideration of her losses.

And now the commodore having despatched the business with which the officers of the East-India Company had entrusted him, he entered on his own affairs; acquainting the viceroy, that the proper season was now set in for returning to Europe, and that he waited only for a license to ship off his provisions and stores, which were all ready; and that as soon as this should be granted him, and he should have gotten his necessaries on board, he intended to leave the river of Canton, and to make the best of his way for England. The viceroy replied to this that the license should be immediately issued, and that everything should be ordered on board the following day. And finding that Mr. Anson had nothing farther to insist on, the viceroy continued the conversation for some time, acknowledging in very civil terms how much the Chinese were obliged to him for his signal services at the fire, and owning that he had saved the city from being destroyed: and then observing that the Centurion had been a good while on their coast, he closed his discourse, by wishing the commodore a good voyage to Europe. After which, the commodore, thanking him for his civility and assistance, took his leave.¹

¹ The following is Anson's own account of these proceedings:—"Finding I could not obtain the provisions and stores to enable me to proceed to Europe, I was under the necessity of visiting the Vice King, notwithstanding the

As soon as the commodore was out of the hall of audience, he was much pressed to go into a neighbouring apartment, where there was an entertainment provided; but finding, on inquiry, that the viceroy himself was not to be present, he declined the invitation, and departed, attended in the same manner as at his arrival; only at his leaving the city he was saluted by three guns, which are as many as in that country are ever fired on any ceremony. Thus the commodore, to his great joy, at last finished this troublesome affair, which, for the preceding four months, had given him great disquietude. Indeed he was highly pleased with procuring a license for the shipping of his stores and provisions; for thereby he was enabled to return to Great Britain with the first of the monsoon, and to prevent all intelligence of his being expected: but this, though a very important point, was not the circumstance which gave him the greatest satisfaction; for he was more particularly attentive to the authentic precedent established on this occasion, by which his majesty's ships of war are for the future exempted from all demands of duty in any of the ports of China.

In pursuance of the promises of the viceroy, the provisions were begun to be sent on board the day after the audience; and, four days after, the commodore embarked at Canton for the *Centurion*; and, on the 7th of December, the *Centurion* and her prize unmoored, and stood down the river, passing through the *Bocca Tigris* on the 10th. And on this occasion I must observe, that the Chinese had taken care to man the two forts, on each side of that passage, with as many men as they could well contain, the greatest part of them armed with pikes and match-lock muskets. These garrisons affected to show themselves as much as possible to the ships, and were doubtless intended to induce Mr. Anson to think more reverently than he had hitherto done of the Chinese military power: for this purpose they were equipped with much parade, having a great number of colours exposed to view; and on the castle in particular there were laid considerable heaps of large stones; and a soldier of unusual size, dressed

Europeans were of opinion that the Emperor's duties would be insisted upon, and that my refusing to pay them would embarrass the trade of the East India Company: not knowing what means they might make use of, when they had me in their power, I gave orders to Captain Brett, whom upon this occasion I had appointed captain under me, that, if he found me detained, he should destroy the galleon (out of which I had removed all the treasure, amounting to one million three hundred and thirteen thousand eight hundred and forty-three pieces of eight, and thirty-five thousand six hundred and eighty-two ounces of virgin silver and plate) and proceed with the *Centurion* without the river's mouth, out of gun-shot of the two forts.

"Contrary to the general opinion of the Europeans, the Vice-King received me with great civility and politeness, having ten thousand soldiers drawn up, and his council of Mandarins attending the audience, and granted me every thing I desired. I had great reason to be satisfied with the success of my visit, having obtained the principal point I had in view, which was establishing a precedent upon record that the Emperor's duties and measure had not been demanded from me, by which means His Majesty's ships will be under no difficulties in entering into any of the Emperor of China's ports for the future."—*Anson's official report.*

in very sightly armour, stalked about on the parapet with a battle-axe in his hand, endeavouring to put on as important and martial an air as possible, though some of the observers on board the *Centurion* shrewdly suspected, from the appearance of his armour, that instead of steel, it was composed only of a particular kind of glittering paper.

The *Centurion* and her prize being now without the river of Canton, and consequently upon the point of leaving the Chinese jurisdiction, I beg leave, before I quit all mention of the Chinese affairs, to subjoin a few remarks on the disposition and genius of that extraordinary people. And though it may be supposed, that observations made at Canton only, a place situated in the corner of the empire, are very imperfect materials on which to found any general conclusions, yet as those who have had opportunities of examining the inner parts of the country, have been evidently influenced by very ridiculous prepossessions, and as the transactions of Mr. Anson with the regency of Canton were of an uncommon nature, in which many circumstances occurred, different perhaps from any which have happened before, I hope the following reflections, many of them drawn from these incidents, will not be altogether unacceptable to the reader.

That the Chinese are a very ingenious and industrious people is sufficiently evinced from the great number of curious manufactures which are established amongst them, and which are eagerly sought for by the most distant nations; but though skill in the handicraft arts seems to be the most important qualification of this people, yet their talents therein are but of a second-rate kind; for they are much outdone by the Japanese in those manufactures which are common to both countries; and they are in numerous instances incapable of rivaling the mechanic dexterity of the Europeans. Indeed, their principal excellence seems to be imitation; and they accordingly labour under that poverty of genius which constantly attends all servile imitators. This is most conspicuous in works which require great truth and accuracy, as in clocks, watches, fire-arms, &c., for in all these, though they can copy the different parts, and can form some resemblance of the whole, yet they never could arrive at such a justness in their fabric as was necessary to produce the desired effect. And if we pass from their manufactures to artists of a superior class, as painters, statuaries, &c., in these matters they seem to be still more defective; their painters, though very numerous and in great esteem, rarely succeeding in the drawing or colouring of human figures, or in the grouping of large compositions; and though in flowers and birds their performances are much more admired, yet even in these some part of the merit is rather to be imputed to the native brightness and excellency of the colours, than to the skill of the painter; since it is very unusual to see the light and shade justly and naturally handled, or to find that ease and grace in the drawing which are to be met with in the works of European artists. In short, there is a stiffness and minuteness in most of the Chinese productions, which are extremely displeasing: and it may perhaps be asserted with great truth, that these defects in their arts are entirely owing to the peculiar turn of the people,

amongst whom nothing great or spirited is to be met with.

If we next examine the Chinese literature, (taking our accounts from the writers who have endeavoured to represent it in the most favourable light) we shall find that on this head their obstinacy and absurdity are most wonderful: for though, for many ages, they have been surrounded by nations to whom the use of letters was familiar, yet they, the Chinese alone, have hitherto neglected to avail themselves of that almost divine invention, and have continued to adhere to the rude and inartificial method of representing words by arbitrary marks; a method which necessarily renders the number of their characters too great for human memory to manage, makes writing to be an art that requires prodigious application, and in which no man can be otherwise than partially skilled; whilst all reading, and understanding of what is written, is attended with infinite obscurity and confusion; for the connexion between these marks, and the words they represent, cannot be retained in books, but must be delivered down from age to age by oral tradition: and how uncertain this must prove in such a complicated subject, is sufficiently obvious to those who have attended to the variation which all verbal relations undergo when they are transmitted through three or four hands only. Hence it is easy to conclude that the history and inventions of past ages, recorded by these perplexed symbols, must frequently prove unintelligible; and consequently the learning and boasted antiquity of the nation must, in numerous instances, be extremely problematical.

But we are told by some of the missionaries, that though the skill of the Chinese in science is indeed much inferior to that of the Europeans, yet the morality and justice taught and practised by them are most exemplary. And from the description given by some of these good fathers, one should be induced to believe that the whole empire was a well-governed affectionate family, where the only contests were, who should exert the most humanity and beneficence: but our preceding relation of the behaviour of the magistrates, merchants and tradesmen at Canton sufficiently refutes these jesuitical fictions. And as to their theories of morality, if we may judge from the specimens exhibited in the works of the missionaries, we shall find them solely employed in recommending ridiculous attachments to certain immaterial points, instead of discussing the proper criterion of human actions, and regulating the general conduct of mankind to one another on reasonable and equitable principles. Indeed, the only pretension of the Chinese to a more refined morality than their neighbours, is founded, not on their integrity or beneficence, but solely on the affected evenness of their demeanour, and their constant attention to suppress all symptoms of passion and violence. But it must be considered, that hypocrisy and fraud are often not less mischievous to the general interests of mankind than impetuosity and vehemence of temper: since these, though usually liable to the imputation of imprudence, do not exclude sincerity, benevolence, resolution, nor many other laudable qualities. And perhaps, if this matter were examined to the bottom, it would appear that the calm and patient turn of the Chinese, on which they so much value themselves, and which distinguishes the nation from all others, is

in reality the source of the most exceptionable part of their character; for it has been often observed, by those who have attended to the nature of mankind, that it is difficult to curb the more robust and violent passions, without augmenting at the same time the force of the selfish ones: so that the timidity, dissimulation, and dishonesty of the Chinese may, in some sort, be owing to the composure, and external decency, so universally prevailing in that empire.

Thus much for the general disposition of the people: but I cannot dismiss this subject without adding a few words about the Chinese government, that too having been the subject of boundless panegyric. And on this head I must observe, that the favourable accounts often given of their prudent regulations for the administration of their domestic affairs, are sufficiently confuted by their transactions with Mr. Anson: for we have seen that their magistrates are corrupt, their people thievish, and their tribunals crafty and venal. Nor is the constitution of the empire, or the general orders of the state, less liable to exception: since that form of government which does not in the first place provide for the security of the public against the enterprises of foreign powers, is certainly a most defective institution: and yet this populous, this rich and extensive country, so pompously celebrated for its refined wisdom and policy, was conquered about an age since by a handful of Tartars; and even now, by the cowardice of the inhabitants, and the want of proper military regulations, it continues exposed not only to the attempts of any potent state, but to the ravages of every petty invader. Nor is the state provided with ships of considerable force to protect them: for at Canton, where doubtless their principal naval power is stationed, we saw no more than four men-of-war junks, of about three hundred tons burthen, and mounted only with eight or ten guns, the largest of which did not exceed a four-pounder. This may suffice to give an idea of the defenceless state of the Chinese empire. But it is time to return to the commodore, whom I left with his two ships without the Bocca Tigris; and who, on the 12th of December, anchored before the town of Macao.

Whilst the ships lay here, the merchants of Macao finished their agreement for the galleon, for which they had offered 6000 dollars; this was much short of her value, but the impatience of the commodore to get to sea, to which the merchants were no strangers, prompted them to insist on so unequal a bargain. Mr. Anson had learnt enough from the English at Canton to conjecture, that the war betwixt Great Britain and Spain was still continued; and that probably the French might engage in the assistance of Spain, before he could arrive in Great Britain; and therefore, knowing that no intelligence could get to Europe of the prize he had taken, and the treasure he had on board, till the return of the merchantmen from Canton, he was resolved to make all possible expedition in getting back, that he might be himself the first messenger of his own good fortune, and might thereby prevent the enemy from forming any projects to intercept him: for these reasons, he, to avoid all delay, accepted of the sum offered for the galleon; and she being delivered to the merchants, the 15th of December 1743, the

Centurion, the same day, got under sail, on her return to England. And, on the 3rd of January, she came to an anchor at Prince's Island in the Straits of Sunda, and continued there wooding and watering till the 8th; when she weighed and stood for the Cape of Good Hope, where, on the 11th of March, she anchored in Table-bay.

The Cape of Good Hope is situated in a temperate climate, where the excesses of heat and cold are rarely known; and the Dutch inhabitants, who are numerous, and who here retain their native industry, have stocked it with prodigious plenty of all sort of fruits and provisions; most of which either from the equality of the seasons, or the peculiarity of the soil, are more delicious in their kind than can be met with elsewhere: so that by these, and by the excellent water which abounds there, this settlement is the best provided of any in the known world, for the refreshment of seamen after long voyages. Here the commodore continued till the beginning of April, highly delighted with the place, which by its extraordinary accommodations, the healthiness of its air, and the picturesque appearance of the country, all enlivened by the addition of a civilised colony, was not disgraced in an imaginary comparison with the valleys of Juan Fernandes, and the lawns of Tinian. During his stay he entered about forty new men; and having, by the 3rd of April 1744, completed his water and provision, he, on that day, weighed and put to sea; and, the 19th of the same month, they saw the island of St. Helena, which however they did not touch at, but stood on their way; and, on the 10th of June, being then in soundings, they spoke with an English ship from Amsterdam bound for Philadelphia, whence they received the

first intelligence of a French war; the twelfth, they got sight of the Lizard; and the fifteenth, in the evening, to their infinite joy, they came safe to an anchor at Spithead. But that the signal perils which had so often threatened them, in the preceding part of the enterprise, might pursue them to the very last, Mr. Anson learnt, on his arrival, that there was a French fleet of considerable force cruising in the chops of the Channel; which, by the account of their position, he found the Centurion had run through, and had been all the time concealed by a fog. Thus was this expedition finished, when it had lasted three years and nine months; after having, by its event, strongly evinced this important truth, that though prudence, intrepidity, and perseverance united, are not exempted from the blows of adverse fortune; yet in a long series of transactions, they usually rise superior to its power, and in the end rarely fail of proving successful.¹

¹ "This remark (observes Sir John Barrow) is certainly just; and no parallel is to be found, in the history of navigation, to the Voyage of Anson, unless it be that of Sir Francis Drake, which comes nearest to it, and in some respects is perhaps still more extraordinary. He left England with five ships, his own, the *Hind*, of 100 tons, the second 80, the third 30, a fly-bont 50, and a pinnace of 15 tons. He lost, or broke up, or left behind him, all but his own: plundered the Spaniards on the western coast, proceeded nearly to 50° N. to look for a north-east passage into the Atlantic, crossed the Pacific, proceeded round the Cape of Good Hope, and after an absence of two years and ten months, reached England with only his own ship and about 50 men out of 160."

One of the survivors of Anson's voyage, a seaman named George Gregory, died so late as 1804, at Kingston, at the great age of 109, having never known a day's illness since he went to sea in 1714.

THE END.



THE BLIND GIRL'S FRENZY.

THE H— FAMILY.

BY

FREDRIKA BREMER.



THE FIFTH SUNBEAM.







THE H FAMILY.

ARRIVAL—TEA—PORTRAITS.

ABOUT the end of February, in the year 1829, I found myself at the barrier one evening, awaiting the compulsory visit of the Custom-house officer, who was to admit me into the Swedish capital. It was amid a violent drifting of snow, and in a small open sleigh, that I sat there, frozen, tired, and sleepy; no very enviable situation, as my fair and gentle readers will allow.

My poor steed, who had a cold, coughed and sneezed. The servant who drove my sleigh beat his arms across his body to warm himself; the storm howled, and the snow drifted about us. I closed my eyes and waited, as I have often done in snow-storms, within as well as out of the house; and this I have always found the best way, if one cannot escape such evils. At last I heard the sound of slow steps on the crackling snow. The officer approached with his lantern. He had a red nose, and appeared unhappy. I held a gold piece in my hand, and was desirous of transferring it unperceived into his, that I might secure for myself a quiet and an undisturbed ride. He drew his hand back. "It is not necessary," said he, dryly, but politely. "I will not give you much inconvenience," continued he, while he began to examine my carpet-bag, and look over my packages. I found myself compelled, not without vexation, to alight. Out of humour, and with some malicious pleasure, I put my money back into my reticule, and thought,—"Well, well, he is too proud to take anything for his trouble."

My talkative driver, however, entered into some conversation with him.

"It is rough, frightful weather, this evening, dear sir."

"Yes."

"I think it would be much more agreeable if you were sitting in your own room, sipping something warm, instead of freezing your fingers and keeping us here, for which nobody thanks you."

No answer.

"I would give something to be sitting, now, by our old folks' warm fire, and eating my Sunday's porridge—that would relish, sir!"

"Yes, yes."

"Are you married?"

"Yes."

"Have you children?"

"Yes."

"Ah! how many?"

"Four,"—and a deep sigh followed this answer.

"Four!—well, then you have mouths enough

to feed. Ha, ha! now you think you have found something contraband. — Cheese, my dear sir, cheese, you see. Yes, indeed, it makes your mouth water. I will lay a wager that you would prefer to taste it, rather than to bite into the moon. Now, do not you see that is only a butter-keg?" etc. etc.

After the inspector had convinced himself that a goodly variety of cheeses, loaves of bread, and ginger-cakes, made up the principal part of the lading of the sleigh, he replaced everything in the neatest order, gave me his hand to assist me into it, and carefully tucked the furs about me. My ill-humour had vanished long ago. Is it, thought I, the fault of the poor inspector, that he is the plague and torment of travellers? This one, certainly, has performed his duty in the most civil manner. And while he went on to restore everything to its place, carefully and conscientiously, various considerations arose in my mind, which disposed me to still more kindness. The red, frozen nose, the depressed expression of countenance, the stiff fingers, the poor children, the snow-storm, the dark, dismal evening, all these passed before me like the shadows in a camera obscura, and my heart was quite softened by them. I felt again after the piece of money. I thought of some gingerbread and a cheese for the four children's supper; but while I was feeling, and while I was thinking, the man opened the bar, took off his hat politely, and I quickly passed through the gateway. I would have cried out "Halt!" but I did not. With an oppressed heart and uncomfortable feelings, as if I had lost something valuable on the way, I proceeded through the city, and saw in the white snow-flakes before me, as in a transparency, the frozen red nose and sad face, on which I might so easily, at least for a moment, have called up a cheerful look.

How many occasions of doing good, in greater or less measure, are passed by from irresolution! While we are saying to ourselves, "Shall I, or shall I not?" the moment flies away, and the blossom of joy which we might have given to it is withered, and often cannot be revived by any tears of repentance.

Thus I sadly reflected, while my sleigh moved slowly over the deep, sandy snow, often sunk through to the stones, and was with difficulty drawn out again. The storm had extinguished the lamps in the lanterns, and the streets were hardly lighted at all, except by the rays from the shops. Here I saw a gentleman who was about losing his cloak; and, as he was drawing it more closely around him, the wind took off his hat.

There was a lady, who, while with one hand she held the brim of her bonnet, and with the other secured her cloak, ran blindly, but violently, against a fruit-stall, the sharp-nosed mistress of which beamed her, in a rude tone, to keep a better look-out.

Here yelled a dog; there swore a fellow, who had run his ear against that of another; while a little boy ran whistling gaily through the snow-flakes and other hindrances, which did not at all disturb his quiet boyish spirit. Often a covered sleigh, with its lighted lamps, like comets, drove by, and pushed aside men and beasts. This was all I saw or heard of this great and splendid capital that evening. To enliven myself, I began to think of the amiable family in whose bosom I should soon find myself; on the pleasant occasion which led me there; and on still other gay, bright and soul-warming ideas, which pressed upon my memory. At last my sleigh stopped. My driver cried, "Now we are here!" and I said to myself with delight, "Now I am here, too." I soon heard around me many voices crying, "Good day, good day, good evening, welcome, welcome!" My bread, cheese, gingerbread,—we were all heartily welcome, and were conducted into a pleasant warm room. Half an hour later I was sitting in a handsome, well-lighted parlour, where Col. H— and his family were assembled. The tea-hour had arrived, and from the hissing kettle arose the cloudy steam hovering over the well-filled baskets of cakes, biscuits and cracknels, which covered the capacious tea-table. Telemachus, when he issued from Tartarus into the Elysian Fields, could not have felt greater pleasure than I, who from my snow-storm journey had run into the friendly haven of this tea-table.

The pleasant, graceful persons who were moving about me, the agreeable room, the lights, which, at times, add not a little to the brightness of the spirit, the warming draught which I was enjoying, everything was animating, exhilarating. Everything was—ah, will you believe it, reader, that the frozen nose there at the gate placed itself in the midst of my pleasure, on the edge of my tea-cup, and embittered the nectar it contained? It did indeed: and I believe I should have felt less shocked if I had seen my own "double." To restore my quiet I said to myself that the next morning I would repair my inadvertence; and, content with this resolution for the morrow, I sat now, according to my custom, silently in the corner of the room, while I knit upon my stocking; now and then sipped from my cup, which stood near me on a little table; and unobserved, but attentively watched the family picture before me. Col. H— sat in the corner of a sofa and played Patience,—the Blockade of Copenhagen, I believe. He was a tall, strongly-built, but thin man, and had the appearance of ill-health. The expression of his face was noble, and from his deeply sunken eyes there beamed a penetrating but quiet glance, which had an almost divine expression, particularly when it was turned upon his children. He spoke seldom, he never made speeches; but his words, uttered slowly, and with a gentle energy, had usually the effect of oracles. Earnestness and mildness reigned in his whole character. He held himself almost singularly upright, and I always thought that this proceeded less from his

early military habits, than from the unbending honesty, the strength and integrity which formed the principal features in his character, and which were mirrored in his exterior.

He did not join in the conversation, which this evening was carried on with much animation among his children; but sometimes he dropped a dry witty observation, which was accompanied by a look that was so mischievously comical, and yet so filled with kindness towards those to whom it referred, that they received perplexity and pleasure from it at the same time.

His wife, "the gracious lady" (as I still from old custom must call her), sat in another corner of the sofa, making bobbin, but without bestowing much attention on her work. She seemed not to have been handsome, even in her youthful days; but she had about her, particularly when she spoke, something good, interesting, and animated, which one looked at with pleasure. Something tender and restless appeared in her face, particularly in her eyes. One read there that she bore ever at her heart the long, eternal forethought of ideas and cares, which for a wife and mother, and housewife, begins with her husband and children, runs through all the affairs to the smallest branch of the household, and has no end, like the atoms of dust which are blown away, but are ever falling again.

The tender and restless glance of the gracious lady was this evening very often turned upon Emily, the eldest daughter, with an expression at the same time of joy and grief. An affectionate smile floated over her lips, and tears glistened on her eyelids; but from the smiles as well as the tears beamed the tender and warm love of the mother.

Emily did not seem to observe the expression of her mother's countenance. She was serving tea, very quietly, with her fair white hands; while with an assumed gravity of face she tried to put an end to the nonsense of her brother Charles, who was attempting to throw that confusion, which he protested prevailed in the heart of his dear sister, into the affairs of the tea-table. She was of middle size, but well grown. Blond, fair, but without regular beauty in her features, her pleasing face was particularly attractive from the expression of purity, goodness, and frankness which rested on it. She appeared to have inherited her father's quiet character, joined with greater cheerfulness; for in spite of her assumed dignity she often laughed, and that so heartily that all the rest kept her company.

Laughing is becoming to very few people, and we see many persons who, during this expression of pleasure, put their handkerchiefs up to their faces to hide the ugliness which is produced by the contractions about the eyes, and the stretching of the mouth. Emily, even if she had been apprised of this measure, would have scorned to make use of it. Her character, even in the most unimportant things, was too simple and frank to allow her to make use of a single attractive manoeuvre. She had, however, in this case no reason to do so, for her laugh was particularly charming; both because it was so simple and hearty, and because it displayed the most beautiful white teeth which ever ornamented a small and lovely mouth. She, however, thought nothing about the matter.

If I had been a man, I should have thought, the first moment I saw Emily, "There is my wife. (N.B. if she is willing.)"

Yet Emily was not in everything what she appeared; or rather, she possessed a good many of those inconsistencies which mingle with and are joined to the most noble specimens of human nature, as there will always be some knots in the very finest and most carefully laboured textures.

Moreover, Emily was no longer in the earliest years of youth; and you, my fair reader of sixteen, will perhaps find her very—very old. "How old was she, then?" you ask. She had passed her six-and-twentieth year. "Ah! that was very horrible; she is really an old person." Not so horrible, not so old, my rosebud. She was only a rose in her full bloom. This was also the opinion of Mr.—. But of this hereafter.

I pity the painter who should receive the difficult order to paint a portrait of Julia; for she is a *perpetuum mobile* in more than one respect. Sometimes she plays her brother, who never leaves a debt of this kind unpaid, some roguish trick; sometimes she employs herself in one of a different kind upon her sisters; sometimes she snuffs the candles and puts them out, that she may have the pleasure of lighting them again; she puts the ribbon of her mother's cap into order or disorder, and now and then she glides behind the Colonel, throws her arms about his neck, and kisses his forehead. His cry of "Let me alone, girl!" frightens her off, perhaps to return again soon.

A charming little head, about which rich locks of blond hair formed a crown—blue lively eyes, dark lashes and eyelids—a well-formed nose and a little, delicate ear—a somewhat larger but handsome mouth—a small, neat figure—little hands, and feet that would rather dance than walk—see, there you have Julia in her eighteenth year.

Brother Charles—ah, your pardon!—*Cornet* Charles was six feet high, well grown, and light in his motions, thanks to Nature, the gymnasium, and Julia. He had several ideas of his own, which were fixed as the hills; among them these three were his favourites: first, the Swedish was altogether the first and most excellent nation in Europe. This no one in the family contradicted. Second, he should never fall in love, because he was twenty years old, and had never felt his heart beat, while so many of his more fortunate companions had gone mad with love. "That will come in time!" said the Colonel. Julia said he would be over head and ears in love yet. Emily sighed, and prayed God he might be saved from it. Thirdly, the Cornet thought he was so ugly that he frightened the horses. Julia said this quality might be useful to him in an attack on the enemy's cavalry; but she, as well as her sisters and many others, considered the open, honest, manly expression of the face of their brother as a full compensation for a want of beauty of features. They often repeated to him, with a little secret pleasure, how uncommonly ugly and intolerable Mr. P. was with his beautiful Apollo head, without life or expression. Cornet Charles loved his sisters tenderly, and did them every service in his power, particularly in the way of exercising their patience.

Near their father sat the youngest daughter, the seventeen-year-old Helen. The first look disposed one to pity her; the next gave rise to a wish for

her happiness. She was plain and deformed; but understanding and cheerfulness beamed from her eyes, which were more than commonly brilliant. She appeared to possess that strength and repose of character, that clearness, constancy, and gaiety of spirit, which give a more certain guarantee for the quiet and happiness of life, than all those dazzling external charms which the world so loves and extols. She was diligently working upon a white lace veil, and only looked up now and then from her labour to give to Emily an affectionate and significant glance, or to turn toward her father a look of respectful and almost supplicating tenderness.

One could almost imagine that of all his children the Colonel loved this one best, who in person seemed so hardly dealt with by Nature. For often, when Helen leaned her head on her father's shoulder, and raised her loving eyes to him, he bent down and kissed her forehead with an expression which cannot be described.

On the other side of the Colonel sat a lady, still young—his brother's daughter. She might have been taken for an antique statue, so fair, and of such marble whiteness was her complexion, and so immovable did she appear. Finer dark eyes than hers were never seen. But ah! she certainly deserved to be pitied. Those beautiful eyes would never again see the light of day. For several years they had been covered with a cataract. What prevailed in her bosom, whether storm or quiet, it was difficult to see; the mirror of her spirit was darkened, and something stiff, cold, almost half dead, lay without, and repelled every questioning glance. It seemed to me a feeling of proud despair came upon her, the moment that the voice of Fate announced, "You shall never more see the light," and she had responded, "No one shall ever see my sorrow."

Yet one more little group must come into my picture; the group, namely, at the back of the apartment, consisting of Master Nup, distinguished by his good nature, his learning, his taciturnity, his short-sightedness, his turned-up nose and his absence of mind, by the side of his pupils, little Axel and the little Claes, the youngest sons of the Colonel, who, on account of their especially good health and their plumpness, generally received, in the family, the name of the "little Thickies."

The Master bent, undismayed by his wig having three times taken fire, with his nose over his book, in the nearest possible proximity to the light. The "little Thickies" ate cracknels, played "cat's-cradle," and awaited the fourth illumination on the Master's head, the near approach of which they now and then announced to each other by friendly signs and exclamations, such as, "See now," "wait now," "now it's a-coming!"

I feel now particularly desirous to know whether any of my amiable young readers, either from kind feeling or curiosity, would like to have a nearer description of the person who is seated in the corner of the drawing-room, silently knitting her stocking, now and then sipping from her cup of tea, and making her observations upon the company.

Not to leave any such wish of my readers unfilled, I will also try a sketch of her. She belongs to that class of persons of whose existence one of the sisterhood says—"Sometimes it seems as if they were everywhere—sometimes it seems as if

they were nowhere." This singular existence appertains in common to those persons who, without belonging to the family, are received in it as assistants for counsel and action either in joy or sorrow. I will, in a few words, draw a picture of such persons ; and, not to leave the class without a name, I will give her the title of Family Counsellor. Her circle of action is defined, and of the following character. She must have her thoughts, her hands, her nose in everything, but it must not be observed. If the master of the house is out of humour, she is pushed forward to act, either as a lightning-rod, or a bellows, whose duty it is to dispel the storm. If the lady has the vapours, her presence is as necessary as the bottle of Cologne water. Are the daughters in trouble, she must take part in it. Have they wishes, plans, projects, she is the speaking-trumpet by which they must approach deaf ears. Are the children crying, they are sent to her, that she may quiet them ; if they refuse to go to sleep, she must tell them stories. If any one is sick, she is the watcher. She is entrusted with commissions for the whole family, and she must have her hands full of advice for every one, on all occasions. Does some distinguished visitor arrive, is the house put upon parade footing, then she vanishes ; no one knows where she is, any more than it is known where the smoke goes which rises from the chimney. But the workings of her invisible presence do not cease to be felt. The pan in which the cream is prepared is not placed on the nicely decorated dinner-table, but must remain on the kitchen hearth, and the same is the lot of the Family Counsellor—to do the useful and agreeable, but to give up the honour. If she can do this with stoical perseverance and resignation, her existence is often as interesting to herself as it is important to the family. It is true she must be humble and silent, must pass quietly through the doors, make less noise than a fly, and above all, never, like the flies, settle on the noses of people. She must yawn as seldom as her human nature will bear, but on the contrary must use her eyes and ears with freedom, though with caution ; and she has abundant occasion to make use of them. Unlike what happens in the physical world, there is no place for observation in the moral world so good as the most humble, where all looks are most unobserved ; and consequently the Family Counsellor is in the most favourable position for turning her penetrating telescope about the hemisphere of the household. Every motion, every spot on the planets of the heart, will become visible to her ; the most unpretending comet she follows in its course ; she sees the eclipse come and disappear, and while she considers the phenomena—the changing feelings and thoughts in the human soul, which are as countless as the stars of heaven—she learns, one day after another, to designate and lay down more and more of these great and wonderful hieroglyphics of creation. It is plain, therefore, that she must gain successively a good deal of the costly, always applicable, coin, which is called knowledge of men ; and the hope smiles upon her, that in some future time, when her nose is ornamented with spectacles, and silver hair covers her aged head, she may speak like an oracle to listening youth of her knowledge of things, of which they can form no idea.

So much for the description of the Family

Counsellor as a class ; a word now upon the individual who in some measure filled this part in the family of Col. H—. In some measure I say, for she was, God be praised, treated more as a friend ; did not hold the office of puffer, did not always stand behind the curtain, but often stepped forward upon the stage, and said her say as freely and unreservedly as other acting people.

The first word which her childish lips stammered, after a year's abode in this lower world, was "moon :" eight years after she wrote her first poem on the moon ; and the morning of a life which has since then passed so drily and prosaically was a lovely poetical dream of moonshine. Many sonnets, many odes, her pen dedicated to the most charming objects of Nature, during the rich days of youth, when the heart beats so high, when the feelings swell like spring torrents, and when the fruitful sources of tears stream from such precious sorrows. But in everything she sung, wrote, or dreamed, there was always something about moonshine.

The old people shook their wise heads.

"Girl, if you write verses, you will never learn to make a soup ; you will leave the sauce to burn. You must think betimes that you have to support yourself, to spin your clothes, and bake your bread ; moonshine will not satisfy every one." But the girl wrote her poems, and made her soup, and did not let her sauce burn. She made her spinning-wheel hum, baked her bread, but did not forget the friend of her childhood, the gentle moon. Afterwards, when its kind beams shone over the grave of her parents, she wrote no poem to their honour, but looked up with a supplicating glance to the gentle, heavenly face, as to a comforter, whose light would cheer the fatherless and motherless on her solitary path. But, ah ! the fatherless and motherless would have starved in her dear moonshine, if another light and other beams had not brought her salvation. These came from the hearth of a Count's kitchen. She succeeded in the preparation of a wine-jelly, and this made her fortune.

She was discovered to possess the talent of preparing wine-jelly. By degrees it became apparent that she possessed other talents equally valuable. A lady with chapped lips was greatly benefited by her lip-salve. An old gentleman found great comfort in a never-weary listener to the stories of his forty-nine disasters. A tender mother of four little wonderfully-sensible children learned, with deep emotion, from their rosy lips, of her uncommon skill in making mother and brother, joy and boy, deep and weep, birth-day and skip-and-play, rhyme so properly. A sleepy "gracious lady" was once waked up entirely by this clever person prophesying with cards that she would soon receive a present. Nine persons within a very short time praised her admirable advice in curing toothache, pains in the chest, and influenza ; and her wonderful talent became especially apparent at sundry weddings and funerals, in arranging everything, from the head-dress of the lady to the key of the larder ; from the myrtle crown on the locks of the bride, to the bread and butter on the side-board ; as much by the arrangement of the touching celebration of marriage, as in decorating the last bed of rest of the slumbering bride, and providing for the enter-

tainment of those who on melancholy occasions never forget that people must eat and drink.

By the diligent use of these talents, and the improvement of some others of the same kind, she mounted step by step to the rank of the honour and dignity of a Family Counsellor. She had almost forgotten to write poems, but now and then, on birthdays and fête days, she brought forth some meagre lines.

She seldom looked up to the moon, except to see the new moon and the full moon; and yet its rays will perhaps remain the only friends to visit her solitary grave. But this is not the place to write elegies. Does any one wish to know more of the prosaic friend of moonshine? Her age?—somewhere between twenty and forty years; her appearance?—like that of people in general, though perhaps most people would be much displeased to have it thought that they had any likeness to her. Her name? Oh, your most obedient servant,

CHARLOTTE BEATA EVERY-DAY.

—♦—

LETTER FROM JULIA—HELEN—THE BLIND
GIRL—EMILY—THE BRIDEGROOMS.

I HAVE already mentioned that the occasion which was at the bottom of my journey to the capital was a happy one; and I shall explain it best by laying before the reader a letter, which I received in my solitude in the country, from Julia H—.

“MY BEST BEATA,

“Lay down your eternal knitting when you see these lines, snuff your long-wicked candle, (does the post reach R. in the evening?) lock your doors, so that without fear of being disturbed you may seat yourself upon your sofa, in peace and comfort, and read the interesting news which I have to announce to you. I see from here how fearfully curious you are—you open wide your eyes—and now, I will—tell you a story.

“There was once a man, who was neither king nor prince, but who deserved to be one. He had a daughter, and although destiny had not allowed her to be born a princess, yet there assembled around her cradle thirty gracious fairies, out of pure esteem and affection for her father. They gave her beauty, intelligence, grace, talents, a noble heart, good humour, patience,—in a word everything which can make a woman charming; and to fill up the measure of happy gifts, the fairy Prudence came forward, and in a slow manner said, ‘For the sake of your temporal and eternal happiness, you shall be extremely circumspect, considerate—yes, even fastidious—in the choice of a husband!’ ‘Well said! wisely said!’ cried all the fairies, and they sighed deeply.

“The richly-endowed girl grew up, was as amiable as could reasonably have been expected, and late and early suitors knocked at the door of her heart with sighs and prayers. But, ah! it remained immovably closed for most of them; and if she for a moment opened it a little, the next minute it was closely shut and fastened with double bars. Happily the age of Princess Turandot was long since past; and in Sweden, where the beautiful Elimia dwelt, the air must have been

more cooling than in the land where Prince Kalaf sighed; for it was never rumoured that the dismissed lovers put an end to their days; they were hardly seen to lose their appetite; nay, some even were known (can it be believed!) to have chosen other loved ones, as easily as one changes his stockings.

“The first who announced himself as an aspirant for the heart of the beautiful Elimia was found too sentimental for her; because he was seized with horror at killing a fly, and sighed over the unhappy fate of the innocent chickens who, well roasted, figured upon the dinner-table, and of the other articles which formed the daily dinner of his beloved. She feared, if she were united with him, that she should be in danger of starving upon simple *blanc mange* and vegetables. The second was not afraid of killing flies, loved fishing and hunting, and was considered cruel and hard-hearted; rather, much rather, would she have a hare than a hunter for a husband! A hare came, shy and trembling, and stammering out his sighs, his wishes, and his despair. ‘Poor little thing!’ was the answer, ‘go and hide yourself; you will be easy booty to the first good beast of prey that finds you in his way.’ The hare hopped away. The lion came with a proud suitor’s words: now the beautiful girl was much afraid of being swallowed up, and she hid herself till the mighty one had passed by. This was the fourth. The fifth, gay and cheerful, was considered too thoughtless; of the sixth, it was feared that he had gambling inclinations; of the seventh, on account of a redness of the nose, that he took pleasure in too deep draughts. The eighth looked as if he were ill-humoured; the ninth seemed egotistical; the tenth said, in every sentence, ‘May I be hanged!’ The eleventh looked too much at his hands and feet, and was therefore a fool. The twelfth came,—he was good, noble, manly, and handsome; he appeared to love sincerely; he talked well; all were very desirous to know what fault could be found in him. He seemed also to love truly—but it merely appeared so; or, if he actually loved, it was perhaps more the small, perishable body than the immortal soul: God preserve us, what a great sin! If it should be so—then—but the lover swore, that what he adored was the soul—the soul itself; and in a happy hour, he stormed so powerfully at the already yielding heart of the beautiful girl, that her trembling lips at last moved in a way which seemed to him to show the gates through which the ‘yes’ of capitulation would come. He took this as settled, considered the word as said, fell upon his knees, kissed her hand and mouth, and the beautiful Elimia, almost sinking with surprise and consternation, found herself—she knew not how—betrothed.

“An early day for the wedding was appointed by her father and the bridegroom. Elimia did not say ‘yes,’ but she did not say ‘no,’ and the bridegroom thought ‘silence gives consent.’ As time passed on, Elimia counted—‘Now there are only fourteen days,’ ‘now only twelve,’ ‘gracious heaven! now only ten,’ and ‘merciful God! now only eight’ days left. Now greater anguish and fear overpowered her soul. Phantoms and ghostly forms, numerous as the locusts which overwhelmed Egypt, took possession of her mind, formerly so calm and tranquil, and caused obscu-

urity and darkness. Now she wished to delay, if not break off entirely, her marriage with the noble Almansor, who certainly must have more faults than was supposed; and some very great ones, which he knew well how to conceal from her. Perfection is not the lot of human nature; and he who appears to be most free from faults may indeed be least so. Besides, she thought that their characters did not entirely harmonise; he was too young, and she too old, &c.; and the sum and substance of all this was, that she should be unhappy all her life.

"A very good friend of Elimia took the greatest pleasure in the world in breaking the fairy Prudentia's neck, whose unhappy gift caused Elimia to throw away from herself the happiness which awaited her in her marriage with this man, who seemed to be wholly and entirely created for her alone, and was devoted to her in the tenderest manner.

"Now I see how impatient you are, Beata, and I hear you ask, 'What is the meaning and end of all this, and of what use is it?' All this, my dear, is, both to be of the same use as a little cordial which serves to excite an appetite for the dinner itself, and to show what wonderful magic power belongs to the little Julia; for with a few strokes of my pen I change all the persons I have mentioned, turn 'once' into 'now,' and a story to truth.

"Almansor becomes then the amiable young Algernon S., and his betrothed Elimia becomes my sister Emily H., who repents so bitterly the 'yes' which she has given. The fairy Prudentia must undergo a greater change, and is nothing more than the caprice and irresolution which has so great power in Emily's heart, that it even influences her determination of entering the holy state of marriage. If it were not pushed forward from every side, it would, like a crab, go backwards. At this very time, this Emily whom I love so dearly, and who yet so often makes me impatient, is sitting on the sofa opposite me, is pale, with her eyes red, is thinking of her wedding-day, and—has the blues! Shall we laugh or cry at it? I do both, and induce Emily to do the same.

"The only thing which we can do to prevent ourselves from dreaming and thinking too much about poor Emily, and thus becoming unnecessarily anxious and disquieted, is to do everything with zeal and haste till the wedding-day, and make as much of a whirl as possible. I know father would never allow any one of us to break a promise—this Emily knows also, and this helps to discourage her. And still she loves Algernon—yes, admires him at times, but would still, if she dared, give him a refusal. Tell me how can this be explained and accounted for? Could her fate once be determined, I know that all would be well; and the pleasant part of the affair is, that Emily herself thinks so. Meanwhile, everything must be in order for next week. Sunday, ten days from now, is the fearful wedding-day. Emily will be married at home, and only a few relations will be invited. Emily desires it, and we follow her inclinations in everything which is reasonable. She says, it is always so with poor victims. Comical idea! You see, dearest Beata, how necessary your presence is for us all now. Indeed, we need your counsel and aid in all this. Pack up your things immediately, and travel here as quickly as you can.

"On Monday Algernon comes to Stockholm, and with him my lover. I am not so difficult to please, nor so anxious as Emily, and yet I have chosen no worse. My Arwid is an Adonis, and has a heart which is worth its weight in gold. My father thinks much of him, and that is the most important to me. My good, honoured, beloved father! I had so firmly resolved never to leave him and my mother,—I do not understand how I could determine to be married, but my Arwid was inexorable. My father still has Helen with him, who will never marry; and Helen is worth three such Julias as I am. At first, my father was opposed to my marriage, and had many objections, so that it was nearly given up. But I threw myself upon my knees and wept, and Arwid's father (a friend of my father's youth) talked so eloquently, and Arwid himself seemed so cast down, that my father at last was moved, and said, 'Well, they may have one another!' and Arwid and I rejoiced like two young larks. You will come to see him; he has a dark beard and moustaches, great blue eyes, the most beautiful—but you will see him—you will see him. He has the most beautiful *son de voir* in the world; and Emily may say what she pleases, it sounds delightfully, really charmingly, when he says, 'The thousand take me!' It sounds strangely, you may think; but you will see, you will hear! Come, come! and at the latest, embrace us the evening after to-morrow.

"Your friend,

"JULIA H—."

"P.S.—I pray you to bring some of that beautiful bread, which my father and mother, as you know, like so well; some of that cheese for Charles and Helen, and some gingerbread for me. You always have these things on hand. Emily, poor Emily, will, I think, have enough to do to drive away the blues. You cannot imagine how it troubles me to see her grow so pale and ugly, from mere disquiet and anxiety at the arrival of Algernon. Emily, I believe, wishes to put to the proof his love for her immortal soul. I believe truly she would expect the same love from him if she should be changed to a mole. I am truly anxious. Emily is so changeable in her appearance, and is such a different being when she is sad and restless, from when she is quiet and calm. Once more, farewell!"

"P.S. Do you know who is to marry Emily? Professor L—, who is so horribly serious, has a twisted foot, a red eye, and two warts on his nose. He entered the ministry a short time since. My father esteems and loves him much. It seems to me I should not like to be married by a cross-eyed minister. But I shall be married in a couple of years, or perhaps in the autumn; it is not worth while to think of this yet.

"I had nearly forgotten to give you the remembrance of the whole family."

I accepted Julia's invitation, and came, as has been seen, one evening in the end of February, to the house of Colonel H.

There are some words to be said of the events of this evening, and I will join them here to the thread of my narrative. The blind girl, who had sat for a long time silent and quiet, suddenly said, with a sort of eagerness, "I will sing." Helen got

up, led her to the piano, and sat down to accompany her. The blind girl remained standing. Helen asked what she would sing. "Ariadne at Naxos," was the short, definite answer. They began. At first there was nothing pleasant to me in the voice of the singer; it was strong, deep, almost terrible. But as I listened attentively, and observed the feeling which spoke through the whole, and which manifested itself with enchanting truth, I was entirely carried away. I involuntarily shuddered, and my heart beat in sympathy with Ariadne, as, penetrated with increasing anguish, she sought for her lover, and resolved to ascend the cliff to watch his departure. The accompaniment here expresses her ascent in a masterly manner. It seems as if one could see her as she climbs up, breathless and full of foreboding. At last she reaches the top, her look stretches over the sea, and beholds the white sail continually disappearing. The blind girl followed Ariadne with her whole soul, and one could hardly believe, from her excited expression, that she saw nothing but—darkness. Tears started involuntarily into her eyes, as, with a heart-rending expression of love and sorrow in her voice and countenance, she called out with Ariadne, "Theus! Theseus!" Just as her inspiration and our rapture had reached the highest point, the Colonel suddenly arose, went to the piano, took the singer by the hand, and, without saying a word, led her away and seated her again on the sofa, where he placed himself by her side. I observed that she took her hand hastily from his. She was deadly pale and excited. No one but myself appeared to be astonished at this scene. An indifferent conversation was begun, in which all took part but the blind girl. After a while the Colonel said to her, "You need rest," and rising at the same moment he led her out of the room, after she had silently, but with solemnity of manner, bowed her head to those who remained behind. Just as they were going out, the Colonel called, "Helen!" and Helen followed them.

Soon after, I went to my own room to repose; but the image of the blind girl, which hovered before me incessantly, disturbed me for a long time. I heard her thrilling voice, saw her expressive face, and tried to guess the nature of the feeling which agitated her soul.

I was still awake, when Emily and Julia crept gently to their room, which was next to mine. The doors were open, and I heard the half-whispered conversation of the two sisters. Julia said, with some vexation, "You gape, you sigh; and yet Algernon is coming to-morrow morning. Emily, you have no more feeling than a handbox!"

EMILY. How do you know that it may not be from sympathy with Algernon, who is now perhaps doing the same?

JULIA. He is not doing that, I am convinced; on the contrary, I believe that he scarcely knows upon which foot he is standing, from impatient joy that he will so soon see you.

EMILY. Is that what you think from his last letters?

JULIA. Those were written in great haste. One is not always in a mood for writing; perhaps he had a severe headache—or a heavy cold in his head—or he had caught cold—

EMILY. Anything you please; but nothing can

excuse the cold, inexpressive termination of his letter.

JULIA. I assure you, Emily, it ran thus: "with the tenderest devotion."

EMILY. And I am certain it runs thus, dry and cold, "with esteem and devotion, remain," &c.; just as one would write to an indifferent person, "I am with esteem," &c., for the poor esteem must always remain if a warmer feeling is wanting.—Where is my night-cap? Ah, here it is! Heigh, ho! You, Julia, see everything so *couleur de rose*.

JULIA. I see that a lover must take care how he speaks of esteem. But I am convinced that Algernon did not write the frightful word, but has used a warmer and more hearty one. Dear Emily, bring the letter here! You will see that you are wrong.

EMILY. For your sake, I will get the letter. We shall see that I am right!

JULIA. And we shall see that I am right.

Emily brought the letter. The two sisters approached the light. Julia wished to snuff the candle, and, either by accident or design, it went out. Everything was as still as darkness until Emily's laugh was heard. Julia joined in, and I could not prevent making a trio with them.

Groping and stumbling among tables and chairs, the sisters found their beds, and called out, laughing to me, Good night, good night!

The day after my arrival was what we call clearing-up day,—a day such as is met with in all well-ordered houses, and which can be compared with a stormy day in Nature, after the wind and rains of which everything appears in new purity, order, and freshness.

They scrubbed, aired, dusted, and scoured in every corner. The lady of the house, who wished to overlook everything herself, went incessantly out and in through all the doors, and always left all open, through which came a horrible draught of air. To secure myself from earache and toothache, I flew from room to room, and found at last, a flight of stairs higher, a safe harbour in Helen's room. This little room appeared to me the most agreeable and quiet one in the whole house. There were windows upon the sunny side. The walls were ornamented with pictures, most of which were beautiful landscapes. Among these were two by Föhleranz, in which the pencil of this great artist had conjured up the delightful repose which a beautiful summer evening spreads over Nature, and which is so powerfully shared by the heart of man. The eye, which was attentively fixed upon these pictures, soon expressed something lovely, sad, and enthusiastic, and this was the strongest evidence of their real beauty.

The furniture in the room was handsome and convenient. A piano, a well-filled book-case, and desk, showed that in this little narrow circle nothing was wanting which could take the place of the pleasures of the external world, and which could help to fill up the day in the most agreeable manner. Large splendid geraniums stood at the windows, and awakened pleasant thoughts of spring by their fresh green, while they kept out the intruding rays of the sun, which shone there in all its brilliancy, as it usually did through the day in winter. A handsome carpet covered the floor, which seemed to be sprinkled with flowers.

Helen was seated on the sofa, sewing. The New Testament lay before her on the work-table.

She received me with a smile, which expressed the quiet and contentment of her spirit. I sat down by her, and joined her in her work. I felt unusually cheerful and happy. We were sewing on Emily's bridal dress.

"You are examining my room," said Helen, smiling, while her eyes followed the direction of mine.

"Yes," answered I, "your sisters' rooms are neat and properly arranged, but it must be confessed they cannot compare with yours."

"It has been my father's will," said she, "that Helen should be the only spoiled child in his house." With tears in her eyes, she continued: "My good father wished that I should not miss the pleasures and enjoyments which my beautiful and healthy sisters are able to enjoy, and from which I am excluded by my bodily infirmities and frequent illness. On that account he has taught me the far richer enjoyments, which knowledge and the exercise of the fine arts bestow on those who embrace them with warm and open hearts. For this reason he formed and strengthened my understanding by regular and anything but superficial studies, which he directed himself. For that reason he has collected, in this little retired nook, where I pass the greater part of my life, so much that is beautiful and charming to the eye, the feelings, and the thoughts. Yet, what is more than all, is the deep paternal love with which he surrounds and embraces me, and which secures me from ever feeling with bitterness the want of those pleasures arising from love, the enjoyment of which Nature has deprived me of. He has succeeded perfectly; and I have no other wish than to live for him, for my mother, my sisters, and my God."

We were silent for a moment, and I breathed in my heart a fervent prayer to that Father who cares so kindly for those to whom He has given life. Helen continued:—

"When my mother and my sisters are at balls or in company he passes most of his time with me. I read to him or play to him, and he gives me the indescribable pleasure of believing that I really help to make his life happy by so doing. It is a sweet, an enviable lot to be able to do something for those who are a blessing to every one about them."

"Oh!" said I to myself, addressing the many earthly fathers of families, "why are so few of you like this father? Princes of home. . . . How much happiness could you spread about you! how adored might you be!"

We then spoke of Emily.

"It is singular," said Helen, "that a person who is generally so quiet, so clear in her judgment, so resolute—in a word, so reasonable—should on this point only be unlike herself;—resolved to marry, because a happy marriage seems to be the most blessed of all situations. Emily has had great trouble in seriously bringing her mind to conclude upon it. The union of two of her youthful friends, which has proved unfortunate, has communicated to her a sort of panic fear, and she is so fearful that her marriage will prove unhappy that she would never have had courage to be happy if others had not acted for her. She is now almost half sick with anxiety at the near approach of her union

with Algernon S., with a man for whom she has a real attachment, and with whom, as we are all convinced, she will be perfectly happy. She has intervals of tranquillity, and in such a one you saw her yesterday evening. I feared then that this would soon be over, and expected that her anxiety and uncertainty would greatly increase as the decisive hour approached. That, I am sure, will put an end to them entirely; for when a thing is irrevocably settled, Emily submits quietly to it, and looks for the best in everything. Until the wedding-day, we must seek to amuse her as much as possible, and to keep her from occupying herself with gloomy imaginations. Each of us has taken a particular part in the little comedy which we have to play with our good sister. My father means to be diligent in making her walk, my mother is to go over with her everything which it is necessary to put in order before her marriage, and give her advice about these matters. Julia takes care, in one way or another, never to leave her at rest. Brother Charles, as is his custom, takes every occasion to draw her into a dispute about Napoleon, whom he puts below Charles XII., which she cannot endure; and this is the only subject upon which I ever hear my good, silent sister dispute with warmth. I, on the contrary, employ her a great deal about her toilet. My little brothers, taught by Nature, know their parts well, which consist in incessantly clamouring to get now this and now that. Till now, we have all shared the care of making her contented. This must now rest upon you alone. You, good Beata, must take the part of bringing before her, on passing occasions, and in a skilful manner, the praises of Algernon, which you will not find it difficult to do. Emily considers *us* all on his side; you will not be suspected; and your praise will, therefore, have the more effect."

I was well content with my commission; it is always pleasant to praise people, particularly when it can be done with a good conscience.

After we had talked for some time about Emily and her lover, of her preparations for house-keeping, &c., I turned the subject upon the blind girl, and tried to find out something more about her.

Helen waived this subject, and only said, "Elizabeth has been with us for a year—we love her, and hope in time to gain her confidence, and then to be able to add to her happiness."

Helen then proposed to me to visit Elizabeth. "I generally go to her," said she, "every morning, and have not been to her to-day. I would willingly devote more of my time to her, if she did not prefer to be alone."

We went together to the blind girl's chamber. She was sitting dressed upon the bed, and singing softly to herself.

"Oh, how much she must have suffered! she is a living picture of sorrow," thought I, while I saw more nearly and by daylight that pale, beautiful face, in which were revealed distinct traces of hard battles not yet fought through, and a sorrow that was too deep, too bitter, to have poured itself out in tears.

A young girl, whose rosy cheeks and gay expression formed a strong contrast to the poor sufferer, sat sewing in the corner of the chamber. She was there to take care of the blind girl. With a soothing heartiness in word and tone, Helen spoke to

Elizabeth. She answered coldly and in monosyllables. It seemed as if she made an effort, on our entrance, to assume the cold and inanimate expression I had seen about her on the preceding evening. The conversation was carried on between Helen and myself, during which Elizabeth employed herself in turning and twisting a black silk cord. All at once she cried, "Hist! hist!" and a faint blush rose upon her cheeks, while her bosom heaved. We were silent, and listened, and after a few seconds we perceived the distant sound of footsteps, slowly approaching. "It is he!" said the blind girl, as if to herself. I looked inquiringly at Helen. Helen looked down. The Colonel entered. The blind girl arose, and remained standing like a statue, yet I thought I perceived a slight trembling. The Colonel spoke to her with his usual quiet manner, yet, as it seemed, with not his usual kindness. He said that he came to invite her to take a drive in the carriage with Emily and himself. "The air," continued he, "is fresh and clear; it will do you good."

"Me good!" said she with a bitter smile; but without heeding it, the Colonel desired Helen to assist her in preparing to go out. The blind girl made no opposition, silently allowed herself to be dressed, thanked no one, and went out accompanied by the Colonel.

"Poor Elizabeth!" said Helen, with a compassionate sigh, when they were gone. I had, to be sure, no key to the secrets of this mysterious being, but I had seen enough to make me heartily sigh, likewise, "Poor Elizabeth!"

We went back to our work, which, enlivened by pleasant conversation, continued till it was time to prepare for dinner.

I then went to Emily, who had returned from her drive, and found her engaged in a contest with Julia, who was trying by actual force to pull off a dress which Emily wished to put on. Emily laughed heartily; Julia, on the contrary, appeared as if she were about to cry.

"Help, Beata, help!" cried she. "Did you ever hear or see such a thing? Listen, Beata: just because Emily expects Algernon to-day, she insists upon putting on an ugly dress,—a dress that sits so ill, that she does not look like herself in it! And, not content with that, she *will* put on an apron that is as thick as a blanket, and she will stick a comb in her hair, which certainly must have come down as a bequest from Medusa, it is so ugly—and here have I been battling and working over this unlucky toilet for a quarter of an hour—but all in vain!"

"If in Algernon's eyes," said Emily, with a dignified look and manner, "a comb or a dress can make me pleasing or otherwise, then—"

"See, there you have it!" said Julia sadly, "now we have come to the trial, and there is no telling how ugly and frightful she may make herself, just to try whether Algernon will exceed in devoted fidelity all the most celebrated heroes of romance. I only beg of you, in the name of Heaven, not to cut off your ears or your nose." Emily laughed. "And you, who can so easily make yourself beautiful and amiable?" continued Julia in a supplicating tone, while she tried to get possession of the unlucky dress and comb.

"I have made up my mind to be dressed in this way to-day," answered Emily, firmly. "I

have my reasons for it; and if I awaken your horror and that of Algernon, I must submit to my fate."

"Emily will be pretty anyhow," said I to Julia, for her consolation; "now go and dress yourself for dinner. Remember that you have also a bridegroom to please."

"Oh," said Julia, "that is not difficult with him; if I were to dress myself in a bag and set a pitcher on my head, he would find it all right."

"You think, then," began Emily, "that Algernon has not the same eyes for me that Arwid has for you."

Julia seemed somewhat overpowered.

"Go, now, go," interrupted I, "we shall never be ready; go, Julia—I will help Emily, and I will wager that in spite of herself she will look pretty." Julia went to Helen, who every day combed and arranged her beautiful hair in curls.

While I was alone with Emily, and assisting her to put on the fatal grayish-brown dress, I said to her a few pretty sensible words, as I thought, upon the pertinacity of her behaviour. She answered me, "I own that I am not as I ought to be. . . . I wish it were otherwise; but I feel so restless, and so far from happy, that I sometimes have no command over myself. I am now about to conclude a union, which perhaps should never have been made; and if, during the time which remains before its completion, I should come to the conviction that my fears are well founded, nothing in the world shall hinder me from breaking off the engagement, and thereby avoid being made unhappy for my whole lifetime. For if it is true that heaven is found in a happy marriage, it is just as certain that hell comes from an unhappy one."

"If you do not love Mr. S." said I, "I am greatly surprised that you have allowed the thing to go so far."

"Not love him!" said Emily, in astonishment; "I certainly love him, and there lies the misfortune; my love makes me blind to his failings."

"No one would suspect that," replied I, laughingly, "after what you have just said."

"Oh yes, oh yes," said Emily, "it is exactly so. Yet some are so palpable that one cannot be blind to them; for instance, he is too young."

"How very wrong," said I, laughing; "that is truly terrible in him."

"Yes, you may laugh, but for me it is not so very pleasant. I will not say that it is in itself a failing, but with regard to me it is a failing. I am six-and-twenty years old, and consequently my youth is almost over; he is only two years older, and that, for a man, makes him still very young. I shall be a respectable matron, when he is still a young man. Possibly he may be disposed to flirtation, and will be glad to leave his old, tedious wife, to—"

"Oh, oh," interrupted I, "that is carrying your prophetic foresight too far. Have you any reason to suppose that he is of a trifling character?"

"Certainly no decided reasons—but in this age of trifling, truth and constancy are such rare virtues. I know that I am not Algernon's first love; who will assure me that I shall be his last?—I could bear anything but the inconstancy of my husband—that, I think, I could never survive. I have told Algernon so—he has assured me—but

what will not a lover assure one? Besides, how can I know that he loves me with the real, true love, which is alone strong and enduring? He may have only a transient inclination for me, and this is a weak thread easily broken! I have also thought—and this has often given me great anxiety—that perhaps my fortune, or what I may at some time have, has had an influence.”

“No, now you are going too far,” said I. “You see ghosts in broad daylight. How can you have such suspicions? You have known him—”

“Only two years,” said Emily, interrupting me; “and almost from the first moment of our acquaintance he made court to me, and naturally showed me only his most amiable side. And who can read the heart of man? See, Beata, I cannot say I know the man with whom I am going to unite my fate. And how could I have become acquainted with him, when we only met each other in the regular way of society, in which there is scarcely any opportunity for the character to unfold itself, and we learn only its exterior and superficial part? A person may have faults, be avaricious, inclined to ill-temper or sullenness; even worse than all, a man may be entirely without religion; and yet we may meet him in the social circle year after year, without having the least suspicion of any such defects. They would be even most likely to escape the knowledge of the object whom a person is seeking to please.”

I hardly knew what to say—this description seemed to me to be true, and Emily’s fears not unfounded. She went on:—

“Yes; if for the length of ten years we had known and seen each other, or if we had travelled together, (for in travelling a man is not so much on his guard, and shows his natural character and disposition more,) then one might know tolerably well where one was.”

“That way,” said I, “might be somewhat long and burdensome, excellent as it may formerly have been found, and it might have been well suited for lovers in the time of the Crusades. In our day, people walk up Queen-street,* and rarely go higher than the North Gate. Nothing more can be desired. During these peregrinations, they see the world and are seen by them; they bow and receive bows in return; they talk and joke and laugh, and find each other so pleasant, that at the end of the little journey they no longer hesitate to undertake the great journey of life together. But now, to speak seriously, have you never talked openly with Algernon upon the subject, on which you feel it to be so important that you should know his opinions?”

“Yes, several times,” replied Emily, “particularly since we have been betrothed; and I have always found, or thought that I found, he had the same ideas and feelings which I have; but, alas! it is easy for me to be dazzled, because I have wished so much to be. Possibly even Algernon, in his zeal to please me, may have deceived himself. I have resolved to use all my observation during the short time which remains of my freedom, to discover the reality and truth, and I will not, if I can help it, make him and myself

unhappy by wilful blindness. Even if he were entirely excellent, he might not suit me, nor I him; our dispositions and characters might fundamentally disagree.”

Amid all these gloomy speculations Emily had finally got dressed; and it must be confessed, that her costume did not become her. She concluded by saying, “I wish sometimes I were married; then the thought that I am going to be married would trouble me no longer.”

“Inconsistency of the human heart!” thought I.

At table, Emily’s dress was universally blamed, particularly by the Cornet. Julia was silent, but her eyes were eloquent. The Colonel said nothing, but looked at Emily with a somewhat sarcastic mien, which made her blush.

After dinner Julia said to Emily, “Dear Emily, I did not mean that Algernon would not find you charming, even in sackcloth and ashes. I only meant to say that it was wrong if a bride did not seek to please her bridegroom in everything. I meant, that it was right—that it was wrong—that—”

Here Julia lost the thread of her demonstration, and was almost as much confused as a burgomaster meeting with the same accident in his speech. Emily pressed her hand kindly, and said, “You have followed out your own principles most successfully, for I have scarcely ever seen you more becomingly dressed, or looking better than to-day, and certainly Arwid will agree with me.”

Julia blushed: she was more pleased at these words of her sister than she would have been at any compliment from her lover.

Toward evening all the dust in the house was laid, everything had returned into its regular order, and the lady of the house herself was at rest.

At tea-time Algernon and Lieutenant Arwid arrived. Emily and Julia blushed like June roses; the one looked down, the other up.

Algernon showed so much pleasure at seeing Emily again, was so occupied with her, took so little notice of the toilet, on which he did not deign to bestow a glance—was so delighted, so happy, and so amiable, that the pleasure which beamed from his eyes kindled a sympathetic glance in those of Emily; and, spite of robe, apron, or comb, she was so charming and agreeable, that Julia forgave her dress.

Lieutenant Arwid was not less pleased with his amiable little bride, though he did not, like Algernon, give so many external demonstrations of his pleasure. Eloquence is not bestowed on all, and every one has his own manner. He drank three cups of tea, ate a dozen cracknels, kissed the hand of his lady very often, and looked perfectly happy. I heard him once say, “The thousand take me!” and found that a handsome mouth and a pleasant voice could somewhat soften the sound of improper words. Lieutenant Arwid was, in fact, an Adonis (N.B. an Adonis with a moustache).

His face expressed goodness and honesty, but (I beg ten thousand pardons of him,) also some simplicity and self-love—his handsome head of twenty years’ standing did not appear to harbour many ideas.

Algernon had a remarkably noble person, in

* Queen-street (Drottning-gate), one of the finest streets in Stockholm, and a favourite rendezvous for the *beau monde*, especially in winter.

which manliness, goodness, and intelligence were the principal characteristics. He was tall, had regular, fine features, and the most graceful and easy manner.

"How," thought I, "can Emily turn her glance upon this noble countenance, and not find all her care and anxiety vanish?"

For this evening it did vanish, or retired into the darkest recesses of her soul. The whole family appeared to be happy, and all was joy and life.

The blind girl did not appear in the family circle this evening.

FIVE DAYS BEFORE THE WEDDING-DAY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the cheerfulness and quiet with which Monday ended, Emily awoke on Tuesday morning with the remark, "Still one day less before the frightful day."

Beautiful presents arrived in the morning from Algernon. Emily was not pleased with this custom of a lover giving presents to his betrothed.

"It is a barbarous custom," said she; "it makes the woman a piece of merchandise, which the bridegroom buys. The fact that this is the custom with all rude and barbarous nations, should be enough to cause civilised nations to lay it aside."

Besides, in some of the presents she found too little attention paid to the useful, and too much to the luxurious and glittering.

"I hope he is not a spendthrift," said she, sighing. "How little he knows me, if he thinks that I love jewels better than the flowers which he gives me! Pomp and idle magnificence displease me as much as grace and elegance please me. And then, it does not suit our circumstances."

Emily's good humour was over. She scarcely looked at the presents, about which Julia could not help calling out, "Enchanting! charming!" She would not take the curl-papers from her hair the whole morning, and went round, wrapped in a great shawl, which hung unevenly. The Cornet compared her to a Hottentot, and begged her, although she had taken up rough and barbarous customs, not to imagine that she could become a savage. As we went down to dinner, I told her, in order to play my part, and praise truly and skilfully, how uncommonly handsome and interesting I found Algernon. "Yes," answered Emily, "he is very handsome—much more handsome as a man than I am as a woman, and this I consider as a real misfortune."

"See there," thought I, "I am wrecked upon a sand-bank again." Emily continued:—

"It is seldom that beauty, so remarkable, does not make the possessor vain; and the most unbearable thing which I know, is a man in love with his own person. Generally, he considers it the first duty of his less beautiful wife to honour and adore his beauty and loveliness. Vanity belittles a woman, but debases a man. In my opinion, the appearance of a man is to his wife of little or no consequence. I am convinced that I could adore a noble Æsop, and prefer him a thousand times to an Adonis. A Narcissus, who adores his own image, I consider the most insipid thing in the world."

As Emily spoke these last words, she opened

the parlour-door: Algernon was alone in the room, and was standing—before the mirror! and seemed to be looking at himself attentively. You should have seen how Emily blushed, and with what an expression she regarded her lover. He, perhaps astonished at her confusion and her vexed expression, and somewhat embarrassed that he should have been caught in his *tête-à-tête* with the mirror, lost countenance entirely. It was now my business immediately to begin a conversation upon the weather, the travelling, &c.

Fortunately the rest of the family came in, which made a favourable diversion.

Emily remained sad; and, whilst Algernon looked at her, by degrees his face grew dark. I thought I observed that he had a "sty" in his left eye. I thought it possible that this was the cause of his *tête-à-tête* with the mirror; but Emily would not see it. Various little things contributed to lessen the harmony between the lovers. Algernon was particularly pleased with many things which were not agreeable to Emily, and left untouched at table Emily's favourite dishes. Emily felt sure that they did not sympathise in the least. Algernon made a true observation, but not bitter, and without any special allusion, about whims, and how disagreeable they were, which, nevertheless, should have been unsaid at this time. Emily took it to herself, and put on a more dignified expression. Julia became anxious: "It would be better if they would regularly quarrel, than to sit there, vexing themselves without speaking."

Cornet Charles went to Emily, and said, "My gentle sister, I pray you do not sit there like a Chinese wall, impenetrable by all the arrows which Algernon's loving eyes dart upon you. Be, if you can, a little less icy. Look at Algernon. Go to him, and give him a kiss." Yes, it looked like it; one would sooner expect the Chinese wall itself to move. Emily did not once look at Algernon, who seemed to be longing for a reconciliation. He proposed that they should sing together an Italian duet, which had just come out—perhaps in hope that the spirit of the harmony would drive away all the unfriendly and unkind feelings which had destroyed peace between him and his beloved, and that the *cor mio, mio ben*, of the duet would soon thrill through her heart. Vain hope! Emily excused herself by a headache. She really had one, and a severe one, as I could see by her eyes. She always had it slightly when she was sad or disquieted. Algernon believed the headache was feigned; and, without troubling himself about his bride, who was sitting on the sofa, supporting her aching head upon her hand, he announced his intention of going to hear Mozart's *Figaro* at the opera, bowed hastily to all, and went away.

The evening dragged heavily on. No one was gay, or in good spirits. All saw that Emily was suffering, and therefore no one expressed displeasure at her behaviour. The Colonel, of all of us, took no notice of anything, but went quietly on with his game.

As we separated for the evening, the Cornet whispered to me, "There he goes off in a passion! To-morrow we must bring all our guns to bear."

Wednesday came—Algernon arrived early in the morning. His expression was so full of love, his voice so full of feeling, when he talked with

Emily, that she was melted, and tears fell from her eyes. All was right between the lovers. No one knew how or wherefore, not even themselves.

This day passed quietly, with the exception of two fears which Emily had, but which she lived through. The first happened in the morning, when, during a conversation which Algernon had with her mother, Emily heard some expressions from him, which convinced her for the space of a minute that he was nothing less than the greatest miser in the world. Fortunately, she soon found that he was only quoting the words of a harpy of his acquaintance, about whom he laughed heartily himself. Emily took breath and joined him. The second fear came upon her in the evening. In the midst of a conversation which some of us were carrying on, whilst we sat at the window, in the clear moonlight, I said, "There are some good and noble men, who are unfortunate enough to believe in no other life, in no higher destiny of our being—these are to be pitied—not to be blamed." With an indescribable expression of anguish in her beautiful eyes, Emily looked at me as if questioning me. Her thoughts were, "Is it Algernon whom you wish to excuse?" I answered her by directing her attention to Algernon, who, at my words, had directed his gaze to the starry heavens, and this gaze was the expression of a beautiful and firm hope. Emily raised her eyes with gratitude; and when their eyes met, they beamed with tenderness and joy.

This day bade fair to end happily. Ah! why must Algernon during supper receive a note? why must he, whilst reading it, become confused, and afterwards lose his composure? why go away so hastily, without any explanation?

Yes, why? That no one knew; but many of us would have given anything to have known it.

"You cannot take it into your head to think badly of Algernon on account of that note?" said Julia to Emily, as they were going to bed.

"Good night, Julia!" answered Emily, sighing.

Emily had no "good night."

Thursday.—Clouds and mists around Emily. Unsuccessful attempts on our part to dissipate them. At breakfast, the Cornet took the field with Napoleon and Charles the Twelfth. Emily could not dispute. Julia and Helen endeavoured in vain to enliven her. I did not venture to say a single word on my part. The note, the note—lay in the way of everything.

At twelve Algernon came. He looked heated, and his eyes sparkled. Emily had promised, the day before, to drive out with him in an open sleigh: he came to carry her. A beautiful sleigh, covered with rein-deer skins, stood at the door. Emily refused coldly and definitely to go with him. "Why not?" asked Algernon. "On account of the note," Emily should have said, in truth, but she said—

"I wish to stay at home."

"Are you ill?"

"No."

"Why will you not give me the pleasure of driving you out, as you promised?"

"The note, the note," thought Emily; but she merely blushed, and said again, "I wish to stay at home."

Algernon became angry. He grew red, and

his eyes flashed fire. He went out, and shut the door roughly behind him.

The servant, who had been with the sleigh at the door, had left it in the meantime. The horse, frightened at a fall of snow, and left to himself, started back, overthrew an old woman, and would probably have run over her, if Algernon, who had just come into the square, had not rushed forward, and seized the reins with a powerful grasp. After he had quieted the horse, he called up a boy to hold him, and hastened himself to pick up the old woman, who had not dared to move, in fright, but who fortunately did not appear to be in the least injured. He spoke a few moments with her, and gave her some money.

To his servant, who came at last, he gave a box on the ear, threw himself into the sleigh, and drove off like lightning.

Emily, pale and frightened, had observed this scene from the window, but at his departure she cried out,—

"He is impetuous, excitable, furious!" and she burst into tears.

"He has," said I, "human weaknesses, and that is all. He came here in an excited and disquieted frame of mind. Your refusal to fulfil the promise you had given, and without giving any reason for it, must naturally irritate him; the negligence of his servant, which so nearly occasioned a serious accident, increased his warmth, which vented itself merely in a box on the ear, richly deserved by him who received it. It is too much to expect from a young man that he should continue entirely cold and quiet, when vexations press upon him, one after another. It is enough if, while he is excited, he remains so humane and kind as we saw Algernon was to the old woman. I believe, Emily, that if, instead of exciting Algernon's temper and caprice, (pardon me these two beautiful words,) you had exercised rightly the great power, which, as we all see, you have over him, you would not have seen him excited and angry, as you call it."

I was much pleased with my little speech, when I had finished, and thought it would have a wonderfully powerful influence;—but Emily was silent, and looked unhappy.

Algernon did not come at dinner-time.

Cornet Charles related after dinner that he had heard from one of his fellow-soldiers that there had been a duel fought in the morning of this day. One of the duellists was Algernon's best friend, and had requested him to be his second. He had done this in a note, (this the Cornet said in an expressive tone,) which was delivered to Algernon while he was here yesterday evening, at a quarter before ten. Algernon had done all he could to prevent the duel, but in vain. It took place, and Algernon's friend wounded his rival dangerously. The Cornet knew nothing more of the circumstances.

Now everything was explained, and Algernon's image stood pure before Emily.

Algernon came towards evening; he was very calm, but serious, and did not go, as he usually did, to seat himself by his Emily. She herself was not gay, did not appear to be willing to take the first step in a reconciliation, and yet showed, by many little attentions to Algernon, how much she wished to be reconciled with him. She herself offered him

tea, asked him if it were sweet enough, if she should send him another cup, &c. Algernon remained cold to her, and appeared often to fall into reverie, and to forget where he was. Emily at last drew herself back, appeared much depressed, seated herself at a distance to sew, and did not look up from her work for a long while.

Cornet Charles said to Helen and to me, "Things are not going rightly; but what can be done to make them better? I cannot come forward with Napoleon and Charles the Twelfth. I brought that upon the carpet this morning; besides, it did not succeed very well. It must be confessed that Emily is not an amiable lady-love. If she is not different as a wife, then—ought she not now to go to Algernon, and try to comfort and enliven him? See, now she is going—no, she only went for a skein of thread. Poor Algernon! I begin to believe that it is very fortunate for me that I am so devoid of feeling. Poor lovers have to suffer more torments than those who go through the degrees*. If I were a lover—what do you want, little Claes? say what is the matter—a biscuit? Go to Emily, I have not any biscuit! Yes, it will do her Highness good to stir her up a little."

The Cornet did not see how humbled her Highness was in the bottom of her heart, and that the coldness between them was more Algernon's fault than hers.

Algernon and Emily did not approach each other this evening, and parted coldly—at least to all appearance.

Friday morning Emily resolved to break off her engagement. Algernon was noble, excellent; but he was too harsh, and did not love her; that she had plainly seen the evening before; she would have only one more private conversation with him. Algernon came. He was more cheerful than the day before, and seemed to wish that everything unpleasant might be forgotten. Emily was at first quite solemn at the thoughts of her important intention; but Julia, Helen, her mother, Cornet Charles and I, succeeded so well in drawing her into our whirl and excitement, that we kept her from particular conversations and self-meditations. We at last heard her hearty laugh, and her pensiveness did not relapse into melancholy.

In the afternoon the marriage contract was signed.

Even Sir Charles Grandison's bride, the beautiful Harriet Byron, let the pen fall (so they say) which she had taken up to sign her contract of marriage, and had not the strength and presence of mind to sign her fate. Millions of young brides have trembled at this hour, and done the same. What wonder was it then that the shy and trembling Emily was beside herself with anxiety? Not only the pen fell from her hand, but she made a great blot of ink upon the important paper, which seemed to her at this moment an unhappy omen; and I doubt whether she would have signed it, if the Colonel (as Sir Charles did) had not taken the pen, put it between her fingers, and seized and guided her trembling hand.

As we were alone in our room in the evening, Emily said, with a deep sigh,—

"It must be done! It cannot be helped—and the day after to-morrow he will carry me away from everything which I love so deeply."

"It would be supposed," said Julia, laughing, but with tears in her eyes, "that you were to travel to the end of the world, and yet only a few streets are to separate us, and we shall see each other every day."

"Yes, every day," said Emily, weeping, "but not every hour."

On Saturday evening Emily was kind and amiable to all, but, depressed and quiet, she seemed to be trying to fly from thoughts which yet would follow her.

Algernon became every moment more serious, and looked at his mistress with troubled and scrutinizing looks. He appeared as if he feared she was not giving him her whole heart with her hand, yet he seemed to shun all explanation, and avoided being left alone with Emily.

I had learned through a cousin of the sister-in-law of the step-sister of the cook in the house, that Algernon had distributed food and money in many poor families, with the request that they should make a good meal on this Sunday, and should be happy. I related this to Emily, who had caused the same to be done on her own part. This sympathy in their thoughts rejoiced her, and gave her fresh courage.

In the mean time all had served and laboured diligently, so that everything was in order and readiness on the day before the marriage.

There was something solemn in the separation at night. All embraced Emily, and tears were in every eye. Emily restrained her emotion, but could not speak. All thought of the next day.

THE WEDDING-DAY.

THE great, the expected, the dreadful day came at last. Emily, almost as soon as she arose, looked up to the sky with an anxious glance. It was covered with gray clouds. The air was cold and damp; everything visible from the window bore the melancholy look which a dark, cold, winter day gives to animate and inanimate objects. The smoke which arose from the chimneys fell down again and wreathed slowly over the roofs, blackening the white snow with which they were covered. Women, with red noses and blue cheeks, were driving their milk-carts to market, and their lean steeds, who drew them slowly by, drooped their shaggy heads nearer than ever to the ground. Even the little sparrows did not seem to enjoy quite their usual good-humour. They sat still, cowering together on the spouts, without twittering or pecking for food. Now and then one would stretch out his wings, and open his bill a little, but it was evidently only in disgust. Emily sighed deeply. A clear sky, a little sunshine, would have raised and enlivened her depressed spirits. Who does not wish that a clear sun may shine on his wedding-day? It seems as if Hymen's torch could not burn quite clearly, if it be not kindled by the bright rays of heaven. A secret faith that Heaven is not indifferent to our earthly lot, is always fixed at the bottom of our hearts; and though we are dust, we are also atoms, and we perceive when the everlasting firmament of heaven

* Go through the degrees (*passera graderna*), is an expression used by young military men who are obliged to go through various degrees of service and examinations, to prepare themselves for the situations of officers.

becomes darkened, or when it beams in brightness. In these changes there is, perhaps, a sympathy or a presentiment which affects us; and often, very often, our hopes and our fears are the children of the winds and the clouds.

Emily, who had passed a sleepless night, and who was still oppressed by the scenes of the preceding day, was entirely overcome by the dark morning. She complained of headache; and, after breakfast, having embraced her parents and sisters, she begged their permission to pass the morning alone in her room. It was granted. The Colonel looked more serious than usual. The lady had such an anxious countenance, that it cut one to the heart to look at her. Anxiety and uneasiness on Emily's account, with the various cares of the wedding-feast, alternately asserted their claims over her soul, and everything she said began with "Ah!" The Cornet was not gay; and Helen's expressive face wore a slight tinge of sorrow. Julia was inexpressibly astonished that a wedding-day should begin so sadly; her expression changed incessantly, and she was one moment in tears, and the next in smiles. Only the tutor and the little Thickeys were in their usual spirits. He bit his nails, was silent, and stared upon vacancy; they ate their breakfasts diligently.

I assisted Madame H— through the whole morning, and what we had to arrange and direct, partly by employing others, and partly by setting our own hands to the work, was not a little. We stirred the lemon-creams, seasoned the gravy of the roast, salted the soup, lamented together over the unfortunate pastry, rejoiced over the splendid decorations, and burnt our tongues with twenty different sauces. Ah, those are not poetic flames which Hymen's torch lights upon the kitchen hearth!

The Colonel himself prepared the bowls of bishop and punch, and gave us not a little trouble and disturbance in so doing. He took up so many things, so many people, and so much room in his operations, and seemed to think there was nothing else of any importance to be done, that his lady wife was not a little vexed. She gave her husband at last a little lecture on the subject, and he—yielded.

While I was instructing the cook in the most elegant manner of preparing an *entrée*, Julia came running into the kitchen with tears in her eyes. "Give me, give me," said she, with unusual animation, "give me something good for Emily! She ate nothing at breakfast, she will certainly be ill, and will faint from mere weakness. What have you got here, boiled eggs? I will take two,—jelly in glasses, I will take two. I want something else;—ah, now some caprice sauce! that is reviving; and now, a piece of fish or meat with it,—a couple of French rolls, and then, too, a little pastry, and I shall be content. Emily is so fond of sweets. Do you know what she is doing, Beata?" continued she, whispering to me. "She is praying to God; I peeped through the key-hole, and she was on her knees praying, God bless her!" and pure pearls ran over Julia's cheeks, while she ran off with three plates full, which she carried, I do not know where.

At last our arrangements were finished. Every thing was now left to the servants, with the necessary instructions, and the Colonel, his lady, and I, went to dress for dinner.

I afterwards went to Emily. She was standing before the glass in her bridal dress, and gave a glance at herself, which neither expressed the pleasure nor the self-complacency which a beautiful and well-dressed woman generally feels at sight of her amiable "me." Helen was fastening her bracelets, and Julia was on her knees putting some part of the lace-trimming in order. "See!" cried Julia, as I entered the room, "is she not lovely, is she not beautiful? and yet," added she softly, "I would willingly give half of what I am worth to buy another expression for her. She is sad and dark as the weather."

Emily, who had heard the last words, said, "One cannot look gay who is not happy. Everything is so heavy, so insupportable to me. This is a dreadful day; I almost wish I might die."

"Oh, Heaven!" said Julia to me, wringing her hands, "now she is beginning to cry; then her eyes and her nose will be red, and she will not look pretty; what shall we do?"

"Dear Emily," said Helen, gently, while she lifted her sister's hand to her lips, "are you not a little unreasonable? This marriage is your own wish, as well as that of us all. As far as human reason can judge, you must be happy; has not Algernon the most noble qualities!—does he not love you most tenderly? Where could you find a husband who would be a more amiable son to your parents, or a better brother to your sisters?"

"All this is true, Helen, or rather all this seems to be true. But ah! when I think that I am now about to change my whole existence, that I shall leave my parents, leave you, my good, dear sisters, and this house, where I have been so happy—and this for a man whose heart I do not know, as I know yours, who may change his conduct toward me, who can make me unhappy in various ways; and that this man will in future be my all, my fate will be irrevocably bound to his;—oh, my sisters, when I think of all this, everything becomes so dark before my eyes, I feel my knees tremble—and when I think, that to-day—to-day! my fate will be decided, and that I still have liberty to draw back,—then I feel the terrors of irresolution, of uncertainty, of which no one can conceive. Beata, sisters, never marry!"

"But, dearest Emily," resumed Helen, "you, who find it so easy to yield to necessity, only imagine that your fate is decided,—that it is now too late to resign your happiness."

"Too late!" cried Emily, without noticing the last words, "it is not too late, as long as the priest has not united us. Yes, even at the foot of the altar, I have still the right—and may—"

"And could you have the heart for it?" cried Julia, in a highly tragical tone; "you might drive Algernon to despair, you might actually—" She paused, for the Colonel stood in the door-way, with his arms folded, while he looked at Julia with his ironical expression, which placed her in a position not unlike that in which the renowned Made-moiselle George was applauded in "Semiramis" and "Mary Stuart;"—Julia blushed, but Emily still more deeply.

The Cornet, who followed his father, gave his sister, from Algernon, some fresh, choice flowers, and a note, which contained a few lines, but these few were anything but cold and heartless. Emily's face cleared up, she pressed her brother's hand.

He threw himself, in a rapture of chivalrous enthusiasm, on his knees, and begged the favour of being allowed to kiss the tip of her shoe. She held out her little foot to him, and while he bent over, as it seemed not with the intention of kissing the point of her shoe, but to salute her, she threw her arms about his neck and kissed him heartily. The Colonel took her hand, walked with her to the middle of the room, and we formed a circle about them. When she saw his look of fatherly affection, and ours of wonder and love, turned upon her, she was filled with tender pleasure, blushed, and became as fair as even Julia could wish. Her dress was simple, but in the highest degree tasteful and elegant. For those of my young readers who would know more of her toilet, here it is. She wore a white silk dress, trimmed with lace; the green myrtle wreath was placed on her very nicely arranged hair, over which a veil, (Helen's most splendid work,) was thrown in a very picturesque manner; and this gave to her gentle and innocent face a perfect resemblance to the Madonna of Paul Veronese. To make her more charming, nothing was wanting but the expression of happiness, hope, and love, which is the most beautiful ornament of a bride.

Meantime her heart appeared to have become somewhat lighter; and, as if in unison with her feelings, the sun broke through the clouds and threw some pale rays into the room.

The external as well as the inward brightness lasted but for a few moments.

It grew dark again, as we were about going down to dinner. Julia pointed out to me with a complaining look the food she had carried up to Emily—it was untouched, a single jelly glass only was empty.

At table, Emily looked round on all those whom she was now soon to leave, and her heart swelled, and tears rushed incessantly to her eyes. The dinner passed without the usual cheerfulness, and no one appeared to have any appetite, excepting always the tutor and the little Theikys. Emily, who seemed to be more oppressed under her myrtle crown than a king under his diadem, ate nothing, and did not laugh once during dinner, notwithstanding there was great occasion for it in three remarkable mistakes of the master, at which even the Colonel could not restrain his smile. The first was, that he exchanged his snuff-box for the salt-cellar, both of which stood near him on the table, strewed a considerable portion of the snuff into his soup, and took a good pinch from the salt-cellar, which caused him many grimaces and tears. The second was his seizing, to dry his eyes, instead of his pocket handkerchief, the corner of Madame H——'s shawl, which was immediately pulled away from him. The third, that he complimented with the girl in attendance, who offered him the roast meat, and begged her to help herself first. Julia looked anxiously at her sister, and then said to me in a whisper, "She neither eats nor laughs; it is too bad!"

But things grew still worse when, after dinner, while the few guests who were invited were assembling, Algernon, who was expected early, did not show himself. Madame H—— looked incessantly from the company to the door, and came three or four times to me, and said, "I cannot conceive why Algernon does not come." The guests asked after

him. Emily did not ask, did not look at the door, but it was very apparent that she grew every moment more and more serious and pale. Julia seated herself by me, told me the names of the strangers who came in, and made some remarks on them. "This pretty woman here, who came in so gracefully, is the Baroness S. Who would imagine, that every time she enters a drawing-room she is so confused she cannot help trembling? See her animated eyes; but do not trust to them. She can talk of nothing but the weather, and at home she is yawning all day long. Who is coming now, holding his hat so like a beggar before him? Ha, ha! Uncle P. . . . He is a good old man, but he is in a lethargy. God grant that he may not begin to snore during the ceremony! See my Arwid, there, Benta, there by the fire-place. Is he not an Apollo? But he seems to be warming himself with too much ease; he seems to forget that there is anybody else in the room. The lady who is now coming in, is my cousin, Madame M. She is an angel—that little delicate body encloses a great soul."

"See how Emily receives them all—exactly as if she would say, 'You are very good, gentlemen and ladies, to come to my funeral!' I cannot conceive what is the matter with Algernon, that he comes so late! Mercy on us! how unhappy Emily looks!"

"See, there is the minister! Notwithstanding his warts and his red eyes, he has a pleasant expression, and I feel some respect for him."

"See how Charles is trying to cheer and amuse Emily—well done, brother! but it is of no use now."

"Now, Heaven be praised, here is Algernon at last! but how serious and pale he is!—and yet he is quite handsome. He is going up to her. See how proud she looks; he is excusing himself, I suspect—what? he has had a horrible toothache; he was obliged to have a tooth taken out! Poor Algernon, toothache on his wedding-day; what a pity! See, they are all sitting down now in a circle. A circle of people sitting down always makes me ill—what are they talking of? I really believe they are discussing the weather—a very interesting subject, to be sure, but it is not very exhilarating. Do hear how the snow and rain are pattering against the window. It is dreadfully warm here—and Emily helps to make the air heavy—I must go and talk to her."

Some one now came in, and said the stairs and entry were full of people who wished to see the bride.

A new trial for the timid Emily. She stood up, but quickly sat down again, and grew pale. "Cologne water, Cologne water!" cried Julia to me; "she looks pale, she is fainting." "Water!" cried the Colonel in a thundering tone. The tutor seized up the tea-kettle, and rushed forward. I do not know whether it was this sight, or the reaction of her spirits, but it had the effect of restoring Emily from her weakness; she arose quickly, and accompanied by her sisters went out, while she threw a glance of uneasiness and discontent towards Algernon, who stood immovable at some distance, and looked at her with an unusual, almost severe earnestness.

"Are you mad?" cried Uncle P., in a half whisper, as he pulled the arm of the master, who was still standing there, his eyes wandering, and the

tea-kettle in his hand. The master in alarm turned hastily round, and knocked down the little Thickeys like two pins thrown over by the ball. The kettle slipped in his hand, burnt his fingers, and he let it fall, with a cry of pain, upon the unfortunate boys, over whose immovable bodies a cloud of steam arose. If the moon had fallen, greater confusion could not have been enacted, than was at the first moment produced by this catastrophe of the kettle. Axel and Claes made no noise, and their mother began to fear it was all over with them. But after Algernon and the Colonel had raised them up and shaken them, it was apparent that they were all alive. They had been so surprised and frightened, that in the first moment they could neither move nor speak. Fortunately, the hot water which was spilled upon them mostly came upon their clothes, and it was beside pretty well cooled, as tea had been over for half an hour. Only one spot on Axel's forehead, and one on the left hand of Claes, required treatment. The master was in despair, the children cried, they were carried to bed, and I promised, as soon as I had time, to come and see them. The amiable disposition of Madame H., which would never allow her quietly to see a troubled face, led her to console the master. She succeeded in so doing by making him observe with what real Spartan spirit the boys had received the first shock, and by declaring that she considered it a decided proof of the excellent education he was giving them. The master was very happy, and grew quite excited, and said, while he drew himself up, that he hoped to make real Spartans out of the lady's promising boys. The lady hoped this newly invented shower-bath of hot water might not be tried again, but she kept her hopes to herself.

Meantime the exhibition of the bride had ended; and Emily, exhausted, had left the room, where, according to the old and singular Swedish custom, it had been necessary for her to show herself to a multitude of curious and indifferent people.

"They thought she had never looked so pretty," said Julia to me, in a dolorous tone, "and it was no wonder, to be sure, she was as dark and cold as an autumn sky."

We had taken Emily into a distant apartment, to allow her to rest awhile. She sunk down on a chair, put her handkerchief to her eyes, and was silent.

Everything in the drawing-room was ready for the ceremony—they only waited for Emily.

"Try this Cologne, Emily; drink a glass of water," said Julia, who now began to tremble.

"They are waiting for you, my dearest Emily," said Cornet Charles, who now came into the room, and offered to conduct his sister.

"I cannot, indeed I cannot," said Emily, with a voice expressive of the most extreme anguish.

"You cannot!" cried the Cornet in the greatest surprise; "and why not?" He looked inquiringly round upon us. Julia stood in a tragical attitude, her hands folded over her head; Helen sat with an expression of displeasure in her placid face; and I—I cannot possibly remember what I did, but in my heart I sympathised with Emily. None of us made any answer to Charles.

"No, I cannot come," continued Emily, with an unusual energy; "I cannot take this eternally binding oath. I feel sure we shall be unhappy if

we are united; we are not suited to each other. It may be my fault, but it is certainly so at this moment. I am sure he is displeased with me; he takes me for a capricious creature; he feels a reluctance to bind himself to such a fate; his severe look told me all this. He may be right, perfectly right; and on this account it is best for him, as for me, that we should separate."

"But Emily," cried her brother, "it is too late; do you consider what you say?—the priest is here—the wedding guests—Algernon!"

"Go to him, dearest Charles," cried Emily, with increasing emotion, "beg him to come here. I will speak to him; will tell everything. It cannot be too late to save the repose and quiet of our whole lives. Go, I pray you, go!"

"O, Heaven, what will become of us!" said Julia, looking as if she would call heaven and earth to our assistance. "Emily, think of our father."

"I will throw myself at his feet; he will not desire the eternal misery of his child."

"If she could be in any way diverted from this—if she could for a moment be occupied with something else," whispered Helen to her brother.

Cornet Charles opened a door, as if to go out; at the same moment we heard the sound of a hard knock; the Cornet cried out, "Oh, my eye!" A universal panic arose; for this little deceit was so naturally managed, that at the first moment not one of us suspected any trick. Emily, always the first to hasten to the assistance of others, was so now, in spite of all her trouble. With a handkerchief wet in cold water, she hurried to her brother, drew his hand from his eye, and began to take it tenderly and carefully, while she asked anxiously, "Does it hurt you very much? do you think you have injured the eye? fortunately it does not bleed."

"It is perhaps only the more dangerous for that reason," said the Cornet, with an altered tone; but an unlucky traitorous laugh spoiled, at that very moment, the whole stratagem. Emily examined more closely, and was convinced that the blow was just what it was. "Oh," said she, "I see how it is: one of your tricks, but it shall not mislead me. I pray you, I adjure you, Charles, if you have the least love for me, go to Algernon; tell him that I beg him to give me a few minutes' conversation with him."

"Why did not some of you have presence of mind enough to blow out the light?" cried the Cornet, in vexation, looking particularly at me. Helen whispered something in his ear, and he went out of the room, accompanied by Julia.

Helen and I were silent, while Emily, in visible anguish of mind, walked up and down the room, and seemed to be talking to herself. "What shall I do? What shall I do?" said she once half audibly. Now steps were heard approaching the room. "He is coming!" said Emily, and trembled from head to foot. The door was opened, and Alger—no, *the Colonel* entered, with an expression of imposing majesty. Emily struggled for breath, sat down, got up again, was pale, and then red. "See, you have made us wait too long," said he, quietly, but with some energy; "I have now come to fetch you." Emily folded her hands, looked beseechingly up to her father, opened her lips, closed them again, overpowered by the firm,

earnest expression of his face, and as he took her hand, all power of resistance seemed to leave her, and with a sort of desperate resignation she arose and allowed herself to be led forward by him. Helen and I followed.

The drawing-room was brilliantly lighted, and all the people assembled there had their eyes turned towards the door by which Emily entered, accompanied by her father.

She told me afterwards, that, as she came in, she could not distinguish an object, and everything was black before her eyes. "Then it was not to be wondered at," said her brother, "that you looked as if you were going to sleep."

Algernon looked at Emily with a seriousness which was not calculated to increase her courage.

No one spoke. The ceremony began. The two young people stood before the minister. Emily was deadly pale, and trembled. Julia lost her courage entirely. "It is fearful," said she, and was almost as pale as her sister.

And now arose the voice which was to announce to the young couple their holy duties. This voice was deep and musical, and seemed to be animated by a divine spirit. It spoke of the sanctity of the marriage state, of the mutual duties of the husband and wife, to love each other, to lighten the troubles of life to each other, to soften its cares, and to set each other the example of a true fear of God; he spoke of their prayers for each other, which unite each to the other so intimately, and bring them near to their Eternal Father: he told how the highest happiness on earth springs from such an union, when it is begun and finished in conformity to the will of God. These tender, beautiful, peaceful words awoke in the soul of every one a holy and silent emotion. Everything was so still in the apartment, that it almost seemed as if not a breath was drawn. I perceived plainly that Emily became more tranquil every moment. The few words she was called upon to say, she spoke distinctly, and with a firm voice. While she knelt, she appeared to pray with hope and devotion. I threw, however, a glance around me. The Colonel was paler than usual, but regarded the young couple with an expression of tenderness and repose. Julia was greatly excited, though she moved neither hand nor foot. Helen looked up to heaven with a supplicating glance. Cornet Charles moved about, that it might seem to be something beside tears which made his eyes so red. The blind girl smiled silently. The other spectators showed more or less emotion. The master was more than usually alive and toward the end of the ceremony gave a loud sneeze. He fortunately found his handkerchief this time in due season.

The blessing was spoken over the bridal pair, in a voice as soft and majestic as if it came from Heaven. The marriage was over. Emily and Algernon were for ever united. Emily turned round to embrace her parents, and she appeared to me to be an entirely different being. A mild beamy glance rested on her brow, and smiled from her eyes; clear and warm purple burned on her cheeks. She was at once changed into the ideal of a young and happy bride. "God be praised, God be praised!" whispered Julia, with tearful eyes and folded hands, "now all is well."

"Yes, now it cannot be helped," said the Colonel, while he endeavoured to overcome his emo-

tion, and assumed his comical expression, "now you are safe, you cannot now say 'No.'"

"I should not wish to do it now," answered Emily, smiling sweetly, and looked up to Algernon in a manner which called to his face an expression of animated and pure joy. A feeling of satisfaction and gaiety spread through the company. Everybody looked as if they wished to sing and dance. Uncle P. was wide awake and active; he arranged the quadrille, and stamped away gaily by the side of the elegant Baroness S., who floated round like a zephyr. Arwid and Julia distinguished themselves greatly in the dance; it was impossible to keep one's eyes from them. I danced with the master, who had asked me—I hope not from absence of mind. We distinguished ourselves, though in a peculiar manner. It seemed to me we resembled a couple of billiard balls, which always lie ready for others to push about. Certain it is that we were sometimes pushed about, and sometimes we pushed others, which I ascribed principally to the changes of my cavalier from right to left, and to the mistakes he made in all the figures of the quadrille. Meantime we laughed as heartily and as loud at our mistakes as the rest; and the master said he had never had such a fine *waltz*.

Helen played on the piano for the dancing. Emily did not wish to dance. She sat in a little cabinet, the doors of which were open, and which joined the dancing-room. Algernon was by her side. She spoke low, with animation and tenderness in her manner. I thought that in this moment the Gordian knot of all misunderstandings, all uneasiness and doubt, which had hitherto separated them from each other, was for ever loosened. The mild rays of a single lamp, shining through the alabaster shade, threw a magical light over the young couple, who seemed to be now as happy as they were beautiful. They apparently had forgotten all the world around them, but not one of the company had forgotten them. Every one threw stolen glances into the cabinet, and smiled. Julia came up to me several times, pointed to the group of the lovers with a beaming glance, and said, "See, see!"

Later in the evening a part of the company assembled in the cabinet, and the conversation became general.

Some recently-published books, which were lying on a table, gave occasion to various remarks upon their value, as well as upon reading in general.

"I do not understand," said Uncle P., with his peculiar accent, "what has come over me lately. I am generally lively and wide awake as a fish, but if I just throw my eyes into the curs—books, they drop directly down upon my nose, and I cannot see the least thing."

"Are you fond of reading, aunt?" said Emily to the Baroness S.

"Ah! indeed," replied she, and raised her lovely eyes to the ceiling; "I have no time for it, I am so busy," and she carefully drew her beautiful shawl around her.

"If I should ever marry," said a gentleman of about sixty, "I would make it a condition with my wife, that she should never read a book; at the most, nothing beside the Psalter and Cookery-book."

"My dear departed wife never read any other books; but, indeed, what a noble housewife she was!" cried Uncle P., while he dried his eyes and took a pinch of snuff.

"Yes, I do not understand, the thousand take me! why the women of the present day busy themselves so much with reading; the thousand take me! if I can understand it," said Lieutenant Arwid, while he reached his hand to a plate of confectionary, and helped himself.

Julia cast a severe look upon her betrothed; and I thought "the thousand take me" was not this time very pleasant to her. "I," said she, blushing with vexation, "should rather go without eating and drinking than be deprived of reading. Is there anything that more ennobs the soul than the reading of good books—anything which more exalts the soul—I would say the thoughts—the thoughts, the feelings—any?"

My poor little Julia was never happy when she attempted the sublime. Her thoughts, her ideas, were something in the nature of rockets, which suddenly mount upwards like glowing sparks of fire, but in almost the same moment burst, and are lost in ashes.

Cornet Charles hastened to spill a glass of water or wine on Lieutenant Arwid, and assumed an air as if his outcry on the occasion had interrupted the speech of his sister.

"I might have known that it would upset; I was trying to balance the glass upon the tip of my thumb. Your pardon, brother-in-law; but I believe you struck me somehow, my arm was not free."

"I shall certainly take care not to interfere with you another time," said Lieutenant Arwid, half-gaily and half-vexed; while he arose, and, drying his coat with his handkerchief, took the precaution, in resuming his seat, to choose the other side of the room.

Meantime Julia was not so soon relieved from her little embarrassment. The old gentleman, who was such an enemy to books, turned gravely to her, and said, "I imagine that cousin Julia reads, for the most part, only moral books and sermons."

"No—not exactly sermons," replied Julia, somewhat embarrassed; and as, at the same moment, she perceived the penetrating look of Professor L. fixed upon her, she blushed deeply.

"Probably, then, my little cousin reads history; that is certainly a very useful study."

"Not exactly history," said Julia, who had now recovered her self-possession and gaiety; "but, on the contrary, I am very fond of histories; the short and long of it is, if you must know, uncle, the books for which I would give up eating, drinking, and sleeping, are romances."

The old gentleman raised his eyes and hands with an expression of horror. From his looks, it might be supposed that Rousseau's declaration—

Jamais fille sage n'a lu des romans,

had had the effect of making him altogether abhor such dangerous reading.

Some dissatisfaction was betrayed in almost every face at Julia's frank declaration. The Baroness appeared entirely shocked at her niece. The Professor only smiled kindly; and the Cornet said, with much animation—

"It is certainly no wonder that people read such romances as are now written. Madame de Staël's 'Corinne' cost me a sleepless night, and Walter Scott's 'Rebecca' took away my appetite for three days!"

Julia looked at her brother with great surprise. Emily's soft blue eyes were raised inquiringly toward him, but he thought proper to take no notice of their glances. "My Euphemia shall never read a romance," said the Baroness S.; on pronouncing which, she drew herself farther back into the corner of the sofa, and cast a glance upon her elegant shawl.

"Ah! dear aunt," said Madame M., smiling and shaking her head, "what shall she read, then?"

"She shall not read anything."

"A very excellent idea," said the old gentleman.

"I really think," said Algernon, "that it is better to read nothing, than to read nothing but romances. Romance-reading is to the soul what opium is to the body: the constant use of it weakens and injures it. Pardon me, Julia; but I think that a young lady might do something better with her time than devote it to this kind of reading."

Julia looked as if she was not quite willing to excuse this remark.

Emily said, "I agree with Algernon, that, especially for young ladies, this kind of reading is more injurious than useful."

The tears came into Julia's eyes; and she looked toward Emily as if she would have said, "Do you, too, stand up against me?"

"I grant," said Madame M., "that it may be very hurtful when—"

"Hurtful!" interrupted the old gentleman,—"say, rather, ruinous, poisonous, destructive at the very source!"

Julia laughed. "Good Professor," cried she, "pray come to my assistance. I begin to think I am a lost and ruined creature. I pray you say something in favour of reading romances, and I will then give you something good;" and, laughing merrily, she held up a piece of confectionary.

"It certainly has its good sides," replied the Professor, "if it is used with discretion and moderation. I, for my part, consider the reading of good romances as both useful and agreeable to the young."

"Hear, hear!" cried Julia, clapping her hands.

"But you must give your reason, my good sir," cried Uncle P.

"Yes, yes, give your reasons," cried the old gentleman.

"Good romances," continued the Professor—"by which I mean those that, like good paintings, represent nature with truth and beauty—possess advantages which are united in no other books in the same degree. They represent the history of the human heart, from which the young, if they are the subjects of the romance, may learn to know themselves and their fellow-men; and is not this, in the highest degree, valuable and interesting? The world is described in them in its various changing forms, and the young see here before them the map of the country in which they are about to begin their travels. The beautiful and amiable in every youth is pictured in romances in a poetical and attractive light; the

young, lively imagination is here charmed with the right and good, which, under more severe and earnest forms, might have perhaps appeared revolting.

"In the same manner, crimes and weaknesses are also represented in all their deformity; and the young learn to despise them, even when they are surrounded by the grandeurs and pomp of the world. When one feels an enthusiasm for virtue, he becomes able to contend successfully with all the sufferings of earth.

"The true pictures of the rewards of the good, and the punishment of the wicked among men, little as their actual lot bears the traces of them, are brought into romances with all the clearness, life, and power, which one could desire to give to moral truth, that it may be made universally binding and fruitful.

"It is natural, therefore, that the young, of good and noble feelings, should love romances as their best friends; as they find in them all those lively, grand, and beautiful feelings, which arise in their own hearts, and first suggest divine anticipations of happiness and immortality."

Julia now rose hastily, her charming face expressing the warmest delight; she went to the Professor, and gave him—not the piece of confectionary, but an embrace of childlike emotion; while she said, "A thousand thanks! a thousand thanks! I am content, entirely content!"

The old gentleman looked up to heaven, and sighed.

Lieutenant Arwid did not look "entirely content," but quietly ate his sugar-plums.

Uncle P. dozed and nodded; the Cornet maintained it was not in sign of content.

The Professor, on the contrary, looked well pleased, and kissed, with a paternal expression, the lively girl, first her hand, and then her forehead.

Lieutenant Arwid pushed a chair aside with some violence; at the same moment, the doors of the supper-room were opened, supper was announced.

A feast has always a peculiar interest for those who have been active in the ordering and arrangement of it.

Each dish, the child of our labours, has its share in our sympathy and satisfaction, as it stands invitingly and properly on the table, whence it is about to vanish for ever. Yet, on such occasions, one has a heart of stone; and I am convinced that Madame H. was as well pleased as I was to see how all our first, second, and third courses vanished, to the great pleasure and comfort of all. The lady of the house, now that she was relieved from her anxiety with regard to Emily, and saw how well everything was served, did the honours with a grace and good humour, which was only now and then disturbed by a thought of the little boys.

The bride was mild and radiant. Algernon seemed to be the happiest of mortals. "Only look at Emily!" said Cornet Charles, who was my neighbour at table, to me every ten minutes,—"would any one imagine she was the same person who has plagued us so for half the day?"

Julia assumed, every time her lover spoke to her, a dignified and proud look. He also, at last, did the same—pouted, but always with a full

mouth. Uncle P. went to sleep, but with a piece of *blanc-mange* on his nose; and in the midst of the talking and laughter of the company, now and then a snore was heard, like the sound of a bass-viol speaking out amidst the squeaking of the little fiddles.

Towards the end of the meal, healths were drunk, not ceremonious and tedious, but gay and lively. The master, fired by the occasion, and wine-glass in hand, made the following *impromptu* in honour of the bridal pair:—

Hurrah, hurrah! fill the glasses!
Drain the goblet of its wealth;
Let the foam fly to the ceiling;
To the happy couple, health!

Fill, fill! and may our voices
Sound again the joyous lay,
When after fifty years we greet them
On their golden wedding-day!

Amid unusual laughter, and touching of glasses, the health was drunk. Afterwards, the health of the master; who now considered himself, I am sure, a little Bellmann*.

After supper, a most agreeable surprise was prepared for Emily. Upon a great table in the hall were arranged the portraits of her parents, and brothers, and sisters, painted in oil, and most striking likenesses. "In this manner we shall accompany you to your home," said the Colonel, whilst he embraced her; "yes! yes! you will not get rid of us!" Gentle tears trickled down Emily's cheeks; she pressed her father, mother, brothers, and sisters, to her arms, and for a long time could not speak her thanks. Thereupon every picture underwent a new examination by all the company, and there were remarks of every kind. One person found fault with a nose; another with eyes, which were too small; another with a mouth, which was too large; then the artist had not attempted to flatter—rather the opposite, &c.

Poor artist! This is the criticism which censoriousness, the most common of all maladies, makes upon your works! Happy for you that you are often deaf, and glad to put the money in your pocket; while you feel in your own soul the consciousness of your talents!

Emily alone saw no fault. There was exactly her father's expression, her mother's smile, her sister Julia's roguish look, brother Charles's hasty demeanour, Helen's expression of kindness and repose; and the little Thickeys, who were surprisingly like. It would be delightful to offer them sweetmeats.

The poor little Thickeys! Burned and frightened, they had been obliged to leave the feast, which they had looked forward to for three weeks. During the whole evening, one after another of us crept up to them with apples, cake, &c. At first, the master himself was most diligent upon the stairs; but after he had fallen down three times upon this unknown passage, he remained quietly in the parlour.

Their mother had, at least, six times, during the evening, said to me, with an expression of the greatest anxiety,—"My poor little children! I

* Charles Michael Beilmann, a celebrated Swedish poet, died 1795.

must certainly watch with them to-night ;” and I each time answered, “ That you shall not do ; I will watch with them.” “ But you will certainly fall asleep.” “ I certainly will not fall asleep, my dear madam !” “ *Parole d’honneur ?*” “ *Parole d’honneur*, dear madam !” and, actually driven to it by the anxiety of the poor lady, I went up to them, before the company departed, well provided with plasters, drops, and sweetmeats.

The little boys were pleased with the last ; and particularly delighted that, on their account, the light would be kept burning all night. Their adventure occupied them entirely ; and they could not leave off telling me how the master had knocked them, how they had fallen down, and what they felt and thought when the master let the tea-kettle fall. Axel had thought of the deluge, and Claes of the day of judgment. In the midst of the story, they fell asleep.

At half-past eleven, I heard the sound of sleighs, horses, and carriages, before the house. At twelve, everything was quiet, as well in as out of the house.

“ Soon everybody will be sleeping sweetly,” thought I, and began to feel myself growing indescribably sleepy.

Nothing is more painful than to be alone, to feel sleepy, and yet to be obliged to keep awake ; while those you are watching are snoring beyond all bounds. And if I had not given my *parole d’honneur* not to shut my eyes, I should certainly have done so. I knitted away, but was obliged to give it up, because every two minutes I was in danger of putting out my eyes. I read, and did not understand a word of what I read. I went to the window, looked at the moon, and thought of—nothing. The wick of my candle was too high—I undertook to snuff it, and unfortunately put it out.

By this means, my part of watcher was still more difficult to play. I now attempted to keep myself awake by fright, and tried to see a ghost, or a white lady, in the uncertain glimmers of the white stove. I thought of a cold hand which suddenly seized mine, of a voice which whispered frightful things in my ear, of a bloody form which rose up out of the ground—when suddenly the crowing of a cock was heard, which, together with the dawn of day, drove away all imaginary ghosts.

The melancholy song of two little chimney-sweepers, who, from the top of their smoky castles in the air, greeted the morning, was the overture to awakening life.

In the region of the kitchen, friendly fires soon blazed up. The coffee infused its Arabian fragrance into the atmosphere of the house. Men began to move about in the streets ; and through the clear winter air was heard the sound of church bells, calling to morning prayer. Purple clouds of smoke rolled up into the blue sky ; and with joy I saw at last the rays of the sun, which first greeted the cocks and vanes on the church-towers, and afterwards spread its mantle of light over the roofs of human dwellings.

The world opened its eyes around me ; I determined to shut mine ; and when happy voices called out to me, “ good morning,” I answered, half-asleep, “ good night !”

DINNER—A RAGOUT OF MANY THINGS.

EVEN a wedding-day has a morrow !—a tedious day for those in the house of the wedding ! Nothing remains of all the festivity of the day before, but what is left after a light has been put out—the smoke. And when, besides the festive splendour and pomp, a familiar face (a star in its own heaven) is missing from the happy domestic circle, it is not surprising that the horizon should become dark. Yes, my dear little Julia, I thought it very natural that you should rise in the morning, like a rain-cloud, and overhang the whole day ; and that your brother, like a thunder-cloud, should wander from one room to another, and hum to himself the songs of the stars, which it was frightful to hear.

It had been agreed that the newly-married pair should pass this day with Algernon’s old grandmother, who lived, retired from the world, with her maid, her cat, her deep eyes, and her love of the human race, which made her unwilling that any one should ever marry ; and she had even expressed this pious wish to her grandson, and to Emily, but in vain. In the meantime, in spite of her displeasure, she had expressed a desire to see the young couple at her own house ; and had herself, as report says, put the apples into the apple-pie which was to crown her magnificent dinner. On the following day, we were to receive the newly-married ones ; and, on the day following, they were to receive us at their own house.

In the meanwhile, we passed the day after the marriage in a sort of stupid silence. The lady of the house, during the whole day, ate nothing but a thin barley soup. After this dull day had come to an end, and each one had retired to his chamber, Julia, feeling a desire to enliven herself a little, sent for some walnuts, came in to me, and sat down to crack them and to praise her lover.

“ What unexampled neatness he has ! so orderly, so intelligent ; in such constant spirits, so quiet, so agreeable . . . (a fine nut), so attentive, so circumspect and orderly in his business—but not too avaricious, so good—but not too good—as—as good as he should be !”

I nodded assent to all this, wished Julia much happiness, and—gaped long. There are some things so perfect that they put us to sleep.

The next day we had rather a fresh wind. The newly-married came at noon.

Her cap was very becoming to Emily. She was mild, gentle, amiable ; whilst, on the other hand, Algernon was more than usually gay, happy, and talkative. This astonished and vexed Julia ; she looked at them by turns, and knew not why they were so. All the servants took much pains to call Emily “ my lady.” This new name appeared to give her no satisfaction ; and when an old trusty servant said for the seventh time “ My dear miss—ah pardon—my lady,” Emily said, somewhat impatiently, “ Let it be, it is not so much out of the way.” The servants offered her at table no dish without adding, “ Your commands, my lady.” “ Yes, yes, the fellow knows the world,” said the colonel. Emily looked as if she did not find this world very pleasant.

Most anxiously, in the afternoon, Julia withdrew with Emily to another room, fell upon her knees before her, and throwing her arms around

her, cried out, weeping, "Emily, what is the matter! Dear Emily! My God, you are not gay, you seem cast down! Are you not contented—are you not happy?" Emily embraced her sister with warmth, and said, in a consoling manner, but with tears in her mild eyes, "I should be so, dear Julia, Algernon is so good, so noble—I must be happy with him."

But Julia, like all persons of lively temperament, was not pleased with this "I should be;" she wished to have "I am," and considered it very desperate—an unnatural and unheard-of thing—that a young wife should not be entirely and indescribably happy. *She had read romances.* The remainder of the day she behaved very coldly to Algernon, who did not appear to pay much attention to it.

After Emily, with tearful eyes, had again departed, Julia gave free vent to her dissatisfaction, and was much excited about Algernon, who could be so indifferent and gay, whilst Emily was so cast down; he was "a piece of ice, a barbarian, a heathen, a—" N.B. The Colonel and the "gracious lady" were not present at this philippic. The Cornet had taken another view of the case—was displeased with Emily, who, in his opinion, expected entirely too much from her husband. "Did not he, poor fellow, run to find her work-basket? Did not he put on her fur shoes, her shawl, and scarf? And if she had only thanked him for it?" Julia took the part of her sister, the Cornet that of Algernon; the spirit of contradiction infused, one after another, bitter seeds into the dispute, and this good brother and sister would have become entirely at variance, if it had not happened, that while they both stooped to pick up Helen's needle, their heads knocked together, which shock ended the dispute by a burst of laughter; and the question of the rights of man and woman,—that sea, upon whose waves the two disputants found themselves unexpectedly launched—was quickly set at rest.

The following day was full of consolation for Julia. Emily was gayer; and, happy to be able to receive her parents and brothers and sisters in her own house, she busied herself with unrestrained care, and with heartiness to entertain them well. The Colonel had all his favourite dishes at dinner, and joy sparkled from Emily's eyes, when her father a second time asked for some turtle soup, and added, "It is very excellent!" Her mother was not a little satisfied with the arrangement of the meal, and with the preparations; she stared a little anxiously at a pudding which had somewhat of a ruin on one side, but Julia quickly and unobserved turned the dish round, and the good lady, who was somewhat short-sighted, thought the fault was in her own eyes, and was quiet.

Emily had the bearing of a hostess, and that is a great deal. The Cornet was delighted with his sister, and with all the arrangements in the new house. Everything seemed Swedish; the sofas, the chairs, the curtains, the china, &c. There was nothing foreign; and, in his opinion, this was the reason he felt so much at ease, and at home.

Julia was well pleased with Algernon; for although he did not devote himself to his young wife, he followed her always with loving eyes, and

it was plain that his soul was bound up in hers, and by dear and loving looks flew to meet it.

How good coffee tastes, when snow blows without, and summer air within. So we ladies found it, when, after dinner, drawn up round a fire, in the enjoyment of our coffee, we entered into a long conversation, while Emily told us of domestic plans and arrangements, which she proposed to undertake, for the order and convenience of her household; a part which she had already spoken of, and a part of which she should talk over with—with her husband (this simple word Emily yet uttered with difficulty). Everything was indeed very prudent, very good, and very well adapted to the proposed end. We considered all these things exactly and maturely, in front of the fire, with our coffee-cups. We added and subtracted, but could think of nothing which would have been better than what Emily had proposed.

A family resembles at the same time a poem and a machine. Of the poetry of it, or the song of the feelings which streams through all the parts and unites them together, which wreathes flowers around life's crown of thorns, and clothes "the bare hills of reality" with the greenness of hope,—of this every human heart knows. But the machinery (without whose well-accompanied movements *l'opera della vita* is entirely unsupported) many consider as unimportant, and neglect it. And still this part of the plan of domestic life is not the least essential for its harmonious operation. It is with this machinery as with that of a clock. If the wheels, springs, &c., are in good order, the pendulum needs but a touch, and everything begins its proper motion. Everything goes on in order and quiet, as if of itself, and the golden hands of peace and prosperity point out all the hours upon its clear face.

This Emily felt, and she intended so to arrange her household from the beginning, that in spite of the little accidental shocks and blows of fate, it might remain in order and convenience until the end—until the weight had run down.

One very important thing for attaining this end, is the prudent and careful arrangement of the money affairs of the household. In Emily's house this was placed upon a good and sensible footing. Out of the great common treasury, were arrayed many little treasuries, which, like brooks from one and the same source, streaming rapidly to different places, make fruitful the domestic plantation.

Emily was to receive yearly, upon her own peculiar account, a certain sum of money, to expend for her clothes, and to defray other little expenses, not included in the household account; and as her dress would remain as simple and tasteful as it had until now been, she would be able to expend the greater part of this money, to please herself to spend for what, judge and say, my fair readers, for you must know.

A woman must have her own peculiar treasury, be it great or small. Ten, fifty, a hundred, or a thousand dollars—a proper proportion; but her own, for which she need only account to herself. Would you know the "wherefore," you men, who oblige your wives to keep an account even of their pins to a penny? Well! it is for your own rest and convenience. You do not think so? Look then:—a maid breaks a cup, or a servant breaks a glass; or suddenly at once, teapots, cups, and glasses fall

to pieces, which *no one* has broken, &c. The mistress of the house, who has no pocket-money, and who must keep in order cups and glasses, goes to her husband, tells him the misfortune, and desires some money to make up the loss. He scolds at the servants, at his wife, who ought to see after the servants: "Yes, money—a little money—money does not grow up out of the ground, nor does it rain down from heaven—many little brooks make a great stream," and more of the same; at last, he gives a little money, and gets into a very ill humour.

Now, if the wife has her own pocket-money, no such little vexations come near him. Children, servants, and misfortune, remain the same, but no disorder is observed; everything exists as before—everything is in order; and the head of the house, who perhaps with the greatest ease can give away at once several thousand dollars, need not, for the sake of a twelve-shilling piece, lose the balance of his temper, which is a treasure as inestimable to the whole house as to himself.

And do you account as nothing, (you nabob without feeling!) those little surprises, those little birth-day joys which your wife can prepare for you! Those thousand little pleasures, which, unexpected as meteors, like them shine in the heaven of the house, and which will be given you by the tenderness of your wife, by means of money—which you have given to her in a large sum, to receive it back, a rich income of convenience and joy in small ones.

Is it now clear? Algernon had learned all this, and it had much influence on Emily's future happiness.

To every true woman's heart there is an indescribable joy in giving;—in feeling one's self live in the prosperity and joy of another. This is the sunshine of the heart, which is perhaps more necessary here in the cold north, than elsewhere. Besides, the freedom of action is indeed refreshing.

But where was I?—with Emily, at the hour of coffee! Let us go thence, and set out upon a longer journey on the wing of Time.

Whoever undertakes to write stories, must take care to deal frugally with the patience of his reader. Sometimes he can easily give them appropriate intelligence of to-day, to-morrow, and the next day; at times he must take time and events in a lump, if he does not wish the reader to do the same with his book, and skip from five to eight chapters. As I certainly wish that such should not be the fate of my honoured family, I hasten to make a leap over about three months, and to mention in a few words how my H— friends lived through them.

Julia and her lover passed it in going to walk. Every day, when the weather permitted, they went the whole length of Queen Street, exchanged greetings, and chatted with their acquaintances, examined the figures and dresses, with the agreeable consciousness how beautiful and marked were their own. At times they went into a shop, and bought some trifles, or ate tarts at Berend's. In the evening there was a supper here, or a play there, or a ball somewhere else; and this always furnished something to talk about on the following day, so that the lovers had no want of food for conversation. Besides Lieutenant Arwid, who had everywhere admission into the *great world*, had

some little thing to tell, some anecdote of the day, some word from this or that person, about this or that thing: and see, this was all very amusing—Julia thought.

The Cornet had taken up some droll habits. He had applied himself to study. He studied the art of war, mathematics, history, &c., and continually found that as his bodily eye became practised in looking in all directions over the earth, and up to heaven, so was also his spiritual eye framed to look into the kingdoms of nature and knowledge, and recognise in them the light of heaven. It was peculiar, that the more he learned to see, the more afraid of darkness he became. He was very much afraid of ghosts! Yes, gentlemen, it is certainly true; and the ghosts which he feared have been known among men from time immemorial; *Ignorance*, a wonderfully large lady, clothed in glittering white texture; *Self-conceit*, her long-necked child, who always treads in the traces of her dear mamma; and *Boasting*, which must be the ghost of an old French language teacher, who in his lifetime had been connected with these ladies, and often been seen in their company.

Besides, he was anxious for the companionship of older and wiser men, was often at home with his father and Helen, and often allowed the young men of his acquaintance to knock in vain at his locked door. Sometimes, indeed, he was undecided whether to open it or not, thinking, "perhaps my best friend is here to pay me back my money!" But then he thought again, "He would not knock so loudly," and remained quietly at his work. The Cornet had two young friends for whom, at a given signal, his door always opened. These young men formed a noble triumvirate. Their motto both in war and peace, was, "FORWARD! MARCH!"

Emily and Algernon took a journey in the beginning of April to Blekingen, where upon a great estate an old aunt and godmother of Emily lived. Emily received a letter from her, soon after her marriage, begging her and her husband to visit her as soon as possible. She had a short time before lost her only child, a son; and she wished now, at the age of sixty years, to gladden her heart, or perhaps desired to animate it, by giving it something new to love and to live for. She begged the young couple to pass the spring and summer with her; she spoke of neighbours, and of good and pleasant things, which would make their residence there agreeable. She said she wished to make her will, so that her property might fall to them after her death, if they would look upon her as a mother.

"Pon honour! a beautiful letter," said Uncle P. "Go there directly, nephew, with your wife—have the carriage ordered. I wish I were in your shoes, child of fortune! Wait till the beginning of April! Madness! What if the old woman should die! That *would* be throwing away one's happiness! I should not be drawn into that.—Dear Julia! wake me when the coffee comes." When the travelling carriage stood before the door, and the weeping Emily sat by Algernon's side, exchanging tearful glances and sad words of farewell with her parents, and brothers and sisters who were standing around the carriage, Algernon seized her hand and said, "Would you prefer to stay with these, or follow me?" "You," answered Emily gently.—"With all your heart?"

"With all my heart!" "Drive on!" called Algeron to the coachman; "Emily, we will accompany each other on the journey—through life!" The carriage rolled on. O, may the carriage of every marriage be tossed on such springs!

Quietly and sadly did the blind girl pass her dark days. Her health visibly decreased. Her soul was like the fire in a charcoal heap, whose flames are not visible, but silently and surely consume their dwelling. Only in song did she, at times, express her feelings, when she thought she was alone. She composed the words and the music. Both bore the stamp of an unhappy and unquiet heart. In company she hardly spoke a word, and only by her incessant occupation of winding a ribbon or a cord round her hands or fingers, did she betray her inward restlessness.

There is a certain disposition of mind in woman, which makes her do well whatever she does at all; which causes sweet peace to follow her wherever she goes, like a quiet spring day, so that, wherever she dwells, grace and comfort, which is shared by every one who approaches her, dwell with her. This disposition of mind proceeds from a pure and devoted heart which fears God. Happy are those who possess this, happy beyond all others (however richly endowed in other respects);—and happy was Helen, for she was thus *purely* endowed. In a letter which she wrote about this time to a friend, she herself represented her happy condition.

"You ask me what I am doing?" she wrote at the end of her letter, "I enjoy life every moment. My parents, my brothers and sisters, my work, books, flowers, the sun, the stars, heaven and earth, all give me pleasure; everything makes me feel, with indescribable joy, the happiness of existence. You ask me what I do when dark thoughts and despair overpower my soul. My dear, I never feel despair—never have dark thoughts. I cannot have them: for I believe in God, I love him, I hope in him. I know no care nor anxious fear: for I know he will do all things well, that everything will be, at some time, good and clear. Since I think thus and feel thus, I must indeed be happy."

"*Curro, curri, currum, currere*," repeated the little Thickys, and "*Curro, cucurri, cursum, currere*, you scape-goats!" corrected the master, and in this way they passed nearly three months, (I never exaggerate).

"Slow and sure," said the master in a consoling and confident manner to the mother.

The lady of the house—God bless the excellent lady! but if our journey into the country could only have taken place without so many cares, and so many bundles, so many "Ho! Ho's!" and so many trunks. The Colonel said a word or two, half in joke, about this. "That is easily said," answered the lady gravely.

The Cornet, who never permitted the least remark upon his mother, in whose doings and lettings-alone he did not see the least fault, was in all her cares on her side, and contradicted us, who thought them unnecessary; and when it became altogether too troublesome, he went round singing "God save the king!" (the only English which he knew,) to distract our attention from the lady.

A month before, and a month after the expe-

dition, she laboured and worked for the good of all—and on the day of the journey itself—O heavens!

What packing, what trouble,
(To describe who is able?)
In the cellar, the kitchen,
There a chair, there a table;
Was ever such bustle
Seen under the sun?
How the mistress is scolding,
And how the maids run!

The breakfast is over, the visits are made,
The packages close in the carriage are laid,
But how much is still to be done!
The talk turns to chickens, to friendship, to beef,
But nowhere the mistress can turn for relief,
She dresses, sighs, longs to be gone.
The carriage drives up, quick they run, loudly call,
Now forward—but stop—I've forgotten my shawl!

Notwithstanding all this trouble, we resolved to set out upon the journey;—

And fly now to THORSBORG, the paternal estate of the Colonel, where we arrived in the middle of the month of May.

THORSBORG.

If I had a single drop of the fountain which sprang up from Walter Scott's inkstand, spread through all countries, and moistened with historical and antiquarian ink the pens of a hundred authors, I would now give a pompous description of the magnificent castle of Thorsborg, which was built during the Thirty Years' War, in the space of nine months, by a high-spirited excellent lady, surrounded with walls as strong as the hearts of that time, and with leaded window-panes as small as the rays of light which emanated from the cloisters of that day. I would relate how the lady Barbara Goholm, the wife of the Admiral Stjernebjelke, (whose bust at Thorsborg shows her to have been a proud and dignified woman,) surprised her husband, who was fighting for the cause of freedom in Germany. During his absence she erected on a hill, where it still sits enthroned in princely grandeur this noble edifice, overlooking immeasurable fields and meadows, extending for several miles; and on occasion of the return of her hero, she caused lights to be placed in all the windows of the castle to charm or dazzle his eyes. I would also add, that this did not delight him as she had expected, and that the story goes that he was equally displeased at this proceeding of the Lady Barbara. I would relate farther something of the fate of their descendants, who afterwards resided on the estate, one of whom having a poetical talent, to keep herself in remembrance, and for our edification, engraved upon a pane of glass, which remained in the parlour of the castle at the time of Colonel H—:

"The lady Sigrid, and her spouse,
The greatest fools are in this house."

And if I had descended the stream of time, from the volcanoes which burst out in the middle ages, to the quiet position of things at the present day, I would, searching about among the ruins of those times, spying into the remains of the streams of lava, and into the urns of remembrance, collect the ashes of extinguished fires, and strew them over these pages; (which means, to speak in a

less figurative manner,) I would tell all about the old harnesses, helmets, and lances, which were still preserved at Thorsborg, and which Cornet Charles regarded with peculiar satisfaction; of the bloody garments, swords, deadly balls, &c., and would point out the doors of the sleeping apartment of Gustavus Adolphus the Second, which were ornamented with a thousand wooden figures, transferred to them from the ancient castle. Moreover, the immense hall, with the oaken floor, and the oaken rafters overhead, the bust of the Lady Barbara, sitting with the mason's trowel in her hand, her spinning-wheel, &c., and, not to leave the salt out of my soup, I would not forget to relate the ghost visits which have been made to the castle, and of which no one knew so much as the master. He often heard frightful tones, like a mingling of the bray of trumpets and the howling of wolves. He sometimes heard people in the night, tripping lightly round the billiard-room, the balls rolling, the bells ringing, &c. I might tell how the people in the house used to describe a ghost, who walked about the great oaken hall, of a clear moonlight evening, without a head; or, how often, of a dark night, lights would suddenly stream from all the windows; and there was not one of the family who had not heard tables and chairs moved about with great noise in the rooms, where there was nobody; and that even the lady of the house herself . . . Ah! but I am beginning to get frightened, and I see clearly that I am only capable of describing common things with every-day ink. It is therefore more safe and pleasant to relate how the little Thickeys, happy beyond expression at being in the country, sprung about over the ditches and stone walls, the remains of the old house, to look for treasures, and found gold beetles; how Julia, like a butterfly, ran after her winged sisters, in spite of her betrothed, who ran races with her, till she said that it did not pay for the trouble, for he did not try at all. "It was too warm."

He preferred to anything sitting on a soft sofa, with his little bride, resting comfortably on the plump cushions, in a sort of meditation—the comfortable side of life. He sometimes employed himself in hunting, alternately on the estate of Col. H— and that of his own father. The latter was a cheerful, kind-hearted old man, who held in high honour five things on this earth; namely, his own noble name, his son, the friendship of Col. H—, his span of white horses called the "Swans," and his pipe, for the purpose of lighting which a fire was kept constantly burning, summer and winter, on his hearth. He was delighted with his little future daughter-in-law, who, however, played him many sly tricks, at which he was very angry, but soon relented. He was fond of telling stories, exaggerated not a little, swore stoutly, and was finally what is called a man of honour.

At Thorsborg the family arrangements were quiet and orderly. Madame H—, to be sure, still went about with her bunch of keys and her cares, but no one was disturbed by them, for she was so thoroughly kind, that she never troubled or interfered with anybody but herself.

The evenings were particularly agreeable. We then all assembled in a little green cabinet, richly provided with pictures and flowers, and where

the reading of the works of Franzen, Tegner, Stagnelius, Sjöberg, Nicander, and other Swedish authors,—which we learned to prize more highly from the expressive eloquence and fine declamation of Professor L., enriched us with fresh ideas and feelings. A book was often chosen from among them, the design of which is to give clearness to the human mind on those most important subjects,—God and immortality. I soon remarked that this was done with particular reference to the blind girl, on whose marble face the eye of the Colonel always rested during the reading of passages, where the rays of the Godhead broke out most clearly and warmly, though obscured by the veil of human weakness. The evening was often spent in conversation on such subjects. Professor L., the Colonel, and Helen, for the most part, shared in it. The measures which the Colonel, in common with the Professor, took for the moral improvement of his tenants, by means of schools and other arrangements, made for their advantage and pleasure, gave an easy occasion to these conversations. Man—his organisation, his education, his destiny, his dignity, his weakness, God's strength—the advancement of man, by means of a rightly preached gospel: to bring this life into union with the future; these were subjects which were treated with equal animation, beauty, clearness, and power, by Professor L. His animated and energetic manner, which so well expressed the fulness of his mind, the happy skill, which he possessed in a remarkable degree, of making clear the most abstract ideas, by examples drawn from the dominions of history, morality, and nature; the quiet, beautiful wisdom, which was the result of his doctrines, the benevolent power of which went irresistibly to the hearts of all his listeners; the fine tone of his manly voice, the dignity and impressiveness of his manner; all these were combined in such a way, that we listened to him with delight for whole hours. And when he, entering more deeply into his subject, with increasing warmth and more energetic language, expressed still higher and bolder ideas, we felt, as it were, raised from the earth, and brought nearer to heaven. It was an apotheosis of thought and feeling, and the heavenward journey of the moment always left behind it, in the soul, some sparks of the eternal fire.

It was on such evenings that I perceived in Julia something higher and more noble than until now I had seen in her childish and flighty manner. I saw her bosom heave, her cheeks grow red, while she listened to discourses on truth and virtue; and while her expressive eyes hung upon the lips of their noble interpreter, to draw in every word he might utter, she would answer her lover shortly and with indifference, when he sometimes asked her opinion on certain little pasteboard labours, in executing which he had certainly considerable skill. The blind girl generally remained silent, during the conversations, and her statue-like face seldom betrayed any of the emotions which were given to her inner feelings.

We had also, on some evenings, conversations of another kind—lighter, but still not unimportant. In these Madame H— and Cornet Charles distinguished themselves. One evening when Professor L. and the Colonel were absent, Lieutenant Arwid made a long address upon the best manner of

salking venison, and on the sauce which was best suited to it. Julia asked whether Arwid's speech had not given an unusual desire to eat an early supper, and go to bed soon. All agreed that it had.

One day, as Julia and I were sitting at work, by an open window, a pot of roses standing on the table between us, after we had been sitting in silence for some time, Julia said hastily, "Do not you think—" and then was again suddenly silent.

I looked up at her, and asked, "What then?"

"Yes—that—Professor L. has something noble in his countenance, especially about the forehead."

"Yes," I replied, "we read there his noble soul, his mild wisdom."

Julia bent her head over the rose-bush, a bud of which, at this moment, seemed to strike her cheek.

"Aha," thought I. Julia resumed; "Do you not think—?" A new pause.

"That professor—" said I, leading the way.

"Yes, that—that Professor L. has a very melodious voice, and speaks extremely well. He makes everything so clear, so rich, so beautiful, it seems as if one were made better by listening to him."

"It is true. But do you not find that Lieutenant Arwid has a very handsome moustache, and an uncommonly fine voice, particularly when he says 'The Thous—'?"

"Now you are wicked, Beata," said Julia, blushing deeply, and, getting up, she ran away. As she passed by, she awoke Lieutenant Arwid, who was taking his afternoon nap, on the sofa, in the next room; whereupon he grumbled a little, while he stretched out his arms and legs with *nonchalance*; he demanded a kiss, by way of satisfaction. He received—nothing.

Meantime Julia grew more serious every day; her former constantly gay and kind temper became variable, and sometimes unkind; her manner was more quiet and earnest, and sometimes a light trace of grief rested on her charming face. But for a long time no one of the family observed this change. The members of it had all too many affairs of their own to look after.

Madame H—, whose active nature and industrious kindness always kept her employed, found, when in the country, every hour occupied. She was the comforter, the counsellor, and the teacher of her dependants, in great as well as in small matters; and was, besides, the physician of the whole neighbourhood. She did all this with an ease and presence of mind which one would hardly have attributed to her, when the careful way in which she managed the smallest affairs of her household were borne in mind. She went herself to the people with drops and encouragement, soup and good advice, and the former gave to the latter spirit and strength. She was the favourite of the whole region. Old and young, rich and poor, they all praised her: she was "too good," "too kind."

The Colonel applied himself apparently more in the passive, but he was in fact more active, more busy, with the welfare of those who were subject to him. He was, to his tenants as well as to his house servants, a good and just, but severe master. He was everywhere more feared than beloved; but all acknowledged, that, during the time he had governed the estate, immorality, drunkenness, and

all crimes had every year decreased; and that, on the contrary, good order, morality, social intercourse, and consequently prosperity and content, had increased, and even spread to neighbouring places. The excellent establishments he had made, the schools he had founded, and which he endeavoured every year to improve, gave hope of the advancing cultivation and happiness of the rising generation. Professor L. was now a most valuable fellow-worker with him.

This is the place to say a few words of farther explanation respecting Professor L. They shall be short and good.

Professor L. was the son of a rich man, and was himself in easy circumstances. He had become a clergyman, as being, in his opinion, the way in which he could be most useful to his fellow-men. He was, in the most beautiful meaning of the word, the father of his flock. It was singular that he was as attentive, and perhaps even more attentive, than I was to Julia. His eye followed her so kindly, so earnestly, so inquiringly.

Helen had the oversight of the girls' school in the parish—an important office, which she fulfilled with as much pleasure as diligence.

The Cornet had the supervision of the boys' school does any one believe it? No, heaven forbid! And it was as well for him as for the school that he had not. He was suddenly seized with a violent passion for botany; went out early in the morning, was often absent all day, and came home at evening very tired, his pockets full of weeds—flowers, I should say. He talked a great deal of the interest, the value, and the uses of botany; pointed out to Julia incessantly the difference between *Peutandria* and *Octandria*, &c. He was particularly anxious to find the *Linnæa borealis*, which he had heard grew in that neighbourhood, but which he had not been able to discover. For this he was seeking early and late.

"It is strange to see Charles," said Julia; "when he comes home from his botanising promenades, he is either so gay that he embraces everybody, or he is cross enough to bite one."

"He is getting too crazy after his botany," said the Colonel.

Helen laughed, and shook her head, and I did the same; and you will certainly do so too, my fair young reader. I guess, I guess, he was—but silence, silence, until—We will not betray the secret; it will come to light in due season. In the meantime, we will go in the great family carriage to make some

VISITS.

THE Colonel, Madame H—, Julia, the Cornet, and I. Madame H—, who sometimes had ideas which seemed to have fallen from the moon, had lately taken up the opinion that I was beginning to grow melancholy, which she thought proceeded from my having brooded too much over the Book of Revelations. She had sometimes found me with the Bible in my hand, open at the last part, where the coming of the New Jerusalem is described. Now, nothing made Madame H. more anxious than brooding over books. She sometimes thought my reason was in danger: and, to

divert me, and withdraw me from "such things," she wished me to accompany them in the visits they were making in the neighbourhood.

On a fine afternoon, we started all in good health and spirits.

We drank coffee with Madame Mellander, who, with her husband (the pendant to his wife) rented a little place of the Colonel. Madame Mellander was uncommonly ugly: she was pock-marked, and had a bearded chin; she turned up her nose very high over her silent husband, who acknowledged most humbly her worth and her power; and harangued her two pretty, but somewhat awkward daughters, whom the Cornet compared to drooping birch-trees, the whole day long upon their manners and morals. Beyond this, she was regular, moderate, and domestic; kept her household, her husband, her daughters, a maid, and three cats, in good order; and thought that, on this account, she possessed an excellent head for management.

"Yes, yes," she would sometimes say, with a sigh, "now people say Count Platen is dead! Next year they will perhaps say, Madame Mellander is dead!"

"That would be terrible," said the Colonel, if he were present.

While Mr. Mellander conducted the Colonel into his little garden, to show him a new plan, or some newly-made arable land, which had been reclaimed from an old potato-field, we learned all the news from Madame Mellander: first, that she was reading a very pleasant book, about a young man named Fritz.

"Is it a romance?" said Madame H—.

"Yes, it is a romance. It is very neat. The lady whom Fritz is in love with is named Ingeborg."

"Who wrote the book?" asked Madame H—.

"Oh, I do not know, indeed; he must be a preacher; and it is so pretty—how she goes out to sea, and how she clasps her little white hands."

"Can that be Frithiof?" cried the Cornet aloud, in surprise.

"Frithiof—yes, Fritz or Frithiof, that is his name."

"By Tegner?" said Madame H—.

"Ten—yes, yes; I believe I have heard such a name."

Julia raised her eyes to heaven.

Madame H—, who now first saw that it was desirable to turn the conversation from such subjects, now asked Madame Mellander whether she had heard that the Countess B. had already come to her estate in the country.

"No," answered Madame Mellander sharply and decisively, "I know nothing about her. There is no intercourse between us now. Can you imagine, my lady, that she and I were brought up together? Yes, we were every day together when we were young; and she had a straw hat with yellow ribbons, and I had a straw hat with red ribbons; and I said to her, 'Do you hear, Jeanette?' and she said to me, 'Do you hear, Lisette?' and we were the best friends in the world. Then she went her way, and I went mine—to my uncle, Counsellor Strissberg, at Norrtele. Your grace certainly knows him."

"No," answered "your grace." "Oh, my goodness! not know the rich Strissberg, who married

Mamselle Britmund, of Stockholm? Your grace must know certainly the brother-in-law of Lonnberg—he who lives near the market."

"No, I do not know him," answered Madame H—, smiling, but somewhat confused.

"Indeed, indeed," said Madame Mellander, somewhat displeased, and perhaps with decreased consideration for the acquaintance of the lady. "Well," she continued her narrative, "then it happened that we did not see each other for several years. But, after I married Mellander, I saw once, at a concert at Stockholm, the companion of my youth, who had now become the Countess B. I bowed and bowed to her; but—would you believe it?—she stared directly at me, and never bowed at all, and behaved as if she did not recognise me. Aha! thought I. Now, when she passes my house, here in the country, she will stick her head out of the carriage-window, and bow and nod. But I—I mind my sewing. What do you think of that, Madame H—?"

What that lady thought, Madame Mellander did not find out then; for, at that very moment, her better half came in with the Colonel, who proposed taking leave, as it was already five o'clock; and it was nearly a mile to Löfstaholm, where we were to make the next visit on the Landholder D. Each of the company, meantime, were compelled to take two cups of coffee, with the exception of the Cornet, who begged to be excused. He and Julia had, during this time, done their best to amuse and enliven the Misses Eva and Amalia. The Cornet, in a gay, good-natured way, paid them all sorts of little compliments. Julia praised their flowers, promised to lend them books, patterns, &c.; all which had the effect of arousing the pretty drooping birches, as if they had been shaken by a fresh breeze, or enlivened by a refreshing rain, to raise their branches and begin to wave their leaves—that is, Amalia and Eva were quite animated, and the apples of their eyes moved east and west.

At Löfstaholm, the Colonel and his family were received with the most lively and clamorous joy. Great attention was paid to Cornet Charles, who, from his cheerful character, his gay humour, and his pleasant manner, was universally beloved by all the neighbours, and stood in especial favour at merry Löfstaholm, where balls, plays, and amusements of all kinds were constantly following each other, and where he sometimes danced twenty-four dances in a night with twelve ladies, and sometimes took part as Captain Puff,* or Cousin Pastoreau, or the Burgomaster in Carolus Magnus, and gave universal pleasure. He "never had been able to play the part of a lover," which was very natural, because he had never been in love, and could not represent what was so opposite to his nature.

To celebrate the birthday of Mr. D., his three gifted sons gave this evening a little concert, to which a tolerably numerous assembly of listeners were invited, and to which the H— family made a welcome addition.

Madame D., who had the reputation of a highly-educated woman, who talked about Weber and Rossini, of education and instruction, poetry,

* "Captain Puff," a favourite comedy of the Swedish comic poet, Olof Kexell.

colouring, taste, tact, &c., set about making a speech to Madame H—, upon her views in education, and the system on which she had brought up her children, and in which Weber, as well as Rossini,—education, taste, tact—tact more especially—were all brought in.

The concert began. Eleonora D., timid and blushing, sat down at the piano, and played "*con tutta la forza della disperazione*." In every chord she struck, she gave the ears of the listeners two or three notes into the bargain; and the trills—thanks to the bass pedal—went over the key-board like a stroke of India-rubber over a drawing. The conclusion was very effective—the whole piano groaned. The blue-eyed Theresa then sang an air from the *Barber of Seville*: splendid staccati tones, powerful trills, produced with great strength of hand, called forth loud expressions of gratitude from the audience, in return for so much labour.

Landman D., a little fat and gay old man, foolishly attached to his children, whom, in his paternal heart, he compared to the seven wonders of the world, went immediately up to Col. H—, and, nibbling his hands, asked, with sparkling eyes—"Now, brother, what do you say? what do you think? what—what?"

The Colonel, who had a good natural taste, and had in his life listened to too much good music not to know what it was, had recourse to his good-natured, roguish laugh, and to an equivocal speech—"She plays confoundedly well—she plays wonderfully;" which expressions the happy father received with the most lively pleasure.

In the duet which followed between Adolphus D. and one of his sisters, they "fell out" (as the Colonel called it) somewhat; and a duet of ungracious glances took place between brother and sisters, during which the song sometimes ran into this accompaniment.

The finale, a chorus, sung by all the seven virtuosos together, about "loves and doves," "blights and delights," and many more singular rhymes, which with the rows of words placed before them, were composed by Adolphus D., I thought would shake the house down.

Madame H—, who had sat through all this, as if she had been at evening mass, with a devout and somewhat plaintive countenance, did her best to satisfy the thirst for praise of the musical family. The Colonel repeated his strong expressions, and the company sung a chorus of bravos, in many cases given with somewhat equivocal glances. This conduct displeased the Cornet; he could get along easily, for he could and did say merely, that he knew nothing of music, and could not, therefore, give any opinion. Others, who, on account of their musical taste, (or for their sins,) are called upon to give their opinion at such concerts, are badly enough off. Artists by trade may venture to criticise—they have purchased this right; but amateurs can only praise—to this they are held pledged; and if they cannot do it with a good conscience, the truth is not always well received, or it is received, perhaps, with a wry face.

It was not to be thought of that we should return home before supper. It was eleven o'clock when we were seated in the carriage. It was a mild and uncommonly beautiful spring night. Madame H— soon fell asleep, lulled by the gentle

motion, and our conversation;—we were all silent. The Colonel's face was shaded; the Cornet sat and looked at the moon, which looked down pale and mild over the green, quiet earth. There was a sort of enthusiasm in his expression, which I had never remarked before. Even Julia was thoughtful. The coachman and horses must also have been thinking of something, for we passed very slowly through forests and plains. It was about midnight when we came in sight of the Parsonage, the residence of Professor L. We saw lights glimmering from one of the windows. The Colonel saw it and said, "There sits L., watching and working for the good of his fellow-men. He hardly allows himself his night's rest—and yet it may be fifty years and more before his works will be rightly understood and valued. And such nights follow days, the hours of which have all been devoted to the various duties of his office."

"He is like his light," said the Cornet; "he consumes himself to illuminate others."

"He must be a most noble man," said Julia, with tears in her eyes.

"Indeed he is," replied the Colonel; "I know no one more so—but he cannot live long as he now lives."

"Has he not," asked Julia, "any sister or mother, or some one with him at home, who looks after him, loves him, and takes care of him?"

"No, he is solitary."

"Solitary!" repeated Julia, in a low and sad tone; and while we made a circuit about the parsonage, she leaned out of the carriage window, and held her head still turned in the same direction.

"What are you looking at, my child?" asked the Colonel.

"At the light, father—it glimmers so beautifully in the night."

The next day there were some visits to be made in the neighbourhood—but it was altogether impossible for the Cornet to accompany us. He had heard a report that the *Linnaea borealis* was to be found in a wood, about half a mile east of Thorsborg, and, to convince himself of the truth of it, he was obliged to leave us before noon.

"I do not understand," said Julia, "on what Charles lives some days. He never takes any food with him, although I beg him to do so, when he goes on his botanical pilgrimages, and it seems to me he is really growing thin."

"He is running again now into the woods," said the Colonel, when he saw his son taking great strides across the court, "I fear his *Linnaea borealis* is turning his head."

Our visits this day were less fortunate. At L. and Vik, the little children had the measles, and on account of our little boys, we turned away immediately on receiving this intelligence.

At M. the Countess was not at home.—In a little summer-house in the garden her canary birds were singing, starling in splendid cages, and seemed with their thrilling tones, now plaintive, and now joyous, to endeavour to draw attention to their wants.

Madame H— gave them corn, water, sugar, bird's grass, and said a thousand kind words to them.

"With all these things," remarked the Colonel, "we shall get no tea to-night."

Not to get his tea between six and seven in the

evening, was a real deprivation to the Colonel, and Madame H—, who well knew this, sat in the carriage with an anxious mien as we proceeded on our homeward ride, which would take us at least another half-hour. To shorten it, as he supposed, the coachman took a new road, from which we had, too, some new views of the country. We stopped to let the horses breathe at a wild place, overgrown with shrubbery. On the right, and at a distance from the road, we saw over the tops of the trees, a slight pillar of smoke rising, which a gentle breeze blew over toward us.

"Indeed," said the Colonel, "I could almost think they had tea ready for us there. Look, Julia, can you not see a white wall through the woods?"

"Yes, I see something of a grayish white—there is actually a house there, the smoke appears to come from it. It is plain there is a fairy there who is expecting us, to entertain us—a fairy and tea—how charming!"

"My opinion is," said the Colonel, "that if there is a fairy there, there are also real men and women, who would give us a cup of tea in their best manner, if we,—what do you think, Charlotte? Shall we not make a visit to the little inviting castle in the woods? We can tell the inhabitants that we wish to make their acquaintance, and that we—in a word, that we are thirsty."

Julia laughed heartily. Madame H— looked quite shocked.

"My dear," said she, "that would not do."

"It would do desperately well for me," said the Colonel, "to get a cup of tea."

"Besides, dear mother," said Julia, "we might perhaps make an interesting acquaintance. Think, for example, if Don Quixote did not die of his loss of blood, as has been reported, but travelled to the North, and should be living here with his fair Toboso, and should now receive us—or if we should meet a hermit, who should tell his story, or a disguised princess."

"What and whom you will," said the Colonel, "if he will only be christian enough to give us a cup of tea."

Though the Colonel brought out for the fourth time certainly, his cup of tea, yet Madame H— recoiled so much from this visit to Don Quixote, as she called it, that the thoughts of it were given up, and it was concluded to proceed on our journey.

Just as the carriage was again put in motion, crack! off went one of the back wheels, the carriage sunk slowly down, and, with different exclamations, we, one over another, rolled down into the road.

Madame H— lay upon me, but made an effort before she thought of getting up, to draw out her reticule, which by accident was under me, which I assured her it was entirely impossible to do, as I could not move a limb.

At last we were all on our feet. Madame H— was very pale, and we all surrounded her, and anxiously asked her a thousand times whether she was bruised, very much frightened, &c. But as she answered all these anxious questions with "no," and as we on our side were able to say that we were neither frightened, nor had suffered any fractures or bruises, (I could not say so much for squeezing); Julia burst out into such a hearty and ringing laugh, that all the company were obliged to join her in it. The coachman and the maid,

though uninjured as well as ourselves, did not immediately recover their smiling faces.

With their assistance the Colonel now attempted to raise the old heavy coach. The sand on the road was very deep, and the carriage was, as it were, buried in it. The coachman was an invalid, the maid superannuated; they strained and cried "Oh, oh!"—the Colonel alone worked, and the coach did not move from its hole.

A visit to the gray house, (the only human dwelling visible,) was now necessary; and the Colonel, who was so fixed upon this visit, and his cup of tea, was quite merry about the accident to the carriage, and saying, "We must all go together in sorrow and joy," gave his wife his arm, and led her with unusual cheerfulness and good humour through the narrow path which wound through a grove of pines and firs, and appeared to lead to the gray house, which has been so often mentioned.

"It is going to rain," said Madame H—, looking anxiously up to the sky—"my bonnet! could we not wait here under the trees, while Gronwall runs along and gets some people for the carriage?"

"It is not going to rain," said the Colonel.

"It is raining now," said Madame H—"Let us make haste to get shelter," cried the Colonel, and hurried gaily forward, holding his hat over the head of Madame H—.

At last we reached the little gray house. It had a dark ruinous appearance, and with the exception of a small kitchen garden, everything about it was wild and uncultivated. The silver sources of a stream glimmered at some distance through the dark pine wood.

Just as we entered the house it began to rain violently. A door stood open which led directly to the first story. It opened upon the temple of cookery. As the Colonel went in, a girl started from a corner like a hare from his hole, stared at us with sleepy eyes, and stammered—"Be so good—please to walk up stairs, the family are at home."

We ascended a narrow and dark staircase, and when we reached the top, the Colonel opened a door, which gave us a view of a small room, which on all sides was filled with clothes. Tables, chairs, and baskets were filled with ironed and unironed articles. The air was moist, and hot as that of a heated oven.

"Forward, just go forward," said the Colonel kindly to Madame H— who paused upon the threshold.

"My dear, I cannot step into the clothes baskets," answered she, somewhat displeased. The Colonel and I cleared the way, and we passed through the laundry to another door, on opening which we all stood still for a moment, in astonishment and wonder.

A perfectly beautiful woman, of a majestic form, dressed in black and rich laces, stood in the middle of a room, which was tastefully ornamented with beautiful crystals, vases of flowers, mirrors, and other articles of luxury. Something stood behind her, though it only seemed to float on the air; a young,—yes, actually only a young girl, but so enchanting, so angelically beautiful, that one might well doubt if she were of terrestrial origin. She could not be more than sixteen. Her bright hair was confined with a golden arrow, and she wore a white crape dress, which floated like a bright cloud

round the lily-white, lovely, ideal-shaped, angelic creature.

The elder lady came forward to meet us, while her dark blue eyes looked proudly and inquiringly on the unbidden guests. Madame H— stepped backwards and trod upon my toes. The Colonel, whose noble bearing, and open and free manner, made a pleasant impression on every one, soon brought an amiable smile to the lips of the beautiful lady of the wood, while he related to her, in a manner as polite as it was comical, the cause or rather the causes of our unexpected visit, prayed her to excuse it, mentioned his name, (which seemed to make a peculiar impression on the fair unknown) and presented his wife and daughter. He forgot me; but I forgave him. Who speaks of the gravy to the meat? that follows of itself, like an appendix. The fair lady of the wood answered in broken Swedish, but with a voice which was music itself: "You are very welcome, you shall have assistance to repair your carriage, and you must take some tea—such as I have." "My daughter, my Herminia," added she, while she stroked the locks of the sylph from her forehead.

While Madame H— was advancing to the sofa, she stopped and bowed very politely to a gentleman, who had stood until then half hidden by the window blind, but who now stepped forward, took the hand of the amazed Madame H—, shook and kissed it, while, smiling, but not without embarrassment, he said, "Dear mother;" it was—the Cornet!

Madame H— exclaimed, and seated herself in haste and in great surprise upon the sofa, folded her hands and looked up at her son. The Colonel stretched open his eyes, made a highly comical grimace, but said nothing—a somewhat perplexing restraint arose in the company. The Cornet, who seemed to be standing on pins, soon went out to look after the carriage.

The fair lady of the wood also went out, and we remained alone with the sylph, whom the Colonel regarded with apparent delight. He, with Madame H— and Julia, sought to make her talkative by questions and remarks upon different subjects, but it did not succeed. She said but little, and avoided answering their questions. Childlike innocence, inborn grace, and an almost divine repose appeared in her whole person, and impressed everything which she said. She spoke tolerably good Swedish, but with an accent the melody of which betrayed the Italian language. Julia was charmed, and was constantly whispering to me,—“She is an angel, an angel, see her mouth—no—see her little hand—no—see her foot—her eyes—ah—brother Charles—now you are fixed—she is a veritable angel.”

A harp and a lyre stood in the small, tastefully arranged chamber. To Julia's question to Herminia, whether she played one of those instruments, she answered by taking the harp and playing a canzonetta of Azioli, with such grace, and sung the words with such feeling and beauty, that the eyes of all present filled with tears.

She had hardly finished, when her mother entered; soon after came the Cornet and tea. The business to which this last gave place made the pauses which occurred in the conversation less remarked.

I could not avoid noticing, (and this may be pardoned in a housewife) the meanness of the

furniture of the tea-table. The cups were of Rorstrand's* coarsest ware, (three were tinned,) the sugar was ordinary, very dark brown; of bread or cake I saw not a trace.

I was afraid that our fair hostess remarked that I looked round a little, and that Madame H— did the same, and exchanged glances with me; for her face exhibited a painful confusion, and she stammered out something about the difficulty of getting wheat flour. With her usual kind forethought, Madame H— offered immediately to send her some of her treasures, but she received for answer a cold and decided “No,” at which Madame H— was somewhat discouraged and troubled.

The Colonel was sipping with satisfaction his second cup of tea, when all at once a violent noise was heard, and some one hastily ascended the stairs. Our hostess grew first red, then pale, rose and made some steps toward the door, when that was hastily pushed open, and a man with a wild expression of restrained anger, a pale, powerful and decided countenance, came violently in, proudly and carelessly saluted the company he found in the parlour, and seated himself by a window where he remained silent, often throwing wild, angry, and penetrating glances toward our fair hostess, . . . who, visibly trembling, took her place again silently beside Madame H—. Yet by degrees her manner became more quiet, and she twice answered the angry look which was thrown upon her, by a returning glance of pride and even scorn.

The Colonel who measured the new comer with searching looks, addressed him some question about the weather. At the sound of his voice, the unknown turned hastily round, looked sharp at the questioner, and while a pale red coloured his sunken cheeks, answered, as it seemed, without knowing what he said “Yes, yes, it does not rain any longer—people can go their ways!”

He looked again out of the window and repeated, “It has entirely left off raining—there is no danger in going out now.” The Colonel, who seemed on that day to be possessed with the spirit of contradiction, said against all probability, for the sky was becoming still clearer every moment, “Oh—it is still dark, and it is beginning to rain worse than ever.”

Madame H— now turned a somewhat beseeching look toward him, and at this silent prayer he rose, and saw at last that the rain had ceased, and that we might be on our way. With thanks and apologies we took leave of the lady and her daughter, who had great tears in their beautiful eyes, and silently bowed to Mr. Deerslayer, (as Julia named him) who shot at us with his eyes and appeared to wish us farther.

“Are you going with us, Charles?” said the Colonel to his son, “or are you still seeking for the *Linnæa bo*—”

“I will run on before, and see whether the carriage is in order,” cried the Cornet, and rushed off like a tornado.

When we were again seated in the carriage, the Cornet was stormed with questions. He declared he knew no more of the fair foreigners than we did; he had made their acquaintance during a wandering in their neighbourhood—he knew that they were beautiful and amiable, that they lived

* Rorstrand, a great manufacturer of porcelain in the neighbourhood of Stockholm.

apart from everybody, and appeared to be poor. More than this he did not know—nothing more. "Poor!" cried his mother, "and so dressed, with such laces."

The Cornet blushed and said, "They are always well dressed."

"But who in the world was that rude man?" asked Julia.

"The master of the house," answered the Cornet; "he seems to have an unhappy and irritable temper—I do not know anything more of the family."

The Colonel looked sharply at his son, who was visibly confused.

We were still in the carriage. Madame H— shook her head as an accompaniment to her thoughts.

The Colonel suddenly broke the silence by saying good-humouredly, while he smiled, "I have still her Kling, Kling, in my ears."

"Kling, kling!" cried the Cornet, blushing. "Yes," answered the Colonel, drily, and silence again prevailed.

Julia, to be sure, had her heart and her eyes full of animated words about the two fair foreigners, but she did not well know on what footing her brother's acquaintance with them stood, and she seldom dared, in presence of her father, to let her transports take air, for fear of his sarcastic expression, of which she had an almost panic dread.

"It is remarkable," said the Colonel again, "that just in this foreign region, west of Thorsborg, the singular *Linnæa bo*—"

"Do you not think, father," interrupted the Cornet, hastily, "that I had better draw up the window, or perhaps, father, you had better not—speak much—the cold fog comes in?"

"Thank you for your caution, my son—there is no danger for me—I am more afraid for you—lest in your botanical excursions you should make yourself ill, that you should get cold—have chills—"

"Chills!" said the Cornet, laughing, but at the same time blushing, "one would expect to have a fever rather."

"I will be your doctor," said the Colonel; "and as I see very decided symptoms of illness, I order you—"

"Most humbly thank you, my dear father, but there is as yet no danger—that I assure you—I have, however, still much—respect for the remedies!"

The Colonel was silent. Madame H— sighed—Julia winked mischievously at me. The carriage stopped. We had reached home. It was already very late in the evening.

During supper the Colonel said to his son, "Now, Charles, when were you so fortunate as to find your *Linnæa borealis*?"

The Cornet replied, with precipitation, "This very day, father." At the same moment he drew from his pocket-book a little plant, saying, "This little northern flower, which, except in Sweden and Norway, is only found in Switzerland and on a mountain in America, has a peculiar odour, particularly at night. This is beginning to dry, but it still smells good—smell of it, Julia."

"My dear Charles," exclaimed Julia, "this smells exactly like wormwood—but no—what am I talking about—it smells—"

"Wormwood!" said the Cornet, surprised, and looking in confusion at his sprig of wormwood, "I am mistaken—I have lost—I had—"

The Colonel laughed sarcastically; "It must be confessed," said he, "that this *Linnæa borealis* is a very singular plant."

But the person who first succeeded in finding out more about the *Linnæa borealis* was Madame H—. Between the mother and son there prevailed such extreme tenderness, that the questions of one always called out the confidence of the other, if it were not before given voluntarily. Above all her children, Madame H— was attached to her eldest son, though she would never allow that she made any distinction between them. He was the one among them most like herself, as well in person as the intrinsic goodness of his heart. Beside that, the very careful nursing which she had devoted to his extremely delicate and sickly childhood had cost her much of her own health and strength, and this had, perhaps, more than anything else, chained the child to the heart of the mother, who had preserved him through so many sacrifices. What costs us much, becomes more valuable to us. She was now rewarded by the most affectionate love of her son.

If Madame H— did know a secret, it did not help the rest of us out of the dark. The Colonel did not seem to know any more than we did; for he often, in a playful manner, joked about botany and the *Linnæa borealis*, of which words the Cornet stood in most righteous fear; and the conversation on which he always endeavoured to interrupt by bringing on the *tapis* some new subject—the first was the best.

Meantime, he continued his peregrinations undisturbed—undertook even a little pedestrian tour through the neighbouring country, which lasted about a week, and for—but of this hereafter.

The Colonel said, in his usual quiet manner, "In fourteen days, the young gentleman goes to camp. The expedition will then keep him in Koslapien all the summer; his love for botany and the *Linnæa borealis* will pass away in that time."

Meantime Julia, for her part, was in considerable trouble. Lieutenant Arwid, who, in the country, missed the subjects of conversation to which a city life alone gave occasion, began, in his *tête-à-têtes* with his bride, to have nothing farther to say than "My little Julia." After the lovers had sat near each other for some time in silent observation, Julia began to yawn. Then Arwid would say, "You are sleepy, 'little' Julia." "Yes," she would reply; "and thanks to you for it," she thought.

"Lean on me, my angel, and take a little nap," said, in a tender voice, her future earthly support; "lean on me and the sofa cushion, which I will fix; I will lean on the other cushion, and take a nap too—that will be divinely beautiful!" With a somewhat troubled look, Julia followed his advice; and soon morning and noon the lovers were seen together fast asleep. Julia said, sometimes, it was a sin and a shame to sleep away one's life so; but her bridegroom was of opinion, that it was the best way to enjoy one's self; and that whoever would make a good wife must, while betrothed, follow the wishes of her lover; so he held Julia to her morning and afternoon naps.

She was once heard to answer, half in joke and half in vexation, to Lieutenant Arwid's prayer, that she would consider him a cushion, "I assure you that I begin to think so in reality."

THE BLIND GIRL.

"I see only darkness."

MADAME H—, who had fully assured herself that the reason of my supposed melancholy was a tendency to consumption, ordered me a milk diet and long walks in the open air early in the morning.

Perhaps she did this to keep me, without the appearance of restraint, as a companion for Elizabeth, for whom the physicians had prescribed the same diet. Be that as it may, four things were decided: I was melancholy—I was in a consumption—I must be cured—and I must go to walk.

I began also to drink milk, and went with Elizabeth, during the early morning hours of spring, into the beautiful park, where the birds, at this hour, joined in a concert, which was disturbed neither by the gentle steps of the two wanderers, nor by many words from their mouths.

Elizabeth's demeanour was at first cold and unfriendly. She was almost always silent; and the few words which she did utter, bore the impress of a weak and sensitive spirit. She often asked, "What o'clock is it?" and, at my answer, there was always an impatient sigh—"No later?"

I was silent, because I—because I actually did not know what to say—because I feared I might trouble her anxious, sensitive, unhappy soul by an inconsiderate word. I saw that she was suffering—would most willingly have consoled her, but did not know what tone to assume to carry consolation to her heart. Besides, it seemed to me that human words could be no more fitted to alleviate her sorrow, than the mild, fresh, life-giving spring air, which surrounded us—than those melodious chorusses which rose from the murmuring hedges—than those rich, lovely, fragrant odours, which seemed to be the breath of young Nature drawn into our inmost soul. Ah! what could I say which could be more penetrating, more full of love, more soothing, than this beautiful and wonderful poetry of Nature?

By degrees, Elizabeth's demeanour became more mild. My quiet but unobtrusive attentions were no longer opposed in an unfriendly manner. She talked often, and more quietly.

One day she said to me, "You are calm and friendly, like Nature; it does one good to be with you." As I had never sought to penetrate into her inmost soul by a single question, she seemed to forget that she was surrounded by anything else than this nature, into whose bosom the most unhappy being is not afraid to pour out his sorrow, and which is often the best and the most consoling friend. She often expressed half-uttered sounds, which were now full of deep sorrow, now fearfully wild and murmuring; at times they were monotonous, but a sort of lullaby, as if she wished to calm the stormy feelings of her heart. This melancholy song often created in me that very illness which Madam H— wished to cure.

In her gestures, Elizabeth showed the same relaxation of feeling hitherto repressed. She often stretched out her arms, or made gestures

with them, as if she was motioning away something frightful; at times she pressed her hands against her breast, or folded them over her bosom with an expression of indescribable suffering. Often her motions were so quick and wild, that she seemed nearly bursting out into madness; but as we finished our morning walk, and approached the house, she immediately resumed her cold, reserved, and unnaturally stiff manner.

One morning, when we were sitting upon a bank, she suddenly said to me, "We are sitting in the sun, are not we? I feel the warmth. Let us go into the shade. I do not love the sun; it has no sympathy with me."

I led her to a bank, where a luxuriant hedge of elder kept off the rays of the sun.

"It must be very pleasant to-day," said Elizabeth—"It seems to me I have never felt such a delightful breeze." And now, she began to ask me questions about the colour of flowers, about trees and birds, about everything around us which was beautiful, but invisible to her, and in a tone so gently mournful, that my heart was overpowered with deep inward emotion. A few tears, which I could not restrain, fell from my eyes upon her hand, that was resting upon mine. She drew her hand quickly away, while she said—"Are you weeping for me? Do you feel compassion for me? No one shall do that—no one shall pity me, no one shall commiserate me; I do not deserve it! You must no longer be deceived in me; learn to know me—learn to despise me! This heart has planned crime! this hand has committed murder! I am going now. I know it! I feel it!—to meet death! but a silent death, almost without suffering; and I have deserved to end my days upon the scaffold, under the executioner's hand."

At these words, I felt as if day had grown dark around me. I was silent with horror. Elizabeth also was silent, but with an expression of wild despair, and with a smile of scorn upon her pale lips. At length this changed to an expression of dark dejection, while she softly and slowly said—"Is any one near me?" "I am here," I answered as quietly and mildly as possible, for I felt how much more the unhappy guilty woman needed the kindness of her fellow-creatures than the innocent sufferer.

"Soon," said Elizabeth, with her hands upon her breast, "soon will the flames of hell which are raging here be let loose! Silent death! I feel your friendly approach. This tormented head will soon rest benumbed in the cold earth: mother earth! you will press to your bosom the tired child, who through all the long, long days of life, has learned to know and to bless no mother's heart, no father's breast, no friend's supporting arm! But why do I complain! For the sake of receiving as charity mere contemptible compassion! And I do not even deserve that! I am a wretched creature!" She was silent, but began again, after a short pause: "It is strange—to-day—to-day—after so many hundred days of misery borne in silence, my heart will speak out—will, like an enchained prisoner, breathe a freer air, will go forth into daylight, indifferent to the feelings of disgust and horror which the sight of a wretched criminal excites in others. The flame will once more blaze up, and spread around itself

a horrible brightness before it is extinguished for ever."

"Turn your face away from me, Beata! follow the example of the sun—it is no matter—or rather, it is better so—I have still something to lose—your compassion. Well, I deserve this punishment."

She was again silent; sorrowful feelings seemed to shake her very soul, and an indescribable expression of enthusiasm and melancholy was painted on her beautiful countenance, while she stretched out her arms with longing, and called out—

"Father-land, freedom, honour! could I have tried, struggled, and died for you, I should not have been the wretched, degraded being I now am. Had I been a man, my heart would not in vain have beat for you—for you, the worthy goal for the soul's eagle flight. This flame, which now consumes my wicked breast, would then have been kindled upon your altars—would have blazed up on high, a clear and holy sacrificial flame. But now—Oh, how unhappy is the woman to whom Nature has given a soul full of fire, strength of feeling, and enthusiasm. Unhappy the woman who sees in the narrow circle in which she is called upon to live and to work quietly and monotonously, only a joyless station, a prison, a grave of life!

"I was this unhappy one. Oh, how I suffered in the struggle with destiny! This was the dragon against which I strove—which I thought I was chosen to conquer; and he has thrown me down to the dust—has dashed me in pieces—has trampled me like a worm!

"In the overflow of youthful feeling, I was proud of the fire, the depth, the strength of my perceptions, and disdained to walk circumspectly—to recognise as law any other power than my own will. I felt that I had wings,—I wished to fly, to rise over everything. I—am fallen!

"O that my dying voice might be heard by every woman, who, ardent and full of passion believes that she was created to become something great, splendid, and wonderful; who believes that the breadth and strength of feeling with which she is endowed, justify her in despising the quiet world in which her lot is cast, with the rest of the human race; in despising the modest holy reserve of feeling which divine as well as human laws command;—and could she see me how I have fallen by trampling upon these laws, and hear my warning voice say: Bewildered, pitiable creature, struggle against yourself! Your passionate soul . . . is the dragon against which you must strive;—whose fire will consume you, and become the destruction of others if it is not suppressed. Yield to destiny and human laws—struggle against yourself, or you will suffer as I have suffered, and be dashed to pieces!

"It is too late for me to struggle—the power has gone—the will has gone! The fire has gained the victory—the temple burns, burns, burns, and will burn—until the wind finds nothing else but ashes. I have myself lighted my funeral pile—I shall be consumed—and I suffer!

"Thou world full of harmony, beauty and song, now surrounding me with caressing arms, like a waking, smiling child—in vain thou smilest, in vain thou flatterest—I understand thee not—I suffer!

"When I was young—that was a hundred years

ago—heaven and hell ruled alternately in my breast; still I was somewhat nearer the first; now I no longer see heaven. When I was young, still very young, I loved with the whole strength of passion. My first love was my father-land. You smile; perhaps you think this feeling laughable in a girl—others have done so—and yet—my father-land! Noble, beloved soil of Sweden! had all thy sons possessed my heart, the heart of a tender maiden, thou wouldst have still been what thou once wast, the home of heroes, the lion of Europe.

"You have read and heard of martyrs, of the frightful sufferings, the almost incredible horrors, which the friends of freedom and of country have suffered at all times, and you turn away your eyes and thoughts with horror. I also read them, and I also heard the fate of each; but I thirsted to share it,—I pondered over all their sufferings and hellish torments; they seemed to me heavenly blessings if suffered for thee my father-land! Blessed of heaven the glory, the pleasure of the same sufferings. While the blossoms of my youth were unfolding, and my feelings were swelling like the spring flood, the murderous chariot of war thundered through Europe—only an echo of the sound of weapons which flashed forth from contending masses reached our peaceful land. But this reached my heart, and awakened the wildest, most overpowering feelings. Ah! I was only a woman! they laughed at, and mocked my enthusiasm. I wept tears of the bitterest indignation, and concealed my fire in my breast.

"Peace was declared, and the words *father-land, freedom!* which had shone so brilliantly in the brightness of the flames of war, lost many of their dazzling beams under the shadow of the olive-branch. Their beautiful names also lost their magic power in my breast, when thoughts of danger, strife, and honourable death were no longer bound up with them. Peace was declared—the hearts of all were relieved. The world around me became still more common-place and monotonous than before. But my heart remained the same; it wished to live and to act. I was even more desirous than before to seize upon the glittering heights of life, and was pushed back to my *non-existence* by men, by arrangements of society, common-place customs and forms. No galley-slave was ever so unhappy as I was. My soul was agitated, as restlessly as the spirit of the tempest; it grasped at the world; it wished to rise to the stars; penetrate the veil of all feeling, raise the curtain of all knowledge,—and my body and my attention were enchained by the smallest and the most trivial things of life. I lived two existences in one,—and one was the torment of the other.

"The world allows to woman one only passion—its unfolding is generally promoted by the reading of romances, sentimental poetry, and the like. It is love. I learned to know it. It is said to ennoble woman, to create her happiness; it has brought me to crime—it brings me now to the grave.

"My father died. He never understood me, never loved me, never made me happy! Why did he give me life? Had my mother lived, oh she would have understood me, and would have loved me! I have heard much of her; she suffered much—struggled much. I was the offspring of her last sigh, which I drew in with my first breath

in the first and last mother's kiss. For this reason, perhaps, has my whole life been like a death-struggle, a combat, an eternal conflict. It is nearly over.

"My uncle, from whom I had until now been separated, took me home. You know him—but no! you do not know him! You take him for a God upon earth, and he is a severe inflexible man; an implacable, harsh, judge. Oh, how severe has he been to me! How I loved him! I had no one, and nothing upon the earth. He was my all. I saw no one and nothing but him: I told him this. Oh, if he had only had some kindness, some mercy for me! But he was too severe. His look was cold, his word a punishment: I despaired, but adored him.

"I was beautiful, intellectual, full of youth, and life and feeling. As the waves beat in vain against the rock which opposes them and throws them back, so in vain all my feelings; all my natural gifts were sacrificed upon his altar. Ah! the waves are permitted to moisten with tears the hard breast which breaks them and pushes them back: I dare not wet with my tears the hand which repulsed me—which extended to me the cup of death. He whom I honoured and loved above all things—he called my passion for him a crime. I do not know whether it was so then. Perhaps it was not fit for earth. Formerly, I should not have feared to have angels look into my heart; they would have understood me. The angels in heaven love indeed, and must love in a higher degree than the children of the earth, for they love the highest good—they love God! Ah! he was a God to me! Why was he only an angry, severe avenger? His condemnation made me despise myself—and adore him still more.

"Worldly pride arose for a moment in my heart. I wished to conquer my passion, and to punish the inflexible harshness of the object itself.

"I was betrothed to a young man—good and amiable, I believe, who loved me. I remember but little about it. I wished to punish, and believed I could do so by this means, for I entertained for a time the belief I was beloved by him, who was everything to me. Was love the only flame that did not possess the power to warm the object upon which its burning rays were collected? And besides I was so beautiful—and he was, I knew, I saw, weak in his admiration of female beauty. What do I say? When was he ever weak? When did I ever see him waver?—him, the proud, noble, strong one? O, I—I was the weak—the erring, the foolish, the wretched one!"

"Preparations were made for my wedding. The wedding-clothes were ready; I was surrounded with presents, caresses, and flatteries. I looked at him whom I loved; he was very pale.

"The wedding-day came, the hour for the ceremony arrived. I looked at him—he was pale, a dim flame burned in his eyes, but he said nothing. At the last important moment, I looked at him. He turned his face away from me; he turned from me his beautiful, noble, beloved face—with a look—O, memory!—I said 'yes!' Hell was in my heart.

"The same evening I went out, and hid myself from every one. There were strange sensations in my head and breast. They sought for me. Ha! ha! ha! then everything was in confusion.

"I had some money with me, and I succeeded, under a feigned name, in reaching one of the seaports of Sweden.

"I saw the sea! It was raging in a storm. The east was covered with red flames. I remember it now. Ah! it was beautiful. I sat upon a rock, and looked out upon the sea. The immeasurable sea opened wide its arms; wave rolled upon wave, roaring, foaming, away, away, to the infinite distance, where sea and heaven embraced each other. It roared and foamed; ha! it was fearful and magnificent. How the fresh breeze cooled my troubled breast! I felt myself refreshed, strengthened. The language of the waves did me good. They beckoned, they whispered, "hither! hither!" For half a day I sat upon a cliff, and looked down into the sea, and listened. I saw the sun rise out of the waves; I saw the sails with white wings gliding away upon the blue sea, under the blue sky, to a distant coast of peace; I heard the warning voices of the ocean, and resolved to obey their call.

"I wished to go to America. I wished to go far, far away from the ground which he trod upon, from the air which he breathed, from the language and manners which were his.

"The day, the hour of my departure had come. I was about to enter the ship of my salvation,—the streamers were gaily fluttering in a favourable wind—soon I should be tossing upon the cool waters, which sung so melodiously; in the midst of their song, suddenly I heard the sound of a voice; I felt myself seized by an arm, and dragged away by force. Frightful words were spoken to me by a beloved voice; I hardly understood them; all appeared strange, incomprehensible. I was carried back like a prisoner, to my husband. Then I felt again strange sensations in my head and breast; a dance, a whirl, and also a gnawing sorrow. This increased more and more. I became, as they call it, mad.

"The same hand which led me away by force from the shore of salvation, chained now my hands. *He*, whom I loved so infinitely—for whom I would have given up my life a thousand times, *he*—placed me in chains, and carried me to a—madhouse.

"Time rolled on without a sign. Day, night, morning, evening, were alike; all was a blank. From this time I remember nothing, but that once I heard a well-known voice call my name, and once some one near me said, 'If she would only weep!' I thought much of this, wondered what it could mean, and repeated often, with a kind of confused disquiet, 'Weep!'

"One day—I do not know whither I had been, nor with whom I was—everything hovered, in confused wild masses, before my eyes. Then I perceived a roaring as of the sea in a storm; but this roaring kept up a melody—a tone; it swelled in wonderful, powerful harmony, then sunk to a lovely and serious melody.

"With this a voice united, which sang clearly and gently,—

"O, Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world.'

"As a cloud full of heavenly moisture sinks down upon the hard harsh earth, so did this holy harmony sink into my hardened soul, and free the burnt lava.

"Urged by a miraculous power, I began to sing

loud and courageously; and I sang with a full recollection of the words and the music. It was the same which I had heard the first time I partook of the Lord's Supper, when I knelt with holy feelings, and saw heaven, open before me. At the words,—

'Give us thy peace!'

my tears began to flow; and from this moment I regained my consciousness. Yes, I regained this; but peace—ah! that I did not gain; and always, and perhaps for ever, the dove of heaven tarries far from me.

"Ah, I did not deserve that it should enter into my breast! There was no resignation, no sanctification, no desire for it there.

"My husband was dead. I was glad of it. I returned to my uncle's house; I wished to; my heart was changed, and I thought that I hated him as much as I had formerly loved him. I wished to see again the man for whom I had suffered so much—to see him, to defy him; to see him, and to make him feel, as much as possible, that I, too, could be proud, cold, and contemptuous; I wished to humble him. I saw him living happily in the bosom of his family, adored by his wife and children, whom he loved with the same tenderness. To every one, to the humblest, he was kind; to me he had but one expression, prouder, colder, harsher than before.

"I felt all the chords of my soul tremble. A frightful feeling took possession of my breast. His zeal increased my assumed coldness; his strength increased my weakness; his quiet my eternal disquiet. He had acted harshly with me. It seemed to me that, in his happy pride, he trampled me under foot like a worm. His image followed me—sleeping or waking, I saw only this before me. It stood before me like a giant. It smothered me, it deprived me of air. If *he* were not—I might breathe. If *he* were not—I might live. If *he* no longer existed, the torment of my life would cease also. Were *he* blotted out from the list of living beings, he would soon cease to exist in the memory of the living. I should then be relieved—should revenge myself—punish him. To-day, to-day his quiet look defies me—to-morrow!—

"Crime is like a word—created by thoughts, it springs forth, and often appears harmless; but its consequences stretch through eternity.

"One evening, I mingled arsenic with a glass of almond-milk which my uncle was to drink.

"I kept some in reserve for myself: for I thought that I might possibly feel remorse.

"Did you ever feel remorse?"

I had not spirit to answer.

Elizabeth continued: "After I had committed this frightful deed, I went up to my room. I felt quiet and cold—my body was cold as marble—my heart appeared so—its beatings were benumbed. I was standing before the fire, to warm my icy hands, when I perceived a great commotion and excitement in the house.

"Anguish seized upon me. I went down and saw my victim reclining, pale as death, almost without sensation, upon the sofa, surrounded by his wife and children, who were sunk in the depths of despair.

"When I entered, my uncle gave me a look which I shall never forget! Then a burning spirit

of hell took hold of me, and grasped my heart with sharp, bloody talons.

"Loudly I confessed my crime—called for the curses of those whom I had rendered unhappy. I crouched upon the ground, and bowed my forehead to the dust. No one raised against me an accusing voice; but no hand lifted me up. I dragged myself to the feet of him whom I had murdered. I wished to kiss them; but another foot pushed me back. It was the foot of his wife. I kissed it, and happily lost my consciousness.

"I remained a long time, in entire confusion of mind. When I regained my senses, I saw my uncle standing by my bedside—heard him announce his recovery, and grant me pardon.

"So deeply had I sunk, that I would rather have heard his curses. It seemed to me that it would have made my unworthiness less deep, and he would have been less noble.

"The wildest storm of passion raged in my heart. I cursed the light: and the light took away its beams from my unworthy eyes, and eternal night shut in my body as well as my soul.

"The storms of nature are short, and are followed by quiet, clear days. In the breasts of men, the tornado of passion rages long, and pauses but for a few moments. Such momentary rest I knew, but it was the rest of night—the stunning of life—numbness—the lullaby of darkness. It left off, to rise again anew—consuming, burning fire, which ever-flowing tears could not extinguish. I felt an endlessly pressing, burning desire for reconciliation.

"O death of the cross—torments, endless sufferings—to suffer you, and be reconciled through you—that—that would have been a joy! But blind—a mummy among living creatures, a criminal, a cipher, in power a nonentity, I stood there, contemptible—despised—O misery, misery!

"To punish myself at least, I resolved to live—to live an object of scorn to those whom I loved and honoured—to repulse every compassionate hand—and to torment myself as much as should be in my power.

"I left once more the family, whose happiness I had nearly destroyed, and dragged on, for some years, a wretched existence. I came back when death had laid his hand upon my breast. My uncle wished it. He would rule over my being till its last breath. I have no more power over it. It is a decree of fate. I have no more power—it is all gone—gone."

She was silent. I spoke, gently, some quieting and admonishing words. I spoke of patience, of resignation—I spoke of prayer.

"Prayer," began Elizabeth, with a bitter smile; "listen, Beata, I have prayed through years,—day and night, every hour, every moment. I have continued kneeling, until the cold has turned my limbs to ice, and prayed: 'O Father, take this cup from me!' As a stone which has been thrown up, and falls down and wounds the breast of the sufferer, prayer has been to me. I shall never more pray."

"O pray, pray!" said I, weeping, "only pray with a pure heart. God is merciful—grants strength to the pure will."

"God?" said Elizabeth, with a hollow voice; "O world, which I can no longer see—sun, which no longer lights my eyes, you speak of a God;

Heart, eternal unrest ! in thy beatings sounds his name—sounds an avenging conscience ! Thou announcest an avenger ! Fire of love !—thou life of my life ! in thy flames I see thine eternal source. But thou, bright angel, *Faith*—who should point out to me a God, I do not know thee. I early plunged into the abyss of despair. I deny nothing, but I believe nothing. I see only darkness !”

“And the brightness of the Redeemer ! and the beaming glory of the crucified one ! and Jesus ?” I asked with astonishment and horror.

Elizabeth was silent a moment, with an expression of utter melancholy ; then she said :—

“I read over a vision, or a dream, and often the ghostly forms of it rose in my mind, filling me with horror :—

“* At midnight the gates of a church sprung open, shaken by invisible hands. A multitude of dismal shades crowded around the altar, and only their breasts heaved and panted violently. The children rested still in their graves.

“Then there descended from the high places upon the altar a radiant form, noble and lofty, which bore the impress of an imperishable sorrow. The dead cried out ; ‘O Christ : is there no God ?’ He answered, ‘There is no God !’ All the shades began to tremble violently, and Christ continued : ‘I have penetrated the clouds, I have risen above the sun—and there is no God there. I have descended to the uttermost bounds of Creation ; I have looked into the abyss, and have called out, ‘Father, where art thou ?’ But I heard only the rain which was falling drop by drop into the abyss ; and the eternal tempest, which is guided by no order, alone answered me. Then I raised my eyes to the vault of heaven, and found there nothing but dark, empty, infinite space. Eternity rested upon Chaos, and was gnawing it and consuming itself. Renew your bitter and heart-rending complaints, and vanish ; for all is over.’ The disconsolate shades disappeared. The church was soon empty, but at once—O horrible sight ! the dead children, who were now awakened from the churchyard, hastened forward, prostrated themselves before the majestic form, and cried out—‘Jesus ! have we no father !’ And he answered, with a flood of tears, ‘We are all orphans.’ You and I, we have no—”

Here the poor blind creature stopped, as if sick with horror and delirious fancies. She was silent a moment, folded her hands, and stretched out her arms slowly, while she raised a wild, penetrating cry, full of the deepest despair.

At this moment hasty steps approached us, and the Colonel stood suddenly before us, and fastened an anxious, inquiring look upon me. Elizabeth, who knew his step, let her hands fall tremblingly, but soon raised them to him, with a heart-rending expression : “Be merciful, be kind to me ! I am so unhappy ! If I become mad again, do not carry me to the madhouse. Soon all will be over with me. Let loving hands close my eyes.”

Compassion and deep sorrow were visible upon the Colonel’s face. He gazed long at Elizabeth, seated himself near her, placed his arm round her, and laid her head upon his breast.

It was the first time I had ever seen him so

tender towards her. Her tears trickled slowly over her pale cheeks. She was beautiful ; but it was the beauty of a fallen angel, whose expression of despair and deep shame showed that she felt herself unworthy of the mercy which was extended to her.

I now saw Madame H— approaching in the distance. When she saw Elizabeth in the Colonel’s arms, she paused a moment, but soon came up to us, although some astonishment was pictured on her face. The Colonel remained quiet. Elizabeth did not seem to know what was going on. As the lady came up, the glances of husband and wife met, and were melted in a clear and friendly glance. Moved by a common emotion, they extended to each other their hands.

Madame H— caressed Elizabeth, and spoke lovingly to her ; she answered with sobs. After a moment the Colonel arose, gave one arm to Elizabeth, the other to his wife, and gently, and with tender care, led them to the house.

I remained in the park. In the midst of anxious and troubled feelings I looked up to the mild blue sky, with inward longing that this clearness would beam upon my soul.

During my wanderings in a quiet lot, in which I myself have been spared the shocks which befall so many of the pilgrims of life, and have borne in a peaceful breast a living faith, a holy hope, the sufferings and the despair of my fellow-creatures have been the only clouds which, at times, have dashed my fair sun, the joy of my life ; which have made me look up to Heaven with a sorrowful “wherefore ?”

But the answer was not long wanting, when it was called for by the simple voice of prayer. Gentle airs breathed through my excited soul, and whispered :

“The clouds disappear—the sun remains. Crime, sorrow, and the errors of men, cannot darken the goodness of the Creator. We see but a small part. Men die—are changed ; God is unchangeable.”

It is in vain for us to despair, to murmur, to disquiet ourselves. Every labyrinth of life has its outlet. When we think the darkness is deepest around us, we are, perhaps, nearest to the light. After the midnight hour has struck, the morning hour strikes next,—and were it the death-signal, which announces the hour of deliverance, what more consoling thing can we say to ourselves, if our path of life is dark and narrow, than—“A door will be opened, and we shall go out—into light.” Does it appear to us ever so narrow, ever so confined,—we know, “A door will be opened for us !” Now then—let us wait, let us hope !

Elizabeth’s frame of mind became from this day still more restless. She had sometimes attacks of actual insanity, and it was necessary to redouble the care and watchfulness over her.

Her sufferings and her troubled life often spread a gloom over the whole family. It appeared to be especially prejudicial to the health and spirits of the Colonel.

Not to weary the attention of my readers by dwelling too long upon such a sombre picture, I will lead them to another. It is a clear, calm picture ; in it is united the youth of the earth and of the human heart. We call it—

* See Jean Paul’s Dream.

SPRING AND LOVE.

"And I too was born in Arcadia."

INNOCENT joys, innocent sorrows, ye friends of my youthful days ; ye angels, who, amid smiles and tears, opened to me the gates of life, I call on you to-day ! And ye, too, thoughts pure as the blue of heaven, warm as the rays of a May sun ; hopes, fresh as the breath of the spring morning, I call upon you, come, oh come, to animate anew my weary spirit !

I will sing of spring and love, youth and joy, lovely and fresh memories. Ye nightingales of the hedges of youth, raise your voices ; I will set your melodies to music, and be again kindled by your song.

On the twenty-second of May, the spring sun rose clear, and rested with its golden rays on the eyelids of Cornet Charles. The stars of the order of the Sword shone in numbers before his dreaming eyes. He anxiously tried to see more clearly ; he endeavoured to open his eyes ; he awoke, and saw the stars vanishing away before the glorious beams of the day, on whose prisms of light millions of atoms were dancing.

A quarter of an hour after, he was seen, with a gun on his shoulders, striding along across the neighbouring field. It was a spring morning, so beautifully described by Boltinger* :—

"Creation lies in sweet repose,

The hills and vales how fair !

The lark pours out her cheerful notes,

The flowers perfume the air.

The brook flows softly through the vale,

While on the lake's pure tide

The stately swans, among the reeds,

In silent pleasure glide.

The eagle boldly takes his flight

To greet the glorious sun ;

The bee, within the red rose-cup,

Her work has just begun.

The butterfly has gained her wings,

While the meek turtle-dove

Sits on the bough beside her mate,

To hear his tale of love.

A youth, of hope and courage full,

Forth to the greenwood hies ;

The joy of spring is in his heart,

While love beams from his eyes,"

* * * * *

In this youth we now see Cornet Charles, who, in the fulness of amiable and fresh feeling, which is only bestowed on the morning hours of life and of nature, looked round, sometimes up to the clear blue sky, sometimes down to the grass, sparkling in the diamonds of morning dew, sometimes into the distance, where light rose-coloured clouds pursued each other.

A lovely balmy odour, borne on the wings of sporting zephyrs

So far had I written under the influence of the growing warmth of my feelings, when I suddenly perceived such a powerful odour of essence of rose that my heart was quite affected, and, at the same time, I heard a great humming and buzzing. I raised my pen, which seemed at this moment

* Boltinger, one of the young Swedish poets who is much admired, particularly for his lyric poems.

as if possessed, from the paper, and looked about me. What a sight ! the room was full of little sparkling cherubs, garlands of roses in their hands, garlands of roses on their heads, and with their ever-trembling wings making the most remarkable humming. The longer I looked at these wonderful beings, the more dazzling appeared to me the colours in their eyes, on their cheeks and their wings. And as I turned my eyes from them to other objects, behold, my ink was white, my paper black, my yellow walls were green, I myself (in my looking-glass) rose-colour. No wonder, therefore, that the odour of roses mounted to my head.

Now I knew the little rogues again ; I had seen them before, and who has not seen them ? Who does not know them ? It is they who play tricks with young girls of seventeen, and turn their heads a little. It is they who bewilder the eyes of young men, and make them read in the tablets of their future life, *pleasure and usefulness*, instead of *usefulness and pleasure*. It is they who are to bear the blame when people take so much trouble for nothing, run after a Jack-o'-lantern, and another time, do not see clear enough to raise their hands and to seize the happiness which is passing close to them. It is they who go about like April days, deceiving everybody, and playing their fool's tricks with all the world. It is owing to them that P. marries, B. remains unmarried, and that thus both do wrong. It is their fault that A. says Yes, and B. says No, and that both make mistakes in what they say. It is they who pass even into the counting-room of Banker Reckonwell, confuse his head, and make him write seven instead of two. It is they, finally, who buzz, and hum, and chirp so unmercifully about the poet, and often cause him to bring out everything but healthful reason—make him paint reality in false colouring, and mislead himself and others. Charming phantasmagoria of the imagination, ye little rose-coloured rogues, who does not know you ? But who, having once had experience of your tricks and deceits, will not fly from you—will not drive you off ? They especially who are placed on the ground-floor of everyday life, living and weaving, and who would throw their shuttle carefully and methodically into their simple web, must, no less than others, be on their guard that the rosy vapours do not cloud their brain, nor bewilder their thoughts. I saw my danger : what a hazardous course my pen was beginning to take. I laid it by, stood up, drank two glasses of cold water, opened the window, breathed the April air, still chilled with snow, looked up to the clear heavens, and then down into the yard, where they were beating clothes.

I then turned my attention to three cats, who were very decently sitting at a dormer window, opposite me, looking about them with philosophical glances and slight motions of the head ; in a word, I suffered my eyes to rest on the everyday world, that I might release it from the world of fancy, which, on the wings of my youthful memories, rose up and spread itself out around me. One of the little pretty rogues had whispered in my ear, "One may allow a little untruth if it only gives a fine effect ;" and if I had not betimes looked about me, the reader might perhaps have seen a "Spring and Love," such as there never was, except in Arcadia.

As I turned back again from the window, the air in the room was fresh and pure. The little rose-coloured deceivers had vanished, and I saw every object again in true and natural colours.

A picture of real life should be like a clear brook, which, in its course, gives back every object mirrored in its waters, in purity and truth; through whose crystal stream we can see the bottom and all that rests upon it. All that can be granted to the painter or the author, in the representations of his fancies is, that he may play the part of the sun's rays, which, without changing the individuality of an object, gives to all its colouring a more brilliant glow, makes the points of light sparkle like diamonds, and with its clear brilliancy enlightens the sandy bottom of the brook itself.

In this view, I will now, quietly and discreetly, play the part of sunbeams, at my fancy, and pour out their light over a true representation of Spring and Love. But sunlight, like everything else, may tire if it continues too long (for example, see Egypt); on that account, I will, during our wanderings through the Elysium of youth, only looking out now and then to enlighten those spots, where, I imagine, my reader would most like to pause, or where I feel myself a desire to sit down, to warm and rest myself. Let us now step out of the shade into

The First Sunbeam.

It is shining through the dark pine wood, and gives us a view of an open space. In the background, we see the little gray house which served to form the scene in a preceding chapter. Further back, are the green banks, which are washed by the clear waters of a stream. The granite rocks, among which it takes its source, rise in irregular forms, and stand, like sentinels, about the heavenly blue palace of the water nymph. Young birches bend over them with their green tufts of leaves, and move their pliant branches in the western breezes which sport about them. All is full of life and pleasure—in a word, full of SPRING.

On the border of the lake, in the green birchen grove, we perceive a young man and a young lady, sitting near each other on the flower-bedecked grass. They look happy; they appear to enjoy Nature, themselves, everything. He is relating something to her. His eyes sparkle; sometimes they are raised to heaven, sometimes they look out with a proud expression of blessed consciousness, as if they would read her soul. He strikes his breast—he stretches out his arms, as if he would embrace the whole world. He speaks with the warmth of a deep and entire conviction, and must, therefore, certainly convince her. She listens kindly to his words; they seem to please her; she smiles, sometimes through her tears, sometimes with an expression of surprise and wonder. She folds or raises her hands with lively joy, and appears to be still more convinced. Convinced of what? Of the love of the young man.

“The shot has failed!

But soon it may be Love.”

No, convinced that Gustavus Vasa is the greatest king—Gustavus Adolphus the Second the greatest knight who ever lived; that Charles the Twelfth

was a far greater hero than Napoleon; and that the Swedish nation is the first and most excellent of all the nations on the face of earth.

Perhaps some one of my fair readers, who has a particularly good memory, or an uncommon skill in guessing, may have seized upon the rocket-like idea, “that we have here Cornet Charles, and his *Linnaea borealis*, or the fair Herminia. And so it was.

“But how did they become acquainted?” asks some one, perhaps.

I answer, open the Old Testament, at the twenty-fourth book of Genesis, at the introduction of the servant of Abraham to Rebecca. The modifications brought about by the difference of customs and forms of speech, in ancient and modern times, between a rural scene in Mesopotamia, in the time of the Patriarchs, and one in Sweden in the nineteenth century, are not so important as to induce me to give a new picture of a scene, which would only give occasion to repeat Solomon's trite but true proverb,

“There is nothing new under the sun;”

and would excite in me, particularly, the unpleasant feeling of giving a feeble copy of a beautiful original; short and good. Here, too, was a weary wanderer, a fountain, a young maiden, who came to draw water, and gave the traveller drink. The latter had, to be sure, no camels, but he had a tender, grateful, universal love, and, moreover, a Christian, susceptible heart. And this beautiful pliability and noble strength induced him to follow the maiden to her home, and to carry her pitcher of water.

Having now taken a sip of light, (I will not call it a whetting of the appetite, for fear of offending the temperance societies,) from the first Sunbeam, we will now proceed to

Sunbeam Second,

which gives a view of the family in the wood, and an insight into the heart of Cornet Charles.

If Herminia might with propriety be compared to Rebecca, the Baron K., her step-father, had not the least likeness to the hospitable Bethuel. He received the young wanderer in an exceedingly cold and unfriendly, almost repulsive manner. His wife, who has been before mentioned, as the fair lady of the wood, was not much more accessible. She seemed to feel fear and vexation at being discovered in her retreat. But fear could not long remain of such a young man as Cornet Charles, nor was it possible to maintain long toward him a cold and unfriendly demeanour. His frankness, his amiable and fresh cheerfulness, the kindness which was expressed in all his bearing, his simplicity, united to a noble grace of manner, inherited from his father;—his careless, free, gentle expression, which always shone quietly and lightly for others, made him generally acceptable, even to persons of different temperament, character, and disposition. One felt irresistibly attracted to bestow confidence upon him; and the wish arose to live in his presence, as we love to live in the open air, because we feel that we breathe more freely, and imagine ourselves happier and better; for as we—Yet where is the use of making a memorandum of what everybody knows by heart?

Cornet Charles was desirous to interest the

Baroness K. and her husband in his favour, and he succeeded so far in his wishes, as to obtain from them permission to revisit them again, if (and this was made an express condition) he would promise them never to discover to any one, not even to his family, his acquaintance with them, and their place of abode.

This the Cornet promised, because—because he felt an incomprehensible pleasure in returning thither.

A few days were sufficient to show him the peculiar and unfortunate relations which prevailed in this family; but it was longer before he understood the causes of them. Baron K. was a Swede; his wife and step-daughter were Italians: they had come to Sweden with him, about two months before the time when the Cornet made their acquaintance. Their dress was rich, and highly elegant; their manners, their conversation, their education, their accomplishments, made it evident that they belonged to the highest and most refined society, and yet they lived in destitution of many of the necessaries of life—N. B., such as the pampered children of the world consider necessaries. Except in one room, where was collected everything brilliant which had been saved, perhaps, from a shipwrecked fortune, everything in the house bore the marks of actual poverty. The daily food of which the fair Italians partook was no better than that used by every peasant family in Sweden. The Cornet, however, maintained stoutly, that there was no better eating than herrings and potatoes.

Between Baron K. and his wife there was almost always stormy weather. Sometimes the most violent love seemed to prevail, sometimes marked hatred, which with the Baroness assumed an expression of proud scorn, and an angry air. Scenes often occurred between the unhappy pair, in which they exchanged mutual reproaches and complaints, and these would arise from the most unimportant trifles. A rage almost without bounds, on his side, and on hers, exclamations of despair and tears, generally put an end to these conflicts. The character of the Countess seemed to be noble at the foundation; but she was, at the same time, inflexible, proud, and extremely passionate. Her husband, both weak and despotic, had also a passionate and savage temper. Only the momentary breaks of a kind of penitent repose, which he sometimes exhibited, could lead one to suppose that he possessed anything belonging to a more noble nature—anything that deserved to be loved.

Patient, kind, and gentle, like a suffering angel, Herminia stood by them, and the snow-white wings of her innocence spread themselves out, as if to reconcile the contending parties in these conflicts of passion.

She possessed what we call a beautiful spirit, but this was not, like her outward figure, naturally hers. She was formed by early suffering, by early experience of domestic cares and burdens, and, more especially, by an early developed religious sentiment, which enabled her to endure with patience—to resign with a smile. She offered her sorrows to Heaven; and, full of love, laboured unweariedly upon earth. To lighten the troubles of her mother, and to provide her with more conveniences, she put her own hand to the rudest household labours, which all devolved upon a

single housemaid. It was touching to see this beautiful, delicate, ideal being, working like a slave, and bearing burdens under which she sank to the ground—that is, she would have sank, if Cornet Charles had not received her burden, and borne it on his own shoulders. From the time of his coming, everything was changed for Herminia. As Jacob served for the fair Rachel, so Cornet Charles served Baron K., that he might lighten Herminia's labours. He hunted and fished, to furnish treasures for the kitchen, and was only with difficulty restrained from making himself the cook, when he saw how Herminia was compelled to burn her fair face and her pretty hands, at the kitchen hearth. Any other kind of assistance he dared not offer to these proud and haughty people, in their poverty.

Herminia had served her mother like a slave, but without being rewarded with the tenderness which she so well deserved. The Baroness K. seemed accustomed to receive sacrifices without returning any thanks for them—much less did she appear to wish to offer any service in return.

She bore hardly the inconveniences of the humble station, and the poverty in which she found herself placed. She desired that Herminia, as well as herself, should be always richly and tastefully dressed, and this wish was made practicable by a very splendid wardrobe, which they had brought with them from Italy. She seemed to seek, in these relics of departed pomp and grandeur, some consolation for her present fate; or, perhaps, she believed that this fate could not be real, but only a momentary enchantment, which would be broken at some future time, when the wand of a fairy would change the little gray house into a palace; and she therefore held herself ready, in a costume suited to her rank and dignity, to receive compliments and congratulations.

By her stepfather, Herminia was treated at once with indifference and harshness; and it was perfectly plain that what he did for her he did not by his own will, but the will of God.

From the moment the Cornet entered the house, he gained a power there which daily increased; and he used this power to make Herminia's life more happy.

Baron K. was generally absent during the day, and did not return until evening. Sometimes he remained away for two or three days at a time. During these absences, the Cornet was able to procure for Herminia more freedom than she had ever before known, and which she now enjoyed with childish delight. He persuaded her mother (who had a taste for the beauties of nature) to take long walks in the wild but romantic neighbourhood of their dwelling. Botany had formerly been a great source of pleasure to her; the Cornet revived her interest in it—saw flowers everywhere (I believe even where there was none), that he might persuade the fair Italian, who was so enthusiastic about the luxuriant vegetation of her own native country, that Sweden is as rich in flowers as it is in heroes and ice; at least, it is certain (and he suffered for it afterwards) he was not afraid to speak of everlasting, trefoil, henbane, marsh rosemary, sorrel, tansy, monkshood, wormwood, &c., as the most uncommon and remarkable productions of nature.

He described as the most beautiful thing in the

world, that wonderful plant which has received its name from the greatest of naturalists, the Swede Linnaeus. He had inspired the Baroness and Herminia with the most intense desire to find this wonderful plant. Every day he had new presentiments that he should perhaps discover it in a new place; he searched long, long and carefully, and did not discover it until the moment when he discovered his love.

These walks gave the Cornet opportunity to be constantly with Herminia. He gave her his arm as they walked; when they rested, he sheltered her from the rays of the sun. By degrees, he induced her to run about, and climb the rocks; in a word, to enjoy the free fresh life of youth, of which her days, which until now passed in cloister-like stillness, had given her no idea. As she now, with the bloom of health and youth on her cheeks, moved about, fair and light as an Oread, in the spring and sweetness of charming nature, and often turned her angel face, beaming with grateful affection up to him who was the cause of this new enjoyment of her life, it was then that the Cornet had some strange feelings about his heart—a warmth, a pleasurable sensation—something very different from anything he had before felt.

The Baroness appeared to consider the two young friends as children, whose sport she permitted, because they offered her all their joy, all their flowers, as a sacrifice. The Cornet had the happy gift of putting people in good humour with themselves, and thus enabling them to maintain an equanimity towards others.

But he had been able to administer the most comfort to Herminia at the time when the frequently-recurring unhappy scenes of this house would draw forth her bitter tears. She would then generally retreat to the kitchen. Here he would follow her, console her with the tenderness of a brother, or induce her to go out with him; and would strive, by interesting conversation, or pleasant stories, to divert her attention to more agreeable subjects.

Herminia had been once wanted in the house, and called for. She was not to be found, and this gave occasion for some harsh reproofs from her father. The Cornet took this as a gauntlet thrown to himself; and the manner in which he took it up brought far more freedom to Herminia than she had ever enjoyed. He was now able frequently to go out alone with her. Her education had been neglected in the more solid parts. He became her teacher, (particularly in Swedish history); he was like a brother, and she soon gave him that tender name; and as they were one day studying the Swedish grammar, they came to the conclusion that “Thou” is incomparably prettier than “You,” and that they would always address each other in this most familiar style.*

* As the reader will know, in the Swedish, as well as several other languages, the use of the “Thou” and “Thee”—the singular number of the pronoun of the second person—is considered more familiar and endearing than that of the plural. In English, this is so far from being the case, that the opposite is nearly true; and, in this translation, the familiar “thou” of the one language has been rendered by the familiar “you” of the other; so that, in this passage, where this *tutoyant* was pointedly referred to, some explanation seemed necessary.

Herminia, on the contrary, was to Cornet Charles, it cannot exactly be said a teacher, and not exactly a sister; but she became, without his observing it, the light of his eyes, the joy of his life: she was his It is high time my readers, brave and fair, should be informed how it stood with Cornet Charles: he was—in love!

No one could ever have guessed it. He himself neither believed nor suspected it, yet it was betrayed to him by the

Third Sunbeam,

as it shone one evening at sunset on the border of the clear fountain. Herminia was hanging on his arm. She was silent and pale—that paleness which shows that the heart is joyless, but that the heart suffers, though the sufferer is resigned.

A scene highly distressing to her gentle spirit had just taken place between her parents. Cornet Charles had led her away almost by force, and was now seeking, but without success, to amuse and cheer her spirits. After some time had passed, they seated themselves under the birch-trees, on a moss-grown rock, and looked silently at the fading red which was reflected on the water, and coloured the hills on the opposite side of the stream. Herminia first spoke, while she turned her eyes, moistened with tears, to the Cornet—“You are very good, brother;” she would have said more, but her voice trembled—she seemed struggling with her emotions, while, with her face half-turned from him, she continued—“you stay here on my account, out of kindness to me; and you pass, for my sake, many unpleasant and oppressive hours;—and you might be so happy. You have a father, a mother, who are so good, so excellent—sisters, who are so dear to you—they must miss you. Return to them, and stay with them; be happy—do not come back here!”

The Cornet sat in silence, and looked into the water; and, as in a mirror of the soul, he saw his own heart.

“Why should you continue to come here?” resumed Herminia, with the most persuasive expression of her sweet, soft voice. “You give yourself a great deal of trouble, a great deal of fatigue; and you cannot alter my fate. My father, to-day, spoke bitter, threatening words to you. Ah! leave us. Why should you stay? Do not be uneasy on my account, Charles; God will help me, and give me strength.”

“Herminia,” said Cornet Charles, “I cannot leave you; but it is as much on my own account as yours.”

Herminia turned her face upon him with an inquiring glance, while large tears streamed slowly down her cheeks.

“Because—because,” continued the Cornet, deeply moved—“Herminia, because I love you beyond all expression—because I have no joy in the world if I do not see you—cannot be with you.”

Herminia’s angelic face beamed with surprise and pleasure.

“Is there any one who loves me—and is it you, my brother? How good God is to me!” and she reached her hand to the Cornet.

“And do you also love me?” asked he, with secret trembling, as he held her little white hand between his own.

"How could I help it?" answered Herminia; "I was never happy till I learned to know you. You are so excellent, so good; you are the first who ever loved me."

"And the first whom Herminia has loved?" asked the Cornet, somewhat timidly.

"Yes, truly, except my mother."*

A deep feeling of happiness pervaded the two young lovers; and, as if Cupid himself had descended to them from the rosy clouds, there floated about them an odour, so sweet, so transporting (Olympus certainly has no finer ambrosia), that Cornet Charles, in the midst of his soul's ecstasy, sprung up, and cried, "Here is the *Linnæa*! The flower of my life is found!" It actually grew in verdant rows along the sides of the moss-grown rock. A wreath was soon woven for Herminia. Who can describe the scene of pure and ardent happiness, and innocent joy, which followed?

Herminia was no longer pale; no farther questions were asked as to why Cornet Charles did not return to his family. She was his—he was hers; they would be always together. Nothing could any more divide them; they belonged to each other—to the earth—to heaven.

Nature appeared to sympathise with them; gentle and full of love, she inclosed them, like a tender mother, in her loving arms.

Who would not willingly give ten years of harvest for one moment of Spring and Love?

Sunbeam Fourth,

shines grimly over the Cornet's anger. On a warm day in June, the Cornet arrived at the house in the wood, heated, tired, full of pressing anxiety, and thirsting for a glimpse of his beloved, and a refreshing drink of water from her hand. Before he entered the house, he heard the music of the harp; he ran in, and perceived Herminia more beautiful than ever, and more than ever tastefully dressed, seated, her harp in her lily-white arms; and, beside her—oh, horror! oh, thunder and lightning!—work of the lower powers!—beside her sat, not Cerberus, the three-headed monster—no, worse; not the wicked one—no, no, far worse; not Polyphemus, with his one eye; no—far worse! Ah! it was "the Beast" sitting near "the Beauty;" no—it was a young man, handsome as a statue, and a second Prince Azor!

The handsome, proud, calm, refined and delicate Genserick G. looked with surprise at the heated, dusty, and moreover highly astonished, Cornet H. He soon, however, raised his Apollo form, went with graceful politeness toward the new-comer, reached out his hand to him with friendly condescension, expressed his pleasure at seeing him in

the country, and reminded him of the last time they met in Stockholm. The Cornet did not seem to be much pleased, and did not express a single word upon the subject. Genserick returned to Herminia, and begged her to sing. The Cornet made some excuse for passing over to her, and whispered to her, "Do not sing."

With a commanding tone and look, the Baroness ordered her daughter to sing. Herminia sang, but with a trembling voice. The Cornet seated himself at the window, and wiped his dusty forehead with his handkerchief. During the whole time Genserick was present, he scarcely spoke three words; partly because no one spoke to him, and partly because young G. was talking all the time. And he talked so well, and gave to his speeches so many well-chosen and pretty turns; told a story with so much interest; had so much knowledge and penetration, that it was a real pleasure (real pain for the Cornet) to listen to him. Besides, he had a consciousness of his own value, which raised him still more in the thoughts of others.

"I am—I have—I do—I grant—I think—I will—I would—I have said it"—formed the theme about which the rondo of his thoughts and words was always playing, and to which he always came back. The sum of all was, this *I* was so great, so important, swelled to such dimensions, that Cornet Charles saw his "*I*" was likely to be melted into it, or be pressed down by it. He felt himself near suffocating in the oppressive atmosphere, and was obliged to try the open air. Filled with despairing thoughts, he walked up and down the garden.

"What infernal wind—certainly it must be the simoom of Sahara—has blown the young law commissioner, the fatal Genserick, hither! The Baroness treats him with extraordinary ceremony, and bestows high compliments upon him. What does it all mean? He is rich, he is handsome, he is well educated, he holds an important office; he is—oh Heaven, what is he not! He seemed greatly to admire the lovely Herminia, particularly—I shall go mad—when she was singing.

"And Herminia, why need she have sung when I besought her not to do it? Why did she allow a strange man (and he a law commissioner) to make compliments to her? Why did she hardly bestow a single friendly look upon her only friend? Why did she avoid taking a single step, to give him as much as a glass of water, but left him thirsty and languishing, suffering torments of body and soul?"

No one answered the questions of the unhappy lover. The sky grew dark overhead, and his foot became entangled in the trodden pea-vines. Suddenly he perceived the stamping of horses' feet. Genserick rode off, and the Cornet returned hastily to the house, to receive an explanation and satisfaction. He obtained neither. The Baroness met him with a cold and repulsive manner. Her piercing and watchful eyes rested on Herminia, who was seated at her needle. It was in this moment of restraint and discontent, that the Cornet was surprised by the visit of his family. How matters went then, the reader knows.

Now came sad times for the Cornet. He never could visit his beloved at her home without finding Genserick there. His rival was openly favoured by the Baron K— and the Baroness. The Cornet was always treated with the greatest indifference. Herminia alone was gentle and kind, but she was

* I feel very deeply what a heap of romance-gold I this moment leave behind me. I see clearly how this little crumb of romance might be carried out into something far better—more interesting—more brilliant; how the beginning as well as the end of this part of my book might serve a double purpose. But this would require more words, *ergo*, more lines; *ergo*, more paper. And my publisher is so very anxious lest my work be too thick, and cannot be bought for a dollar banco, that I am forced to compress my lines, as well as my ideas, that it may come within the regular price of the trade. My publisher thinks the Swedish public will not spend much on such every-day histories. I believe that he is right, that the public is right, and that I do right to conform myself to it.

cast down, silent, and retiring, and evaded his questions.

To be able to watch the proceedings of the family in the wood better, the Cornet resolved to set out on a pedestrian expedition, which consisted in quartering himself in the cottage of a hay-maker which was near their place of abode. There he passed his nights; during the day he hovered about Herminia's dwelling, as a bee does over the flowers.

One may be happy at a hay-maker's, and even lying on straw may fancy himself in heaven. But if the thorns of grief and discontent are already planted in his heart, then the barn and his bed of thistles only increase his pains. This was the experience of the Cornet.

Gradually a great change was made in the forest house. Plenty reigned there, in food, wines, and other articles of luxury; several servants were added to the establishment. Baron K— was in brilliant humcur. The Baroness grew more and more proud and dignified. The Cornet was more and more superfluous and overlooked. Genserik G. rose over his head. The greatest antipathy began to prevail between the two young men, but the Cornet, vexed, bitter, and sarcastic, appeared at disadvantage beside his refined rival, Genserik, who was always coldly polite, and generally tranquil. The Cornet felt it, and read it in every face; and was thereby still more troubled.

He played, in fact, as they say, a "rather pitiful part," and, not to weary the reader longer, we will look about us in the

Fifth Sunbeam.

Discontented as usual with Herminia, their broken friendship, her retiring manner; out of humour with himself, with the whole world, Cornet Charles strayed one evening in a thoughtful mood into the silent pine wood. He came to the fountain where he first saw Herminia, and with sad feelings he stood and viewed, in the clear mirror, his sunburnt, discontented, not very handsome face, and compared it in thought with the handsome, clear, and bold countenance of Genserik. Suddenly he saw in the water a face beside his own. It was fair as that of an angel—it was Herminia's. A thrill of joy ran through the frame of the Cornet, but was soon stifled by a more bitter feeling.

"Herminia," said he, "it must have been Genserik whom you were seeking here."

Herminia was silent for a moment, then laid her hand gently on his arm, and only said, "Charles, have we ceased to understand each other?"

He looked at her, and her gentle, loving, but tearful eyes, met his.

Lovers, if the silken thread of your happiness becomes entangled, and you would disentangle it, say nothing. Look at each other!

It seemed suddenly to the Cornet as if a veil had fallen from his eyes. The mist had vanished from his soul. Everything at once was clear, divinely clear to him. The young lovers stood long silent, and drew light, and peace, and happiness, from each other's eyes.

When almost every spark of uneasiness had left their souls, the lovers began to exchange explanations and assurances.

"Are you not," said Herminia, "are you not he

who loved me first, who made me feel that there is pleasure in love, and was it not you . . . how could you think that I could compare a cold egotist like G. with you?"

"But he is handsome enough to drive one mad," said the Cornet, but still in embarrassment.

"Is he? I never observed it. He does not please me. I know one who does please me. One, the sight of whom does me good. One whom I think handsome. Should you like to see his face?"

She led him to the fountain. The Cornet saw there with satisfaction his own sun-burnt face beaming with joy.

"But your parents favour Genserik."

"And I favour you."

"He loves you."

"And I love you."

"Herminia!"

"Charles!"

If a man has left this earthly life, to pass to a better one in heaven, people say with confidence, "Peace be with him!" and then we turn away, to think of something else.

So, when two lovers have come out of the valley of sorrow, into the bright kingdom of reconciliation, we say "Peace be with them!" and then we think of some other subject.

Yet we will for a last "Peace be with you!" throw over them a

Sixth Sunbeam.

This smiled over the joy which, during some happy days, was allotted to Cornet Charles. His trust in Herminia was firm; and her silence, her reserve, her politeness to Genserik, his numerous visits, his individuality, his lover's compliments, the coldness of Baron K— and his wife toward him (the Cornet), no longer troubled him. The spring in Nature reflected the spring in his soul. The woods, the flowers, the waters, the winds, the birds, all sang in him and for him, "Joy! joy!" Joy? Ah, Rinaldo, Rinaldo, listen! The sound of the trumpet calls thee from Armida, and thou must relinquish thy joy.

The trumpet's sound! Not from the fields of Palestine, not from the promised land—but from Ladugårds' field, and the Ladugårds' country.* Much the same—a new Rinaldo, Cornet Charles, you must leave her who is more virtuous, modest, and, on that account, more lovely, than Armida. You must tear yourself from her charmed palace (the gray house). The immovable general-in-chief of all the royal regiments, FATE, who pays no regard to the demands of the heart, so wills.

The trumpet sounds—duty calls—to camp! to camp! and

Sunbeam the Seventh

shone on the parting tears of the lovers. To spare our own tears, we command our thoughts. Right about, march! back to Thorsborg. There shall we, with old acquaintances, meet with new adventures.

* Ladugårds' landet is a considerable section in the city of Stockholm, in which the barracks, artillery buildings, &c., are placed. The large Ladugårds' field, which lies beyond it, serves as a parade-ground for the troops.

DIGGING THROUGH THE EARTH.

ONE evening, as we were all sitting around the sick bed of the blind girl, Professor L. read aloud to us from a translation of "Herder's Ideas." The subject was the perfection of man in another world; the plain indications of transformation, which are given us by all the changes that we perceive in the lower kingdoms of Nature, and which are all a gradual rising to perfection.

Professor L. concluded with this remark upon the subject:—"The flower appears to us at first as a seed, then a sprout; the sprout becomes a bud, and now the flower unfolds itself. Similar changes are shown us by other objects in Nature. See, yonder creeps the despised, crawling caterpillar; the hour comes, and the feebleness of death falls upon him; he gathers himself up, and weaves the cocoon; this web forms his shroud, while the organs of his new being are already inclosed within him. Now the rings appear, the inner powers are struggling now; the change goes forward, and decay appears; his ten feet remain upon the old skin, and the new creature lies with its limbs yet unformed. By degrees these come forth in order, but the creature does not awake till all is perfect; now he presses towards the light, and the last change is quickly made. A few minutes, and the tender wings become ten times larger than when beneath the death-shroud; they are gifted with an elastic strength, and glitter in every ray of the sun. His whole being is changed; instead of the gross leaves for which it was before created, it now sips nectar-dew from the golden cups. Who would perceive in the form of the caterpillar the future butterfly? Who would recognise in both, one and the same creature, if observation did not teach it us? and both existences are only one life, and the two beings are one and the same earth, in which the organic circle constantly repeats itself. What beautiful developments then must dwell in the lap of Nature, when her organic circle is wider, and the life which is formed embraces more than a world! Hope, then, O man! and prophecy not; the prize is laid before you, struggle for it; throw behind what is unmanly; strive for truth, goodness, and godlike beauty, then you cannot fail to reach the goal.

"And in this analogy of a new condition of unconscious being, Nature shows us why the slumber of death has a place in her kingdom of changes. It is that beneficent stupor that surrounds a being, while the organic powers are striving for new perfection. The creature itself, with its higher or lower grade of knowledge, is not strong enough to oversee and direct the struggle; it falls asleep, and awakes only when it is re-created. So the sleep of death is a fatherly benign dispensation; it is a wholesome opiate, during the operation of which Nature collects her powers and restores her stupified invalid."

Here L. ceased. A deep, sweet sensation had stolen over us. We sat there silent, our eyes fixed upon our poor invalid, down whose cheeks the great tear-drops flowed gently, while long, plaintive sounds pressed from her lips. Madame H— caressed her with tenderness; the Colonel, as if blessing her, laid his hand upon her

head. A heavy, loud, and continuous *snore*, at this moment of our fixed attention, broke forth from Lieutenant Arwid, who was lying at his ease on a corner of the sofa, and had fallen asleep with open mouth and uplifted nose. This trumpet-tone was a signal for the departure of Julia, who hastened with burning cheeks from the room. After a few moments I went out to look for her, and found her on the door-step, leaning with her arms supported on the iron railing, and her eyes raised to the clear sky, where the pale stars were beginning to appear. "Julia!" said I, throwing my arm around her.

"O, Beata," sighed Julia, "I am unhappy; must I be so my life long?"

Before I could answer, Lieutenant Arwid came out upon the steps, and cried, gaping, "What the thousand are you doing here, Julia? Are you standing here to take cold, and get a pain in your chest? Come in again, love. I believe, too, that they are beginning to lay the table. Come in."

"Arwid," said Julia, "come here a moment," and she seized his hand kindly, and spoke with quickness: "see, how beautiful the evening is; let us go out into the park—there, where you know we met once—I wish to speak with you there, to ask you something."

"We can talk as well in the house."

"Yes, but the evening is so lonely; just look around us. Listen to that little bird, how lovingly he twitters; do you not hear the horn far away in the wood? Look yonder, where the sun is setting; what a soft glow!—Ah, it is indeed a lovely evening!"

"Charming, my angel," answered Lieutenant Arwid, with a repressed yawn; "but—I am ravenously hungry, and I smelt a glorious flavour of cutlets as I passed the kitchen; I am longing to find it again in the hall. Come, my angel."

"Arwid," said Julia, as she withdrew her hand, "I see our inclinations are so unlike, our tastes so different——"

"Are you not a lover of cutlets?"

"Heaven bless you and your cutlets! I was not speaking of them, but of our inclinations, our feelings, that do not agree."

"Yes—to that I cannot."

"Nay, but I feared that we should not accord—that we should be unhappy."

"Oh! my little Julia, all will be well. We should not lay up cares for the future—it spoils one's appetite. Come, let us eat our evening meal in peace; come, my little wife."

"But I will not, and I am not your wife," said Julia, moving from him; "and," she added in a lower tone, "I will no longer be your betrothed——"

"You will not?" said Arwid, calmly. "Nay, but do you not see there are difficulties in going back in such affairs. I have your ring, and you have mine. Indeed, I am not afraid; girls have their caprices. No, no, all will be right in the morning. Adieu, Julia, I shall go and eat the cutlets; stifle these humours." And he entered the house. Julia took my arm and led the way to the garden, weeping bitterly. I walked silently by her side, and waited till she should allow her heart to give vent to its complaints of her betrothed. But she was silent; she pressed my hand often, and continued to weep.

As we turned into a side alley, a figure in a cloak slowly approached us. Professor L.'s voice was heard, and he joked Julia, with friendly railleury, upon her romantic taste for strolls in the evening. As he drew nearer, he perceived her weeping eyes, and became suddenly silent and serious.

"Professor L.," said Julia, half gaily, with the tears yet upon her cheek, "tell me what ought we to do when we find that we have committed a great folly, and it cannot be helped?"

"Then," said Professor L., "wisdom must bear the consequences of folly."

"And must we then live unhappy for ever?"

"We should never allow ourselves to become unhappy, but better and wiser; and we should use one past fault as a step by which we may ascend nearer to perfection."

"This sounds finely, and very instructive; but, in the meantime, we should weary of wisdom and perfection our whole life long, and should find each day insupportable."

"None but an utterly weak being," said Professor L., gently, "can so sink into weariness and disgust of life. The saddest and most joyless position in life has its bright moments, if we will only look for them. Yes, in ourselves, through all care and sorrow, we may find the purest source of hope. If what surrounds us distresses or harasses us, there is left refuge in ourselves and a rich inward life. Then may we say, with Hamlet: 'O! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space!' To learn to know this world that lives within us, to rule it, to bring it to purity and progressive perfection, is an enjoyment, which we shall soon acknowledge to be enough to make us love the coldest earthly life around us. To learn to think, is to live, and to learn to enjoy—"

"But," sighed Julia, "can we learn to think with a—"

"With a man who thinks only of cutlets?" added I, mentally.

"Good books," continued L., "are good comforters, guides, and friends. With their help we may, if we are in earnest, most certainly bring our inmost mind to an equilibrium." He was silent a moment, then continued with warmth and emotion—"My books, for how much have I not to thank you!"

"You have been unhappy?" said Julia, with heartfelt sympathy.

"All that I have loved most tenderly upon earth, I have lost; yet not by death only this trial has pursued me. From my childhood, all that my heart has most ardently clung to has been snatched from me. Many bitter hours passed away before I was firm enough to bow myself before the will of Eternal Goodness, and yet—"

"O! what could console you?" cried Julia, with a hearty, childlike impulse. "I have sought," continued L., "to harden my heart, that it might not suffer too deeply. I have long fought against all emotion; I am no longer young; and now (he said this smiling sadly) I must, perhaps, go back again to my books, to seek consolation."

"I might be a book," said Julia, with tears in her eyes.

Professor L. looked upon her with fatherly—

no, not quite fatherly, but still with an indescribable tenderness.

"Good, lovely maiden!" he said, in his gentle, harmonious voice. After a moment he went on more calmly:—"It is weakness to complain; we shall find strength to endure in prayer, and in the performance of our duties. From these sources we should seek to gather strength."

He gave his hand to Julia, who, weeping, placed hers in his.

At this moment we met with a barrier. Two black figures seemed to rise from the earth before our astonished gaze. Scarcely were we less astonished when we recognised the little Thickneys, and one of their companions, who stood buried half way in a ditch, and were sunk in deep thought. To our repeated questions as to what they were about, followed, at first, silence; then, a confused sound; at last the discovery and somewhat incomprehensible explanation of their great secret. They had, it appeared, undertaken to dig through the earth, and so prepare a surprise for the family, especially for the Colonel.

What now hindered them, was not indeed the difficulty of the undertaking; no, indeed, but a most noble thought, which had arisen in the brain of little Claës—that, if they should dig through the earth, they might possibly fall through themselves at the same moment, and where should they stop!—That—that would Professor L. be so good as to tell them?

We could not help laughing. The Professor deferred the explanation till the next day, and with kind playfulness sent the pigmies with their giant plan to the house. At the same time a message was sent to us and to them, to warn us that we were waited for at the supper-table. The little triumvirate bounded on, in a quick gallop. We followed more slowly; but now Lieutenant Arwid's "cursed fog," which rose like a wall between the garden and the court-yard, surprised us. We observed now for the first time, that Julia was without a shawl. I was not much better provided. L. took his cloak, and would have wrapt it round Julia. She would not on any account consent, for L.'s health surely was not of the strongest. They would have continued still longer arguing and protesting, had I not come between them with a conciliatory project, suggesting to them, that they might both make use of so wide a cloak. This plan was adopted, and the tender zephyr-like form of Julia disappeared beneath a fold of the cloak, in which she smilingly hid herself, and the procession went forward, midst the night and the fog. "This was rather a rash plan!" thought I afterwards. "The late Madame de Genlis, still less La Fontaine, would never in their world of romance have allowed two lovers to meet under one cloak, without making use of so excellent an opportunity, and turning it into a declaration of love; and I should wonder much if mother Nature did not this time bring something to pass,—and, perhaps a sigh—a word—"

I listened attentively, as I followed the wearers of the cloak; but they were silent—no word, not a sound! But now—what was that? Julia sneezed. L. now said, "God help us!" and this might have helped him to something else; but no—he said nothing.

We are out of the garden, we cross the court-yard. Will no one speak? Now—no! We are

upon the steps—we enter the door of the house ; now perhaps—no ! The cloak falls from Julia's shoulders, for which she expresses thanks, and makes a courtesy ; L. bows.

As we entered the hall, Lieutenant Arwid sat and ate cutlets. They had been waiting long for us. I related the strife about the cloak, for our excuse.

During all supper-time, Madame H— shook her head every time she looked at Julia, to reprove her for her unheard-of imprudence in going out so late, without a shawl.

When Lieutenant Arwid perceived Julia's eyes, swollen red with weeping, he appeared to be a little alarmed ; but he probably thought, "all will be right, when she has eaten something, and has had some sleep ;" for he did not hurry his meal, nor ever made an opportunity to converse with his betrothed, and rode off at the accustomed time, and with his usual immovability.

But Julia's discontent did not cease. It appeared on the contrary to gather strength. In vain Arwid begged her to take a nap, and to use him as a cushion—she appeared to find no rest even in this. In vain his father, the old General P. came, with his magnificent span of horses, and begged his future daughter-in-law to take a ride with the "Swans,"—nothing availed. There came up daily some little quarrel between the lovers, which in spite of Arwid's unparalleled coolness, assumed a constantly more serious character. Madame H—, who was now more observant, began to feel indeed anxious, and was always ready, with a good-natured joke, or a conciliatory word, to knit together the broken threads of harmony. This succeeded for the moment, but—each day the threads became more knotted.

So matters continued for a long time. Cornet Charles journeyed to the distant camp at Roslagen. From there he wrote home very despairing letters, about the dust and heat, hard work, fatigue, &c. He said not a word of botany.

Elizabeth's condition continued the same, the summer through, and Madame H— continued to consider the milk diet as necessary for my chest and melancholy.

The fates spun the life-threads of the rest of the family of ordinary thread, mingled with some tow, but yet more silk : towards the end of August, but—lo the shears ! We shall see.

WHAT NEXT !

AFTER an oppressive, sultry day, a mass of thunder-clouds appeared towards evening, and covered the whole western part of the heavens. An almost death-like silence brooded over the country. No sound was heard from the homeward-speeding cattle, not a bird twittered, the leaves of the aspen were still, and even the swarms of gnats did not venture to rejoice as usual at the setting of the sun ; all Nature apparently stood as in painful anticipation of a terrible and unusual scene.

Late in the evening the fearfully beautiful spectacle began.

Faint shocks of lightning every few moments illuminated the whole region, which between whites was hid in a close darkness as of night ; and by their light we saw how the masses of clouds were

assuming gloomier colours, and were gathering in more threatening forms above the castle. Now and then a sudden gust of wind whistled through the air, but it was succeeded by a death-like calm. We heard on every side the thunder-chariots rolling with a hollow crash, continually increasing in violence.

Madame H— went round from latch to latch, from window to window, to make sure that all was closely shut. Julia and Helen stood with their father by a window, and drew closer together as each new flash of lightning, each thunder-clap, came nearer.

I went up to the blind girl. She sat upon a couch in a crouching posture, which expressed utter uneasiness of life, and was singing in a low and mournful voice :

"It is night ! it is night !
My eye is dark, faint throbs my heart,
It longeth for rest.

"Give me rest, give to me
A place in that home where the worms dwell,
Angel of death !

"Peaceful sleep give to me,
I am so tired of care, of sorrow here,
So weary of life !"

Here her arms and her head sank wearily upon her pillow. A moment she was silent ; I saw her smile bitterly, and she began again, with a clearer voice and a more composed tone, to sing :

"When the morning first dawns,
With the sound of the song, that at the judgment
Wakes me from the grave,

"Shall I dare look on thy glory,
To thee, radiant Lord, from this clod of earth,
Lift up my brow !"

Here her tears began to flow, and in a sadder tone, weeping, she sung in broken stanzas :—

"Mother, O ! mother ;
In thy sheltering arms
Fold thy innocent
Penitent daughter !
Teach her to pray,
Teach her to hope,
* * * *

Give her caresses,
O ! give her rest.

O mother, O mother,
Take me to thy bosom,
Press me to that heart,
That tender, warm heart !

"O let me feel
How, in love,
Heart to heart
Throbs as in heaven !

"Ah ne'er have I felt it
Here upon earth !
* * * * *

"Alone I have lived,
Alone I have loved,
Alone I have suffered,
Bitterly, how bitterly !

"And now in death
I love all alone.

"O mother, O mother !
Take me, O take me
Away from the earth,
Away from its misery !
* * * *

"O wake from its load
This glimmering spark,
O snatch me from darkness,
Raise me to light!"

A more violent clap of thunder, that echoed through the whole house, interrupted her song. Others more violent and more frequent followed this; and at the same time a wild tempest began to rage.

"Is no one here?" asked the blind girl. I drew nearer to her. She said, "I hear a sound of music that pleases me. Take me to the window."

When she came to it, she crossed her arms upon her breast, and turned her eyes towards heaven. A flash of lightning streamed across her pale, beautiful face, while a fearful clap of thunder seemed to threaten with destruction the being who with a kind of trusting joy met the spirits of devastation with an unmoved brow.

By degrees Elizabeth's feelings, more and more excited, seemed to be longing to break forth, and the struggle of nature found an echo in her soul. She cried out suddenly, "I see! A fiery hand presses its burning fingers upon my eyes!"

She stood for a long time, as if in intense expectation, and then as with a kind of hushed ecstasy: "How nobly, how nobly, they sing beneath the clouds! Listen! harmonies call to you, my heart! Here in my breast is the first voice; there swells forth now the second. Now there is unison!—now come love and joy. Flame of heaven! O, my mother's breast! Clasp me in thy burning arms! Mother, is it thy voice that I hear—thy hand that I saw? that I see—that I shall always see? Dost thou beckon to me? Dost thou call me?" "Air!" she cried wildly and imperiously; "take me out into the free air! I will hear the voice of my mother—I will fly to her breast and be warm again. There are wings of fire there—they shall carry me away. A chariot is there—hark, how it rolls! It shall bear me away. Away, away! seest thou not the hand? it beckons me. Hear the voice! It calls, ah, hearest thou?"

I embraced her tenderly, and begged her to be quiet. She broke from me, and then said solemnly: "God will not listen to thy last prayer, if thou deniest mine. He will bless thee, if thou grantest it. Take me into the free air! It will be the last time that I ask anything of you. You know not how my whole weal and woe are bound up in this hour. Take me out into my kingdom—into the kingdom of the storm—there, only there, can I obtain rest. Beata, good Beata! see, I am quiet and calm; I am not mad. Hear me—listen to my prayer! I have been in chains my whole life long—let me be free but one moment, and all my many bloody wounds will be healed!"

I had not the strength to resist this voice, these words. I took her out upon the terrace, which was built upon the rock that projected round the castle. Elizabeth's waiting-woman did not accompany us, from fear of the thunder and lightning.

I soon repented my compliance. We were scarcely in the midst of wild, excited nature, when Elizabeth broke loose from me, leapt forward some steps; then remained standing while she burst forth into loud cries of scornful, frantic joy.

The scene was fearfully beautiful. The lightning crossed the whole country, with its glowing streaks; the storm raged around, and the thunder, now

rolling, now crashing, increased above our heads. The blind girl stood upon the cliff, as though the spirit of the storm, with a wild, terrible countenance. Soon she laughed and clapped her hands in frantic delight, then she turned round with outstretched arms, and in a voice growing more and more strong and clear, she sang:—

"Lightning and flame!
Fiery floods from the blazing world!
Ye storms, ye raging thunders,
All ye universal powers,
Behold in me your queen,
In me, a woman! and hearken
To the cry of my voice.

"Your lightning flames bring
A song of rejoicing;
Hail to the day of freedom
* * * *

"The song of victory rings around,
Life spreads her wings!
* * * *

I am free!"

Again she laughed wildly and cried aloud, "How noble! how noble! how majestic! How joyous am I! Now my day of power has come! A crown—a crown of fire will fall from the dark clouds to be placed upon my head. My day is at hand, my hour is come!"

At this moment, to my indescribable comfort, the Colonel stood by the poor girl.

"You must come back to your room," he said.

With an impetuous motion, Elizabeth freed her hand from his, and, instead of becoming, as always before, submissive to his will, she stood now proud and scornful, with the air of a Medea, and repeated, "My hour is come! I am free! Must? Who dares to utter that word to me, here on this spot? Do I not stand in my kingdom?—Does not my mother hold me to her bosom? See you not how her arms of fire embrace me, and would bear me away?"

The Colonel, who feared an increased outbreak of her frenzy, was about to take her in his arms to carry her back to the castle; when Elizabeth suddenly flung her arms around his neck with great tenderness, and said, "Now, while I clasp you in my arms, and you embrace me with yours, my mother will take us both to her castle of fire. What pure, heavenly happiness! To-day is my day—my hour is at hand! I am free, and you are the prisoner. I defy you, I defy you; you shall never more be free!"

Whether it was the word "defy," that awakened his pride as a man, or whether it was a feeling of some other nature, the Colonel hastily shook himself from Elizabeth, and stood as if terrified, a step from her.

"Yes, I defy—I defy you," she went on. "You have fettered my body, you have bound my tongue; and now I stand before you, powerful and strong, and like the pale lightning will hurl down upon you the fearful words, 'I love you!' You can no longer forbid me—your anger is powerless. The storm is with me, the thunder and lightning on my side. Soon shall I be with them for ever. Like a cloud in yon heaven, will I follow you through your whole life; like a pale ghost will I hover over your head, and when all others are silent to you, you shall hear my voice cry aloud, 'I love you! I love you!'"

A strange and deep emotion seemed to have stolen over the Colonel; he stood immovably, with crossed arms; but a dim light glowed in his eyes.

With a hushed transport Elizabeth continued: "O, how have I not loved you? More deeply, more ardently, has mortal never loved! Ye heavens, which rage above me—earth, that will so soon open for my grave—I call upon you as witnesses! Hear my words! And you, dearly-loved anguish of my life, noble, high object of all my thoughts,—my love—my hatred,—yes, my hatred—listen now while I say, 'I love you!' With the most fervent, the holiest life of my whole being, I have loved you—deep as the sea, but pure as heaven, was my love. You could not understand it,—no one upon earth can understand it—my mother knows it—and He, who is above all. Had we lived in a world where word and deed could be innocent as feeling and thought—O, there might I, like a clear warm flame, have embraced and beamed round thy being—have filled you with happiness—have burnt for you only, like a holy flame of sacrifice. Such was my love. But you understood me not—you loved me not—you thrust me from you, scorned me—and I was guilty—but I loved still—and love now—and shall ever—and eternally—and alone!"

"Alone!" cried the Colonel, while a powerful emotion seemed struggling for utterance.

"Yes, alone!" the blind girl began again, alarmed and trembling; "who, besides is there? I have sometimes longed for it—but—my God, my God! were it possible? O say, is it possible? By that eternal happiness, which you deserve—and which can never be mine,—by that light, which you can see, but I can never behold,—I conjure you,—tell me, tell me; have you ever loved me?"

A deep silence for a moment ruled all nature. It was as though it was longing to hear that answer, which I, too, awaited in trembling anxiety. Only the pale, lingering lightning hovered above us.

Suddenly, with a strong compressed tone, the Colonel said:—

"Yes!"

The blind girl turned her face upwards; it beamed with an unearthly ecstasy, while the Colonel continued, with deep, violent feeling:—

"Yes, I have loved you, Elizabeth, loved you with all the energy of my heart; but the power of God in my soul was more mighty, and preserved me from ruin. My harshness has saved you and me. My love was less pure than yours. It is not the poison that your hand prepared for me, that has broken down my life—it is the struggle with suffering—with longing—it is grief for you, Elizabeth! Elizabeth! you have been infinitely dear to me—you are so still, Elizabeth—"

Elizabeth heard him no longer; she sank, as though the weight of happiness had bowed her down; and at the moment I rushed towards her, she fell like a corpse to the ground, while her lips, with an indescribable burst of happiness, murmured—"He has loved me!"

The Colonel and I could scarcely bear her back to her room. I trembled—his strength was, as it were, palsied. Drops of anguish stood upon his brow.

Elizabeth did not for a long time recover her

consciousness; but, as she raised again her eyelids, and the stream of life again ran through her veins, she whispered only, "He has not despised me!—he has loved me!" and she continued calm and quiet, as though she had closed her account with the world, as there were nothing left to wish for.

During the rest of the night the storm raged fearfully; the lightning shone upon the face of the blind girl, beaming now with fervent ecstasy.

From that hour, and during the few days that she lingered, everything in her was changed. All was tranquillity and gentleness. She spoke seldom, but pressed, kindly and thankfully, the hands of those who drew near her bed, where she lay immovable. We heard her frequently say, in a low tone, "He has loved me!"

One day Madame H— was standing by Elizabeth, who appeared not to be aware of her presence, when she repeated, with a peculiar sweet delight, the words so dear to her. I saw an expression of pain upon the gentle, kind face of the dear woman. I saw her lips tremble, and a tear steal down her cheek. She turned hastily and went out; I followed her, for she had forgotten her bunch of keys. She went through the drawing-room; the Colonel sat there, his head leaning upon his hand, and he appeared to be reading. He sat with his back turned towards us. Madame H— slid gently behind him, kissed his brow, and as she went into the bedroom, stifled a rising sigh. The Colonel, astonished, looked after her, then looked upon his hand, which was wet with his wife's tears, and sank again into his thoughtful posture.

After a moment I followed Madame H— to the bedroom, but she was no longer there; her prayer-book lay open upon the sofa; the leaves bore the traces of tears. At last I found her after I had passed through all the rooms to the kitchen, where she was reproving the cook for forgetting to cut off the cutlets from the breast of lamb that was crackling over the fire. This oversight was, indeed, unpardonable, for I had told her twice already, that we should have the breast of lamb at noon, and the cutlets at night. "One can never depend upon any other as upon one's self," said Madame H—, with a slight insinuation against me, as I gave her the bunch of keys.

I now left Elizabeth neither day nor night. Her earthly being appeared to hasten toward its dissolution with unwonted suddenness. It seemed as though the first word of love that she had heard, had been a signal for the release of her weary soul.

So is it with many children of earth. They struggle against the sharp sword of suffering, many, many years—they live, suffer, and struggle. The sword is broken, and they fall powerlessly down. Success reaches to them the goblet; they touch their lips to the purple edge—and—die!

Besides Helen and myself, Professor L. was constantly by the side of Elizabeth. Part of the time he read aloud, and at times he conversed with us about the means by which we might quicken the fear of God slumbering within her, and strengthen her faith in those dear truths, which, like angels, stand around the bed of the dying.

Once he questioned her upon the state of her soul. She answered, "I have not the power to think clearly—I have not the power to examine

myself. But I feel—I have a hope—and look forward to light!”

“The Lord shed down the light of his countenance upon you!” said Professor L., with a gentle voice of trust.

The next day Elizabeth begged that the whole family might be assembled.

When all of us, including Professor L., had gathered around her in fearful silence, Elizabeth called him by name, and begged him to come up to her bedside. She seized his hand, kissed it, and uttered, in a supplicating tone, the word “forgiveness.” It pierced us all. No one had power to speak; and the sad word—“forgiveness! forgiveness!” was the only sound that broke through the murmuring of deep sobs.

The Colonel and his wife stood together at a little distance. Elizabeth was silent a moment, and breathed heavily; and, with difficulty, at last she said, “Will my uncle come to me?”

The Colonel drew nearer; she stretched her arms to embrace him; he bowed down to her—they kissed each other. Such a kiss! the first and the last—the kiss of love and death!

Not a word was heard. Pale as a corpse, and with tottering steps, the Colonel retired. With a trembling voice Elizabeth said: “Lift me from the bed, and bear me to my aunt.”

We obeyed. She seemed endued with an unusual strength; and, supported by two persons, walked towards the other end of the chamber, where Madame H—, who did not seem to perceive her purpose, sat weeping.

“Help me to kneel,” said Elizabeth.

Madame H— rose hastily to prevent her; but Elizabeth, still more quickly, threw herself at her feet, kissed them, and sobbed convulsively, “Forgive! forgive!”

We bore her almost lifeless to her bed.

From that moment the Colonel never left her. During the night, and the following day, she lay quietly, but seemed to suffer bodily pain. Towards evening, as Professor L., the Colonel, and I, sat silent at her bedside, she awoke from a gentle slumber, and said aloud, in a clear voice: “He has loved me! Earth, I thank thee!”

She sank again into a kind of slumber, or stupor, which lasted perhaps an hour. Her breathing, which had been quick, became fainter, by degrees. A long pause, then a sigh—a still longer pause, and then again a sigh. At one moment, her breathing seemed to have ceased. It was a fearful moment; a slight spasm convulsed her limbs—again a heavy sigh, followed by a mournful, plaintive sound—and all was still.

“She is dead!” said the Colonel, in a choked voice; and he pressed his lips upon her death-cold brow.

“She sees now!” cried Professor L., as he raised a radiant glance to heaven.

The wandering breeze of a summer evening played around the open window, and the birds sang gaily on the hedge beneath. A soft, roseate glow, a reflection from the sun, now setting, lighted up the chamber, and shed a glorious radiance upon the lifeless one.

Calm and untroubled she lay there now! she who had struggled and despaired so long—peaceful, quiet, now! Her rich brown hair floated over the white pillow to the ground. A strange smile,

expressive of a higher consciousness, hovered around her lips. I have seen this smile on the lips of others, after death: the angel of eternity has pressed them with a kiss!

Peaceful moment, when a heart, that has throbbled long with trouble and sorrow, lies calm in rest? Peaceful hour! when every enemy is reconciled to us, every friend brought again to meet us! when forgetfulness steals over our faults—beams of glory hover over our virtues! when the eyes of the blind are opened, the bonds of the soul loosened! Beautiful, peaceful hour! borne, as it were, on the wings of an angel of light, thou smilest upon me like the glow of morning! and many times, when I have seen thee summon others, have I longed that thou mightest have come to claim me!

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

ELIZABETH was no more. She had risen like a dark thunder-cloud, and had shadowed the clear heaven of those about her. She had gone. All felt a sensation of peace and tranquillity. Many tears were shed to her memory, but no heart called her back. Unfortunate Elizabeth! the first moment of peace that was granted you, your heart enjoyed, alone, in the grave!

We see, every day, those who were in life good and peaceful, though undistinguished and unimportant, go forth from the world more loved, more regretted, than one of greater talents, more richly endowed, who has misused his powers—who, with all his beauty, his genius, his warmth of heart, has not made a single being happy.

The Colonel for a long time remained gloomy, and was more reserved than usual towards his wife and children.

Their tenderness and constant attention, and the beneficent passage of time, were by degrees dissipating his gloom, when an event in the home circle occurred, which agitated his tranquillity anew, and excited the more powerful emotions of his nature.

One day, Arwid's father, General P., rushed into the Colonel's room, in a great rage. At first he gave vent to his feelings in a load of curses; and when the Colonel asked coolly what was the matter, he burst out with—“What is the matter? What is the matter? Thousand d—ls! The matter is, that your—your—your daughter is a——”

“General P.!” said the Colonel, in a voice which brought the angry man to his senses. He went on, somewhat more calmly: “The—the matter is—that your daughter has trifled with truth and faith; has played a false game! May seven thousand—that she wishes to break her troth with my Arwid—to return him the betrothal ring—may seven—that Arwid is beside himself—that he will shoot himself—he is so wild and violent—and that I shall be a miserable, childless old man!” Here two tears ran down the cheeks of the old man, while he went on, in a voice in which anger and sorrow strove for utterance:—“She has been sporting with the peace of my son—with my gray hairs! I loved her—like a father! I had placed upon her all my hopes of peace in my old age—it will be my death! She

said almost in my Arwid's face, that she would not have him—to my son's face—may the seven thousand—! He will be the laughing-stock of the whole country! He will shoot himself! he will shoot himself! and I shall be a childless, miserable old man!" &c.

The Colonel, who had listened to all this in perfect silence, rang the bell hastily. I went into the room, to reconnoitre a little, and that Julia might prepare for—what she already anticipated.

The Colonel's air expressed anger and determination. He bade me tell Julia to come down to him.

I found Julia in great anxiety, but prepared, from this visit of the General to her father, for what was coming.

"I knew, I knew—" said she, growing pale at my message; "it must come—it could not be otherwise."

"But have you actually," I asked, "broken with your betrothed?"

"I have—I have, indeed," answered she, distressed and anxious. "I cannot tell all now; yesterday evening, words passed between us; he was cold and insulting; I was hasty—he was passionate, and rode away in anger."

Again the Colonel's bell was heard.

"My God!" said Julia, as she pressed her hand upon her heart, "I must gather up my courage, and go. Ah! were it not for his scornful look. Say, Beata, was my father very angry?"

I could not tell, but begged her not to be hasty, and to remember her promise, solemnly given, as well as the strong feeling of the Colonel, respecting the sacredness of such a promise.

"Ah! I cannot, I cannot," was all that Julia was able to say; while, trembling and pale, she went down the stairs that led to the Colonel's apartment. At the door, she stood a moment, as though summoning up her courage, then said, "I must," and went in.

After the lapse of about half an hour, Julia came into Helen's room, where I was sitting, and seemed utterly disconsolate. She threw herself upon the sofa, laid her head upon Helen's knee, and began to cry loudly and vehemently. The kind-hearted Helen sat silently, while the sympathising tears streamed from her eyes, and fell, like pearls, upon Julia's golden ringlets. When Julia's grief seemed to be somewhat allayed, Helen said gently, while she passed her hand through her sister's fair locks, "I have not put your hair in order to-day, dear Julia. Sit up a moment, and it shall be soon done."

"Oh, cut off all my hair! I will be a nun!" answered Julia; but she got up, wiped her eyes, and arranged her hair, partly with Helen's aid, partly herself; and became more calm. So true it is, that the little employments of everyday life have often a wonderful power in softening the burst of grief.

Julia answered our questions as to exactly what had happened: "This has happened, that I am doomed to suffer during the rest of my life for the indiscretion of a moment; to become a most miserable being, that is, if I submit to my sentence—but this I will not do; in spite of my father's displeasure—in spite of—"

"Oh, Julia, Julia," interrupted Helen, "think of what you say."

"Helen, you know not how I have suffered; how long I have struggled with myself. You know not how plainly I foresee the wretchedness of my lot, if I am Arwid's wife. O! I went forward, as in sleep, and sleeping I gave him my hand; now I have awaked, and should not dare draw back, but that I see, that I am a—"

"Arwid is good, Julia!"

"What do you call good, Helen? One who is not bad? Arwid (I have tried and proved it), appears good, because it is not possible for him to be base; calm and quiet, because he troubles himself about nothing but his own ease; sensible, because he sees no farther than the end of his nose; and he is made up of negations. Why, then, should we fear to add to the collection, and to give him my 'No?' Do not imagine that it would trouble him long; he loves not; he cannot love me; he has no feeling. Ah! he is like a wet stick of wood, which my little flame would strive in vain to light; the flame would gradually turn to smoke, and at last be wholly extinguished."

"Dear Julia, if Arwid is not such a man as you deserve, and whom you could joyously make your husband,—why could not your flame burn clearly? Arwid is not indeed so bad, as to become a spirit of torment to you. How many women there are, who, although united to men, that beyond all comparison fall far below him, yet live an honourable and excellent life, procure for themselves prosperity and ease, and enjoy a life of happiness by a beautiful consciousness of performing their duty. There is our cousin, Madame M., is she not worthy of love and esteem? And what a husband she has! Look at Emma S., and Hedda R."

"Yes, and look at Penelope, Sisters and Co. Ah, Helen, these women have my deep respect, my esteem, my admiration. I might be like them,—but I know plainly, that I cannot. That independence of opinion and understanding, that calmness, that clearness, and severity of firm principle, which is so necessary, if we must take the leading part in marriage,—all this I have not—none of it. I am a vine, and require the oak for a support. Just now, I feel clearer ideas of life bursting forth. I feel a higher being waking within me,—a new world opens to me! Would I could wander through it, hand in hand with one whom I could love and esteem; who with his own heart should reply to the pure flame in mine; who with the clear light of his understanding should illumine the twilight of my soul;—['Aha! Professor L., thought I]—Then might I become a noble being, and reach a goal which I now long for, rather than see. But with Arwid, Helen, with Arwid—my world would become a store-room—I, myself, a mouldy piece of cheese."

"What a comparison, dear Julia!"

"It is truer than you think for. Ah, marriage is a sad affair. It is with many, as it may now be with me,—they have drawn up the marriage bond in a foolish moment of fancy—have believed they should reach the island of blessedness—and are stranded, and all life long sit upon a sand-bank; like oysters, they crawl about in their shells, to seek a little sunshine—till a merciful breeze comes—"

"Julia! Julia!"

"Helen! Helen! It is a sketch of everyday life,—each day confirms its truth. How many noble natures have there not fallen in that way?"

And so will it be with me, if I cannot in time sail by the sand-bank."

"Julia! I am afraid that this cannot be, our father's prejudices are immovable. He will allow no contradiction. I believe, too, that he is right. In what concerns the violating a troth, the retracting a given promise of marriage, there lies something so deeply wounding to womanly delicacy, that I believe——"

"Delicacy! nonsense! I consider it wholly indelicate, and besides wholly absurd, to sacrifice the happiness of a whole life for mere delicacy."

"Could you be happy, Julia, if you should lose the affection of your father, your friends—the esteem of the world?"

"The esteem of the world—I should care little for that—but the esteem of those I love, Oh, Helen Beata!—is it possible for one to lose that? If so, it were indeed better, that I should doom myself to be unhappy."

"You would not be unhappy, Julia," said Helen as, with tearful eyes, she threw her arms around her sister,—“you would not——”

"You know not that, Helen," Julia interrupted, with decided impatience; “I know that I should be unhappy; there is something besides Arwid's unworthiness which will make me so. It is the consciousness of having failed in my destiny,—the consciousness that I might have shared a higher, happier lot,—that I could have lived upon earth for the enjoyment of a nobler, more elevated state of being. Yes, I am sure of it. I might, like a lark, have soared aloft in freedom, light, and song—and now, now shall I, as I have dreaded, crawl about the sand-bank of life like an oyster, dragging my prison with me!”

Upon the repetition of this terrible comparison, a new and more violent attack of melancholy overpowered Julia. She threw herself again upon the sofa, and remained there the rest of the day, without eating, or consenting to listen to any consoling words. Madame H——, going sometimes herself, sometimes through me, was constantly sending upstairs, drops and Cologne.

Julia was indeed ill, though not seriously, and continued in her room three days, during which she did not see her father. Neither Lieutenant Arwid nor the General, to Julia's great comfort, sent to inquire for her all this time.

Madame H—— always had at hand her own peculiar house tactics or politics, for disputes arose frequently between her husband and her children. If, for instance, she were talking with him, then good words were always on their side; and she argued with, and proved to them that *he* must indeed be right. Her heart was, I think, often a deserter to the side of the weak; for while she was attempting to make an impression upon the iron determination of the Colonel, Madame H—— always caressed her children with redoubled tenderness. She had now spoken to her husband on Julia's side to free her from her betrothal, but had found him inflexible, and when she saw Julia so unhappy, she became, unconsciously, towards him—not harsh—God forbid! but yet somewhat less gentle; this apparently (I said to myself, it was not so indeed,) somewhat troubled her tranquillity and pleasure in a multitude of little things. A want of ease, a something, till now entirely unknown to the family, pervaded the house for some days.

"The mountain will not come to Mahomet—Mahomet must come to the mountain!" said the Colonel to me one morning, with a good-natured smile, as he turned to go up the stairs that led to Julia's chamber.

At the same moment horses' feet were heard in the court-yard, and Cornet Charles, excited, and with a disturbed countenance, sprang up-stairs, embraced his father, and mother, and sister, with silent impetuosity, and immediately begged for a short conversation with his father.

An hour passed before the Cornet, with pale and troubled countenance, came out alone from his father's room. As if unconsciously, he passed through the parlour and the hall, came into Madame H——'s room, and without appearing to be aware of her presence or mine, sat down in silence, leaned his elbows upon a table, and covered his eyes with his hand, as if the daylight were painful to him.

Madame H—— watched him with a mother's anguish, then arose and stroked his cheeks caressingly with her hand, as she said, “My dear boy, what is the matter?”

"Nothing," answered Charles in a low, choked voice.

"Nothing!" repeated Madame H——. “Charles, you make me anxious—you are so pale: are you unhappy?”

"Yes," answered the Cornet, in the same low voice.

"My child—my son! What has troubled you?"

"Everything!"

"Charles! and you have yet a mother, who would give up her life for your happiness!"

"My dear mother!" cried the Cornet, and he clasped her in his arms, “forgive me!”

"My dearest child, tell me what can I do for you—tell me what is the matter with you, tell me all! There must be some way—I cannot live while I see you so wretched."

"I shall be wretched unless I can have to-day, the sum or security for the sum of ten thousand dollars. If I do not obtain this, then Herminia—my Herminia is in a few days the bride of another! Good God! I can buy the happiness of my whole life, and that of another being, for a paltry sum of money—and it is denied me! I have spoken to my father, I have opened my heart to him—have told him all. He has this sum—I know it—and he——"

"Has he refused it?"

"Decidedly. He says that it is the portion of the unfortunate, the needy: and, for the sake of unknown sufferers, he makes his own son unhappy!"

The Cornet rose impetuously and walked up and down the room with heavy strides, while he exclaimed, “What vile being has dared to slander my Herminia to my father—that holy angel of God? Could she deceive me! Could she love that hated G.! Only he or his creatures could——”

The Cornet here dashed to pieces a wagon with horses attached, (an equipage of the little Thickys,) and Madame H——, terrified, saved from her son's approach a vase of flowers, while, attentive to his grievances, she asked:

"But how? where?"

"Ask me nothing now!" cried the Cornet impatiently. “I can say only this; the whole happiness of my life depends upon my obtaining to-day the sum I have told you. I can become

the happiest being upon earth, or the most wretched, and not I alone—”

“Charles,” said Madame H—, solemnly, “look at me! God bless those honest eyes, my son! Yes, I know you; you would not let me take a step whose consequences I should repent?”

“Mother! could you repent having built up my happiness for life?”

“Enough, my child: I am going to speak to your father. Wait here for me.”

The Cornet awaited the return of his mother in a deeply excited state of mind. I saw that he was in one of those moods of youthful wilfulness, when it seems impossible to bear any opposition to one's wishes or determinations. In such moments, the word “impossibility” cannot be conceived of. We fancy we can command the sun, we fancy we can root up mountains, or, what is the same, the deeply-rooted prejudice of men's souls.

It was long before Madame H— returned. Julia and Helen followed her. She was pale. Tears glistened upon her eyelashes, and her voice trembled when she said, “Your father will not—he has his prejudices: he means to do what is right—and to do it firmly. But, my dear child, I can help you. Take these pearls and jewels; they are mine; I can do without them,—take them. You can obtain a considerable sum for them in Stockholm.”

“And here—and here, dearest Charles!” said Julia and Helen, as they with one hand gave him their jewels, and threw the other around his neck; “take these too, Charles, we beg of you—take them, sell all—and be happy!”

A deep red glow stole over the countenance of the young man, and tears rolled down his cheeks. At this moment the Colonel came up, stood at the door, and cast a piercing glance upon the group within the room. An expression of anger, mingled with scorn, lowered upon his face. “Charles!” he cried in a deep voice, “if you are so base as to profit by the weakness of your mother and your sisters, to satisfy your own blind passions, you have my contempt: I will not acknowledge you my son!”

Utterly wretched before, and now so entirely misunderstood, a most bitter torrent of anger swelled in the heart of the young man. He grew pale as death, pressed his lips together convulsively, stamped violently, and went through the door like lightning. In a few minutes, he was upon his horse, and rode at full speed from the yard.

THE CORNET! THE CORNET! THE CORNET!

“Hallo! it echoes through the wood!”

HALLO! the echo! the hunted flies, and the hunters follow. What is the game?—a wretched human soul! And who are the hunters? The furies, hatred, despair, and rage. How they ride! A matchless hunt! The hunted flies, but the hunters follow. They spare not the spur,—they follow him through the thickest wood—over hill and through vale—halloo!

Onwards! onwards! the hunted spurs on his snorting steed, which leaps, foaming, over brake and hedge. A wild fire burns in his soul. Wrapped in a cloud of dust, he bounds over the highway, through gloomy, forest-grown regions,

all the time seeking to stifle each feeling—each thought of his soul—and hearing only the warning “Onwards! onwards!” that rings out with every throb of his pulse.

The quiet inhabitants of the cottages which he passed like a storm-wind, stood amazed at their doors, and asked in wonder, “what horse passed so fast?” and one of them (Stina Anders, of Rarum), declared he had seen a hound and a hare come forth, one from a hut, the other from a wood, who, crouching opposite each other, gazed at the wild rider with staring eyes, and then, confused and alarmed, ran back, the hare to the hut, the hound to the wood.

The wild rider, Cornet Charles, stopped not till he reached a well-known house in the forest, threw himself from his horse, and sprang upstairs. All the doors in the second story were shut—all was still. He sprang down-stairs again. All the doors below were shut—all was still and silent. He crossed the court-yard to a little out-house and opened the door. A little shrivelled old woman sat in a little room, humming a psalm tune, and spinning flax at her whizzing wheel.

“Where is the master of the house? Where is the Lady Herminia?” cried the Cornet, panting and almost breathless.

“How?” answered the old woman, spinning. “Where is the master of the house?” cried the Cornet, with a tremendous tone and glance. “Eh, what?” answered the old woman, as she stuck a snuff-box into his face.

The Cornet stamped his foot. (A plate fell clattering from the cupboard, and the glass on three broken shelves rattled.) “Are you stone deaf?” cried he, *fortissimo*, “I want to know what road your master took from the house?”

“The road!—does the gentleman mean—to Thorsborg?—it goes right over the field yonder, and—”

“I ask,” cried the Cornet, with the whole collected strength of despair, “where your master has gone from here?”

“To Wreista? Why, here,—there it goes—”

“Is she mad?” cried the Cornet in despair; “one might as well talk to the toothache!”

“Just so; oh, indeed!” ejaculated the old woman, puzzled and terrified when she perceived the Cornet's anger, and she went back to pick up the pieces of the broken plate.

The stranger flung in her face a six-shilling piece, and vanished.

“God preserve me! God guard me!” murmured the terror-stricken, but now pleased, old woman.

Another door in the same building sprang open before a powerful blow of the Cornet's hand.

By the hearth in the room sat a stout-looking gossip, who was feeding her little shock-headed boy with pap.

The Cornet repeated his question with violent impetuosity, and received as an answer:

“Yes, yes, they are gone.”

“But where? say where—how? Was there no message, no letter left for me?”

“Letter? yes, I have got one to give to Cornet H—, and I was just thinking of going down to Thorsborg with it, as soon as I had given a spoonful of pap to the little one—poor little worm—eat, little one!”

"For God's sake give me the letter! quick, go it's instant; I say, go—"

"Yes, yes, I am going; only let me give the little one more mouthful. He is hungry, poor little worm. Here, little one!"

"I will feed the child; give me the spoon: go, bring me the letter!"

At last the woman went to her chest; the Cornet stood upon the hearth, took a spoonful of pap from the pot, blew upon it with an assiduous air, and put it in the open mouth of the boy. The old woman rummaged round her chest—sought and sought; snuff-boxes and earthen dishes, stockings and petticoats, her prayer-book, and a loaf of bread, came out one after the other, and lay on the ground at her feet—the letter came not.

The Cornet raged, and stamped his foot, in impatience.

"Quick! What are you doing there? eh!"

"Presently, presently! Wait a few minutes—here—no, here—no, wait a little—only wait."

Wait! It can be easily imagined whether the Cornet was inclined to "wait a little," now. But the letter came not. The woman answered in a low voice, between her teeth, "It is gone—it is lost!"

"You can't find it?" cried the Cornet, and in his anger he thrust a spoonful of hot pap down the throat of the youngster, who set up a loud shout.

The letter could not be found. "It must have fallen into the hands of the little one, and been torn in pieces or burnt." And the mother, who cared more for the wants of her little one than those of the Cornet, said angrily to the last, "Go to Löfstaholm, that is your message. My master has gone there, and Lady Agnes was to-day with Lady Herminia!"

The Cornet reached her a dollar, as a plaster for the burnt throat, cursed, half aloud, the goose and her gosling, and threw himself upon Blanca, who had, meanwhile, been feeding on the yellow autumn grass, that grew here and there in the court-yard.

Now for Löfstaholm! A mile farther to ride. Blanca feels the spurs, and dashes on at full gallop. A torrent crosses the road; the bridge has been carried away, and is not yet restored. There is, indeed, another road; but it is four miles' circuit.

Blanca now panted above the waves, that washed the froth from her neck and nostrils, and touched the feet, too, of the rider in the saddle.

Two travellers looked from a distance upon the scene.

"Do you know, friend," said one, with a thoughtful countenance, "I believe it is the Nick himself, who crossed the stream on his black mare."

"But, do you know, friend," said the other, "I think it is a bridegroom, who is riding after his beloved."

"Believe me, gossip!"

"Believe me, neighbour!"

And believe me, reader, the rider now stands on the other bank, and onward, onward! rides again through wood and wold.

Poor Blanca! as the white walls of Löfstaholm glistened through the green trees, you were just ready to fall to the ground; but at sight of them the violence of the rider abated in some degree,

and upon approaching the house, Blanca dared to stop and take breath, at the side of three other horses, which showed there were strangers at Löfstaholm just now.

Mr. D. sat in his room and contemplated, with the air of an unprejudiced critic, a head done in crayon by his much-beloved daughter Eleanor; and Madame Emerentia D. (formerly J.) stood by, and was reading, with pleased attention, a poem upon the charms of a country life, and solitude, written by her hopeful son Lars Anders, (who, in the family, was called the young Lord Byron,) when Cornet Charles hastily entered the room. After a slight apology, and without troubling himself with what they would think of him, his abruptness and his questions, he begged that they would tell him what they knew of Baron K., and the sudden departure of his family.

"Nothing more," said Mr. D., as he knit his brow, "but that yesterday noon they passed by here, and that Baron K. was so good as to come in and speak to me with great readiness, and to pay me a fourth part of the sum that I lent him, out of pure good-nature for ever. A Dido—Cornet H—, of my Eleanor's!"

Madame D. joined in: "the Baroness, or she whom they call so (for it is my opinion that she is no more of a baroness than I am), did not trouble herself, yesterday, to take any notice of me from her carriage.—Yes, yes, one has fine returns for all the civilities one bestows upon people! no, she sat as stiff as a princess in her carriage—her carriage, did I say! Nay, I think—it was the equipage of young G.; he sat there himself like a bird imprisoned in a cage; and this was what made her so haughty."

"G.'s chariot! G. with her!" cried the Cornet. "Herminia?"

"Sat there and looked around her like a turkey-cock. Yes, I have been sorely deceived in that girl. I took some pity upon her, and allowed my daughters to take some little *soin* with her, and to encourage her musical powers. Therese, too, was quite *engouée* with her. But I soon found I had committed an *imprudenc*e, and that she, as well as the whole family, were not suitable society for my daughters! Besides, there are certain reports about, among people of rank; she has conducted herself in a way—"

A servant came in now with the pipes, which he placed in a corner of the room. Mr. D. took this opportunity to put in a sentence, in French.

"Oui, c'est une vraie scandale," said he, "une forgerie de tromperie! un vrai fripon est la fille; je sais ça,—et le plus extrêmement mauvais sujet est sa père."

"Son père," said Madame D., correcting him, "et la pire de toute chose c'est son mère, un conduite, oh! Ecoute, cher Cornet; dans Italie le mère et le fille et la père."

There now arose from the adjoining chamber a fearful crying, screaming, laughing, roaring, and rejoicing, all at once. There was a sound of fiddles, a clashing of shovels and tongs, a singing, a whistling; and amid this hubbub, and outcries of all kinds, these sounds were heard with peculiar distinctness: "Papa! papa! We know the piece now! the play is ready! Hurrah! hurrah!"

The shouting troop now rushed into the room like a raging torrent; but as soon as the excited

land saw Cornet Charles, their joy knew no bounds. A unanimous cry burst forth :

"Iphigenie ! Iphigenie ! Hurrah ! hurrah ! Cornet H—, Cornet Charles shall be our Iphigenie ! hurrah ! Long live Iphigenie the Cornet ! long live Cornet Iphigenie ! Long live—"

"Death and hell !" thought the Cornet ; while the wild band all seized upon him, crying out— "Come, Iphigenie ! come, Cornet Charles, quick, quick ! we want to have a rehearsal ! The Cornet may read his part ;—come, do come !"

"Hocus pocus, Cornet Charles ! fall upon your knee, and rise up Iphigenie !"

This shout was trumpeted forth by the charming little Agnes D., who stood on tiptoe, to hang a veil over Cornet Charles' head ; but she could not reach above his face. Lieutenant Ruttelin came to her help. Eleanor D. and Mina P. had already thrown a great shawl over his shoulders, and three young men attempted to fasten a tablecloth round him, to answer for the skirt of a dress. Among the assistants of Miss D., Lieutenant Arwid might be seen.

The Cornet resisted ; it was in vain. He raised his voice, cried out,—in vain—he could scarcely be heard amidst the noise, still less make himself understood.

Despair and vexation utterly overpowered him, and brought him to a desperate resolution. Using all his strength, certainly not in the most courteous way, with both arms, he flung the crowd from him to the right and left, and—ran off,—ran through a door which he saw open, came upon a long succession of rooms, looked neither right nor left,—but ran, on, on, on ! He overthrew a maid-servant, three chairs and two tables, passed from one apartment to another, till he reached a dining-room. On the other side of this room was the entry. This the Cornet knew, and was upon the point of hastening there, when he heard, with terror, the shouting multitude coming through it, to meet him with the loud cry of "Iphigenie ! Iphigenie !" In great anguish of mind, and just as he was turning back, the Cornet perceived, near him, a door half open, which led to some narrow spiral stairs. He shot like an arrow through it. The stairs were very dark and long,—now turned to the right, now to the left. The Cornet's head was growing dizzy, when his foot at last touched the ground. He stood in a little narrow entry. A ray of light shone through an iron door close by. The Cornet went through this door. The faint autumnal rays of the setting sun gleamed through an iron-barred window opposite, and shone upon the gray, cold stone walls of a little vault ! The Cornet found himself—in a prison ? No, in a store-room !

The Cornet looked round for some outlet. He found indeed a door in the little entry, which led to the smaller cellar ; but this required a key to open it, and there was no key there. The Cornet looked and looked—in vain. He seated himself upon a chest of bread in the little cellar, shook off the shawl and veil, and heard with joy that the wild hunters were rushing round above, and that they went into distant parts of the house to seek traces of him ; yet they were always near enough to prevent the Cornet from making his exit. Unhappy, indignant, tired, at enmity with the whole world, he sat and looked thoughtlessly around him.

A dish of pastry, the remains of a pie, some roast veal and currant jelly, which stood on a table in the sunshine, kindly and invitingly attracted his attention.

The Cornet experienced a singular emotion ; in the midst of his despair, and although a prey to a thousand painful thoughts, he felt—hungry !

Poor human nature ! O man, crown of creation ! Clay—king of clay ! Though heaven and hell roll around in your heart—still you must eat ! One minute an angel, the next an animal ! Poor human nature ! And yet—

Happy human nature ! Happy bond, which alone can preserve the unity of being. The animal refreshes the spirit, the spirit the animal, and so only can the man live.

The Cornet lived, was hungry, saw eatables, and was not long in allaying his hunger. The pastry must suffer for the Farce.

Pardon ! pardon, young reader ! I know a lover, the hero of a romance besides, should not be so prosaic, so earthly ; and our hero is perhaps in danger of losing all your kind sympathy. But think, think, ye lovely creatures who live upon the scent of roses and sentiment ; he was a man, and, what is worse, he was a Cornet ; he had had a long ride, and had not eaten a mouthful the whole day. Think of this ! "But is it proper that he should eat, in this way, in other people's store-rooms ?"

Ah, my dear mistress of ceremonies ! when we feel provoked and tired with the world, we easily believe that everything is proper, that is proper and agreeable to us, and offends nothing but the *conveniences* of others. Every one takes at such a time real pleasure in treading such *conveniences* under foot like weeds, and in such a frame of mind nourishes a real, cosmopolitan spirit, that would say to the whole world—"Make way for me !"

Cornet Charles had made some way through the pastry, when the hubbub above, increasing in strength, renewed the loud cry for the luckless "Iphigenie !" This, together with a rattling and noise upon the stairs, showed that the band of hunters was on the track. He sprang madly against the window, seized one of the iron bars with all his strength, to loosen it, and, cost what it would, make his escape. The bar shook, but remained firmly in its place. The shouting troop came nearer and more near. At this fearful moment, a key that lay in the window-seat shone in the sunlight.

O blessed sunlight ! The Cornet seized the key, fitted it to the lock ; the door opened, and as though chased by furies (the Cornet, at this moment, called up in his mind a confused image of the lovely, pleasing Miss D., with a Medusa's head), rushed through a long passage to the hall, threw himself down the steps, across the courtyard, and upon Blanca's back. He was hardly seated in the saddle, when, like a swarm of bees flocking out from the hive, the shouting band broke forth from the door, singing in chorus, or rather screaming out :

"Iphigenie ! Iphigenie !
Tell us what is the matter, say,
Lovely maid, why hasten away ?
Come back and stay with us, Iphigenie !"

The Cornet dashed off, and soon vanished among

the trees, from the sight of the chorus singers. The three young men, who in the joy of their heart saw in all this nothing but an uncommonly droll joke, in the twinkling of an eye were mounted on their horses, and followed the deserter.

But when the Cornet saw the chase was continued, he suddenly slackened his pace, much to the astonishment of the triumvirate pursuing him, who soon caught up with him, and surrounded him with loud laughter, and cries of—

"Aha! aha! we have the Cornet now, there is no escape! Deliver yourself prisoner, Cornet H—, and return with us!" And one of them snatched the reins from his hand.

But his arm was thrown off suddenly, and the Cornet, looking proudly and haughtily upon his pursuers, said in anger,—

"If you gentlemen had possessed the slightest penetration, you would have seen that I am in no mood for joke, or for being joked. You would see, indeed, that all your foolish tricks are no joke to me. I wish they were all at the devil, and you too. Let me alone!"

"'Pon honour, that was rudely enough said," cried one of the triumvirate, as he forced his horse to keep pace with the Cornet; while the two other young men stopped a few minutes, and after a short consultation, rode back, laughing loudly.

The Cornet rode on slowly, and cast angry and inquiring glances upon his uninvited companion, who from a pair of clear blue eyes returned his glances with a kind of ironical calmness.

The two silent riders came at last to a place where a cross-road led off. The Cornet turned haughtily to his companion, and said—

"I presume that we separate here; good night, sir!"

"No," answered his companion, carelessly, "I have a few words to say to you."

"When and where you please!" said the Cornet impatiently.

"Oho! oho!" returned the other, ironically, "do you take the matter so to heart? 'When and where you please' are words we use to lead on to a challenge—for when and where you please to take another's life. Now, for my sake, this can hardly be done 'when and where you please.' But I will look upon it not quite so much in earnest. I will follow you only to keep you company, to see whether I cannot cheer you up a little, excite you a little, talk with you about those—"

"With certain people," said the Cornet, "I can talk with sword in hand; it keeps at a distance—"

"A sword?" said his companion, carelessly; "why a sword? Why not rather pistols? They speak louder, and answer better for the purpose of keeping people at a distance; I seldom draw my sword."

"Perhaps you prefer a pin?" asked the Cornet, disdainfully.

"Yes, a pin; or perhaps a hair-pin," his companion answered, smiling, as he took off his hat and loosened from it the richest tresses that ever adorned a maiden's head, and took from them a long hair-pin, to which he, or rather she, attached a little billet, which she delivered to the Cornet, and said, in an entirely different tone—

"If you should find it more painful than a sword-thrust, you must at least pardon those who must needs bring it against their will."

And the blue-eyed rider, Therese D., cast a kind, compassionate glance upon the Cornet, bade him farewell, turned her horse quickly, and soon disappeared from before his gaze of astonishment.

Another feeling followed this, as soon as he recognised, in the address of the note, Herminia's hand-writing. With sensations that can be easily imagined, the Cornet opened the note, and read—

"My only friend on earth, farewell! farewell! You come too late. I have yielded to the despairing entreaties of my mother. To-day I go to Stockholm; to-morrow, I am the wife of Genserik—if I live. My brother, friend, my all—ah, forgive me! Farewell! "HERMINIA."

The letter was dated the preceding day. "How, at Stockholm?" said the Cornet, forming the desperate resolution, either to win her—or to die! "Heaven be praised, there is yet time!"

The evening was growing stormy and lowering. The Cornet observed it not, heeded it not—but rode at full speed to an inn.

"A quick, swift horse! this moment!" said the Cornet, with a voice of thunder; "I will pay what you please."

A snorting stallion, soon panting beneath the wild rider, who, with voice and spur, yet more excited his mettle; and with the fury of blind impatience, drove onwards, ever on.—But let us take breath a moment.

HOOT! HOOT!

It was night. The silver moonbeams streamed silently upon the castle of Thorsborg, where everything seemed hushed in repose; for not a ray of light glimmered through the deep casement to give signs of a wakeful eye—of a heart that could find no rest. And yet, in the Colonel's room, a night-lamp beamed, and shed its dim rays upon some family pictures, in gilt frames, whose forms, by the gleaming of its pale blue light, seemed to awake to life from the night of the past, in whose shade their joys and sorrows, their hatred, their love, and their prayers, had long ago expired; and who now seemed, with a peaceful, dreamy smile, to look down upon the struggles of their descendants with the darker powers of life, and to whisper—

"Thou shalt forget, and be forgotten;
The conflict of day in night shall cease;
Rest shall follow the strife of earth;
Soul! think on this; in this take peace."

Peace? Gentle spirits! you would fill us with trust; but there are moments when, at the thought of these words, "grave" and "Heaven," the bitter tears flow.

The Colonel was standing by the window, and looked out upon the moonlight night. His lofty brow was paler than usual, and a dim light shone out from his deeply-sunken eyes.

A gust of wind rustled now and then across the castle-yard, and bore along heaps of autumn-leaves, that recalled to the people of the castle the gay dances that their gloomy-looking princes used to enjoy in the old fortress. The tower-flags flapped heavily, and a fearful restless whistling, such as accompanies storms in large buildings, sounded mournfully here and there through

the house. Such tones might well serve as omens of misfortune, for they called up gloomy forebodings. Clouds of peculiar, fantastic shapes were coursing the heavens; they hurried on, like armies, with tattered streamers flying.

Cloud-veils floated over the queen of night; she broke through them soon with her blessed rays; and they gathered, at last, in dark gray masses, far away, above the horizon.

With disturbed, gloomy thoughts, the Colonel watched the wild struggle of Nature. He felt, with bitterness, that the spirit of discord had disturbed, with her poisonous breath, the peace of that family before so happy and united. He, who loved his own so dearly, who would be loved by them so tenderly, had become, at once, like a stranger to them.

Wife, children, kept themselves at a distance—turned their glances away from him; and it was his fault; he had denied their prayers; they were unhappy through him; and, in this moment, when his conscience bore him witness that he had been firm in his opinions of what was right, and had acted, without wavering, on the same strict but elevated principles, at this moment there arose painful feelings in his heart, that seemed to accuse him of having erred in the application of these principles, and of having thus caused suffering that he might have prevented. He had embittered the life of beings whom it was his duty to bless and make happy. A physical pain, under which he had suffered for a long time, and that was felt most when his soul was most deeply excited—a weight upon his lungs, that made his breathing laborious, came on with unusual power, along with these sad thoughts. He was alone: no one to show now a feeling of kindness for him; the thoughts of not a single being hovered above him, on the peaceful, dove-like wings of prayer; he was alone! A tear trickled from his manly eye, and he looked up on high, with the gloomy desire to leave at once an earth where *sorrow reigns*.

A white cloud, which assumed the form of a human being with outstretched arms, hovered alone in the starry vault, and seemed to be sinking lower and lower; and its extended misty arms seemed to approach him.

He thought of Elizabeth—of her love—of her promise to be ever near him after her death. Was it not her spirit that would embrace him now, when all others had forsaken him? Was it not her spirit that now, when all voices of love were silent to him, had risen, and, alone, called to him through the night, “I love you! I love you?”

The spirit-like cloud came nearer and nearer; with sad longing the gaze of the Colonel followed it, and unconsciously he raised his arms towards it. It was now suddenly caught by a strong wind; the extended arms were torn from the cloud-body, and in a strange, wild form, the white cloud floated like an image of phantasy over the tower. The room was desolate: the Colonel laid his hand upon his breast—all was desolate there! A deeply-laboured sigh went forth. In this bitter moment some one approached him with light step, an arm wound itself within his, and he felt a head sink gently upon his shoulders. He did not look down—he asked not; he knew that she was near who, so many years, had shared his joy and grief. She alone could care for his secret sorrow

—she alone would come to him in the still night, with consolation and love! Silently he laid his arm around the companion of his life, and pressed her head to his heart, where soon all outward and inner pain was hushed. The two stood there long, and saw the storm pass over the earth and chase the clouds. They spoke not a word in explanation of what had happened, not a word of exculpation. Reconciliation held them in her heavenly arms. Heart throbbing upon heart, they stood there; they were one.

The storm, that was now increasing, raging, flapped its wings around the tower, the clock of which now struck twelve. The strokes fell heavily on the ear. The Colonel pressed his wife closer, and shuddered involuntarily. She looked up to him—his eye was fixed upon one spot; and hers, following the direction of his, soon remained fixed there too.

On the high road, which from this place was visible, at some distance from the castle, there moved a black body, which, as it drew nearer the castle, assumed a greater extent, and a more singular shape. Soon, by the light of the moon, it was apparent that it was composed of a number of persons, pressed closely together in a strange manner, and who moved forwards slowly, but in company. Now it was hidden by the trees in the avenue, now it appeared again, and nearer. A number of men seemed to be carefully carrying something very heavy.

“It is a funeral procession!” whispered Madame H—. “Impossible! at this hour,” answered the Colonel. The dark mass came nearer and nearer. Now it entered the castle-yard. The wind raged wildly, and carried off the hats of some of the bearers, but they did not turn to recover them. The procession continued towards the principal building; now came up the steps slowly, carefully,—a thundering knock at the door. All remained perfectly quiet, and the procession entered the house. Without uttering a word, the Colonel left his wife, went quickly from the room, closed the door, and sprang down-stairs. The bearers laid down their burden between the pillars in the hall. It was a bier! A dark mantle covered it. With a sad air the bearers stood around. “Whom have you here?” said the Colonel, in a voice that struggled to be firm. No one answered. The Colonel drew near, and raised the covering. The moon beamed down through the high Gothic windows. A bloody corpse lay there! The Colonel recognised his son! Oh, a father’s grief! Oh, angel of Heaven! cover with thy wings thy smiling face! look not down upon the grief of a father! Beaming lights of heaven, expire! Come, dark night! hide with thy holy veil that grief that knows not tear or word! Oh, never may a human eye profane with curious glance the sorrow of a father!

Noble, miserable father! as we saw thee fix thy gaze upon thy son, we turned away, but offered up for thee our heartfelt, ardent prayers.

All the people of the house, as well as myself, were aroused by the arrival of this sad news; we stood silently around the bier. At a sign from the Colonel, and the words, “A surgeon!” all were put in action. A messenger was sent to the city for a family physician, and the lifeless body was borne from the bier to one of the apartments.

The tears of the bearers fell upon their dear young master. The Colonel and I followed the slow, sorrowful train. I dared not look up to him, but heard the deep, gushing sobs, through which he breathed with difficulty. When the body was placed upon the bed, we began hopelessly to try all the means that are ever used for the restoration of those who have fainted, or are senseless. His feet were rubbed, and his temples, breast, and hands were bathed with spirit. Blood ran slowly from a wound in the head; it was bound up. Occupied in this way, I ventured to throw an anxious, inquiring look upon the Colonel—but I turned away again, shuddering. His face was deathly pale; a spasm had convulsed and disfigured his features; his lips were pressed closely together, and his eyes were fixed. Suddenly I felt a light, sudden shudder pass through the stiffened limbs! I could scarcely breathe; it was repeated. I looked up to the Colonel.

He pressed one hand closely to his breast, and placed the other upon his son's mouth. He seized my hand, and placed it there; a gentle breath was felt. There was a slight pulsation around the temples—a sigh, the first intimation of restored life; his breast heaved, and a faint glow of life shone upon his face. The Colonel looked up to Heaven. Oh, what an expression! Oh, a father's joy! Thou art worthy of it, worthy to have bought it with thy sorrow!

Look down, oh angel of heaven, with beaming eyes upon the blessed heart of a father! This is the moment for your smiles!

The eyes of the slumberer were now opened, and met his father's gaze, that rested upon him with the deepest expression of anxious joy; they remained a moment open, then slowly closed. The Colonel, again alarmed, placed his hand above his son's mouth, to feel if his breath had become more faint; the pale lips moved as if to kiss his father's hand, and an expression of peace and reconciliation played upon the face of the young man. He continued, with his eyes still closed, to lie like one asleep. His breathing was weak, but gentle; and he made no effort to speak.

While the careful and tender Helen sat by the bed of her brother, the Colonel left it to go and seek his wife: he made a sign to me to follow him, and I hastened up-stairs, pinching my cheeks, that I might not look like a messenger of death. Madame H— sat fixedly, with hands folded; by the light of the moon, she looked not unlike one of those old pale forms, that, from their family circle, looked down upon her. As we approached her, she said, with smothered anguish, "Something has happened! What is it? Tell me; tell me all!"

With wonderful coolness, with heartfelt tenderness, the Colonel prepared his wife for the sight that awaited her, and attempted at the same time to infuse a trust, a hopefulness greater indeed than he himself felt. He led her to the chamber; without uttering a word or cry, without shedding a tear, the unhappy mother went up to her son, who seemed now nearer death than before. The Colonel stood at the foot of the bed, and still preserved his unmoved, manly bearing. But when he saw his wife bend her head to the bloody pillow of her son, and, with an entirely indescribable expression of motherly love and a mother's anguish, kiss his pale lips, while the unusual resemblance

of the two faces was growing more striking, beneath the shade of death that seemed gathering above them both; he bowed his head, hid his face in his hands, and wept like a child. Yes, we all wept bitterly. It seemed as though the spark of hope that we had at first nourished had now expired, and none of us believed that the mother would survive her son.

And yet, earthly cares, wasting sorrow, those sharp swords that pierce the inmost soul, do not kill! the wonderful germ of life can draw nourishment from sorrow—can, like the polypus, be cut apart, grow together again, and live, and suffer. Mourning mother, wife, bride, daughter, sister; hearts of women, which care ever crushes and wounds the deepest, bear witness to it! You have seen your beloved one die, have longed to die with him, and yet live, and cannot die. What do I say? If you can resign yourself to live, is it not true that a breath from heaven will pour consolation and strength into your soul? Can I doubt of this, and think of thee, noble Thilda R., mourning bride of the noblest of husbands? Thou didst receive his last sight; thou lost with him thy all upon earth; thy fortune was dark and joyless, and yet thou wert so resigned, so gentle, so kind, so good! Thou didst weep, but saidst, trustingly, to thy sympathising friends, "Believe me, it is not so very hard to bear!" Ah, that was a peace which the world cannot give. And when thou saidst, to dissipate thy grief, "I will not disturb this peace with my sadness," we believed that he from his grave cared yet for thy happiness, encompassed thee still with his love, and strengthened and consoled thee: "And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him."

Patient sufferers, blessings on you! You reveal God's kingdom on earth, and show us the way to heaven. From the crown of thorns, we see eternal roses spring.

But I go back to the sorrowing mother, who had subdued the first sudden pang of grief. She supported herself during a long time of trial, for her loved one hovered long between life and death. But she wanted sufficient strength and resolution to nurse him constantly. Had it not been for Helen, had it not been for the Colonel, had it not been for me, (I blush to say it,) then,—but we were all at hand, and so (and through God's mercy,) the Cornet continued to live.

In the time of sorrow and care, souls draw near to one another. When outward adversity storms around us, we gather together, and the most beautiful flowers of friendship and intimacy spring up and grow beneath the tears of sorrow. In the family circle, the common source of grief destroys all little dissensions and disagreements, and brings all hearts, all interests, to one point. Especially if the death of one of the family is threatened, then all discords are silent; then all hearts throb harmoniously though mournfully, all thoughts agree and form a soothing garland of peace, in whose bosom the loved invalid rests.

After Cornet Charles's accident, and during his sickness, all uneasiness, all variance in the H— family had vanished; the care, the feelings, the thoughts of all were united upon him; and when his life was out of danger, and he began to grow better—O how joyous everyone felt, how all loved each other, and felt such a longing to make each

other happy, how we all feared to darken in any way the heaven now growing so clear !

It was touching to see. But I do not know what has possessed me, that I grow so pathetic, and would fain bring my reader to tears over my joys. as though there did not fall enough unnecessary tears into the urn of sentimentality. Let us make a visit to the D. family, and see if we cannot meet with something more lively. By virtue of my magic wand, (the wretchedest goose-quill on earth,) I will bear us, that is my reader and myself, in a moment, to

Löfstaholm.

It was the breakfast hour. The table was surrounded with people. Bowls were standing upon the table, and it was proposed to drink healths.

"The thousand take me !" said a voice, (which the reader will probably recognise,) "I shall be delighted to drain the glass to Lady Eleanor's health."

His neighbour, with a deep blush, said, in a friendly warning manner, "What will Julia H— say to that ?"

"Julia H— ? I care very little, the thousand take me ! about what Julia H— says. Lady Julia must take care how she takes whims. I may take it into my head, the thousand* take me ! to send her back, some day, the ring of betrothal ; yes, yes."

"Skål,* Arwid !" cried Lieutenant Ruttelin ; "Skål for independent men."

"And for their upholders," cried the little Lord Byron : "I meant upholders," whispered he to Eleanor, "but it did not sound well ; do you understand ?"

"Ah, I am not troubled," answered she.

"Lieutenant Arwid, Lieutenant P., may I have the honour of drinking your health ?" called Mr. D.

"And I, and I, and I !" repeated many voices.

"Fill your neighbour's glass, Eleanor."

"Gentlemen and ladies, I propose the health of Lieutenant Arwid's lady-love ; that she may recollect herself, and receive him again to favour."

ALL. Yes, yes, that she—

ONE VOICE. Gentlemen and ladies—the thousand take me !—Gentlemen and ladies, that is something which I do not wish. I should take great pleasure in not receiving her into favour. I—but—but—in sending back to her the ring of betrothal ; the thousand take me !

ALL. Skål for independent men. Skål for Lieutenant Arwid.

"And Skål for maidens without whims ! Skål for my Eleanor and her sisters," shouted Mr. D.

ALL. Skål ! Skål !

"Very well ; very well !" added the little Lord Byron, with a grimace.

TEA AND SUPPER.

I HAD the honour of seeing my readers at a little breakfast ; I would now beg the honour of entertaining them at a little supper. Nay, nay ; do not be frightened ; it will not be great nor magnificent ; not like a visit to his Excellency

* Skål is, in Sweden, the common expression in drinking healths.

Ennui, which will keep you till midnight in waking torment.

I disclose a little table in the blue room at Thorsborg. In the middle of the table Helen has placed a basket of grapes, and wreathed it with asters, gilliflowers, and other flowers which have been coloured under the pale beams of the autumn sun. Around this splendid Bacchus crown is seen every kind of simple dish, which can be found in the story of Philemon and Baucis, as well as in all the Idyls, where suppers are the subject. I will not waste paper in an enumeration of the milk and cream, and other rural dishes.* The lady of the house will not, I fear, forgive me for passing her so silently. A dish of honey-comb, from which dropped a fragrant juice, or a plum tart, (in the preparation of which she had busied herself,) lighter and more delicate than—the Colonel, indeed, asserted, that after he had eaten a piece, it oppressed him a little. "You never know what oppresses people. Men have curious notions."

At the moment, for which I have invited the attention of the reader, the lady of the house had just left off, the fifth time, attempting to rub from the stopper of a decanter a spot, which at last was discovered to be a blemish in the glass itself, and therefore immovable. In the lighted room, assembled one by one, Julia (without the betrothal ring), Professor L., the Master, with his pupils, and at last entered, between his father and Helen, Cornet Charles, who now, for the first time since his fall from his horse, joined the family circle at the evening hour. His mother met him with tears in her eyes, kissed him, and gave him no rest until she had placed him upon the sofa, between the Colonel and herself, comfortably supported by soft cushions, which she wished to place around his head, in a way in which they could only remain by the help of the flying cherubs. The Colonel observed, with a malicious pleasure, and a laconic "There, there !" how the cushions rattled down ; right and left. The lady asserted he blew them. When she had arranged them, in some measure, as she wished, she seated herself silently, gazed with a tender, sad smile, at the pale face of her son, whilst tears, which she herself did not observe, slowly trickled down her cheeks. The Colonel looked at her, with a mild, grave expression, so long, that she was induced by it to recollect herself, and conquer her emotion, so that she should not disturb the quiet of her sick favourite.

It was pleasant to see "the little Thickneys," with open mouth and longing eyes, carrying to their brother some of the good things which Helen had placed upon the table ; and how very unpleasant it was to them to give up the dish. Julia knelt by her brother's side, and chose from a dish which she placed upon the sofa, the largest and most beautiful grapes, to hand to him.

I should like to ask Professor L. what book he was reading so attentively and devotedly. He would either have answered, "Julia," or he would have been embarrassed, and have turned to the title-page of the book ; which would have seemed very suspicious as to what the reading in the book

* "Ah ! God bless me." I remember now that Baucis, when she received some unexpected guests, ran to sacrifice her only goose for their entertainment. And I—who invited a crowd of guests to supper—cannot serve them with either a calf or turkey. I am ashamed to death !

amounted to. There was, in the faces of the greater part of the little company, something uncommon—an intensity of expectation; in a word, something like that which sparkles in children's eyes when, on Christmas eve, they are looking forward to the celebration of that joyous season.

Cornet Charles alone was dejected and quiet. The indifferent, languid expression of his eyes testified to a joyless heart; and although he answered gently and mildly to all the proofs of tenderness by which he was overwhelmed, there was something so sad in his smile, that it called fresh tears into the eyes of his mother.

Meanwhile the master went about, attempting to fish out some one to play chess with him. He had more than once placed and displaced all the chessmen upon the board, and coughed at least seven times, to give a kind of signal that rivals desirous of combat might now present themselves; but as no one seemed desirous of the contest, he set out on a crusade to choose and challenge one. Professor L., who was himself first threatened with a defiance, stuck his nose so deep into his book, that the Master lost courage to venture upon him, and turned to Julia, who escaped to the other end of the room.

Then he turned to Helen, but she was busied in helping at table; he came now with a determined expression to me.

"I must look out," said I, "to see if the moon shines this evening." (The night before was the last of the moon!)

The poor Master then, with a deep sigh, cast a look upon the little Thickeys, who were busied with the tarts, and told them to be quick, because he proposed to teach them the moves of the chessmen!

The Colonel, who sat blowing his tea and looking with a smile at the motions of the little company, now raised his voice, and said, with a peculiar intonation to every word,

"I have heard to-day that our neighbour, Lieutenant Arwid P., is about to seek for (and will also find), in Miss Eleanor D., consolation for the inconstancy of another young maiden."

Oh, how Julia blushed! Professor L. let his book fall to the ground.

"I think," continued the Colonel, "that this will do very well. Eleanor D. is, I believe, a sensible girl, who is clear in her own mind, and knows how to manage in the best way with others. Arwid P. is a good match for her, and she a good match for him. I wish them all possible happiness."

"And I too!" said Julia, half aloud and bending towards her father, delighted to find in his words a consent to the dissolution of her betrothal. She looked at him for some time, with an expression in which hope, joy, tenderness, and despair alternated; but when his smile of fatherly kindness met hers, she threw her arms round his neck, and gave him more kisses than I can count.

Professor L. threw his arms round himself, (perhaps feeling the necessity of embracing somebody,) and gazed at the little group with a look—oh, how eloquent a look is at times!

"Give me a glass of wine, Beata!" called the Colonel, "I wish to drink merry healths full of joy. A glass of Swedish wine, of course!"

(Friendly reader! he meant berry wine, prepared by me. Pardon this little boasting.)

I filled the Colonel's glass.

"Your health! son Charles!" cried he, with beaming looks.

At the same moment there was heard the beautiful music of a harp from the adjoining room. An electrical shock seemed to affect all in our room, and a kind of illumination was kindled in every eye. The Cornet wished to jump up, but was restrained by his father, who laid his hands upon him; whilst his mother, in anxiety at his wild excitement of mind, poured over him more eau de Cologne than was pleasant or agreeable. This music of the harp was followed by another and still another air. Like the fragrance of a spring morning was poured out, by degrees, a ravishing stream of beautiful and pure melody, which now rose, now sunk in infinite beauty; and pressed to the innermost heart, so that it seemed as if an angel was touching the strings. To these tones was soon added another still more ravishing—a young female voice, pure, clear, and lovely, which at first trembled, but at length gained security and ever-increasing expression:—

When first thy heart another found,
Thou can'st remember well
A glow on all life's waste around,
From Love's clear sunshine fell.

"It was so sweet, it was so bright,
The world it was so fair,
That both our burning hearts' delight
Burst forth in thankful prayer.

"Then came the bitter hours and broke
Thy heart from mine away;
And tearfully the words we spoke,
We were so loth to say:—

"Farewell, farewell, O world so fair,
Farewell, O joy of soul!—
But now farewell to all despair,
For peace now crowns the whole.

"See thy beloved one is near,
With overrunning heart!
She lingers now, and whispers here,
And we shall never part."

What did the Cornet do in the mean time? Joy and rapture sparkled in his eyes. His feet moved, he stretched out his arms; but, restrained by the arms of his father, his prayers and his looks, he could not move from the sofa. His soul was calmed by the song; sensations of quiet happiness seemed to overpower him, and he looked up to the ceiling as if he saw heaven opening.

His mother, who in the meantime had left the room, when the song ceased, came back again, leading by the hand the enchanting singer—the beautiful Herminia.

The Colonel arose, and went to meet her. With true fatherly tenderness he embraced the charming being, and presented her to the company as his fourth, his beloved daughter.

Let no one blame the Cornet, that he did not immediately spring up and throw himself upon his knees, before his beloved. He could not do it. The feeling of intense happiness was too strong for his languid powers—and momentary faintness came over him when he saw his mother lead in the beloved being, whom he had thought lost to him for ever. His mother emptied a whole bottle of eau de Cologne over him.

When he again opened his eyes, they met those of Herminia, which were resting upon him full of tearful tenderness. The Colonel took the hands of

the two lovers and joined them. The whole family formed a circle around the two happy ones. No word was spoken; but those looks, those smiles of love and happiness—oh, how much better are they than words!

CHORUS OF ALL MY READERS.

"But how?" "What?" "Why?" "When?"
 "How happened it?" "How did it come to pass?"

I shall do myself the honour immediately and in order, as becomes a family counsellor, to give my

Explanation.

When a jelly is nearly made, they put in the white of an egg to "clear" it (as it is called in technical language). So also when a romance, a little narrative, or any other literary medley, is near its termination, then we add an arrangement or explanation to "clear" the muddy sediment; and this has commonly much of the properties of the white of an egg, namely, it is glutinous, clear, and clarifying, and nearly as tasteless.

I see already what faces will be made over my white-of-an-egg chapter, and I am myself somewhat restless and anxious, as about everything tough. I believe I shall succeed best if, instead of my own twisted words, I lay before my readers a conversation which took place on a beautiful November afternoon, between Madame D. and Madame Mellander, who was a newspaper and advertisement to all the country round. To prevent my reader from being misled by the errors and false conclusions of the two ladies, I will (unknown to both) bring upon the stage a prompter, that is, a breath from the spirit of truth, which is always an important assistant, who cannot be bought too dearly, either to travel over the history of the world, or to go through the smallest crevice in the door of domestic life. My prompter is unlike those who are employed in the royal theatre, for he does not bring the actors, but the audience, into the right track. But to the business.

The Scene is at Löfstaholm, in Madame D.'s parlour. (Madame D. is sitting at her coffee, after dinner. Madame Mellander enters.)

MADAME D. Now, my dear Madame Mellander, at last—welcome! I have waited at least half an hour. The coffee is nearly cold, I must have it warmed.

MADAME M. My dear madame, cold or warm, it's all the same to me.

MADAME D. (While she fills the cup.) Now, Madame Mellander, is there any news?

MADAME M. Yes, my dear lady; and now, God be praised! I understand everything. A little sugar, if I may ask.

MADAME D. Now tell it, tell it! I have heard that the little woodbird there—Herminia, has been received into the H— family as their own child; that she and the Cornet are betrothed, and will soon be married.

THE PROMPTER. "Three years from now," Colonel H— says. The Cornet must first travel and see the world; and Herminia, Mrs. H— says, must learn Swedish housekeeping, and three years are necessary for that.

MADAME M. It seems to me as if somebody spoke near us,—are we alone?

MADAME D. No living soul can hear us.

MADAME M. Then I must tell you, my dear lady, a frightful story,—just see—I do not wish it to be said, I said it—

MADAME D. No living soul shall hear it.

[The Prompter doubts.]

MADAME M. Well, then! this is it. The present Baroness K. was married in a foreign land to a Swedish nobleman, and had by him a daughter—that pretty thing there—the Herminia, about whom both father and mother were much troubled—for you see they wanted a son, and the maiden was unhappy at home. Now comes Baron K. to Italy—or wherever the place was, and happens to see the beautiful woman—Herminia's mother; he gets mad in love with her, and she dying in love with him. This the husband sees—a frightful confusion ensues, and it came to a brawl between the two lords.

PROMPTER. A duel!

MADAME M. The end of it was, the baron must leave the land. He came back to Sweden, and led such a wicked life, played and was so dissipated, that his affairs fell into disorder. He learned one day, that the husband of the beautiful woman had died abroad, and immediately he travels off, and thinks he shall get a pretty wife, and with the pretty wife money to pay his debts. Now he sues for the widow—she gives her consent—marries him in secret, and expects to be forgiven afterwards by her old father—but he (a rich and eminent nobleman) is enraged, and disinherits her. Yes, the newly married pair had not the least thing to live upon, there in a foreign country. Then they came here—and at the same moment a mercantile house became bankrupt, in which were the rest of Baron K.'s possessions. And now his creditors assailed him on all sides—and he was obliged to hide himself from them, and for this reason, he lived in the little house in the wood there, and would not see dog nor cat—and if people accidentally came there, he was like a mad bull, and was cross to his wife, who, he thought, enticed people there. Yes—it must have been an unhappy and wretched life.

MADAME D. But how came young H— there?

MADAME M. God knows how! I have not been able to get behind that—but he came—and the two young people fell in love with each other. About the same time the handsome and rich Commissioner G. came, and fell in love with Herminia.

MADAME D. That is entirely incomprehensible! The girl is not beautiful—no *fraîcheur*—no colour—

MADAME M. Ah! what is she by the side of the sweet Misses D.? Like a radish near red turnips.

MADAME D. (*offended.*) Madame M., you mean possibly roses.

PROMPTER. Peonies.

MADAME M. Yes, I mean so—of course—where was I? Ah, I know now—young H— went a journey in the mean time, and was gone the whole summer, and G. went constantly to the K.s, and ——— one day he offered himself, and what do you think? Herminia would not have him, and straightway gave him the bag. Now there was trouble enough in the house.

MADAME D. The girl always seemed to me a romantic fool.

MADAME M. In the autumn, all Baron K.'s

creditors thronged around him, and would have their money, or put him in prison. You see, my dear lady, this is the business ; through the summer he went secretly to Stockholm, played and won : with part of this, he defrayed his household expenses, and with part kept off the creditors for a time. But all at once his fortune turned, and he was in frightful distress. Then he swore a strong oath, and said to young G., "Pay for me immediately ten thousand dollars, and you shall have Herminia for your wife." And he answered, "As soon as she is my wife, I will pay the sum in a moment." At first the baron wished to intimidate Herminia into giving her consent. But that did not succeed. Then he threw himself upon his knees and begged, and the baroness did the same—and the maiden wept and only said, "Give me three days for deliberation." The parents did not wish to, but were obliged to yield ; and during this time she wrote to Cornet H—— that he must come home immediately.

PROMPTER. Not entirely true.

MADAME M. That he might pay the money and have her for a wife.

PROMPTER. She did not write so.

MADAME D. An intriguing creature !

MADAME M. Yes, truly ! Now, the Cornet went home, out of his senses, rushed to get the money from his father, who said, No.

MADAME D. The old man was miserly. I know the rest ; words were exchanged between father and son, Madame joined in, and foolish things were said.

PROMPTER. False !

MADAME D. Yes, there was a real family quarrel. The Cornet rode away desperately, came to the woodland cottage, found the K.s gone away, became nearly mad, rode hither and thither the whole day, and met at last an acquaintance whom he challenged.

PROMPTER. False !

MADAME D. Yes, and at night was carried home like one dead, to his parents. But where were the K.s gone ?

MADAME M. That's the thing. There came some people who wanted to take Baron K. prisoner. Then he and the baroness besieged Herminia with prayers, so that at last she consented to say 'Yes' to all. G. spoke with the creditors, and promised to pay them in a few days. And so he carried her to Stockholm, that the banns of marriage might be published on the following Sunday, and soon after to be married ; all was going on quietly and hastily, for all, especially G., were afraid of young H——.

MADAME D. But how came it that nothing came of the marriage ?

MADAME M. Yes ! because Herminia became ill, and was nearly half crazy, like Clementina in Grandison (a romance, you know, dear lady), and was on the point of putting an end to her life.

PROMPTER. False !

MADAME D. How wicked !

MADAME M. Then her mother became anxious, and allowed Colonel H—— to come, with whom she had been before very well acquainted.

PROMPTER. False ! false ! false !

As the prompter seems to be one of the three speakers, who knows the course of the piece the best (possibly because he holds the manuscript in

his hand), he may come alone upon the stage, and set the affair right.

PROMPTER. My good friends, the affair is thus. Herminia's mental sufferings, under which she had long struggled, caused actually on the appointed day a silent wandering of mind, which frightened all who saw her. Genseric G., who learned in Stockholm the desperate state of K.'s affairs, and observed Herminia's dislike to him, withdrew himself from the business, and disappeared for a time, without any one's knowing whither he had gone. Baron K. soon saw that nothing could save him from destruction, and resolved to fly. In this hour of hopelessness a new star rose to the husband and wife. They drew near to each other, they wept together ; the veil of forgetfulness was thrown over the past, they vowed to support each other upon the painful wandering ; their early love was reawakened, and made them feel that if they could guard its fire, they should be able to find, even in the depth of misery, some happiness. The baroness's heart, whose ice appeared to be melted by suffering, bled for Herminia, and she shuddered at the thoughts of her wandering over the world with her parents, a prey to necessity and misery. One evening she was sitting by her, and, observing the beautiful, pale girl, wasted by grief and mental suffering, who was now lying in a quiet sleep, she felt her heart breaking. She seized a pen, and wrote the following lines to Madame H—— :

"A despairing mother calls to a mother for mercy. In twenty-four hours I shall leave Stockholm, to fly from Sweden. I will not, and cannot take my daughter with me, for I go to encounter misery. Your estimable character, the kindness which I myself have seen shine from your face, have given me courage to turn with my requests to you. (O could you hear them from my trembling lips, could you see in my breast the torn and repentant mother's heart, you would grant my requests). Take her, take my child into your house, into your family. In mercy take her ! Take my Herminia under your protection, take her as a maid in waiting, for your daughter ; for that, at least, the Marquis Azavello's grand-daughter must be fit. Now she is weak and ill, weak in body and mind. Now she is not fit for much ; but have patience with her. Ah ! I feel it, I am bitter, and I should be humble. Forgive me ; and if you would save me from despair, hasten, hasten like an angel of consolation, and take to your protecting arms my poor child. Then will I bless you and pray for you. O may you never have a moment as bitter as this !

"EUGENIA A."

Madame H—— received this letter a few days after her son's accident. She showed it to the Colonel. They both travelled immediately to Stockholm, and returned with Herminia, whom they looked upon from this time with parental love, and who soon, in the atmosphere of peace and love which surrounded her, bloomed beautiful and full of joy.

The Prompter goes out to make room for Charlotte Beata, who seems anxious to speak.

Few persons like dumb parts upon the stage of life. Each one wishes to come forward and say

something, if it is no more than, "I am named Peter"—or, "I am named Paul! look at me." And as I, Charlotte Beata, will not be so unjust to myself as to appear more modest than I am, I come forward and say, "Listen to me!

Baron K. suddenly disappeared from Sweden with his wife. They directed their course to Italy, where the baroness wished to make an attempt to be reconciled to her father. They expected, in this journey, to be obliged to struggle with all the difficulties which want and labour can create; but it was very different. In many places on their journey, many people, unknown to them, came out to welcome them entirely unexpectedly.

In various places, money was placed at their hands; a good angel seemed to accompany and watch over them. This news was contained in the letters of the baroness to her daughter.

"All this is the work of my husband," said, one day, Madame H— to me, with a beaming expression of pride, tenderness, and joy; "K. was, in their youth, his enemy, and did him much injustice. Although they have been separated since this time, I know that my husband has not forgotten it, for he cannot forget; but this is his vengeance. He is a noble man! God bless him."

I said "Amen!"

THE LAST CHAPTER.

August, 1830.

THE Provost's widow, Madame Bobina Bult, sat in her chariot, and held the reins and whip fast in her hand. Around her, and in the straw at the bottom, in baskets and buckets, was packed a mass of provision; and, in the midst of all this, your good friend Charlotte Beata. The August evening was mild and lovely, the road good, the horse lively; and yet it looked badly for Madame Bobina's progress; for, just before her, was a country boy, with an empty baggage-wagon, who seemed to have made up his mind to try her patience, for he drove his wagon at a walk, and prevented us from passing him; when we turned to the right, he turned to the right; and when we tried to pass on the left, he was there before us. All the while he was singing, at the top of his lungs, disagreeable songs, and looking back upon us, and laughing scornfully. I looked up to Madame Bobina Bult, for I, alas! am a very small body, and she is as tall and as strong as a mast—and I observed that her under lips protruded in a way that I knew expressed anger; I saw her chin and the end of her nose assume a deeper red, and her little gray eyes shot forth arrows of displeasure. We had several times, with kind and unkind words, exhorted the boy to leave the road open, but in vain. The Provost's widow, Bobina, bit her lips, without saying a word—gave me the reins to hold, took a long stride, and one, two, three stood by the side of our tormenting spirit, with a strong arm seized him by the collar, threw him from his wagon to the ground before he had time to think of resistance, and gave him a blow upon his head with the heavy end of her whip, while she told him to beg pardon and promise to amend, or he should prove still further the strength of her arm. Pro-

bably he had become sufficiently convinced of that strength, itself not very ordinary; for he was suddenly submissive, and repented, and promised everything that was wished. The Provost's widow permitted him now to stand up, held forth a short but forcible sermon of repentance, the conclusion of which was so fine, that it moved me, herself, and the country boy too, who wiped the tears from his eyes with the brim of his hat. "I know you," added Madame Bobina, at last; "your father has been sick a long time, and you can come to me on Sunday morning, at Löfby, and I will give you something for him."

We went on now undisturbed, but here and there met with some delay. In one place, we helped an old woman who had been overturned in her cart: in another place, the Provost's widow alighted to let loose, with great trouble, a great swine that had caught in a hedge, and whose inharmonious screams touched her to the heart.

We saw the beams of a sunset glow shining upon Löfby. Slender pillars of smoke rose from the chimneys of the houses, dispersed in the clear evening air, met in a light transparent cloud, and hovered like a rose-coloured canopy above the little village. Its neat cottages, green gardens, and its murmuring, clear stream, presented a charming picture, while we were slowly ascending a hill, where the road soon separated into two branches, one of which led to our house, about fifty paces' distance from the village.

The cows came home in a long file from the pasture to be milked, with their bells tinkling, and with peaceful countenances. The horns rang in the woods. The country maidens sang, with clear, loud voices; and with these sounds mingled the ringing of the church bells, which bade "good night" to Saturday evening, and announced a day of rest. Madame Bobina Bult's countenance was serene and calm. Every one greeted her courteously and respectfully, and she returned all their greetings kindly. As we passed by our little school-house, a swarm of children burst forth with loud cries of joy, and embraced her with evident delight and tenderness. Caresses and gingerbread were given to all.

Many affairs now demanded the attention of the Provost's widow. One of the maids had begun to weave a fresh piece; another had just finished one. The Provost's widow must see to all this.

A servant had cut himself to the bone; the Provost's widow must bind it up. A sick little fellow, in a neighbouring house, could have no peace (so his mother declared) till he should see the Provost's widow. A loving husband and wife had fallen out, and had come to blows; the Provost's widow must bring them to terms, &c.

The Provost's widow spoke to all her little scholars, and prayed with them; wept with a little one who was profoundly repentant of a serious fault that he had committed; exhorted a second, praised a third, praised and blessed them all, and then went to other duties about the house. When the clock struck eleven, she had bound up the wound; first reprimanded properly the husband and wife, and then reconciled them; had consoled the little boy, &c. When she came back, she looked at the weaving, arranged what should be done for the next morning, ate in haste two potatoes and salt, and then went to the other end of

the village, to bear to a sick and wretched mother the joyful intelligence of her child's returning from the ways of sin.

I sat meanwhile in my room. Four little maidens, with rosy red cheeks, lay in bed near me, and slept soundly on the snow-white sheets.

The peaceful, beautiful summer night, which was so warm that I could have my window open, the silence and quiet around me, the gentle breathing of the sleeping children, diffused something lovely and peaceful, and awakened in me those deep, sad feelings, that spread a calm over the present, and hover around us with the remembrances of past years. The moon, that friend of my childhood and my youth, rose, and beamed pale and kindly over the beech grove into my room. Its light streamed lovingly on the closed eyelids of the children, then shone upon a face that the day of life had left to wither—upon a breast, whose feelings the passage of years had not yet silenced. Oh, how wonderful! in the friendly beams hovered all those joyous and sad circumstances of my past life, to me so dear—how clearly they rose up in the night, and pressed upon my heart, living and warm! All those with whom I had dwelt in intimacy during my life, and who had become dear or of importance to me, seemed to collect around me, and again to shed their influence in word and look. The H— family, with whom I had spent nearly a year, came at this moment so near to me, that it seemed to me I could speak to these lovely friends, ask them if all was well at home—if they were happy, and whether they remembered me still. Yes—whether? for I had not for a long time received from them the slightest token of remembrance—not a line, not a word. That childish, painful dread of being forgotten—of not belonging to any one—of being to those whom we respect and love, so little—so nothing, almost—for a moment took possession of my heart. I wept—and I was still sitting with my handkerchief before my eyes, when the widow Bult, who had seen me at the window, from the yard, came in. She asked me seriously what was the cause of my trouble, and I confessed my weakness submissively. She blamed me for this severely, exhorted and kissed me with motherly tenderness, and bade me go to bed; and, for her sake, to preserve my health, lately impaired.

She left me—but I obeyed her not; struck a match, lighted my lamp, and sat down to write a moral lesson for myself. I heard during this, the clock strike twelve, and half-past; then there rose a sudden noise in the house, and it sounded as though there was some one on the stairs that led to my room. My door opened gently—and the Provost's widow, Bobina Bult, in her night-cap and slippers, with a shawl thrown over her shoulders—stood before me, her eyes sparkling with joy—and a thick letter in her hand, which she reached me. "From the H—s, the H—s!" whispered she, "I was not a-going to sit up longer for the post, but just as I was going to bed, I heard him come—I had a presentiment! Good night! good night! God bring you joy!" and away went Madame Bobina Bult.

And it was joy to me.

Julia's letter ran as follows:—

"August 13th, 1830."

"It is a little parson's wife who writes to you. For months I have been—no longer Julia H—, but Julia L. I had not the spirit to write sooner. For a long time I have felt a dizziness in my head, and anxiety at my heart. The cause; in the first place a fearful awe, which I have cherished for my dear husband—yes, I knew not, for a long time, how I could reconcile my feeling of his superiority over me, and my own precious self-love, which would not allow Julia H—, what shall I say?—to fall in my estimation. And then—this rural economy!—cows and sheep, and eggs and butter, &c., and a deluge of little matters—and then my mother, who would make herself uneasy, helping me. But—now—by degrees, all has come into such wonderful order, the little good with bow and arrow helped me. My good L. takes more pains, I believe, to please me, than I him,—indeed he was and he is, God be praised, truly in love with me. As soon as I discovered this, there was no more trouble. I took courage. Cows, calves, and hens prospered, a vigorous flame burned beneath the great household kettle—and my mother was at rest, thank God; and my husband—then of course, he was happy, for I was happy with him.

"Beata, do you know what I pray, morning and evening, ay, hourly, from the bottom of my heart? 'O God! make me worthy the love of my husband, grant me the power of making him happy.' And I have received such power, for he is (so he says, and so he seems,) very happy. If you knew how well he looks, how gay! This is because I take so much care of him; then he does not dare take so little care of himself, as before; and then he works no more in the night, he has weaned himself of this. And so he thinks and writes (he acknowledges himself), more freely and powerfully than before. Then I am very careful not to interrupt or disturb him, when he is in his studies writing or reading. Oh, when I would just get a glimpse of him (he is so beautiful, Beata,) I steal in gently, and play him a little trick. I place a flower upon his book, kiss his brow, or do some such thing, and go quietly back again, and when I turn round to shut the door, I always get a glance from his eyes, that follows me as though it were stolen.

"Besides, I labour to make myself a pastor's wife, truly worthy of esteem. I would that L.'s wife should be a pattern for housewives in the parish! Do not fancy that, in the midst of all this, I forget or slight my little outward person. O no! I often ask counsel of the mirror; but do you know what mirror I prefer to ask counsel of? That one I see in L.'s eyes. It is so pleasing to see one's self *en beau*.

"O Beata! how ennobling it is to be united to a man who is esteemed and honoured, and at the same time is so good. As Arwid's wife, which Nothing I would never be, what a life of nothingness I should have led! Now, with heartfelt peace, I feel myself every day rise higher in my own and in my husband's esteem. It is a glorious feeling to rise!

"Do you know that Arwid has been married the last three months? His wife, Eleanor D., looks very wakeful, and he looks lively—if it can be called so—when he must. I fear that his dear peace is a little disturbed. Poor Arwid! The

young pair were married with feasting and banqueting. Old P. passes every day (certainly intentionally), with his span of horses, the Swans, and with his daughter-in-law, in the beautiful landau, and drives slowly past, as if it were to solemnise the funeral of my happiness; but I feed my ducks with gay and careless heart, not sweetly to Eleanor, and thank Eternal Goodness for my lot.

"It is Saturday evening, I wait at home for my husband. In the shade of my window I have placed our little supper-table; the meal consists of asparagus from our own garden, delicious raspberries and milk, his favourite dish. The angelic Herminia *Linnaea* is now decorating the table with flowers. How beautiful, how good, how indescribably lovely, no one can imagine! She has supplanted us with our father and mother; but we forgive her so willingly. Ah, brother Charles, thou hast found a beautiful pearl! Soon he leaves the shore of the southern seas, to enjoy the pearl of his life in his dear North, and to shut her up in the shell of married life. How came I upon such a strange figure? Yet it may stay. If the sun of love only beams within the mother-of-pearl dwelling, it will toss to and fro on the stream of life, like an island of blessedness. Charles writes such beautiful and interesting letters. His soul is like a museum—among its jewels Herminia will dwell. Do you know what happened to my brother before he left us? He went to sleep one night—a Cornet, and woke—Lieutenant. Was not that charming? To-morrow morning my father and mother, and sisters, visit us. It will be a day of joy.

"I have told you how happy I am, and yet I have one wish, the gratification of which will fill up the measure of my happiness. My good Beata, here in our house there is a little chamber, pretty and agreeable, with green carpets and white curtains (just such as you like), with a view over the meadows, where fat cows are feeding, which give the most beautiful milk. In the chamber is a book-case, a—. But it is tedious to describe; come and see it, if you like it; and if you think you can find yourself at home in it, call it yours. Come! Now I hear L. coming in the distance. He comes into my room. I will appear as if I

neither saw nor heard him. We must not spoil men, and make them think we listen to their steps. Yes, only cough—only embrace me. I will not move—will not let my pen fall. One must not always yield, and must not spoil" . . . "his wife; [*L. writes*] and, for this reason, Julia *must* give me the pen; and, while she sits upon my knee, I will write what will trouble her.

"Our dear friend, Beata, come to us! We await you with open arms. You must be happy in our house. Come, and see how I keep Julia in check. To give you a proof of it, she shall not write a word more, notwithstanding her great zeal."

"I *will* write.—

"August 14.

"I weep, I laugh, I am beside myself—and still I must write. Do you know who is here? who has just come? Guess, guess! Emily is here—my sister Emily! the good Emily, the gay Emily, the beautiful, the happy Emily! And Algernon is here, and the little Algernon, the most magnificent little child in the world. Mother dances with him, father dances with him, Algernon dances, L. dances—.

"Wait, wait! I must go and sing, and I cannot write any more, as truly as I am called

"JULIA.

"P.S.—Beata, come back to us,

"Beg

"THE H— FAMILY."

Amiable, happy family, I thank you, but Beata will not come. To-morrow I will write this answer. Innocent children, who are sleeping around me, I will stay with you, because I can do you good. A joy refused gives often a higher kind of contentment—gives peace. Oh, might I feel it uniformly, during the silent hours of each day, yet gently rolling on, and leading me quietly to the silent shore—and every day will be blessed!

Night mists rise over the meadows, announce the morrow, and warn me to repose. Over the hills of my life rises, also, a cool mist. When it comes nearer, I will write again, and take leave of The H— Family.

THE END.

THE
RECTORY OF MORA.



BY FREDRIKA BREMER,

AUTHORESS OF THE "NEIGHBOURS," "STRIFE AND PEACE," THE "PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTERS,"
ETC. ETC.





THE GOLD FISH. See p. 26.

THE
RECTORY OF MORA.

A TALE.



BY FREDRIKA BREMER.

THE
RECTORY OF MORA.

THE EVE OF MAY.

"PATIENCE alive! how dilatory you are, maidens! exclaimed Mrs. Ingeborg Nordenwall, as, fully equipped for walking, she stepped into a chamber where two damsels appeared to be hastily preparing themselves to accompany her. She held in her hand a fresh sprig of birch, and in a threatening attitude she added playfully, "I will teach you, you little witches, to put impediments in the way of our May Eve walk. Do you not observe that the fires are kindled upon the mountains? Siri is already in the court-yard with Olof and Lasse; and Godelius, waiting for you, has fallen asleep. If you do not make haste I shall —"

"We are ready! we are coming!" replied two youthful and happy voices; and Walborg and Brigitta hastened to follow their monitor, a stately handsome woman, of some thirty years of age, whose voice was extremely agreeable. She might bear comparison with any of Ruben's beautiful women, imagined clothed in northern furs.

On the stairs was heard resounding from the court below the noisy laughter of a girl, accompanied by a voice half querulous and half playful.

"Some more of her tricks," said Brigitta, "may heaven be gracious to my curate! I hear his kind voice as well as Siri's laughter. She has certainly been playing him another prank, I must seriously, really, protect him from her mischievous fun."

It was indeed the back of the curate Godelius which appeared this time to have been in danger, for he writhed and twisted himself in the most extraordinary postures. Little Siri, just turned fifteen, was convulsed with laughter, and two young gentlemen near her were endeavouring to resist the contagion.

"What, for the life of me, is the matter with you, my dear Godelius?" anxiously enquired Brigitta, as she took and shook the arm of her betrothed.

"I do not exactly know," he replied in a serious

tone, "but as I was sitting lost in thought upon the bench, all at once a strange sensation came over me, as if a worm were crawling down my backbone; I fear, a sort of paralysis . . . some affection of the spinal marrow . . . hu—u—u, I feel it yet! Oh! it was so horrid."

One of the young gentlemen, whom Mrs. Ingeborg called Olof, related the history of the affair, whence it appeared that Siri, whilst the curate sat upon the bench with his head—which grew at the extremity of a tolerably long neck—stretched forward, had crept behind him and dropped a pebble between his back and his clothes, which made the poor curate jump up in alarm.

"What childishness!" said Mrs. Ingeborg, shaking her head at Siri, "but let us now hasten up the Estnors mountain, I observe that our neighbours are already assembled there."

"Yes, let us go," said Brigitta, "and you, Godelius, walk you smartly on, and you will soon find that nothing is the matter with your spinal marrow, and that you have only been dreaming!"

"Dreaming! Pooh! one does not dream like that; I distinctly felt. . ."

"Up the Estnorsberg!" interrupted Brigitta, "we will dispute in Latin on the road."

"What! have you become so expert in the ancient languages since we last met, my dear cousin?" asked Olof, smiling.

"O!" replied Brigitta a little confused, "my depth in Latin is truly something profound."

"Up the Estnorsberg! we must no longer delay," said Mrs. Ingeborg exhortingly, and accordingly the party began moving towards the Estnorsberg from the rectory of Mora. They were followed by a Dalecarlian, and a peasant girl who carried baskets filled with refreshments.

"But you must promise me," said Mrs. Ingeborg to her young companions, "that you will not look around you until we shall have reached the summit of the mountain. I wish you to see the eye of Dalecarlia* in its perfect splendour,

* The lake of Silya is so called.

Whosoever looks round before I sanction it, I condemn—not to the doom of becoming a pillar of salt—but —”

“Oh! no threat of punishment, my dear mother,” interposed Olof, seizing and kissing the hand of his step-mother, “we will, without this, joyfully be obedient, and the threat might make us refractory; come, tell me, is not the whole realm of magic alive this evening, and all the witches gambolling in jubilee? And is not that the reason why, on the anniversary of the eve ever since the days of paganism, fires have been lighted upon the mountains’ tops? Or is it not so? I have been so long away from home, that I have almost forgotten all our old stories!”

“We will refer to our curate!” said Mrs. Ingeborg, “for he knows all about the heathen times, and he will explain to us the origin of this ancient custom, which belongs to the few that still survive within our valleys, and its celebration, I believe, extends throughout every province of Sweden.”

With a modest professorial mien, but in a deep bass voice, the curate thus commenced: “This custom is so ancient, that we have no certain tradition either of its origin or signification; but it is generally believed that it traces its commencement to a heathen sacrifice, and there are reasons to suppose that living children were immolated at these festivals; and indeed, for the purpose either of propitiating or chasing away those evil beings, whom popular superstition supposed commenced at the beginning of spring their annual migration, flying and sporting over the fields and the woods, and capriciously rendering them fertile or barren; and these were the spirits we yet call enchanters, witches, nixies, &c. &c. It was also thought that at this season of the year the gnomes issued from the centre of the earth and from the heart of the mountains to seek intercourse with mankind. Fires were frequently lighted upon graves, and it was here that sacrifice was especially made to those beneficent powers whose influence was supposed to produce a productive year. The belief in these superstitious traditions has probably now entirely ceased; but still, as formerly, upon this night, fires are kindled on the mountains, and it is still held a bad omen if any unusual or mis-shapen creature, be it brute or man, present itself before them.”

“And now, as formerly, horns and shouts resound amongst the mountains!” exclaimed Mrs. Ingeborg. “Hark! how beautifully that sounds, they are now blowing from the Elfdalensberg. But nobody must yet look round, remember that!”

“Mr. Godelius, do you not believe in witchcraft and witches?” asked the roguish Siri, very soberly.

“No, by no means, but I believe in Frey and Freia, who were the favourite divinities here, in Dalecarlia, and more worshipped than all the rest, for the god of fertility and the goddess of love continue potent here throughout all times. I believe in these, but not in witchcraft . . . Au—au—au! . . .”

“What’s this now, Godelius?” said Brigitta; has some magician enchanted you. How is it you confess to a belief in heathen divinities.

“Sooth! they are preferable to Christian Pucks, and are far less malicious,” said the curate vexatiously, who found a rose sprig without the rose

wrapped up in his pocket handkerchief, for on taking it from his pocket to use it he severely scratched himself. Brigitta assisted to free him from it, and ran with it after the “Christian Puck,” for a half-suppressed titter betrayed this to be nobody but little Siri, who, light as a roe, sped away from her pursuer.

Olof was walking meanwhile by the side of his step-mother. This last evening of April was cool, and flakes of snow fell occasionally from thin clouds floating around, which, however, did not intercept the brilliant glitter of the stars. The lively yet gentle tones of the horns which resounded from far and near throughout the neighbourhood; the indistinct, extraordinary red flaming glimmer which commenced lighting the earth, and was reflected by the sky; the strange tales of past times which were recalled to the memory—all conjunctively contributed to excite both in the young man and his elder, the female, an enthusiastic feeling, and both appeared to derive pleasure from silently sympathising in the enjoyment of these moments.

A multitude of persons were collected at the summit of the Östnorsberg, and consisted chiefly of peasants of the parish of Mora, habited in their sober but picturesque costume. A small group of persons, whose dress distinguished them from the rest, stood at the summit of the mountain close to a heap of wood, as yet unlighted. The whole of this group turned their eyes towards the road which led from the rectory of Mora, and the little lively wife of the vicar of Sollero shouted out—

“Look! look! yonder comes at last ‘the grandmother of Dalom,’* with her suite! She leans upon the arm of a young man—probably her stepson, young Mr. Olof, who has just returned from his travels abroad with the young Count N—. They say he is a nice young man. I am delighted to have the pleasure of seeing him; and how glad must he be to see his father and mother again, after an absence of four or five years. It is a thousand pities his father is from home.”

“But he is speedily expected back from the convocation,” said Captain Von Noreberg; “so we shall soon hear him preach again, and this will always surely afford us both pleasure and instruction.”

“Yes, if we do not also hear that he speedily leaves us,” said the plump vicar of Sollero; “I have heard say they intend making him a bishop, and then—”

“I confidently believe they wish to have him,” said an old Dalecarlian, who had been listening to the conversation; “but I can hardly think that Gustavus Nordenwall will quit us here in Mora,

* Thus was formerly called the stately wife of a clergyman at Leksand, of the name of Zebrozyntia, who was married to Uno Trolius, and was the ancestor of the distinguished family of that name. “She died,” says the Chronicle of Westernås, “in the year 1657, lamented by the whole of Dalecarlia, where she had obtained, from her venerable aspect, and the kindness of her disposition, the distinguishing epithet of ‘Grandmother of Dalom.’ At her funeral sermon the clergyman commenced with the plaint he had heard uttered upon his road to the church by a peasant of Gagnef,—‘Shall I not weep! for the Grandmother of Dalom is dead.’” Her memory is still highly respected in Dalecarlia, and her title of honour descends to the most distinguished and most stately of the wives of the clergy there.

we who love him as our own father. No ! see you ! I don't believe that ! ”

“ And if I know grandmother Dalom rightly,” said the wife of the vicar of Sollero, “ I can safely say she would rather remain here the wife of the Rector of Mora, than consent that her husband should become even Archbishop of Upsala, as much as that dignity would become her.”

“ Ay, she is a noble woman ! ” said the Dalecarlian ; “ she understands agriculture as well as a husbandman, and she is a complete mother to the sick and unfortunate. When my cow last autumn was taken by the disturber,* She gave me another from her own stall, that my children, she said, should not be without milk. God bless her ! ”

“ She not only superintends the husbandry of the rectory, that the Professor may devote himself exclusively to the cure of his parishioners, and to his learned labours, but she also plants trees, cultivates flowers, and spins, and weaves ; she busies herself with everything ; and all is done as lightly as play. And why ? Because she knows how to select competent persons to do it, and so thoroughly understands how to conciliate them, that they would even go through fire to serve her.”

“ They say,” said the Captain, “ we shall soon have a marriage at her house.”

“ Marriage ! ” exclaimed the wife of the Vicar, “ probably the marriage of Mr. Godelius and his Brigitta, who have been betrothed for the last seven years.”

“ No ! No ! There must be another seven added thereto before he can complete his wooing. Besides, she has nothing. No ! a marriage between young Mr. Olof and the professor's niece, the beautiful Walborg, who has been so long at their house, and who will doubtlessly possess a considerable inheritance.”

“ Olof is yet so young,” said Mrs. Martina, incredulously ; “ he cannot be more than three-and-twenty, and Walborg is of the same age. No ! it were better he should wait for the niece of Mrs. Ingeborg, little Siri, who, besides, is not without some property. . . . ”

“ Siri,” exclaimed the Vicar of Sollero, “ that wild forest witch ! Wait for her ? Ay, indeed, she will be waited for ! She is more a wild cat than a human being, and when she is fit to become a wife, why . . . ; she has been now nearly a year with the Nordenwalls, and they cannot yet bring her into any sort of discipline. No ! Walborg for me. She is a princess of a girl, and as beautiful as an angel, besides domestic and modest, as—all maidens should be.”

“ Ay ! You have a very great opinion of Walborg,” said Mrs. Martina, in half an ill-humour ; “ she is handsome, I will admit, and good besides, as I thoroughly believe ; I only object to her being so reserved and unsocial. I have expended upon her at least half a bushel of politeness, and yet she never says anything to me. Little Siri is . . . a little witch if you will, but there is something delightful and very attractive in her. I have often observed that she can be as amiable as an angel of heaven. You should hear her play the flute when she thinks she is alone ! But then it

is true she capriciously starts off as wild as a March hare. You should have seen her in the winter in her little sledge, surrounded by half-a-dozen peasant children, when suddenly a great girl who stood up behind sprang off, giving the sledge a jerk which made it lurch sideways, and in full speed it ran down a fall ;—you should then have seen how the active creature threw the children out right and left into the snow, descending the fall alone, down which she rolled over and over, but jumped up directly and cried out to the frightened children—“ Here am I ! hurrah ! ” She was just as bold another time, and acted with as much presence of mind, when a fierce bull tossed a little girl of seven, and was about to toss it again, when Siri, who saw it, sprang forward, although alone, and struck the bull with a stick between the horns, calling loudly at the same time to the child, ‘ jump up, jump up and run,’ which the little girl did not want twice telling, but hastened off, whilst the bull stood quietly still, stunned by the blows. As soon as Siri saw that the girl was safe, she threw away her stick, and speeded off, luckily escaping from the danger. You will certainly admit that these anecdotes exhibit no little courage and presence of mind. But you always speak of Walborg and nothing but Walborg. It is all very well. Young Mr. Olof is doubtlessly a very agreeable young man, and I may perhaps too be induced to speak pretty often of Mr. Olof.”

During this threat, to which her husband smilingly listened, a movement was observed amongst the people, and the wife of the Rector of Mora ascended the mountain, accompanied by her party, greeted cheerfully on all sides.

“ Here we are, up at last,” said she to her companions. “ Now, children, look around you,” and a general exclamation of delight followed her words ; for before them lay the lake of Silya, “ the eye of Dalecarlia ” with Sollero Island as its pupil, and bright as a mirror amidst the dark heights, and lighted by at least a hundred fires upon the mountains, extending from Leksand to Elfdale. It was a magnificent view. The church of Mora stood prominently forward in the fiery glare upon its verdurous neck of land between the lake and the river, with its coppered roof and its lofty spire, and the pyramids of the north, the evergreen pines which clothe the mountains of Dalecarlia, and which were now in their fullest beauty, raised their red shining crests to the skies ; but blacker than ever night sank into the rifts and ravines beneath them.

Young Olof's eyes sparkled as he contemplated this spectacle, listening to his step-mother, who named to him the most considerable of these mountains, pointing them out at the same time with her sprig.

“ Yonder,” said she, “ you behold the Wasaberg, the Hydfelsen, and the Gogshusberg—where, it is said, a monstrous gnome dwells—all in Elfdale. On yon side, the beacon of Orsa ; here, directly opposite, we have the Lekberg, where the music and bells of invisible beings are heard ; and here—here, obliquely opposite, beyond the lake, is the—”

“ The Mittagsberg ? is it not ? ” interposed Olof. “ I recognise it by its pyramidal form and its distinguishing height. I have heard one of my friends speak of it who endeavoured for

* This is the bear, thus metaphorically called in Dalecarlia, where it is not willingly named.

several hours to reach its summit. In form, it is not unlike Vesuvius."

"But instead of a fiery crater, it has a silvery crown," added Mrs. Ingeborg. "Yonder is the Island Sollero, with its white church; further round is the Björkberg, and the other mountains of Leksand. See! they are lighting more fires in Rattwik, and loud shouts resound thence. Is it not delightful here, Olof, in our Dalecarlia? and have you seen in other lands anything that equals it?"

"Nowhere throughout the world," replied Olof, "especially when we reflect upon the combination of associations here united. It must have been glorious here when the bells of Mora pealed in summons to resist the foe, and when the manhood of the contiguous parishes hastened over the mountains, and crossed the lake upon their skates, armed with bow and spear, to unite here to repulse or conquer the troops of the enemy!"

"Yes, that was indeed a glorious time; but it is better now," said Mrs. Ingeborg, "for now peace and freedom are united in our valleys. But look! yonder hast thou a record of those times of tumult: yonder little white house on the other side of the lake. It is the cellar of Utmedland, where the great Gustavus was concealed. We will visit it to-morrow."

"That will be delightful," said Olof. "But what fire is that which is burning yonder below at the source of the river? That has sought a modest domicile amidst the other fires of Walpurgis."

"It is a malicious jest," replied Mrs. Ingeborg. "That fire is lighted upon the neck of land where formerly witches were burnt, and where, directly opposite the church, three gibbets stood, that everybody belonging to Mora and the adjoining parishes might behold the horrid spectacle, as it is called by the pastor Moreus, in his narration of the circumstance."

"Oh, it is then there also where the rare species of willow, the *Salix Daphnoides*, grows. How I long to see that! I must really seek it early to-morrow morning," said Olof.

"Yes. I have heard that it grows there upon the banks and on the little islets," said Mrs. Ingeborg; "but we must now return to our neighbours." And, with a kindly excuse for her long delay, Mrs. Ingeborg now joined her friends from Sollero and the Norebergs, and introduced to them her young step-son, whose handsome exterior, unconstrained yet somewhat haughty bearing, but very cordial manners, made an agreeable and immediate impression, especially upon Mrs. Martina, who absolutely confessed to her husband that her heart was in considerable danger.

Lieutenant Lasse, Brigitta's brother, who arrived about a fortnight before at Mora, with his sister, was also introduced. All the young people collected round Mrs. Ingeborg, for she loved youth, and she derived delight from seeing and making them happy.

A torch of peat was now brought to her, with the entreaty that she would ignite the fire upon the Æstnorsberg, which the "Grandmother of Dalom" consented to do; and speedily a lofty flickering flame rose upwards from the mass of faggots and pitch-barrels heaped together, whilst a tumult of shouts and cries of every conceivable tone arose with it into the welkin. The men, espe-

cially the young ones, dragged from the forest branches and logs of timber, which they cast upon the flames; flakes of snow fell at the same time, and disappeared in the flames, which they appeared more to feed than to subdue.

Scarcely was the fire on the Æstnorsberg lighted, when a small flame was seen upon the summit of the Mittagsberg, which appeared at first to dance fantastically to and fro; but presently it developed itself into an enormous fire, which ascended higher and burned brighter than all the fires of the whole vicinity.

"Patience!" cried Mrs. Ingeborg. "Who lights that enormous fire upon the Mittagsberg? I never remember to have seen such an one. It must be the Mountain King himself!"

"Yes, it is he! It is he!" cried out Siri; and clapping her hands together, she ran wildly out into the broad glare of the light.

"Siri! Siri!" exclaimed Mrs. Ingeborg, in a warning tone; and Brigitta and Walborg exchanged glances. Siri hastened away, and mixed amongst the peasants, extending her hands joyfully to both old and young, and she was soon dancing amidst the children.

Mrs. Ingeborg also now turned to the peasantry, shook hands with them, greeting them kindly.

"Dalecarl rushes onward now," said she, glancing at the river; and these are the words there used customarily to express the approach of the spring stream.

The gradual encroachment of the river upon the sandy bank was then discussed, as well as the danger threatened thereby to the church of Mora, upon which it was constantly encroaching. The prospects of the ensuing year were also spoken of; and some of the old peasants shook their heads forebodingly, pointing to the flames upon the mountains, which flickered towards the north, the usual indication of a cold spring.

But Mrs. Ingeborg never heeded inauspicious prognostics, and endeavoured to encourage them with the proverb she usually applied under such circumstances—"The ancient Freya still lives;" and the Dalecarlians, who knew that the "Grandmother of Dalom" thus signified a prospective hope, allowed themselves to be comforted, for her words were to the people of Mora royal promises. When she returned to her party, the peasantry continued conversing in the strange dialect peculiar to the Dalecarlians, and which is not understood by other Swedes, but which modern philologists have found to be Icelandic, the language used by the earliest Normen.

The victualling department now began to be inspected, and refreshments were being thought of. The ladies of the incumbents of Mora and Sollero, profusely furnished strong beer brewed from the corn of Rattwik, which is considered the best in Dalecarlia. When the refreshments were handed amongst the young folks, several voices called for Siri; but Siri was not there. "She had gone into the wood," several of the peasants said, and Olof and Brigitta went in search of her. They had called several times fruitlessly, when suddenly they heard a strong rustling of the branches, and saw the shadow of a very tall man which withdrew into the depth of the wood. An instant afterwards, Siri sprang with loud laughter

out of a thicket wherein she had concealed herself from them.

"Prythee do not laugh like that, Siri," said Brigitta; "it is so like a magpie, and they say witches turn into magpies. Besides, you should not go alone into the wood. We this instant saw a great fellow who slunk away from us into the shade, and came from the side where you were, you little wanton squirrel."

"It was, doubtlessly, one of the gnomes of whom the curate spoke; perhaps too the King of the Mountain himself," said Siri carelessly, and hurried to the fire, which shone between the red-tipped branches of the birch.

Brigitta shook her head, and said, "She is not quite right! Ever since the time that I was a fish and she a bird, she has become thus strange."

"You fish and she bird," said Olof, laughing; "that sounds remarkably odd and pleasant."

"Ay, but it is far less pleasant and much more odd than it appears," replied Brigitta, "but I will tell you all about it another time, for now they are calling us yonder."

The repast, and of course the hilarity of the Walpurgis' festival, was now at its height. The young peasants of Mora stirred the fire with long poles, making it thus burn up more fiercely. Songs were sung, and music was played; and at Mrs. Ingeborg's instance, they all joined hands in a circle round the fire, and dancing slowly, they sung—

"Hurrah! hurrah! spring nimbly round;
Join hands in merry ring,
For thus of yore they trod the ground,
And sung as we now sing;
Whilst the Walpurgis' fires burn bright,
Peak answering peak with vivid light."

This was the crown of the evening's conviviality. Mrs. Ingeborg and her family, accompanied by their friends from Sollero, now quitted the fire, and went homewards to Mora. The peasants also dispersed, and in groups sought their dwellings. The fires gradually died away. But they had scarcely expired, when a different light betinged the mountain peaks, and dissipated the obscurity. But all was still in the valleys. Sleep spread his balmy wings over tired men; and the frost, with its cold mantle, clothed the earth, and chilled even the glow of the ashes of the Walpurgis' fire.

THE FIRST OF MAY.

MORNING came—and the sun, warm and bright, kissed night and frost from the brow of the earth, and the earth—"The ancient, holy earth"—as the Edda calls it—lay there in its splendour, with its silent energies, ascending from its depths, its reddening forests, its green glittering fields, its rushing waters, its heaving and germinating spring-life. A pair of handsome thoughtful eyes contemplated the spectacle of the morning. Mrs. Ingeborg stood at the window of her bed-chamber at Mora, inhaling the fresh morning air, and cast her glance now upon the young corn which waved to and fro in the morning wind; and now upon the bright watery mirror of the Dalelve and the Silya, which together formed the peninsula upon which were seated the church and the rectory of Mora; and now upon the dark pine forests and

their trees full of red and budding flowers; and now upon the distant blue mountains, a durable line of beauty in Dalecarlian landscapes. In this glance lay much; delight at the beauty of the earth, and grateful joy for it, mingled with a melancholy desire for something in the distance—something beyond the mountains—for a perfectibility and glory which is found only in its presentiment or—absence. Beautiful, as she stood there, was Mrs. Ingeborg, with her dark brown hair parted over her arched brow and simply tied up behind, and in her light morning dress, which loosely enveloped her somewhat rounded but elegant figure; and much of her beauty did she derive from the beneficent expression which formed the characteristic feature of her countenance.

"This evening will he come," said she, half aloud to herself, and pressed a small letter to her lips. And she then again looked out of window. Suddenly her looks became animated, as by an agreeable thought, and this was succeeded by a short but deep sigh, and a motion of her hand to her heart, as if she felt pain there; a sudden paleness chased the crimson from her cheeks, and she hastily closed the window, and passed into another room. In a second afterwards, her musical voice was heard giving orders about the house; men-servants and maids were in motion, and all became activity, bustle, and life.

We will now turn to the object which produced within her mind the alternating sentiments of joy and disquietude, and we see a young maiden with a white KRAAKA upon her head (a species of covering which is intermediate between wimple and snood, and resembles the "Flax" of Dalecarlian maidens, and which is universally worn by young maids of that district), and a multitude of plants in her apron, who hastened with light step along the road from the river past the church towards the rectory. It is Siri! She has this instant rowed herself across the river in a little boat, and appears to be returning from an early morning ramble.

In a room of the rectory of Mora, we find Brigitta, and with her young Mr. Olof, who is busily occupied in unpacking a couple of chests of books, but is considerably interrupted by the conversation passing between him and his friend and relative, Brigitta, who, meanwhile, is putting a large breakfast-table in order, and gossips with Olof about the whole habitable world, and which at length reverts to home and the family.

"Is not aunt a delightful creature?" said she.

"My mother! yes! to day she is as enchanting as ten years ago, when she became my mother, and I formed the resolution—not to endure her. How well can I remember that. I was then a self-willed boy of thirteen, and had determined within myself never to obey any young lady, and my step-mother especially, whom I had not at that time seen. I resolved to behave pertly and proudly towards her. And so did I when she entered the house; and look you,—she had not been a week with us when I eagerly obeyed her slightest wish, sought to anticipate it, and was in deep despair if I thought I observed in her eyes the least indication of dissatisfaction. Indeed she obtained the most perfect mastery over me, and yet I scarcely know how. But she acquired the

same influence over my father and over the whole household. My father had then been for several years a widower, and his temper was not the very best in the world; I did not quite suit him, for our dispositions did not harmonise. My paternal home was dull and melancholy; but, with my step-mother, joy and sunshine broke into it; my father was happy, all were contented, and for me, the most joyful time I had ever known began. My parents then dwelt in Westeraas. When five years ago they came to Mora I quitted them, and went to the university at Upsala, and subsequently came my tour abroad, which was highly interesting. But oh! it is so delightful to return home again!"

"It is indeed," said Brigitta, "and to find both old and new beneath the parental roof. What do you say to Walborg?"

"What can I yet say of her? She is a beautiful image."

"And of Siri?"

"Oh she! she is a real wilding; and this less becomes her now than it did five years ago. It was then that I saw her last at her father's, the general's, at Silverthal. She was then a neglected wild child, but possessed a peculiar and attractive sweetness. I shall never forget how, one night late, after my mother had gone to bed, she stole out into the court-yard, and there, all alone, played and danced with a little kitten. I see now her little, white, naked feet, glittering like rays of light upon the dark damp ground, flying here and there whilst she kept throwing small stones up and catching them again, or making the kitten make evolutions over her head. She reminded me of the tales of the fairy-queen, dancing during moonlight summer nights; little, but graceful, and well formed, as white as a mist and with elfish golden locks. I nevertheless, even at that time, played the part of a rigid Mentor, for I went down into the court-yard, and forced the little dancer to return in-doors and go to bed. It made her very angry with me, but we afterwards became friends again, and called each other brother and sister. She was then ten years of age, and had been brought up in the strangest manner. The general had had her educated like a youth, and had taken pleasure in teaching her to ride, swim, &c., just as a boy would have been taught, and her own inclinations aided this strange rearing. After his death his lady wished to make a total change, but it failed, terminating in fruitless attempts, which only soured her disposition. I have heard say that she has been locked in for days together to reduce her to tranquillity and obedience, but as this did not succeed, they let her go again, and gave her even more freedom than she had had before. But this may not continue. She will soon be sixteen, and has been here now nearly a year. How does her wild temperament suit my father?"

"He shakes his head at it, but I think he loves the maiden and takes pleasure in her. Since she has been here he has been but two months at home, for subsequently he was obliged to go to the convocation."

"And my mother! what does she say and think?"

"Now, that is the very worst of all. There is something in it which I do not comprehend.

Aunt exercises a sort of power over every body, excepting over Siri; only fancy, she has not even been able to induce her to accompany her to church. There is something peculiar between them, but not of a desirable or agreeable nature. She does not in anything obey aunt, but nobody does she obey. She follows her own will, and that indeed is innocent enough, excepting when she plays Godelius a trick. For, next to rambling all over the country, her greatest delight is to play with little children, to clothe them, and to make them presents, and to tame and attend upon animals. The whole household loves her as the very apple of its eye, and she associates more with them than with us. Walborg cannot endure her; my curate regards her almost as a witch, just meriting to be burnt alive, but I . . . ?"

"Well now, you, Brigitta?"

"Why, she pleases me, and if I were a man—I should perhaps fall in love with her."

"With Siri? are you foolish? She is not perhaps devoid of a wild kind of grace, but—she is not at all pretty; she has coarse features, a nose like a potato, a coarse complexion, and a pale, sun-burnt countenance."

"Oh! the men with their ideas of beauty! I tell you Olof, that Siri, in spite of her features, her complexion, or her colour, possesses a beauty greater than the most regular Grecian beauty; she has an expression and a play of features which is positively enchanting, and nothing more nor less. And then the maiden has, to use a bold figure of speech, a dewy freshness and bloom about her, enveloping, not merely her mind, but also her body, which has more charm than all the most beautiful colours and forms combined. Oh, you indeed! Yes, take you good care that some of these fine mornings you do not fall in love with the little wild thing, with her potato nose!"

Olof laughed aloud, and at the same moment the door flew open and Siri entered with torn clothes, her light blond hair in the greatest disorder, but fresh and laughing like the morning, whilst with bright eyes she presented to Olof a shrub-like plant, with bluish stem and twigs, and with golden yellow bloom upon every branch.

The young botanist scarcely caught sight of this, when he sprang up, and seizing it, pressed it to his lips, exclaiming "*Salix Daphnoides!*"

Siri threw herself upon one of the chests, laughing heartily.

"Now, I verily believe you are all foolish together," cried out Brigitta, "and it is not very agreeable for a sensible person like me to associate with such foolish ones. For, although I was once a fish, yet did I always conduct myself like a sensible human being, and it never occurred to me either to eat or to kiss weeds."

"Weeds! are these weeds?" said the delighted botanist. "The rarest plant upon the whole face of the earth, for it is found nowhere throughout the wide world but here, in Mora, and it will grow nowhere with its blossoms on every twig, and its beautiful blue twigs, but here, in the sand at Mora. I should have sought it early this morning if I had not first overslept myself, and then gossipped my time away with you. Where did you find this beautiful branch, Siri? But you have hurt yourself.—You have wounded your eye."

"Oh, it is nothing! the bush struck me when I broke the branch off—perhaps in revenge—and perhaps also one of the witches lent aid, for I plucked it from the very spot upon the shore where they were burnt."

And whilst Olof went into another lighter room to examine his branch of willow, Siri continued chatting on, half stretched over the chest, and with her head resting upon her crossed arms. "Imagine that as I broke off the branch I saw one of the charred piles of the gibbet peep forth from the sand. Suppose now, the witches too had crept out of the earth! hu—u—" And Siri laughed. "But it was dreadful!" continued she, more seriously, "that by the beautiful stream three gibbets should stand, and that on Saint Bartholomew's day, seventeen human beings should be burnt alive. But almost all of these witches bore their fate stoutly; two only of them wept and despaired."

"Heavens! why then were they burnt?" exclaimed Brigitta, with horror, for she was but little acquainted with the history of the place.

"Because they rode to Blaakulla," replied Siri, with her cheerful smile, and said she, in a half-whisper, "because they had been to see Satan. When witches enter his service they receive a horn, a knife, and a needle, and when they stick the needle into a wall, it opens with a loud noise, and horses and carriages can pass through. But the noise is heard by nobody in the house, and when she has passed through the wall closes again as compactly as if nothing had happened. When witches come into a room where children are collected, they say to the children—'Come now, you Devil's children, and follow me to the banquet.' And the children can't resist, for the horn shines so brightly that it quite dazzles them. The witch then takes the children with her, and travels to other villages, where she collects more; for if she happens not to have many when she comes to Satan she is scolded, and often beat, and ordered to be off and fetch more children. Now when the witch has gathered together a great many children she goes with them upon the Skjut's horse, which is usually a cow, and she rides backwards with them through the air, turning her own back forwards, shouting the while—*Thus we ride up, and thus we ride down, and thus we ride off to the Devil's town!* And isn't this fun?"

And Siri laughed loudly, when Brigitta said, "I don't exactly see it. But what happens then?"

"Oh!" said Siri; "why on the road they get into barns, and the witch putting her sack into a corn-bin, says—'Corn draw corn, and straw draw straw,' and the grain flies into the sack; but the straw remains behind. Sometimes the witches rest on the road, upon the roofs of churches, waiting for their comrades, and when they arrive they gossip together, telling each other how many children they have, and they put the children on the roof, where they look like little lizards. Meanwhile the witches go up into the belfry, rub some metal off the bells, and when they ride off again, they pass through a blue cloud, and throwing the metal out which they had rubbed off, they say, 'May my soul never get nearer to God than does this dust to the bells!' When they arrive at Blaakulla, the children see a house all of gold, which the witches go into, and kneeling before Satan, hail

him 'Lord and Master!' They then lead the children one after the other before Satan, and say—'Look here, grandfather, see what a pretty devil's child I have brought here with me.' Satan then asks the children if they will serve him, and most of them say 'yes' (for although Satan is always bound by a strong chain, yet he looks so glorious, and all about him glows with such splendour, that they could not say anything but yes). Satan now promises that he will stand by them, and that they shall have joy and pleasure all their lives. He then marks them, by biting them either on the brow, the crown of the head, or the little finger; and a pen is dipped in blood, and the name of the child written in a large book, when the child receives a silver dollar from Satan. But should the child speak of this, or tell where it had been, the dollar changed into wood shavings, or into a bit of stick. After the child had taken the handseal, the witch seemed pleased, and said to it—'You now will always belong to me, and if you are silent and say nothing about it, you shall always come with me to the feast.' The witches then begin preparing food, they bake and they boil, and roast and brew, and make sausages, and burn brandy, and prepare a good solid feast, where they are all in high glee, whilst Satan plays with his tail under the table, thumping it against the ground. At the end of the feast and dance, the master of the ceremonies, by Satan's command, proclaims where the next convent is to be held—for so is the feast called; and the witches then carry the children back, each to its own house. The children also receive at Blaakulla a beautiful horn, and learn there to curse all that is high and holy, heaven and earth, the fruits of the field and the birds of the air, except the magpie, and they receive new names in Blaakulla, such as 'the ugly,' 'God's death,' &c. Isn't that beautiful?" And Siri raised her head again, and laughed lustily.*

* What Siri here relates is found almost wholly in an imperfect MS., which has been published by C. G. Kroningsward, together with "Tales of Witchcraft in Dalecarlia in the years 1668 and 1673." The Councillor of State, Lawrence Creutz, and several other worthy individuals, sat in commission to investigate this "disorder," and their tribunal was stained deeply with blood, for from 1668 up to 15th April, 1671, no fewer than forty-seven persons were executed for witchcraft. In 1673, this epidemic disease revived in Dalecarlia, and in conjunction with it, the mistaken treatment which appeared to diffuse instead of to suppress its contagion. But the Countess Catherine Charlotte de la Gardie interposed in favour of the unhappy infatuated creatures, and so effectively that she suppressed both their prosecution and the disease which had excited it. Even recently we have occasionally heard of a slight return of this infatuation or malady, and which may be attributed to the peculiar nature of the imagination of the Dalecarlians, which, when excited, becomes sombre, and is pregnant with hallucinations. But other curative means are now adopted, in lieu of the pillory and the stake. A short time since, a young girl of Sollero asserted positively that she was conveyed every evening to Blaakulla. Her parents, who were honest but simple folks, were much disturbed about it. They closely watched their daughter by night, bound her fast in bed with cords, but nothing would avail, for in the morning weeping bitterly she still maintained she had been at Blaakulla. At last, her unhappy parents took her to the clergyman upon the island, and begged him with earnest tears to save their child from the claws of Satan. After having had several interviews with the maiden, the clergyman one day said to her

"I can't exactly see that," said Brigitta; "and I never remember to have heard a more hateful history. Dear Siri, who told you this story?"

"A—magpie!" said Siri, roguishly, nodding her head. "And this magpie has also promised me one of these days to—take me to Blaakulla; for I should delight to go there through the air, and through the blue clouds, and see all that passes."

"God forbid! maiden; what are you gabbling about? Olof," continued Brigitta, turning to the young man, who was just entering; "what tales are these of witches and of journeys to Blaakulla, here in Dalecarlia, that Siri is telling me about? Are they her invention, or is there any truth in it?"

"There is this much truth in it, that such stories were formerly believed here, and that, in consequence, a cruel investigation actually took place respecting it, in the parishes adjoining the Silva Lake," replied Olof. "A multitude of people, both old and young, were charged with having intercourse with these evil spirits."

"Yes," interrupted Siri. "And amongst these there was a young maiden who earnestly affirmed she was innocent, but said that she did not care about living; and she was examined before a supreme holy commission—holy commission! How solemn does that sound!" And Siri slightly trembled, becoming pale, whilst softly repeating to herself "holy commission!"

"Look at the girl," whispered Brigitta; but it did not require this monition, for Olof had not turned a glance away from the remarkable child, whose inmost being appeared convulsed by some profound sentiment.

"We see much that is wonderful in the world," continued Siri, thoughtfully; "and to me it appears that all that is wonderful is interesting. I should like to see and investigate everything."

"What! make an excursion to Blaakulla, too?" said Olof.

"Yes, that above all," cried Siri. "I should glory to see Satan."

"Not a very respectable acquaintanceship, my dear little sister," said Olof, laughing.

"Only think! suppose he bit you in the forehead," said Brigitta.

"Ah!" replied Siri. "I would take good care of that. I would not get near enough to him. He is, besides, fastened by a chain; the witches are constantly filing at it to get it, but as soon as a link is nearly asunder, an angel comes and solders it again together, so that it is again as stout as before. But I must now go and feed my animals, and afterwards I shall ride out. Will you go with me? I will guide you round the wide world."

"But not to Blaakulla," said Brigitta; "for I would not certainly accompany you thither."

Laughing heartily, Siri left the room; but in hastily going, she dropped a tuft of moss, which

Olof picked up. "That is a part of Siri's plunder, as Walborg and the others in the house call it," said Brigitta. "She is constantly roaming about and collecting moss, stones, birds'-eggs, dead butterflies, &c., and I believe even flies and all kinds of curiosities which she finds in the woods and fields. She collects these together in her chamber, which looks like a complete lumber-room."

"Hem!" said Olof. "I must some day inspect this lumber-room."

An instant afterwards they heard from the court below a clear and melodious voice, and saw Siri upon the step of one of the adjoining tenements, surrounded by a troop of beautiful creatures, some of which were fluttering around her head, others crowding about her feet, eager to get their allowance of corn, bread, and endearments. Amongst the quadrupeds, Olof observed a beautiful fawn, with a little bell attached to its sprouting antlers, and learnt that its mother had been shot at a bear-hunt during the winter, and that the young one then, instead of flying, had followed the hunter, the murderer of its mother. The fawn was brought to Mora, where Siri became its guardian, and it speedily followed her about with the fidelity and attachment of a dog. And Durathor, as this fawn was called, from one of the deer, which, according to the Edda, grazed upon the summit of Ydragsil, ran freely about the house, but submitted to no one but Siri. It was now licking her hand, and looking upwards at her with a glance of strong affection in its bright, brown eyes.

Whilst Olof is helping Siri to feed her animals and birds, we will for a moment accompany Brigitta. This we do in the strongest confidence. Her brow is security for her prudence, and in the whole of her small round figure there is so perfect an expression of kindness and cheerfulness, that we do not at all wonder that her friends would think it something completely unnatural could she be sorrowful for ten minutes together. Her roguish little eyes, her good-natured and joyful countenance promise us besides to keep us in a constant good humour. And what still further attracts us to Brigitta, and which we know, from indisputable authority, is that, notwithstanding her merry humours, she possesses a positive enthusiasm for tragic sublimity, and that she is much inclined to all poetry, although she *never* writes a verse.

We now stop with her opposite a tall meagre gentleman, who is sitting in an exceedingly abstracted mood poring over a Greek text. Brigitta halts in front of him, and says, in a solemn tone,—

"Salutem Doctoribus venerabilibus? Comment vous portez-vous. Diesen Morgen. My dear Sir."

At this question the personification of abstraction looked up, smiled, and said, "What language do you call that?"

"Does not your profound scholarship understand Babylonian? The language is as old as the world. How do you do, mio caro? Comment? Black looks! Rueck gradibus nonconfortable?"

"Speak Swedish and give me a kiss," said the curate in his deepest bass tone, and with the mildest glance from his deep blue eyes. But Brigitta replied in such a flood of Babylonian, that he began to protest earnestly against such trifling, and especially against the intermixture of

"I know a remedy—a certain remedy to cure you; but it will give me much trouble. Yet, as nothing else appears to be of any avail, we will have recourse to it." With much solemnity he caused the girl to seat herself upon a commodious chair in the centre of the apartment, took up a Cornelius Nepos, and began reading one of the lives. Before he had finished, she fell fast asleep, and when she awoke the clergyman told her she was cured, and—she was so.

the noble Latin with it. A hearty laugh concluded this confusion, and the propitiation was made in Swedish, and in that silent language customary between lovers, and which must be a mother tongue, for it is spoken and understood throughout the entire world. Brigitta now left the curate to join Walborg, who superintended the internal arrangements of the establishment, to beg she would order for him his favourite refection, which consisted of pancakes.

The curate Godelius was a learned man—that is to say, in the ancient languages, and the history of past times, and his inclinations attracted him beyond the sphere of daily life, whence, as to a counterbalance, he had attached himself to a wife, who retained him within its circle, and who, besides, tenderly loved him. And it was impossible to be otherwise, when he was properly understood. His friends and superiors had therefore shown him much kindness, but had always overlooked him in promotions, whence it happened, that approaching to forty, he was still a simple poor clerical school-master. He had resided during the summer at Mora, to exercise himself in preaching, but he had a very slight prospect of speedily occupying his own establishment. He was too mild and charitable to allow this to excite vexatious feelings within him, but in lieu of which symptoms of disease exhibited themselves in his body and in his imagination, and there played their gambols, only to be dispersed by the incantation of Brigitta's Latin or humorous tricks and antics. Brigitta accordingly went to seek Walborg, and found her brother Lasse with her, reconnoitering in the vicinity of the beautiful but cold maiden, who, silent and serious, with her bunch of keys in her hand, and followed by the cook, was giving out provisions for the family consumption. After Lieutenant Lasse's offers of service had been rejected, and his endeavours to prompt a conversation found futile,—he sauntered away, humming to himself his favourite melody out of an old Opera—

“As dull and as short as this life still may be,
’Tis pleasure that sweetens its care.”

“Good morning,” brother Lasse,” said Brigitta. “What! already alive and active, as I see? Walborg is certainly beautiful—what say you?”

“Beautiful! Beautiful as Venus! and proud as Juno! Well, but the beginning is everything. But are you certain she’s real human flesh and blood, like us!”

“I believe so, but I cannot assure you of it. I am now seeking her to beg her to let us have pancakes for dinner to-day.”

“Pancakes! Delightful! Walborg! Pancakes for dinner. What a glorious prospect. I will accompany you to aid you in softening her hard heart.

“As dull and as short as this life still may be,
It is pleasure that sweetens its care,
I’ll strive then to fill it with love and with glee,
And so leave no room for despair.”

Mrs. Ingeborg had invited her friends from Sollero and Noreberg to spend the afternoon of the 1st of May with her family, and proposed that they should all have a ride in the neighbourhood, that Olof might see some of its prominent beauties,

and then go to Tomlegård, near Utmedland, to visit the celebrated cellar.

There was no small joy, and no little cheerful chatter amongst the young people in the large coach when rolling on with the “Grandmother of Dalom” in the midst of them, who took the greatest delight in the hilarity of youth. Olof and Siri rode forward, and thus they all made their progress into the expanded beautiful vicinity.

Mountain above mountain, and valley within valley, is what has given a name to the country of the Dalecarlians. And it is hitherward that all must come who wish to see nature in its primitive innocence and grandeur, and a people still living in patriarchal simplicity, a scene fast vanishing from the earth, but one which combines so many features of lofty and sublime beauty.

Just as the Dalelve flows through Dalecarlia—a great and brilliant idea through a serious and laborious life—thus flows the stream of religion through the active life of its inhabitants; and centuries have passed over this people without leaving behind them the least tinge of rust. The people in their exterior, in their manners, customs, and costume, are precisely the same as in the times of Engelbrecht and Vasa. Labour and prayer have preserved their health and youthful energy. Their habitations are humble. The Dalecarlian bows his head at the entrance of his hut, but never did he bow it beneath the yoke of the oppressor. Great historical events have consecrated this territory—this mother-earth of Swedish freedom—and yet nowhere do we find monuments or inscriptions: but here dwells simplicity. You are shown a cellar, a barn, a green and cheerful mound on the banks of the Dalelve, and you are told, “Here did Gustavus Vasa, the liberator of Sweden, conceal himself from his pursuers; here did he thresh corn for his daily bread; and hence did he address the people of Mora;” and your imagination conceives the most splendid romance which history can display; and these glorious reminiscences preserved by no studious care, and related by no learned cicerone, speak audibly from the mountain and the valley; from the noble forms of the race, and from the bold course of the winding stream. And this stream, in its progress from its origin amongst the rocks of Idre to the Gulf of Bothnia, with the hundreds of torrents which pour themselves into its bosom; with its glittering foam; its profound and beautiful basins; its sweeping bays; its intricate force; and its last splendid waterfall near Elf Karleby, until it is itself lost in the bosom of the sea, is a living image of this heroic poem.

Such were the ideas which passed through Olof’s mind during the day’s excursion. We will describe them no further, but stop with the party at the village of Utmedland, where they got out of the carriage to walk to the cellar of Tomlegård, which is situated in a meadow upon the banks of the lake of Silya.

The little house which formerly stood over it, has at length fallen; but now a spacious sort of saloon of wood has been constructed over it. There a beneficent spirit, or as Mrs. Ingeborg said, “The nixy of the cellar,” had spread a table with all kinds of refreshments, which was heartily welcomed. But Olof begged to descend first into the cellar; and Siri, thoughtfully provident, having taken matches with her, now lighted candles, raised

a trap-door which was seen in the floor, and cautiously went down the narrow stairs with him which led into the cellar. The walls of the saloon above are completely covered with names, which have been written, or scratched, or even carved with great pains by travellers; and the majority of these were indeed important—to their possessors. In the small space beneath the earth, no names are read upon the black walls; all is there empty, desolate, and still as the grave—but there lives a great remembrance,—the remembrance of a hero who in this dark hole sat concealed amidst his misfortunes, with his great plans and Sweden's futurity in his bosom. What feelings and what thoughts have not been suggested within the small space of these four walls of earth! The day cannot pierce it. Olof and Siri stood now there, each with a light in hand; and having looked around upon the black walls, upon the black roof, and upon the black floor, they looked at each other, and the same thoughts passed through their minds and beamed in their eyes.

Upon returning to the saloon, they heard Mrs. Ingeborg relating how the Danes during Gustavus's stay in these parts had sought him at Tomtegaard, and how he had been obliged to conceal himself in that cellar, and how Tom Matz Larsson's wife had dragged a large hop-bin over the trap-door, which thus escaped the notice of the enemy. With a slight tinge of pride Mrs. Ingeborg remarked, that Gustavus Vasa thrice owed the preservation of his life to the patriotism and cunning of Dalecarlian women. Whilst they were thus entertaining and refreshing themselves, some maidens from Mora had walked across the meadows, and had collected around the cellar with that childish curiosity which is often observable in the natives of Dalecarlia. Amongst them, there were some young maidens who had their hair plaited with red ribbons, and, according to the custom of the place, tied above the head, thus looking as if decorated with wreaths of flowers. Mrs. Ingeborg invited them all to the rectory of Mora, and in boats which she had desired might be sent from Mora, they were now rowed back over the smooth surface of the Silva, whilst the setting sun clothed the giant mountains in robes of gold. Above all, the Mittagsberg stood prominently forward; for, seen from the lake, one side presented itself in the fullest radiance and splendour, whilst the other was immersed in gloom and solemnity. Siri had also become quite serious, and turned not her eyes once away from the majestic mountain.

They rowed up the lake and landed at the so-called "Bell-cave," a green hill upon the banks of the river. Here the party delayed a moment, and recalled to mind what had formerly taken place here, for it was here that upon a holy festival about Christmas that Gustavus Vasa addressed the community of Mora, as they were coming out of church. The low mid-day sun stood exactly over the summit of the Mittagsberg, and diffused a clear light over the snow-covered landscape. A fresh north wind blew, which is always held a good sign by the natives of Mora. They all collected around Gustavus, and attentively observed the stately young man, of whose persecution they had already heard so much. In his strong and harmonious voice he began—"I beheld your large assembly with much joy, but with as much anxiety

I think of the condition of us all." He then continued, depicting to the people Sweden's miserable condition beneath the tyranny of Denmark, and concluded with the following words, "Dalecarlians have ever been frank-hearted and intrepid whenever the welfare of our country called for it, and therefore are ye celebrated in our chronicles, and Sweden now anxiously turns its eye upon you, for it is accustomed to behold in you the firm protectors and defenders of freedom and the fatherland. I will joyfully lead you, and have preserved for you my sword and my blood, for these are all the tyrant has left me, and he shall hear that Swedes are as true as they are valiant, and that they will be ruled by law, and not by the yoke."

The little patriotic society which now, three hundred years after the event, celebrated the memory of the hero, drank to it and to the freedom which his heroic deeds had achieved, and then they broke up, delighted and joyful to resume their walk back to the rectory. The dulcimer already resounded in the court of Mora upon the arrival of the party. The melancholy Orsa-Polska, with its uninterrupted bass, was played, and with its irresistible excitement to dance, seized upon all, and couple and couple joyfully swung round, keeping exact time. It once happened, but long enough ago, that Charles the XIth swung round dancing the Polska with the damsels of Dalecarlia. That we should have liked to have witnessed, but we were obliged to content ourselves with seeing Lieutenant Lasse twirl round and round, all fire and flame, for his beautiful but insensible cousin Walborg.

Siri danced principally with the children, or played and sprang about with them. Olof seemed suddenly to see the maiden of ten again, who had entranced him with her dance during yon summer's night. She had now indeed grown considerably taller, but her delicate and elastic figure was still child-like and unformed; her hair had still its earlier golden hue, as if it were plaited with a sunbeam. Her dark blue eyes beamed so brilliantly, and her agile feet skimmed the ground so lightly, that the Fairy Queen was recalled to Olof's mind, and of whom the ballad says, "She was slim and delicate, and as slender as a lily, with an attractive and agreeable voice." He looked at Siri with exquisite delight; and yet he also observed Walborg, and willingly conceded to her considerable advantages over Siri, as regarded beauty and female dignity. This comparison in the course of the evening increased much in Walborg's favour, when he observed her busied with the evening's repast, which was served in the saloon with open doors, and remarked her exact care about everything; and then turning his eyes upon Siri, he beheld her sitting at the same moment upon the steps in front of the house, and with extreme nonchalance smoking a cigar and drinking punch with the vicar of Sollero and the curate, joking and laughing loudly and freely with them. He could scarcely imagine that this could be the same Siri, whose eyes had shone so brightly in the cellar of Utmedland, and whose dance had but just reminded him of the Fairy Queen. She looked now, through the dense tobacco-smoke, transformed into a little witch, and he felt an irresistible desire to tell her how ugly he now found her. Nor did he resist this impulse, but he speedily stood behind her, and

whispered to her his very humble opinion. He received a puff of tobacco-smoke for reply, with the assurance that she cared but little for what he thought or said. "Ay, that is the very way to make me love her," thought he. "She is half a savage. I could almost imagine that my little dear sensible Brigitta has become somewhat of a prophet;" and with a significant look, he turned round to Brigitta, who, dressed in white, was just handing to him the favourite repast of the Dalecarlians—grits and milk.

The dance continued until ten; and shortly after the party dispersed. Mrs. Ingeborg appeared much to desire that all should retire to rest early, and this she admirably contrived. Olof was rather vexed at it. For his part, he assured her, he could willingly have sat up all night conversing with her. He nevertheless fell asleep as soon as he got into bed, and the whole house soon reposed like him in the arms of sleep. One only was awake, and this was Mrs. Ingeborg.

In this beautiful May night she stood at her window, and again read the letter she had received in the morning, and the contents of which were as follows :—

"BELOVED WIFE,—To-morrow evening, but probably very late, I shall be with you! Say nothing to the young folks of my coming; let every one in the house retire at the usual hour to rest. I foster the childish wish to see you alone this evening,—to be by you welcomed alone; I wish not to be disturbed by anything or anybody. When I arrive at night, I wish to see a light in no window but in yours. The little light in thy window, Oh! how will it stream towards me!—No, into me, into my soul, into my inmost heart! Beloved wife! wearied, deadened, and embittered by the mean littlenesses and selfishness of men;—exhausted with profitless discussions and resultless exertions, where the most candid wish succumbed to coldness and expediency :—indignant at myself and with the world—thus do I return to you, dearest Ingéborg, to lay my head upon thy bosom, that thou mayst fan away the vapours which obtenebrate my soul, whilst placing thy warm hand upon my heart. What! I, who have such a companion, and I dare complain! My beloved wife should punish me for this. But couldst thou wholly know the comfort with which the thought of soon being with you inspires me, and that I shall then remain constantly with you, you would not be discontented with your

"GUSTAVUS.

"P.S.—It seems to me that night will never fall."

Warmth breathed from out these lines upon Mrs. Ingeborg's heart; and with reciprocal feeling she must of necessity breathe warmly upon them, pressing them to her lips, whilst her eyes were suffused with a moist dew.

She thought long since to have completed every preparation for her husband's reception, and to have propitiated all the friendly Penates as auxiliaries to make his home encompass him like a heaven full of love. But she now cast another surveying glance about the cheerful dwelling-room, and rapidly inspected the repast she had prepared in the adjoining chamber to refresh the fatigued traveller; she again arranged the new dressing-gown

and slippers she had had made during his absence; and lastly, she cast a glimpse at the mirror, reflecting herself and her elegant white muslin gown and her dazzling white linen snood, which floated like a white cloud over her dark brown hair. Mrs. Ingeborg was one of those women who, even after a ten years' marriage, seek still in a delicate and noble manner to please their husbands, and therefore never lose their affection,—this flower, or rather, this condiment to all human alliances. But Gustavus Nordenwall belonged to that class of men who make this an agreeable task, or rather a pleasure. And now Mrs. Ingeborg waited and listened with feelings which made the heart throb quickly, and chased the blood to and from her cheeks. Upon the least rustle she sprang up. What is not conveyed in the manner—in the expression with which a husband is expected, with which his steps are heard upon the threshold of the house, and his hand upon the handle of the door. A whole history may be read in that instant.

We know a young woman in a humble condition of life who lost her husband, and who, in speaking of her married life, said, with tears in her eyes, "Yes; sometimes a cross word would pass between us, as this will happen to all married people; but—I never felt uneasy when I heard him open the door."

How many women are there who cannot say as much! Alas! we have seen at such moments cheeks become pale—eyes look confused and turn as it were yellow. But we have also known women who tremble daily at this electrical excitement, but—with joy.

It struck eleven when the rattle of a vehicle was distinctly heard, and which shortly afterwards stopped at the iron gate of the court of Mora. Mrs. Ingeborg hastened down stairs and speedily embraced—her husband.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Hours had passed, and the married couple still sat side by side upon the comfortable sofa. His head was leaning upon her shoulder, and the noble but bitter expression, which gave his countenance a peculiar interest, was now softened and supplanted by a tranquil, pleasant smile.

A myth in the Finnish national poem, Kalewala, speaks of a mother who had lost her son, who again found the deceased in the depths of the stream, but hacked into a thousand pieces. She collected these dispersed fragments; she collected her hacked son in her lap, and, rocking him, kept singing, "Together again." Who has suffered, struggled, and contended in the world and does not feel the force, the truth of this legend? But alas!

Rock, oh rock gently the cradle of love!

With song and sweet voice be the comforter thou:

And let balmy sleep, with the wings of a dove,

Fan to repose the heart's throbbing glow.

Rock, oh rock gently the cradle of love,

And soothe the bitter memory fondly to rest;

Whilst angels, as guardians, hover above,

Keeping watch where Affection is lulled on Love's breast.

Sweet dreams of delight! ye may flutter around,

And visions of truth bid the slumberer see,

Which show his bark anchored in Love's secure sound,

Whither Hope's Pharos guided from life's troubled sea.

Command that high thought be the light of his mind,
 Fed by the fuel of freedom and truth;
 And breathe o'er his heart, yearning love for his kind,—
 Surest balm in affliction to comfort and sooth.

Rock, oh rock gently the cradle of love;
 Condole with kind words and be comforter thou;
 And let balmy sleep, with the wings of a dove,
 Fan to repose the heart's throbbing glow.

And thus did Mrs. Ingeborg lull to slumber the cares of her husband; and thus had her sensible and kindly words restored health and peace to his heart. He had related to her all his exertions, all his discussions, the justice he had desired, and the injustice he had suffered. And she had entered into it with her whole soul,—had listened with her whole heart,—had understood, had participated, had become vexed with his opponents, and had rejoiced in his wishes, in his exertions, and even in their ineffectual results; for who does not know that what is sown in snow springs up in dew. And she thus by degrees brought his thoughts round to the sunny side of life. She had spoken to him of the tranquillising calling, so dear to him, to which he could now wholly dedicate himself in the cure of his community; and she spoke, too, of his important learned labours, to which he could now devote his energies in their repose, and of the blessing which must eventually crown his earnest endeavours. She knew how to arouse courage and hope within him; and she thus succeeded in lulling into deep repose every bitter feeling in the heart of her husband, and to chase away all the clouds from his brow. He was now tranquil, and listened with a smile to all that she told him of her yearning for his return, of her joy at his arrival, of the spring, of Mora, of the domestic circle, and of the happy life that they should now enjoy together. There was but one feature of this brilliant prospect enveloped in shade. When the rector asked his wife about Siri, Mrs. Ingeborg replied with a deep sigh,

"Alas! Gustavus, I fear this maiden will never be reclaimed. I fear her unfortunate rearing has irretrievably made her intractable, or that I don't know how to guide and educate her."

"Patience, only patience, my dear wife," said he, now in his turn consoling her. "You reckon too little upon the influence of the family in the long run. If this is as it should be, it will exercise a quiet power, which no member can ultimately resist. Why it even subdues inimical powers, and makes them subservient, and transforms the fire which would ignite the house into an infernal region into a useful and beneficial warmth upon the domestic hearth. I am not concerned about Siri; she shall be tamed without knowing it, even without the application of any harsh means. I am pleased to observe animation and fire in youth, and when in a girl, we may be sure that she will melt all the ice around her to the extent of at least six yards. And such a girl is, or will be, our little Siri. Walborg's coldness and reserve is far more dangerous. We must endeavour to melt this ice by some suitable fire. But that will not be so easy a matter. I would rather have to do with the wild fire. If this but once take its proper course; but once find its proper aliment, it becomes a blessing. It is high time that Siri should be prepared for confirmation, and I shall derive

much pleasure from giving her the requisite instruction during the summer . . ."

"Ah! that would certainly be very good, if the maiden were not so self-willed, and if you, my dear Gustavus, were not so easily excited."

"I well know that, but I also know that your voice, nay, even your proximity, would tranquillise me on the very eve of being excited. You be present with Siri during her hours of instruction if you will, or give me an amulet, a lock of your hair, a word or two written by your hand, and which I will wear next my heart to counteract its excitability. But now, now that I am again at home, methinks I shall be as gentle as a lamb, for I cannot conceive that anything should rouse me into turbulence, and least of all a young girl, endowed so happily by nature as Siri is, and of whose capabilities I have so high an idea. You shall see that one day we shall derive much joy from this maiden. And that also shall we, I hope, from my son. I am rejoiced to find that he is here at home. For several years past he has cultivated his head more than his heart, and I am fearful that the formation of the latter is in arrear. But in this you will be auxiliary both to him and me. I am of the opinion of the author who says, 'There is but one college, and that is where the heart is educated.'"

Nordenwall had risen as he spoke, and his wife now leaned her head against him, as she listened to him, and then said,

"Oh how delighted I am to hear thy voice again, and to feel the breath of thy strengthening and protecting spirit. How beautiful does life now seem to me. Oh that one could thus die; thus pass from the light of earth to the light of heaven! But that would be ineffable bliss. That would be life, death without night! but alas the night that will come—that must come!" She uttered these last words in an abstracted, half-prophetic tone.

"But it is now morning," said Mrs. Ingeborg, and she arose. "And now that my sun again shines, my energies will return, and hope will brighten again. I will become young again, at least as far as regards the soul; for as to the body—Gustavus! I have become old during your absence. My yearning for you has pressed a heavy weight upon my five-and-thirty years, and a great wrinkle has embedded itself near my eye! . . ."

"Is it possible," said Nordenwall, "may I see it? Why truly a wrinkle!" And he—kissed her. As bridegroom, he had not so affectionately kissed the smooth eyelid.

"Thank you," said she, smiling blandly, "you have consecrated my age."

"To a more beautiful youth! I love this wrinkle," and he kissed her again.

The golden sun of spring beamed in at the window, and cast its glittering ray upon the happy couple as if to bless them.

Oh how beautiful is pure and noble love! How divine is true love! Only he who turned to the quiet sun of thought rejoices to be removed and purified from all the storms of the heart, and having found in its tranquil world a peace, a sufficiency from which man can take nothing,—to which but few can add anything; he only, who feels his heart involuntarily warmed at the sight of beings who live, rejoice, and suffer, within each other; he only, with perhaps a tear within his

eye, may exclaim, "Oh how beautiful is love ! How divine is true love ! Husband and wife, brother and sister, and friend, friend, ye who love as God loves, happy and blessed is your lot ; ye to whom alone upon earth the promise is given ; the promise of ' eternal huts,' in the land where love is itself the sun, the sun which never sets.

THE FAMILY AT MORA.

It is well when the members of a family are separated for a time from each other. In most cases this produces a wholesome renovation, and the reunion—when there is love at the foundation—is so rich, so tranquillising ! It is in verity a new spring. We do not go so far as the old song, which says,—

"For ever the same makes life dull and tame,
And 'tis change that enhances all beauty below ;
For the handsomest dame I should soon cool my flame,
Were I void of the hope, she would leave me and go."

but we perfectly concur with the two first lines.

During the May life which now, since the return of the rector to Mora, blossomed in his house, everything seemed renovated. Even the reserved Walborg appeared to have aroused into life and participation ; Olof was happy in the sensation of being now nearer to his father than ever ; and Brigitta became quite wild ; she jumped and danced about with her uncle, her aunt, the curate, or with whoever she could lay hold of. Siri alone seemed not to share in the general joy ; she seemed to be more shy than formerly ; she avoided the happy family, roamed about in the woods and in the fields—it was scarcely known where—and a sort of wild melancholy often cast its dark shade over her youthful countenance, giving it a sinister expression. She was rarely seen at home except at meal time ; and it made Mrs. Ingeborg uneasy when she saw how often the rector's eyes sought the young maiden, although he said nothing. The exhortations of the others to stop more at home availed nothing. During two evenings of the week, however, the whole of the family usually assembled for social enjoyment, and these were the evenings when Mrs. Ingeborg held what she called her spinning-room. The whole of the female portion of the family then assembled with their spinning-wheels in the large saloon, where a cheerful fire burnt on the hearth. And around this fire all were seated spinning and spinning. And they soon spun the gentlemen to them, for it was cheerful amidst the spinning-wheels ; songs were sung, stories told, and riddles proposed and solved. Mrs. Ingeborg had an inexhaustible fund of these, and took, besides, much pleasure in relating, whilst sitting in the midst of the spinners, or walking up and down amongst them, the wonders she had seen at the "King's Court." Mrs. Ingeborg was usually herself much pleased during these evenings, giving animation to all, and did not willingly allow any one to escape from the required contribution of a tale, a song, or a riddle, for the amusement of the rest. Siri usually sang a little merry song, and besides distinguished herself in guessing the riddles, which mightily pleased her. Olof also took much pleasure in this, as it reminded

him of the early times in the North, when riddles and subtle questions were the chief amusement of staid men, and when even the gods themselves descended from their bright dwellings to emulate thus the giants of the earth, and when the great Odin would not retire to rest before he had measured his skill with the cautious giant Vafthrudner, and had conquered him. Olof, in the manifold reminiscences afforded by his travels, contributed much to the amusement of the spinning-room. He and Lieutenant Lasse were always there, and occasionally endeavoured to spin, but the threads broke so constantly, and the spinning-wheel grated so discordantly, that the ladies very soon dispensed with assistance from these gentlemen.

Late in the evening the professor usually joined them. His entrance into his own circle usually heightened the vivacity of the party, and increased the general interest ; it was thus also in the spinning-room, although there he was sometimes only spectator or listener, yet, as was often the case, he contributed a story for the general amusement.

A few days after his return, a spinning assembly was held, and all had collected in the large saloon of the house. Mrs. Ingeborg had proposed difficult riddles, which Olof and Siri contended who should most speedily solve. Walborg had sung a song. The curate had imitated oboes and trumpets. Lieutenant Lasse had imitated a steam-boat putting itself in motion, which exposed to danger several of the spinning-wheels, and Brigitta had related many anecdotes of the "Karing's wife," a personage who says and does all kinds of odd things in Sweden.

"I should like to see that," said the Karing's wife ; and bought a raven to see if it would live three hundred years.

"Thank God ! now I'll help myself," said the Karing's wife, when she jumped upon her feet.

"Yes," said the Karing's wife. "It was something that finished with 'ral ;' but it wasn't admiral ! Oh ! it must have been corporal."

All had contributed their mite to the evening's entertainment, and the professor had laughed heartily, and had thoroughly enjoyed the society of his family. Cheerful and happy he replied to the entreaties of the young people by relating the following sketches of the life of the people of Dalecarlia.

"A father, one winter's evening, was crossing the ice of the lake of Silya with his two daughters. In the obscurity they missed their way, and came to a spot where the ice was not firm, and it broke under them. It broke chiefly through their exertions to hold fast and to recover themselves. One of the daughters only succeeded in climbing upon a firmer piece of ice, and the other clung to her in her agony, and thus held her head above the water.

"Leave go, Margareta !" said the former, 'or I shall sink ; I can hardly keep myself up.'

"But the young maiden in her death agony did not leave go, but held more firmly than before.

"The stern voice of the sinking father was then heard, who said, 'Do you not hear, Margareta, what Anna says.'

"And the moment the maiden heard her father, she let go, and sank with him below.

"The sister succeeded in saving herself, but she subsequently came frequently to me to seek conso-

lation for the tortures she endured, for she ascribed Margaret's death to herself.

"A father was rowing with his young son upon the lake of Silya. A storm arose, their small boat was upset, and they were cast far away from it. But a plank drove by them, and to this both father and son clung. It was not large enough to hold both. And when the son saw this he said, 'God bless you, my dear father: live for the sake of my mother, and brothers, and sisters.' And he sunk within the waves.

"During the dreadful famine which occurred in this country in 1838, a Dalecarlian of another parish came to me and said:

"Sell me a couple of bundles of straw!"

"The man was one of those tall strong figures we so seldom see, yet had he evidently suffered from hunger. His hat, with its broad brim, he had drawn closely over his face.

"I can sell you no straw," I said, in answer to his request. "I have no more than I want for myself and for the poor of my parish."

"Sell me but one bundle of straw," begged the man.

"That even can I not," replied I; "what I still have I must reserve for my people and myself."

"Well then, only half a bundle," begged he earnestly.

"I am very sorry, but I cannot even let you have half a bundle."

"The tall man advanced a step nearer to me, said not a word, but raising his hat from his brow, looked me in the eyes. I could then perceive that he wept.

"I could not resist the sight of this anguish; 'Come with me,' said I, 'You shall have what you wish.'

"He followed me and received the straw.

"Were it for me," he said, "I should not certainly be here. For when we men suffer, and things go badly with us, it is no more than what we deserve for our sins, and what we must and can bear; but the poor cattle—what have they done?"

"And now, a short love-tale.

"A young peasant loved two young maidens at once, and—singular enough—loved them both with the same affection; and they both also loved him dearly. One, however, expressed towards him such entire and devoted love, that—and thence perhaps was it—he suddenly turned with a preponderating affection to the other. This one, however, said to him, 'I will not consent to be a bride hearing the sighs of another; and it is now thy duty to marry Kerstin: I shall always esteem you, but we must now separate.'

"What suggestions would not this anecdote present for French novelists to expand; tortures, frenzies, explosions, and endless explanations. Not merely sacrifices, but poisonings, and at least we should have had three corpses. But how simply did the genius of the Dalecarlian loosen the knot.

"The young man listened to the sensible girl's expostulation, and obeyed the dictates of duty. He married Kerstin, and as they were both good creatures, they were happy with each other. They lived four years joyfully together, and had three children, when the wife died.

"But upon her death-bed she said to her husband—

"I have a request to make of you, which is, that after my death you marry Anna, whom you once loved, and still love, and who, as far as I know, has much regard for you, and that you give my children no other mother.

"The man sincerely mourned his wife, but when the time of mourning had passed, it was not difficult on his part to fulfil her dying request.

"He went to the still unmarried but ever-beloved Anna, and told her the last wish of his dying wife, and with which his own concurred. She answered:

"You are as dear to me as ever you were, and I would willingly become your wife, but I fear for your children. I fear I should not be to them such a mother as I could conscientiously answer to myself and to the deceased, or so that you could be satisfied with me."

"And Anna remained constant to this determination, notwithstanding all the arguments of love and reason used to endeavour to persuade her to alter it.

"In utter despair the young man came one day to me. He related the affair to me, and implored me to speak to the young woman, and endeavour to persuade her to become his wife.

"That I will endeavour to persuade her I will not promise you," said I, "for in such serious concerns we must all exercise free will, but I will speak to her and tell her what my opinion is."

"I sent for the maiden, spoke to her of her future duties; and I succeeded in satisfying her too scrupulous conscience. I had shortly afterwards the pleasure of uniting the couple.

"A couple of years afterwards business carried me to the neighbourhood of where they dwelt. It was a rough autumnal evening, and, besides, very cold. But upon stepping into the room, a cheerful blaze was kindled on the hearth, and four children were playing upon the floor in the bright light of the fire. Both husband and wife arose to receive the visitor, but when they recognised me, they were deeply moved, and began to weep. 'Oh! sir, ask her—pray ask her if she is not contented with me!'

"But I did not ask her, I observed tears of joy give me a reply.

"The last was a delightful story," exclaimed Brigitta, as soon as the professor had concluded.

"And you, Siri," asked he, "which pleased you best?"

Blushing timidly, Siri replied, "That of the Dalecarlian and his cattle."

"That is right, my dear girl!" said the professor, and kissed her on the brow.

"Now, what do you think of grits and milk?" said Mrs. Ingeborg, who entered followed by her maidens carrying a large bowl and plates.

"After you, the best thing in the world," replied her husband kindly. And Olof was quite ready to concur in this; for, according to his opinion, it was the very crown of all, that the spinning evenings were also the grits evenings, and which thus collected them all in a circle around an enormous smoking bowl of grits and milk. Olof also thought his home the happiest home in the world.

There was within this home of his much that was matter of profound contemplation to his naturally observant and attentive mind, and riddles here presented themselves more difficult to solve than any of the wonders Mrs. Ingeborg had seen

at the "King's Court." She herself was one of these, for Olof frequently remarked moments of melancholy, which came and went without any ostensible cause presenting itself, and expressions occasionally escaped her, evidently indicative of some recondite cause of uneasiness. But the fervent bliss she enjoyed with her husband, her candid nature, her vivacious spirits, and her general activity and her benevolence towards all who surrounded her, and which made all thrive, animals as well as human beings, beneath her fostering care, and the mode in which she enjoyed both life and nature, all combined, seemed to prohibit the remotest suspicion of such a secret. Olof's researches into the cause of her sadness—which she cautiously concealed from her husband, and which never cast an ungentle shadow over her temper—extended no further than to the supposition that it proceeded from the organic disease of the heart, from which she had suffered for many years, and which was occasionally only troublesome but never—at least so it was said—dangerous.

His father's character was as clear as day; his merits, as well as his faults, were conspicuous to all. Warm, energetic, acute, strong, both in will and resolution. It was impossible for him to exist but in restless activity and progression. His excitability caused him sometimes to commit errors, but his Christian meekness and candour soon urged him to acknowledge them and to apologise for them. He was one of those men whom it was impossible to live with without clouds occasionally darkening the intercourse, but whose absence was felt to produce an intolerable vacancy.

Olof's most agreeable companion in the house was Brigitta, whose society was felt to produce the greatest pleasure, and with her he often and willingly spoke of his step-mother, Brigitta's "delightful aunt," and with her he hazarded suppositions as to the possibility of Siri ever becoming rational or Walborg ever animated by the warm breath of humanity, or whether a capacity to love would ever be developed in her, &c. &c. With her also he spoke of his own future, his proximate residence at Fahlun, where, at the Mining Academy, he now purposed profoundly studying mining, in the hope of some day becoming an inspector of mines; and to her he frequently exhibited the light of his various accomplishments and skill, and related to her his manifold experiences; for Olof was one of those young men who find a ready welcome in the world, and had something of that self-confidence which it is not unusual for a young man of three-and-twenty to have, but which—much more certainly—is no longer possessed at three-and-forty.

The family at Mora had many friends, but none more intimate or dearer than the vicar of Sollero, his wife and children. A week rarely passed without bringing them together, either at Mora or at Sollero. It was only during several weeks of the autumn and spring that this intercourse was interrupted, when the ice of the lake of Silya was neither firm nor had melted.

One day the great vicar and his little wife were at Mora; it was evening, and the young folks were dancing in the saloon whilst the older ones were conversing in the dining-room. Two strangers, friends of the professor, from Stockholm, increased the party. The discourse turned upon

marriage, and one of the strangers commended the tranquillity and unanxious condition of the single state. The professor took up the opposite argument, and spoke enthusiastically in favour of marriage, and was somewhat illiberal, for he maintained that man found in marriage only—of course he assumed a happy one—his complete development, the highest ennoblement of his being. His enthusiasm quite excited him, and he concluded in the following words: "It is usually thought that the commencement of marriage is its happiest period, but this is not so, which both my wife and myself well know. I am a thousand times happier with her, and love her a thousand times more than I did ten years ago when I married her, and I am positively certain that ten years hence I shall still think more of her than I do now, for true love is ever in increase, and, like the love of God, it has neither limitation nor end. Indeed, were I now told,—you are free, go forth into the world and select another wife, I would first turn to her and say, 'Will you have me again?'"

"Dalecarlia," said the advocate of the single state, "Dalecarlia must be a good soil for marriage; even in the lowest classes and in the poorest dwellings I think I have seen happier unions than are usually found in the world. It is indeed inciting when we reflect that so supreme a blessing as you attribute to marriage can be enjoyed both by high and low, both by the educated and, with respect to intellectual cultivation, the uneducated."

"Ay, ay!" said the professor, "but mind you, I do not admit a *perfect* equality. Cultivation produces a difference, and certainly to the advantage of them who possess it, a purified view of life and its ultimate purposes, manifold subjects for reflection, for the attachment of interest, and the nourishment of discourse, endow life more richly, fostering resignation;—this certainly may not be altered, just as a larger lens combines more rays within its focus than a smaller one, and produces greater heat and kindles a larger fire. For my part, I should not be half so happy with my wife if I could not converse with her, could not consult with her upon all subjects that have an interest for me, and if she did not suggest to me as the result of her knowledge, as well as natural capacity, thoughts and views which would not otherwise occur to me. How often has it happened, when, after reflecting and studying in vain, she with one word has illuminated the subject that was obscure to me, and made all clear and intelligible. Thence is she my dearest, my indispensable companion, the true half of my life; and thence is it that I consider education as such an important matter, especially for persons placed beyond the need of exclusively providing for the necessities of life, and for married people in good circumstances; and in as far as they can live intellectually together, do they become the more necessary to each other, and the transformation from lovers to friends—which all married people must pass through—is an ascending, not a descending metamorphosis. For love, which is not ennobled into friendship, is worth but little."

Whilst the professor was thus speaking, Mrs. Ingeborg had gone into an adjoining room, and stood there at a window which commanded a view of the church close by. Its fine tower shone in

the rays of the evening sun ; the melodious bells of Mora struck six ; silent tears glided down Mrs. Ingeborg's cheeks, whilst hereyes lingered upon the closely contiguous trees of the churchyard. Two of her children which had died in earliest infancy lay there, and her unobserved and flowing tears seemed to charge the fiery words of her husband upon the happiness of their marriage with untruth. But this it was not, it was but maternal love which at this moment claimed its tribute, and when the professor an instant afterwards stood by her side, and with tender anxiety inquired, "What is it, my Ingeborg?" she merely whispered, with a glance at the churchyard, "The children!"

Nordenwall was a moment silent, for he could appreciate her feelings, but he then said, laying his hand upon her's, "But He who gave and He who has taken away can yet restore them. . . ."

"No ! No !" said Mrs. Ingeborg, almost passionately, "that do I not deserve."

Mrs. Ingeborg occasionally uttered similar exclamations, and this always displeased her husband, for he thought he saw in it a diseased imagination, and he even now somewhat impatiently replied—

"No one deserves God's grace, but that you deserve it less than any other, that I will not listen to—these are chimeras of your imagination—self-created tortures, which you should not make."

"I do not complain," gently interrupted Mrs. Ingeborg ; "and if I have no children, I have you and your love, which is everything to me in the world, and replaces everything."

Such sentiments Nordenwall was always delighted to hear, and he therefore said with pleasure—

"And even if we have no children of our own, we have foster-children, who will therefore be to us as ours. Come ! let us go and see them dance. Siri dances like the very queen of the fairies, that child has most peculiar charms, she——"

"But where is Siri?"

Siri was not amongst the young folks—Siri was not even in the house. Siri, they said, had not been seen since shortly after dinner. The professor for the first time expressed his displeasure with her. "Siri is then never at home," he said.

"I will once more become a fish," said Brigitta, "if that girl does not one day become a bird and fly away from us altogether. How unhappy this Siri makes us."

SIRI.

"I SHOULD much like to know where she can be," said Olof to Brigitta, as both met in the courtyard seeking Siri.

"Yes, that the wind knows!" replied Brigitta; "I only know she never is where she ought to be. Uncle is now angry, and I can assure you it is not well then to speak to him, and poor aunt is so anxious Holloa, maiden, have you seen Siri?" said Brigitta to a farm girl who was crossing the court and who replied:

"I saw her some hours ago riding towards Mokarleberg."

"Let us go that way, perhaps we shall meet her," said Olof to Brigitta. And they went, and whilst contemplating during their walk the beautiful waters of the Silja and the Daleve, and the wooded mountains encompassing them, Olof hinted at his plans and prospects for the future. Prominent

beyond all was the wish to become some day the proprietor of iron works in Dalecarlia. "Oh what a life of enjoyment would that be!" exclaimed he, "and what a field for activity and happiness. The working of iron—Sweden's chief wealth, with all kinds of experiments for its improvement, the inspection of the labourers in the mines, and exertions to ameliorate their condition—how conducive would not all this be to happiness!—direct intercourse with nature, a world in itself, and conjunctively with its enjoyment, that of a happy domestic life, which in these glorious valleys . . ."

"Domestic life!" interrupted Brigitta roughly; "only listen to this youth, he is doubtless thinking of papa and mamma, and perhaps two of his little cousins besides. It is really affecting!"

"What do you mean? . . . Ay, yes! yes! But I was not merely thinking of our domestic life," said Olof, smiling and blushing.

"Of what domestic life then," said Brigitta very simply, but leering roughly with her sparkling eyes.

"Alas! . . . perhaps of my own . . . if I . . . should marry."

"For instance! If the intended were indeed already thought of! How?"

"Not so!" said Olof, laughing, "but I expect she would not be difficult to find. Oh, look! yonder is Siri."

And it was Siri who came galloping towards them. Her fiery Brunhilda quite heated, and her own countenance expressing considerable excitement. The extremities of her collar fluttered at her shoulders like a pair of wings. As soon as she observed Olof and Brigitta she reined her horse up, sprung from it, leaving it standing alone, and hastened to the couple, who were sitting upon a green mound, at a short distance from the road.

"It was a delightful ride," said she, as she threw herself down upon the grass beside them. "Olof, you must some day ride Brunhilda, she flies as it were on the wings of the wind."

"Alas!" said Brigitta, "if you had but less inclination for wind and storm, and more for sitting still, it would be far better. But pray do not sit upon the damp ground, Siri! now that you are heated."

"The ground is not cold," said Siri; "it has a warm heart, a far warmer heart than mankind. I wish I was within it," added she softly, kissing the ground, and pressing it to her burning cheeks.

"The heart of the earth," said Brigitta; "why, what foolish talk is that, dear Siri?"

"Not quite so foolish as you think," said Olof. "We may safely say that the earth has a warm heart, for in all probability its centre is red hot. The deeper we descend into the earth the greater is the warmth. For instance, in the copper mines of Fahlun, at the depth of two hundred fathoms the heat is so considerable that the labourers during the very coldest winters work without their coats. But what does my little sister know of the warm heart of the earth?"

"Ah, I know more than you think for," said Siri, nodding roughly.

"Yes, since you have become a gnome," said Brigitta, "have you become intimate with all the wonders, both upon and within the earth and the mountains, and have conceived such ideas of how splendid it must be there—that it is really frightful.

But indeed, Siri, you shall no longer lie there, you little sweet, disagreeable, delightful, and mischievous maiden! Come hither to me, and let me throw my shawl round you; I could almost be angry and . . .”

But before Brigitta could conclude, Siri was by her side, and clung to her with the softness of a dove, and with child-like love she laid her head upon her shoulder.

Whilst Olof was occupied in botanising, and had thus walked some little distance away, Brigitta began in a sisterly, or rather motherly manner, to intimate to Siri that she did wrong thus to absent herself so often, particularly just now that she was wished so much at home, and as uncle very much desired to have all united about him.

“Alas!” said Siri, “it is precisely that I see you all together and so happy that I go away. I have no peace within amongst the rest . . . where I am so isolated—where there is no one who loves me,—and whom therefore I cannot love. I feel so wretched—so unhappy. I was once told I am a strange being, and not like other people, and perhaps I am actually a changeling, as I was called when a child. But what do you wish I should do? I cannot be otherwise.” And Siri commenced weeping bitterly.

“Perhaps, my sweet girl,” said Brigitta gently, “you might be different if you would, and perhaps you would also be so if you . . .”

“If I what?” said Siri, eagerly looking up.

“If you were more amongst us; more with aunt.”

“Oh, no, Brigitta!” said Siri gloomily, shaking her head. “She and I can never quite accord, this I feel myself, but I do not know whence it comes. Oh, no, no, it will never succeed!”

“Oh, but it will,” replied Brigitta, “it cannot be otherwise, but do not be unreasonable, Siri! Who would not instantly love aunt, if they rightly knew her? and you, I am sure would, were you to associate more with her. She is an angel of goodness. And you, even you, would comprehend this, and would already have comprehended it, if you stayed at home as you ought to do, and did not constantly fly about the mountains, like a wild bird. And uncle, if you only knew the kind of man he is, you would soon love him too. But you will soon learn to esteem him, for you are shortly to receive religious instruction from him.”

“Alas!” cried Siri, quite frightened, “that is dreadful! that is horrid!”

“What do you say, Siri? What! to receive instruction from uncle Nordenwall; to hear him explain God’s word? Why to me that appears the very climax of honour and delight.”

“Yes, you,” said Siri, and buried her head in Brigitta’s shawl; but me . . . I am afraid of him. His look, his voice, all frighten me. And then how will it be when I am alone with him? When he stands before me as an instructor, and high priest, and perhaps requires me to believe things which I cannot at all comprehend, and which appear to me so dreadful and so strange. But look you! I cannot, nor will not, be commanded nor guided by any one. I will be free; free like the bird in the air; and if I am locked in, why . . . Do you remember the little titmouse you told us of, which was so tame and so pleased as long as it could hop freely about the room, but which, when

it was put into the cage, flew fluttering and beating itself against the bars, until it fell dead at the bottom? Thus will it be with me; for I would rather die than . . . Alas! alas! a sad, very sad time is coming!”

“God forbid! Do not take it so to heart, dear Siri. You are as yet no titmouse, but a human being, and therefore conduct yourself as such, my dear girl! and not like an irrational bird. For what you now say has neither rhyme nor reason in it. You will see that the coming time will be an excellent and delightful time.”

But Brigitta could not forbear indulging secret anxiety when she reflected upon the hasty temperament of her uncle, and the strange and intractable character of the maiden, who, almost trembling, now clung to her.

“I almost fear,” said Siri, “that all this will drive me mad; but suppose I ran quite away; suppose I rode to Blakulla!” And Siri looked at Brigitta and laughed heartily.

“That you must not do,” said Brigitta seriously. “You would not surely give us such dreadful pain.”

“Pain!” cried Siri. “Would any one grieve for me? No! that I cannot believe! And suppose you were really anxious a short time about me, you would all soon be pleased to have got rid of such a troublesome thing: Excepting one, perhaps,” added she, turning with her eyes full of tears, and with a sombre expression in their glance, towards the Mittagsberg, whose summit was now crowned with a diadem of golden clouds.

At this instant Brunhilda neighed loudly, and Siri rose, “Shall we be off again, my bold bay steed?” said she, stroking the horse; and before Olof, who was now advancing, could assist her, she leaped into the saddle, and galloped off to the rectory of Mora, saluting them kindly with her hand.

“That is indeed a strange girl,” said Olof, following her with his eyes. “She rides admirably. But tell me, Brigitta, I beseech you, what is the meaning of all this mysterious talk about the Mittagsberg, the mountain king, Siri’s mountain rambles, and your water life and fish life, as you call it? May I expect to hear what all this means?”

“Yes, that is a wonderful history, you may well imagine,” said Brigitta, “a story which I do not myself clearly comprehend, and which I much fear has not completed its catastrophe. Oh! I feel my skin crawl when I think of it. It is not, I assure you, very amusing to have been a fish, after being born human, and to have been caught in a net and floundered away! But what Siri was at that time heaven knows! We speak sportfully of a bird, but . . .”

And Brigitta pressed her lips together and shook her head.

“But tell me, pray tell me!” said Olof impatiently.

“You know,” commenced Brigitta, who, speaking low and becoming paler than usual, said, “You know that in September, last year, I arrived here to reside for a few weeks. At that time Siri had been at Mora about a month since the death of her mother. We one day paid a visit to the vicarage of Sollero. The Mittagsberg lies directly opposite this island, about a half-an-hour’s distance

from it, with several small islets lying between. This mountain occupied a good deal of our attention, and we spoke much about it, for it was our weather prophet. Its appearance differs at different periods of the day and during different states of the weather, but it is always beautiful. We called it the Giant, and Siri sported much in her fancy about it. Of an evening, Siri and I, when the weather was propitious, used to go upon the water; and if we extended our excursion to the lake, Siri used to play upon her flute, which was indeed delightful, and the sweetest thing I ever heard. She can produce tones which absolutely penetrate the heart. One evening we were rowing in our little boat in the vicinity of Mora; I rowed, and Siri played upon her flute so beautifully that I really—wept. And the air, and the lake, and the banks, all were so still—so tranquil, as if greedily listening to her. Meantime it became late; and, as a vapour was ascending from the lake, we rowed homewards. All at once, we heard a rush into the lake, and distinctly heard something which breathed hard swimming towards our boat. What it might be we could not clearly distinguish in the obscurity, but something dark and misshapen I observed upon the surface of the lake approaching our boat. Siri put her flute aside, took an oar, and we exerted all our strength to escape from it; but the noise made by our aquatic pursuer appeared to approach closer and closer. We were now not very far from one of the islets, and we were hoping to reach it, when all at once our boat would not stir. We rowed and rowed, but still it would not move. I cannot distinctly affirm whether it was water weeds or water nixies which checked our progress, by clinging to the boat, but it is probable that it was only weeds; but at that time I firmly believed that enchantment had a hand in it, and that it was the maleficent spirit of the stream which, in the form of a black horse, pursued us to draw us to him.*

"In my alarm I called for help, and heard a voice, apparently from the Mittagsberg, which replied to me. But the black enemy was now close to us, and the boat was as firm as if upon the land. Siri stood up courageously, with an oar in the hand, prepared for battle. I then saw a horse's hoof, or the claw of the fiend, rise out of the water and lay itself upon the edge of our boat, which at the very instant upset, and . . . I saw no more, but heard Siri's voice calling 'Brigitta,' at the very moment that I sank into the water, in a tone which went through my soul."

Brigitta was silent a moment, as if overpowered by the remembrance.

"And you lost all consciousness?" said Olof.

"It seemed as if I fell asleep," continued Brigitta. "I do not remember to have felt the least pain; but upon recovering I felt very ill, and found myself in a little boat upon one of the islets near Sollero, whence the fisherman who had heard my calls had rowed to our assistance. As far as I can now remember, I immediately called for Siri, and asked for her; but Siri was not there and no one knew anything about her."

* It is a popular superstition in Sweden that the "Evil one" changes himself sometimes into a "black horse." He is said to have stolen brides in this guise, when, on their return from church, they have crossed a stream or a meadow.

"But those people who saved you—"

"Neither had they seen one glimpse of her. When they reached our boat it was upset; and when they turned it up it entangled itself in a net, and in this they saw a large, very large fish, and this fish—was I, who, God knows how, had fixed my head in it; and they now lifted me out and carried me ashore in a fishing-boat, just like a poor fish."

"And Siri?"

"Yes, Siri was not there, nor was she to be found during the evening, nor throughout the night, nor even on the following day, although everything was done to learn what had become of her. Uncle himself was out the whole night with a number of people with torches, who sought her and called her aloud; for as Siri could swim very well, and was consequently more fish than I, it was plausible to suppose she had swam somewhere to land; but she was nowhere to be found. It was a dismal night; aunt was beside herself. I never saw her so pale. I can see her now, as during the whole night she ran up and down the banks with her torch in her hand, not heeding the violence of the tempest, and constantly crying 'Siri! Siri!' with a heart-piercing voice, and looking as if she would leap into the lake, to seek her in the depths of its waters."

"Thus passed the night. The following day Siri was trawled for in the lake, but in vain, as you may suppose. She had, as it were, disappeared out of the world. But in the afternoon one of her little shoes was found in the neighbourhood of the Mittagsberg. Oh, this shoe! How aunt did kiss it! That, indeed, was a proof that Siri still lived. But I could not forbear recalling to mind a story I had recently read in the newspapers, of a young girl, I think in Smaalund, who one day did not come home; and after she had been long sought for, one of her shoes was found in the vicinity of a mountain, and a little further on another, and at last, she herself was discovered in a cavern, lying quite still, with her head upon a stone, and sunk apparently in deep sleep. But when they approached nearer they saw that she did indeed sleep, but to awake no more. Yes, she was dead, and it was never discovered how this happened; and I could not forbear thinking that Siri would be found in a cavern, with her sweet little head and blond ringlets resting upon a stone, and sleeping the sleep of death; and this appeared so sad! so sad! Ay, since that time my eyes have become one third larger than they were before, so much did they swell by my crying."

"Ten o'clock at night came, and still no relief from this anguish and search. And we were all assembled in the saloon. Uncle spoke to aunt, and endeavoured to tranquillise her, for she appeared frantic, and continued crying 'Siri, Siri! my child!' And behold! there stood Siri, all at once, in the doorway, with her pale face lighted by the moon, and with her blond locks, and said, 'Here am I!' We thought at first we saw her ghost, but it was really Siri, all alive and no ghost at all. And wasn't we happy now! So Olof the story is ended."

"How, ended? It is now that the most important part comes. How was Siri saved? where was she—"

"Were you to question me the whole night

through, I could but reply that I do not know. Siri could or would never give a satisfactory explanation. All that she said was, that when the boat upset, she struck her temples against its edge, and lost her senses; and that when she recovered, she found herself lying at the foot of the Mittagsberg; that as soon as she felt herself sufficiently strong, she crawled to the cottages of some fishermen which lie upon the margin of the lake, and by the assistance of those people she returned to us. This very unsatisfactory explanation was all she would give, and nothing could induce her to give any other, although uncle closely examined her. Indeed she had a severe bruise upon her temple, therefore it might be all true about her striking herself against the boat; but there was an incoherency in the story, which did not satisfy us. She has never since given any other explanation, and when any of us ask her about her adventures, she replies very idly or tells us fictions about the Giant of the Mittagsberg, about his palace, and all the splendours she had seen, and ever so much more stuff, which is as empty and unsubstantial as Ghost Stories, or the Arabian Nights."

"Hem! that is remarkable."

"Oh yes, is it not so? Could not this almost persuade one to believe the old stories of witches and mountain spirits?"

"Hem! I am more inclined to believe my little sister is somewhat crafty, and I should much like to question her a little about it. And that supposed wonderful animal which pursued you on the lake—have you obtained any explanation of that? It was doubtlessly a horse, I think."

"Yes, it was said to be a horse which was grazing upon one of the islets, and which was supposed to have been prompted by a sudden desire to spring into the boat—a remarkable longing for a horse, methinks! But the whole of this adventure is so strange, that I do not know what to think of it. And the worst of it is, that Siri, notwithstanding her jests about it, is yet, seriously, much altered since then. She is often uneasy, melancholy, and thoughtful, as she never was before, and sometimes utters strange or very extraordinary words. It seems that she has also acquired a sort of longing for death, and a love for the interior of the earth and of the hills, which to me is incomprehensible; for, although I was a fish, I have yet no desire to swim about the waters, nor do I even long to visit them. Siri has always been somewhat of the nature of a moth, and has delighted to flutter in the moonshine, and amidst the starlight, or even amongst the bats; but since that adventure she is much altered, and more bewitched than ever, and God only knows how all this will end. I have sometimes most anxious and fearful forebodings; yet I cannot forbear heartily loving this wild creature."

"Yes," said Olof, after a short pause, "I do not know whether they are good or bad spirits which thus sport with her, but I confess that she much interests me also, and I should very like to be in some way useful to her; I could be her—"

"Anything but her lover," said Brigitta, with a roguish expression, "for I do not think your alliance together is recorded in heaven."

"Why! what?" said Olof, with a slight expression of displeasure; "why must one always think

of love and marriage? I could as readily fall in love with a shape of air, or any of the fantastic beings of our Saga, as with Siri. I will only be a fraternal friend to her, and if she should thus become fond of me, I think it will do her no great harm."

Olof assumed a haughty demeanour, and appeared slightly affronted. Brigitta coughed confusedly; when by this time they had reached the rectory, where, in the court-yard the "Widow's game" was in full play, but where the curate sat apart upon a bench, looking quite melancholy, and feeling his own pulse.

"I must have some sport with him," said Brigitta, "and spur him up with a little Latin." She then cast fond glances at her betrothed, and thus feelingly addressed him:

"O amicus meus carissimus! Tornera thy Nasus versus Deinem, serva humalissima, and see if thy thoughtsibus occupy themselves with thy dearibus."

"What jargon is this? it is quite torturing to listen to it," cried the curate, shaking himself.

"Prosit!" said Brigitta. "Why should I not also be able to speak Latin? The only difference between thy Latin and mine is, that but few understand thine, whereas everybody understands mine. It is therefore clear that mine is the most sensible, and that I speak more perspicuously than you do. Is that not a logical conclusion? How! you are silent. You admit yourself to be vanquished in Latin as well as in logic? Good. Wait only for my next attack in mathematics."

The curate laughed slightly but hoarsely, yet looked like the mildest sunshine, and became afterwards quite animated; ay, even so much so, as to participate in the amusements going on, wherein his long legs gave him a great advantage, for he never failed reaching his partner, which seemed to afford him considerable mirth. Siri was in her element, as she could jump about to her very heart's content. Even Walborg was moveable, and became by the excitement and heat much more beautiful. Lieutenant Lasse picked up during the dance a small handkerchief belonging to her, which she had dropped during the dance, sighed deeply whilst kissing it and concealed it in his bosom. Mrs. Ingeborg sat upon the steps of the door, beside her husband, looking cheerfully on at the young folks enjoying their game. Glancing up into his countenance, she beheld there a contented smile, which thus became reflected in her own.

It was a delightful picture; but a couple of days presented a different one, which we may call—

DIVISIONS.

ARE divisions rare upon this earthly home of ours?—divisions which separate the mind from the body, and admit a kind of intellectual draught into the house, that creeps through the most imperceptible crevices, drives sociality from every corner, and even makes the Penates tremble? Alas! there are few who are not visited by them; and the impressions which most embitter the mind, the impressions which operate most inimically upon the suavities of life, are never wholly removed. But these divisions appear sometimes worse than they really are. There is current in

the world an invisible cement, which is incessantly repairing injuries and filling rents. It operates in us, it operates in others; it operates in high and low conditions, for it is usually best to anticipate the certainty of mischance,—that being the rule, and not the exception,—and thus matters go on, even better and more indissolubly than before they happened. Therefore, LOVE and WAIT are the essence of the philosophy of home.

Serious endeavours had recently been made to superinduce in Siri more tranquillity of disposition, and more frequent application to female occupations; and this excited within her ill-humour and a spirit of insubordination, which distinctly expressed itself against Mrs. Ingeborg. One day Siri replied to some maternal and serious admonition in a way which made Mrs. Ingeborg turn pale, and silently convey her hand to her heart, whilst Siri insolently left the room. An instant afterwards, Olof opened the door of Siri's chamber, and walked in. He found her busied with her mosses and stones, of which she made grottos and arbours, and filled them with all imaginable shapes of men and animals; and they dwelt here in all the golden peace of a paradise, wherein Siri often transported herself in imagination. As Olof entered, she advanced to meet him, and holding her small closed fist to him, she said, "Will you have a pinch, Olof?—life is occasionally so sad, that we need strive to gladden it both how and where we can."

"No, thank you; no snuff for me," said Olof, laughing; "I have not come to fetch a pinch, but to bring one."

"Of what kind," said Siri, laughing; and Olof replied, "Spanish." But as he now dropped his jocular tone, and commenced representing very seriously to Siri the impropriety of her conduct, she hastily endeavoured to leave the room; but this Olof prevented, by stepping to it, locking it, and putting the key in his pocket. Siri was therefore obliged to stop and hearken to him, as little as this pleased her. And she listened for some time in sombre silence, and with knitted brows; but upon Olof's fraternal, and although severe, yet gentle exhortations, her obduracy dissolved, and she commenced weeping bitterly. Olof did not allow this to soften him, and continued more vehemently and impressively to speak to her of her duties, of the purposes of her existence as a human being and a female, and of her relative condition as a child in this house, where she was received with the kindest affection. Olof's eloquence had excited even himself. Suddenly Siri stood up, and stretched towards him her clasped hands, exclaiming, "O speak no more! Oh! I see—I see I have been wrong! Oh! that some one would thus often admonish me. But I have been a much neglected child. I have usually been treated as a wild animal, instead of a human being, and this I have consequently become. But do not reject me; do not cast me off. Have patience with me, and I will do my best to conform. Be my friend, and do not let them exact too much from me. Oh, I am, I am—not happy."

And uttering these words she leant her head on Olof's bosom. He pressed her fraternally to him, and drying her eyes, he spoke cheering and friendly words to her. He felt such deep interest and such a brotherly affection for the young maiden

who thus yielded herself up to his guidance and protection, that he formed the firm resolution within his heart to become her friend and protector. And yet he was very glad that Brigitta was not a witness of this scene, to make her own commentaries upon it.

A few days afterwards, Siri became exceedingly amiable. In a kind and mild manner she did all that she was required to do; she sewed with Brigitta; she assisted Walborg in her domestic duties, and she was always at home when the family assembled; but with all she did not appear in quite a cheerful state of mind; she was paler than usual, and her eyes were often filled with tears. One evening—but to this we will dedicate a separate chapter.

TONES.—FOREBODINGS.

WHITSUNTIDE was approaching, which this year fell early in June. It was the time when the populace in Sweden say that God's angels pass to and fro between heaven and earth. Witsun morn was coming, when, they say, as on Easter day, that the sun dances in heaven, and children look up at it through smoked glass, calling to each other—"See! see! now it begins to dance!" The time when innumerable flowers, like so many glittering eyes, glance upwards at the clouds, when—

Each and all,
On Jehova call,
And rejoice in his glorious approach.

Olof was wandering this beautiful May evening along the banks of the river nearest to Orsa, and inhaled, in voluptuous inspirations (spiritual as well as corporeal) the glorious and inspiring pulsations of nature. Narrow streaks of cultivated land glittered in their bright emerald verdure from amidst the dark pine forests high up the mountains—for the mountains, which in this vicinity consist chiefly of sandstone, are frequently from spot to spot cultivated up to their very summits, and the autumnal devastating angel of the Dale—frost—is less destructive along these elevated spots than it is in the valleys beneath. The Elfe meandered transparently clear through the green fields and the variegated splendour of the meadows; and *Campanula patula* already began to throw open its beautifully-coloured flowers, looking downward from the top of their high stalks. Olof contemplated the sportive eddies of the stream; he gazed at the distant mountains, which were enveloped in a blue and mysterious obscurity, and thought upon Siri; for this landscape, with its varying physiognomy, appeared to him the symbol of the charming but enigmatical maiden who occupied so much of his thoughts. And his heart was now prompted in its sentiments towards her by the remembrance of her recent submissiveness and tears. And whilst thus walking and thinking, the melodious tones of a flute suddenly struck his ear. The air was one of those northern melodies wherein melancholy earnestness is interwoven with an enchanting simple joy, and which close in a *mo-ri-endo* in which the air does not seem to die, but to vanish like a spirit in space, and hastens away to continue its song upon other and distant shores.

Olof's heart was deeply moved by these tones and the holy and tranquil life—the life of Dalecarlia—which seemed echoed in them. The youth's feelings were excited, and he was impressed with an earnest solemnity, for it seemed as if at this instant a profound yet engaging mystery of life was about being unravelled to him.

He well knew that the syren who produced these enchanting strains was no other than Siri, and he followed the sounds to find her. He speedily discovered her reclining upon the soft grass of a green hillock close to the stream; wild thornbushes—which so profusely decorate in this vicinity the banks of the Dalelve—encircled her, and the little fawn Durathor, which was lying at her feet, pricked up its ears when it heard him approaching from the distance. Siri also looked up; she blushed slightly as Olof neared, but greeted him kindly. She looked tranquil, but not happy.

"That air was very sweet which you just now blew," said Olof.

"Do you think so?" said she, "then I will play you others like it;" and she played some other pretty melodies and said, "Do you know that?"

"No."

"It is the song which the boatman of Husberg sings at night sitting upon the rocks above the waterfall. The words are,

"And I hope and I hope that my Redeemer lives,"

and oh, how delighted do I listen when I hear him sing this!"

"Does he really then sit there and sing during the night?" said Olof, smiling, and seating himself at the same time upon a stone opposite Siri.

"Yes, so they say," replied she hesitatingly. "I know some say this is all superstition, but there is much that is superstitious and yet which is really beautiful, and which has all the vigour and freshness of truth."

"Now, for instance. Relate to me other tales like it," said Olof, fondly.

"For instance, these hill-spirits," continued Siri. "Do you know who live upon these hills? They are hill-spirits, for the hills are the dwelling-places of spirits. And upon a Saturday, if we lie down on one of them, they say we shall hear the music within it. It is the hill-spirits playing upon their harps, and singing and complaining of their imprisonment and begging men to free them, and when this is promised them they then play boldly and cheerfully throughout the whole night. But if they are told they have no liberator, they then strike their harps wailing, and all is silent within the hills. And do you know, beautiful virgins dwell in the fountains, but they also are imprisoned, and beneath their silver roofs long ardently for the day of judgment when they shall be released? They are dumb, and look very sorrowful and raise their melancholy eyes and shed large tears. In all the rivers and the lakes, in the mountains and in the woods, there are beings who are imprisoned and who sigh for enlargement. Alas, Olof, how these grieve me, and how joyfully would I release them! I have often felt, and especially recently, how intolerable it is to be cooped up, and now only think—to be so for one's whole life!"

"But, my sweet girl!" said Olof, "all these

beings about whom you are so troubled are mere creations of the fancy, and have no actual existence."

"Ay, so many say," said Siri, "but I feel that in some way or another they do exist, although I cannot clearly explain it to myself. Often when alone in the open air by day or by night, methinks I feel an impulse to address everything, and as if all would reply to me, and that I should understand all if . . . Sooth, I cannot say what hinders me, but it often appears to me as if I too were bound, and required a liberator, and that then I should understand all, and be good and happy. Alas! Olof; then again sometimes I feel so strangely; and when I see anything about me that suffers, or is destroyed, or dies, I long to help and to save it, and I am so sad when I find I cannot."

"Heaven only knows, my little sister, how these melancholy phantasies spring up in you, but to me Nature appears everywhere both magnificent and perfect."

"Yes, sometimes it appears so to me too; but I have peeped behind the scene; and there, there is much that is evil and repulsive. I have observed how all interchangeably is consumed and destroyed, and how animals pursue each other; and I have observed what horrid cruelty men daily and hourly practise upon animals. Alas! Olof, all is not good in Nature. But can you tell me, Olof, if animals have a soul—I mean a soul which survives the body?"

"Ha! No! That can I not; but I should like you to speak to my father about it, for he is a learned man, and has thought profoundly upon many obscure subjects. And as I happen to remember, to-morrow is Sunday, and my father preaches. Will you accompany us to church and hear him?"

"To church?" said Siri, looking gloomy, "to that old dark house, and amidst such a crowd? Why should we not prefer remaining beneath the enarching heavens, where all is so beautiful? The church makes me sad and melancholy."

"Pray join us to-morrow; do it for my sake!" earnestly entreated Olof.

"For thy sake? Well then I will; but Olof speak to them at home; beg of them not to chain me to my needle and my books. I am so very young, let me still enjoy my freedom a short time longer!"

The glance and the tone with which Siri begged were fervent.

But Olof replied, "Promise me, then, that you will be as obedient and tractable as possible at home, and I am sure I will induce them to give you as much liberty as is consistent. We will ramble amongst the mountains during the summer; you shall be my guide, Siri, and we will make extensive excursions both by land and by water, and have much pleasure together."

"Ah, that will be delightful indeed!" said Siri, brightening with joy. "Oh, how glorious will that be! And you, Durather," continued she, sporting with her fawn, which rested its head upon her knees, "You shall accompany us, pretty wanton! Yes, yes, that will be delightful! Have you a soul, Durather? Can you not tell if you have a soul which does not die? Yes, thou hast an immortal soul, I perceive it in thy large beautiful eyes. Thou wilt one day enter paradise and enjoy the tree of

life and the waters of life, and thou shalt have little golden bells upon thy antlers!"*

"Do not promise more than you can perform, dear sister," said Olof, smiling.

Siri had now again become childishly pleased and sportful, and as they walked together towards home, she showed him flowers and grasses which she loved, and he then told her their botanical names. She once stopped him and said, "Take care, do not step upon the sward here! here the elves have danced, and she showed him a circlet of bluish green grass, which was clearly distinguishable from the rest of the herbage. And Olof apprised her that this grass was called "*Sesleria caerulea*," and had the vernacular name—"Elf dance grass."

"I am frequently imagining to myself pretty elves in paradise, dancing all night long, during summer, in the grass, and also that animals and men are happy together there, living in complete peace. Does not the Bible say, Olof, that so it was before the serpent tempted Eve to eat the apple? Alas! that she allowed herself to be seduced, and that so much evil has ensued!"

"Yes," said Olof, "that is a sad story." And the two young people laughed heartily together in their innocent frivolity, just as such would who, at the very instant, perceived none of the effects of the "sad story."

In the best possible humour with each other, Olof and Siri, accompanied by Durather, arrived at home.

Olof, during the evening, thought much about Siri, and the tenour of his thoughts ran thus:—

"What a strange combination is this maiden! What childish frolic and simplicity, united with profound speculation! What extraordinary presentiments, and what unexpected questions proceed from this childish creature; from this half-wild nature! Will Siri ever become like other females, quiet and domestic? And if not, what will she become? But Siri is yet so young. Young girls have often fancies and conceits which disappear when they grow older and get married. Yes, perhaps it will be love which shall develope the woman within her, and which will combine these fluttering and dispersed sparks into a beautiful flame for—him who gains her heart—and who will best know how to guide her with caution and with gentleness. This wild Undine may perhaps some day be metamorphosed into the most faithful, the most amiable wife—when the right man comes!" Olof smiled with self-satisfied complacency. Siri's recent docility and cordiality towards him had induced him to think a great deal of his influence over her.

Nor had she ever smoked since the evening he told her it made her hateful. She thus, therefore, evidently wished to appear agreeable in his eyes; this was clear as the sun at noonday.

But dear Olof is a very conceited young gentleman, some one or the other of our fair readers may think, and be thereby induced to look less kindly and favourably upon him.

That, however, they would not do if they knew

* Siri's jesting words remind us of what Luther said to his dog when it was snarling: "Do not snarl, Jacky; be a good dog, and at the resurrection you shall have a golden tail."

as well as we do how many great and small follies man lays aside upon acquiring more experience of life, and upon penetrating deeper into his own soul; and that also even the worthiest characters are never free from some predominant fault, at least to a superior eye. But if they know this, or if they will believe us, and not too severely heed certain utterances of his nature, they will very voluntarily pursue its further development. But we resume our history and go to

CHURCH.

THE bells of Mora pealed. These bells are widely celebrated, their harmony is perfect, and their tones have a rare beauty and fullness. They now pealed to church.

The lake of Silja presents a splendid appearance on a Sunday. Leksand, Rattwik, and Mora, are the three parishes which, within a circle of wood-crowned mountains, surround the "Eye of Dalecarlia," and which, conjunctively with the chapelry of Orsa, comprise, with their population of from thirty to forty thousand souls, the kernel of Dalecarlia; but Mora is properly the chief parish; and their churches, large, white, and adorned with towers, lie upon the banks of the lake, and sparkle in the distance from the bosom of blue waves and green fields.

On a Sunday flotillas of long narrow boats, with from nine to ten pairs of rowers, and filled with from forty to fifty persons each, hasten from the populous villages across the lake to these churches. Some twenty boats are frequently seen approaching the strand together. The costume of the people is neat and elegant, and exhibits an almost pedantic precision in its cut and arrangement. In Leksand, yellow is the prevailing colour; in Rattwik, red; in Mora, black and white; but throughout all, the wimples of the women and the linen around their necks and arms are of a dazzling white. Their round faces attract by their freshness and brilliant tint, and combine with their blue cheerful eyes, and their white teeth, to give an expression of irrepressible good humour. Amongst the men we observe stately figures, and the not unusual noble head is adorned by an abundance of hair, which, divided over the brow and the temples, hangs down their neck in those rich and natural locks with which the Romans loved to decorate their heroes, but which we have nowhere observed in reality except amongst the peasantry of Dalecarlia. The Dalecarlians, besides, are not merely distinguished by their costume, but also by the physiognomy, character, and manners peculiar to each of the parishes.

They usually unite together for the celebration of Sunday. The poorest have their clothes lent them by those better off, that they may appear cleanly at church; and the whole household is seen progressing thither, from the grey-beard upon his crutch to the little suckling baby who is carried by either father or mother in the softest snow-white lamb's skin.

Mother and child, small and great, have usually in their hands a large nosegay of a species of chives, called butter-chives, which are much liked in this neighbourhood, and with which children are treated upon church festivals.

It is cheering to see upon the banks this crowd of people whose variegated costume possesses yet

an agreeable harmony to the eye, whose stalwart forms exhibit manhood and health ; and it is exceedingly interesting to observe that throughout this crowd, this multitude of people, which get in and out of the boats, not a single oath, not one improper word, nor an unfriendly look is detected. But still we must not imagine them the *personæ* of an Idyl—not troops of shepherds and shepherdesses. We at once see strong and valiant men are before us ; the worthy descendants of the ancient Scythians. The plough and the battle-axe which, according to the Saga of the “burning gold,” fell from heaven into the hands of their ancestors, still remain the symbols of their lives and characters. More endowed with understanding than fancy, and yet enthusiastic for liberty, the people of Dalecarlia have ever been ready to exchange the plough for the sword ; and have distinguished themselves by an energy and exhaustlessness, which, in battle, frequently verged upon excessive severity and cruelty.

But their lives are hard. No succulent fruits ripen for them ; the comforts of refined cultivation do not soften and enervate their existence. Incessantly struggling with a severe climate and unfruitful soil, it is by hard toil that they earn their harvest ; and their bread is not seldom compounded of the ground bark of the beech. Separated from the rest of the world, except upon their wanderings, when they always hold faithfully together and long passionately for home,—strictly imprisoned, as it were, within their valleys, they would become torpid both in soul and mind had they not religion and their families to occupy their thoughts. With strong affection do they bend to embrace their children beneath, and with cordial comfort do they gaze upwards to their Father in heaven. They are deeply interested in the dogmatics of religion ; and many a profound dogma which appears incomprehensible to the enlightened, but, in many respects, dissipated worldling, is as easily as perspicuously seized by these simple but penetrative minds. Towards their spiritual pastors they have a childish affection, (if they do not show themselves thoroughly unworthy of it,) and they are proud of their churches and willingly contribute to their embellishment. “You do much for your churches ; I am surprised that you find means to do so,” said a traveller to a Dalecarlian, whilst contemplating the new and shining copper roof of the church of Mora. “We spend the less upon our own houses,” modestly replied the Dalecarlian. And thus is it : the huts occupied by this powerful and tall people are perhaps smaller and considerably less conspicuous than any in Sweden.

The natives of Mora are distinguished in appearance from the people of the other parishes, by a more serious bearing, by a more sombre and definite cast of countenance, and by a more acute glance. We may sometimes perhaps hesitate to address one of these serious inhabitants of Mora ; but when he replies, we are astonished at the melancholy resonant melody of his speech ; a certain child-like simplicity is expressed in it, and the confidential “thou” with which he usually addresses others, does the heart good, and transports it into distant and more simple times. Each parish in Dalecarlia cultivates, besides agriculture, its own peculiar branch of industry. The people of Mora are well known for their mathematical

and arithmetical proficiency ; and they make clocks, which are conveyed all over the kingdom. In the eastern portion of the parish, along the lake of Silya, in every second room of the peasantry, there is a small clockmaker's workshop ; in the western portion they are cabinet-makers. The young females are distinguished here, as well as throughout Dalecarlia, for their skill in mechanical occupations : skilful work in horsehair, the most delicate and prettiest watch and neck-bands come out of their coarse hands. . . . But I fear we shall never thus reach the church.

The family of the rectory of Mora was observing from the shore the arrival of the numerous boats, filled with church-goers. For no fewer than ten bridal couples were this day to be betrothed in Mora. Amongst the people who were observed assembled upon the bank, Mrs. Ingeborg remarked a young married female peasant, who was weeping bitterly, and she went instantly to her to ask her the cause of her grief.

The young woman said she had been for some months a widow, and that to-day, whilst the rowers were changing their oars at the Bytesholm, she had dropped her wedding ring into the lake, the only memorial she retained of her husband, and of her short but happy marriage ; and she had no hope of recovering it, for the spot where it was lost was called the “bottomless deep.”* Mrs. Ingeborg consoled the young widow by her cordial sympathy, and invited her to dine at the rectory, where it was customary to invite on a Sunday some of the peasants, with their wives, to partake of the hospitality of the rector's table.

But the melodious bells now pealed in concert, and the extensive bridal train, which had got into order at the rectory, began to move towards the church, led by our long curate ; directly after him went the married men, in blue clothes ; then came the bridegrooms, one after the other, in blue coats, yellow buckskin breeches, and white stockings, and a fine white handkerchief, with a tassel at the corners, tied round the right arm. Following the bridegroom, came the bridesmaids, small and great, in their green clothes, and their hair plaited with pearls and ribbon. Behind these, the bride leaders,—married women related to the brides, and who are their supporters ; and then the brides, one by one, following each other. Amongst these, there were only two “crown brides,” or “decorated brides,” the other eight were “green brides” (*gron brojdi* in the dialect of the Dalecarlians). The first named were two wealthy peasants' daughters, in dresses of black bombazin, with short sleeves and white mittens. Their clothes were decorated, as is customary, with all kinds of ornaments, with gay aprons and gay ribbons ; their necks and bosoms adorned with variegated beads and silver chains, which were hung with silver dollars and tokens. Each bore upon her head a gilt silver crown, with a wreath, and a twig three quarters long, covered with silk and satin lappets, in imitation of flowers. They wore, besides, variously embroidered yellow

* There are current amongst the people of Dalecarlia many sayings of the wonderful depth of the lake of Silya. In one of them it is told, that the spirit of the lake was once heard to cry out, “If you wish to know my depth, you must measure my length.”

gloves, and a muff, whence depended a multitude of handkerchiefs, of different colours. Red stockings and ordinary shoes with high heels, completed their dress.

The dress of the "green brides," equally honourable, although less ornamental than those of the "crown brides," consisted of a bright green spencer of the ordinary fashion, a gown of shining shalloon, and a gay apron. Around their necks they wore, like the "crown brides," several silver chains, and upon their heads the usual wimple of married women, made of fine white holland, and above it the triangular snood of unmarried maidens. In accordance with an ancient custom which was still retained, not without a slightly superstitious tinge, each bride and bridegroom carried a silver penny in their left stocking. Some soldiers in full regimentals completed the train.

On its approach to the church-door, the vergers met it, and made room for the multitude, giving a sign for the commencement of the hymn.

The whole community then sang—

"Blessed is he who fears the Lord," &c., &c.

The congregation this day consisted of several thousands; the seats and aisles of the church were all crowded; and besides these, there were a multitude of children, great and small, forcing their way about, or receiving something to eat from their mothers to keep them still, or were sleeping quietly in their laps. And during the church service, the old sexton passed slowly up and down with his sombre visage, looking observantly on all sides, touching the nose of some old granny here and there with his stick who happened to be dozing, upon which this (namely the nose) cocked itself up in alarm, or amusing himself by giving a slight knock to such who were extemporising in very suspicious accents. But the young robust chaps who were sleeping, he let sleep undisturbed.

Olof, who had secured a place whence he could see Siri, regarded her from time to time, and observed with pleasure that she appeared animated and attentive.

The loud and harmonious singing for which this congregation was widely celebrated, and which toned forth with a vigour rendering the organ superfluous, and even drowned its sounds, appeared to make a sensible impression upon her. And when she heard the following words read at the altar—

"For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.

"For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God.

"Because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God."—Rom. viii. 18, &c.—

Siri looked involuntarily at Olof with brilliant, interrogating and foreboding glances.

But when the rector's expressive delivery, which resounded energetically from the depths of his soul, pealing down from the pulpit—when he thanked God, who had given them his sun and his gospel, and both beaming as beneficently upon the most reclusé valleys as upon the most prominent mountain-tops, it cheered the hearts of the youth and of the maiden, and their glittering, tearful eyes sought not each other, but the great invisible One himself.

The bridal pairs, who all stood within the choir near the altar, had each a hymn-book, richly ornamented, and from which both bride and bridegroom sang conjunctively. During the prayer they stepped forward and kneeled at the altar. The blessing was simultaneously given to all, whilst each kneeled beneath the bridal canopy. This was a beautiful and elevating sight. After divine service, the bridal train returned in the same order to the rectory, where it stayed a short time to be entertained by Mrs. Ingeborg.

The rest of the people dispersed along the banks and refreshed themselves with the provisions they had brought with them. Lads went about with baskets containing small grey meal cakes, and with the laconic cry, "Buy! buy!" offered them for sale. The sun shone; the scene was animated and agreeable, although but slightly bustling.

Siri went to Olof, and asked him the signification of the epistle read at the altar. Olof referred her to his father. It was indeed Olof's opinion that Siri's heart, through to-day's divine service, and through the impression which his father's eloquence rarely failed to make, would thus turn itself to him and consecrate itself to the relationship which was about commencing between them as instructor and pupil, and which he had so much feared. But now when Olof requested her to speak with his father, she shook her head and went away.

In the afternoon Siri accompanied the young widow who had lost the ring across the lake, to learn the exact spot where she had let it fall. Meanwhile, Olof held a long conversation with his step-mother and with Brigitta about Siri, in which a plan was proposed whereby they should act, in order to effect her development advantageously. They concurred in the necessity of adopting gentle and cautious measures, and Olof calculated more certainly upon the influence he exercised over her than he himself would voluntarily confess.

A short time afterwards the rector commenced his course of instructive lessons which they had all looked forward to with so much apprehension. It was not without a mixture of fear and frowardness that Siri submitted to this instruction, which she thought would be a constraint and chain for her free spirit. But these feelings were soon dissipated, and made room for very different ones. Nordenwall was not one of those judges of Sion who might be aptly called the guardians of the grave, and who prohibit all inquiry and questions; he was a man of progression, and followed the spirit of his age, and where he found men improperly instructed, he was exclusively desirous to impress them with better and more correct conceptions. But whilst he set no limitation to the freedom of reason, he rigidly exacted a purity of sentiment and an earnestness of the will, which alone exhibit the holy things of life to the eye of the mind. He knew that human reason—this ever-seeking spirit of divine origin—can find eternal ideas, immortal conceptions (although it cannot create them), and he was inclined, with a celebrated father of the church, to adopt that the words "seek, and ye shall find," were to be especially urged upon those who seek eternal truth through the medium of profound meditation.

"Ye shall understand the truth, and the truth shall make you free!" is the gospel—are the words of the Master, which he often impressed upon young inquirers; yet added he thereto, "endeavour to become his true disciples."

He therefore, without the least apprehension, allowed the inquiring and bold spirit of his young pupil to range throughout the whole circuit of life, and to put into commotion a whole ocean of questions and doubts, for he felt sure he should be able to kindle within her the light which should illuminate the chaos at present there, and aid her to regulate it into order. He also derived from the contiguity of this vivacious maiden a beneficial stimulus and excitement.

Siri, on her part, who felt that her mind was more emancipated than shackled by her instructor and his doctrines, and who beheld new scenes and new objects of interest expand before her, embraced with eager desire her new condition of being, and precipitated herself as it were into this new world.

But the proverb is true which says "that one fool can ask more questions than ten wise men can answer," and that "the citadel of truth is not to be taken by storm." Siri's self-willed and impatient character gave frequent proofs of this, both to herself and to her instructor.

The manner in which truth becomes clear to the human soul, the gradual progression found in all development, and the inconveniences inseparable from it,—all this was but ill adapted for the too impatient temperament of the maiden. What she did not instantly comprehend she thought she should never know, and when a ray of light, which she had once seen, was obscured by a cloud, she then despaired and became refractory towards her instructor and the whole world besides.

During one of these attacks of caprice, Walborg found her one day lying weeping upon the grass beneath a lime tree. Walborg asked her why she wept, and Siri replied, "Because life appears insupportable to me! it would be better to be dead, and thus would one be free from all sorrow and anxiety. There is no pleasure in life, nor can I perceive what profit attends it."

"We must nevertheless live!" replied Walborg, with that bitter expression of resignation which is peculiar to certain poor creatures whose lives are soured by their continued reserve.

"Alas, alas! it is unbearable!" said Siri, beside herself, wringing and biting her hands. Walborg cast a proud and contemptuous look at her and went away.

But Siri's instructor remained tranquil notwithstanding these gusts of her soul, and this tranquillity, combined with his mildness and his continued guidance, worked by degrees beneficially upon her. She acquired a sort of enthusiastic desire for the sacrament, which was to complete her consecration to a new life. Siri conceived that a refreshing clearness would then spring up within her, and prayed humbly in her childish ignorance that she might receive it and then die.

Olof's society, and the extensive rambles they made together, were a beneficial recreation to her, and the information he imparted to her in the natural sciences gave her much pleasure; but as she asked and asked, always seeking the final

causes of things, and as her young instructor gave her the fullest answers the existing state of science was in a condition to supply, she was astonished that even here also, in the most common natural phenomena, she stood fast upon the very skirts of mystery.

Hence arose new questions, new presentiments, and a disquietude which Siri at that time did not apprehend could possibly bear within them the kernel of a more elevated repose.

Meanwhile her existence was enriched, and beneath the alternations of storm and sunshine to which she was constantly exposed, her heart became gradually inclined towards her paternal instructor the rector, and this gave him fresh pleasure, for the maiden became now more and more interesting to him, her shyness and coolness having caused him much uneasiness.

It was still remarkable that this young maiden seemed never to be rightly at her ease at the rectory, although so much kind care and anxious solicitation was expended upon her; and, notwithstanding her recent attachment to the rector, an invisible and inexplicable bar appeared to exist between her and the hearts of the two parents, who wished nothing more fervently than to attract her to them like a beloved child.

Olof sought diligently to discover its cause, as also that of the sinister caprice which frequently, even in the midst of her most joyous moments, would pass over her, as well as of the mysterious expressions which sometimes escaped her. Siri remained as impenetrable upon these subjects to him as to all the rest, and Olof began and ended with vague guesses.

FOLLIES AND RIDDLES.

BRIGITTA had observed that Siri for some time past rowed out upon the Silya early every morning, accompanied by a young peasant girl of twelve years of age, from the village, and when one morning she asked her where she went to so early, Siri replied, "To fish near the Bytesholm."

"And what fish do you catch, there?" said Brigitta, "for I do not remember to have tasted of any of the fish that you have caught."

"I angle for a gold fish," said Siri, laughing, "and that is difficult to catch."

"A gold fish! That I should like to see," said Brigitta, "I will accompany you."

"Oh no!" said Siri, blushing, "it isn't worth the trouble. There is nothing amusing in it; besides, you are tired on the water."

"But I must see what kind of gold fish are to be found in the lake of Silya, and how you catch them, and therefore I will accompany you."

It was not worth the trouble of opposing, when Brigitta once determined upon acting. She therefore accompanied them.

But the trip was not very agreeable to Brigitta, for the lake was rather rough, and the mischievous Siri could not resist secretly helping the waves to shake the little boat, and thus exceedingly to frighten Brigitta, who held firmly the edge of the boat, and cried out—

"Oh I implore you! Do not, for God's sake! we shall become fishes again! Sit still, Siri! Will you then wilfully upset the boat? You little hateful, sweet, ungracious creature, sit still, sit

still, I say, or—I say nothing; but I tell you this, that when I am silent and turn pale, I am very angry.”

But when Siri saw Brigitta “turn very angry,” she cast herself on her knees, and kissed and hugged her, but this only made the boat wobble the more, and Brigitta screamed and scolded, which made Siri laugh until she cried. It was still worse when they approached the nearest Bytesholm, and where, instead of landing, the young peasant girl kept, by means of the oars, upon one deep spot at some distance from the shore, and Siri began quite quietly and seriously to undress herself. Brigitta looked on with suspicious eyes. At last she said—

“It is very clear that you have a very odd way to fish. What is the meaning of all this? What will it come to? Do you think I shall sit quietly here and see you drown? You shall not move from the spot where you now sit, if you do not wish me to shriek so loudly that the whole parish of Mora shall get into motion.”

Siri, at this monologue, almost died with laughing. But she suddenly became serious, and said, “Be silent now,” and that, in such a determined tone, that Brigitta was stopped. The next instant Siri plunged head foremost into the depth of the waters. Brigitta did not shriek this time, but made a motion as if she would follow her, when the little peasant girl said very quietly, “She will soon come up again. For three weeks she has done this every day; she dives for Marte Stine’s wedding-ring.”

“Gracious heavens! That is the gold fish then! Oh, what a girl!” cried Brigitta, both joyful and alarmed. And now a white swimmer arose from the water, and now Siri’s blond head. She laughed at Brigitta, heaved a couple of deep sighs, and laid her prize from the bottom of the lake in the boat—a handful of slime with some glittering stones amongst it, but—no ring. Notwithstanding Brigitta’s entreaties, she dived twice more, and when she arose the third time, behold, bright gold gleamed from amidst the slime, and Brigitta and Siri both exclaimed—

“The Gold fish! the Gold fish!”

The wedding-ring for which Siri had now for three weeks incessantly searched, was at length found.

“God be praised!” said Brigitta, “one can at length breathe freely. Dress yourself quickly, Siri, you are quite blue with cold, and with holding your breath. You have indeed very mysterious objects, and ought not certainly to go out alone. You will have no peace, until some way or another you destroy your life one of these days.”

But Brigitta loved Siri very much, although she was so angry with her. And Siri was so pleased at having found the ring, and at the joy this would give poor Marte Stine, that the passage home was as delightful and tranquil as the excursion out had been uneasy. Siri called upon the young widow on the road.

Brigitta went meantime to her brother to tell him the adventures of the morning, and when she saw his eyes sparkle at it—

“Lasse!” she said, “you are my own brother, and have your heart in the right place, although it is sometimes rather loose. Just do me the plea-

sure now not to fall in love with Siri, for I assure you there would be no end to the follies that would follow it. Well, so much for that—but look! your waistcoat is torn asunder; I will mend it for you. But what is that? Well, where did you get this silk handkerchief? I believe—yes, upon my word, it is Walborg’s!”

“It fell from her the other evening, during the ‘Widow’s game,’” said Lasse, slightly blushing, and excusing himself.

“Lasse! Lasse!” said Brigitta, shaking her head. “You will never be rational. Three months ago it was the scarf of Josephine Silber-shoe which you wore as a blue ribbon beneath your waistcoat, now it is—”

“Alas!” said Lieutenant Lasse, “this is now something very different.”

“Very different! Yes, truly, this is a neckkerchief, and that was a scarf! that I see distinctly, as well as besides a pretty little handkerchief of thick velvet! I am quite sure Walborg would not willingly dispense with that. I will carefully return it to her. She is an orderly young woman, Walborg . . .”

“Young woman! Brigitta, you indeed say little . . .”

“Well, then, is she not a young woman? What is she otherwise? You would probably wish that I should call her a goddess; but as I happen to know she is a poor sinful creature like myself, yet, independent of that, a very orderly maiden, she shall certainly have her handkerchief again as speedily as possible.”

“Brigitta! You are very cruel. Have you then no compassion for your brother?”

“No, not the least when it refers to returning things which my dear brother has stolen, but, on the contrary, very much when it concerns his wearing untorn waistcoats. I will therefore take this with me that I may repair it, and Walborg’s handkerchief, that I may return it to her.”

“Then she will hear that I have carried it near my heart.”

“Beneath your waistcoat you would say; yes, that she shall know, but that previously a scarf occupied the very same place.”

“No! Brigitta, no!”

“Yes! Lasse, yes! Do not think you shall make young maidens fancy there is more upon your heart than is actually the case. I love you too dearly to allow that such heavy sins should lie there beneath the scarfs and neckhandkerchiefs which have often lain there, and which will again nestle there doubtlessly. My dear brother, thank God that you have a sister who takes more care of you than you can of yourself. You shall have your waistcoat back in half an hour. But I will now hasten to look after my curate, and learn if he be still within time and space. It is alarming to know all that I have to think of! I am astonished it don’t perplex me.” And Brigitta laughed and nodded at her brother, hastening away. But Lieutenant Lasse sighed and consoled himself, carolling,

“As short and as dull as this life still may be,
It is pleasure that sweetens its pains!”

Lieutenant Lasse belonged to that class of men who from their joyous volatile disposition are agreeable companions, but subsequently too frequently become fops, or even swindlers. Pity! a thousand

pities, that what is so agreeable and interesting should frequently terminate so sadly. And Lieutenant Lasse had so good a heart that it would be very sad should this be his case. Heaven had therefore bestowed upon him a prudent sister, whom he fervently loved, and whom he did not willingly contravene in his conduct. He a good deal resembled her in person, although he was less good-looking, for he was deeply pock-marked; he had light blond hair, dazzling white teeth, and a humorous cheerful expression of countenance, which made a vivacious impression.

It was not without some slight degree of confusion that he saw Walborg towards evening. But as Walborg was just as cool and polite, and just as tranquil as ever, he speedily recovered himself; and, doubtful if Brigitta had betrayed his little secret, he speedily joked, sighed, and laughed as much as before.

The rector, astonished at Siri's diving for the ring of the widow, said to his wife, "That girl is a remarkable creature. A noble disposition! You will see that some day we shall derive much happiness from her. She must have absolute freedom, my dear wife! All are not cast in the same mould. This maiden is guarded by a good angel!"

"May you be right," said Mrs. Ingeborg, with glittering tearful eyes.

"Could we only bring it so far," continued Nordenwal, "as to overcome her shyness, and to attach her more to us. There is something so animating to me in her, that it causes me grief that I cannot gain her affection as I could wish. But perhaps time and patience will overcome all."

In the evening a strong north-easterly wind blew, and large quantities of grey rack fled across the sky, and enveloped the summits of the mountains. To counteract the influence of the un congenial weather, Mrs. Ingeborg assembled the young people to tea, to feather plucking, and social games; and as the young folks of Sollero happened opportunely to be at Mora, this call was cheerfully responded to.

During the feather plucking, riddles were proposed. Mrs. Ingeborg asked,

"What is that great thing which scours over the earth, envelopes mountains and forest, and obscures the sun; which flees from the wind, but not from man?"

"The clouds," was quickly replied.

Mrs. Ingeborg again asked,

"What is that which is better than God, and worse than Satan; which the dead eat, and which would kill the living did they eat it?"

This riddle required much consideration, but it was solved at last with triumphant looks. And now "more riddles," was the general call.

"You are all too prompt and shrewd this evening," said Mrs. Ingeborg. "I must reflect a little to give you a more difficult riddle. Listen now, 'What wonder was that which I saw at the king's court, which held its feet up to the sun, and its head——' but here Mrs. Ingeborg suddenly stopped as if alarmed at something that passed before the window at which she stood. She drew a heavy breath, put her hand to her heart, and quickly left the room. Excited by curiosity, Siri also looked out of window. Olof's looks also followed hers, but neither of them saw anything particular excepting a tall stranger, who passed

along the highway opposite the rectory, and disappeared amongst the cottages in its vicinity.

But Olof had scarcely observed the stranger in black when with an exclamation of surprise he hastened out of the room with such precipitation that all the feathers flew round about.

"Let's look! Let's look!" cried the workwomen. "What wonder was that that Olof saw?" and they all looked out of window and saw—nothing.

"It must have been the mountain spirit himself," said Olof upon returning, after ten minutes' absence, quite out of breath. "I thought I recognised in the passenger an old acquaintance, and I hurried out to greet and welcome him: but he had quite vanished, and I cannot conceive which way he went."

"Who was he? What acquaintance?" they asked on all sides.

"Oh," said Olof, "only a wonder that I saw in the king's court, or more truly at Styggfors, but I ought to have told you before now my adventure there, for it is almost the only interesting circumstance that occurred during my three years' tour."

"An adventure! an adventure! Pray tell us," cried all the young people at once.

"Let me but look at you, Olof!" said Brigitta. "You must be a real lion, or a tiger, or something still more rare, since you have had interesting adventures upon your travels. King Solomon was certainly wrong when he said there was nothing new under the sun. And now for thy adventure. Let us hear that this was something really very wonderful. Come, we are all ear!"

And Olof related:

"Somewhere about six weeks before my arrival at home, I happened to be at Osmundsberg, close to the Boda chapel, in Ratwik, and stayed there, a short time botanising and collecting such fossils as I knew were to be found there. I was also anxious to see the so-called 'Flog,' or 'Drakeldar,' which on certain nights may be observed. I likewise made an excursion to Styggfors—I hope you all know what Styggfors is?"

"Yes, tolerably."

"Well, this is it. It is rather difficult to describe it. In the first place it is no waterfall, for the fall of water in reference to its quantity is so trifling; but it is nevertheless a very fearful place, in the midst of a wild forest, which can only be approached by very difficult roads, and a more wild and desert place, with rougher declivities or more precipitous peaks, is not often to be seen. Amidst the wildest roar and tumult, a narrow and precipitous rock winds like a crooked back, and terminates abruptly over the abyss. And it is said there that a Vogt of that district, who was weary of his life, one evening rode up it at full gallop, determined to cast himself headlong from it. But just as the horse reached the very edge, where the abyss is perpendicular and thirty fathoms deep, it turned suddenly round, and galloped back, carrying its astonished rider with it.

"To the west of the fall there is a sort of grotto, hewed as it were within the mountain, which is called the Wizard's Cave, and which is said to have been formerly the retreat of magicians and robbers."

"Bravo! Bravo!" said Brigitta, "that commences very well indeed. I certainly expect many terrific things; I really feel quite warm."

"There is also there," continued Olof, laughing at Brigitta's earnestness, "a high and sharp sand-bank, which is called the Goat's Back."

"Goat's Back! that don't sound well," interposed Brigitta; "Go and roll yourself upon the Goat's Back: that sounds very unromantic."

"By the side of the Goat's Back a flower grows, of which I wished much to possess a specimen."

"Alas! alas! there it is. Our hero falls off the Goat's Back."

"No, he did not fall off. He went, or more properly, he courageously crawled down and came up as courageously up again, with an *Epipactis atrorubens*, as his flag of victory, in his hand."

"Well; thank God!"

"And then I went to the side where the magic cavern is."

"Oh! it proceeds gloriously."

"Above it a narrow rock projects, called the Rat's Tail—"

"The Rat's Tail! horrid! If you swing from the Rat's Tail I will have nothing more to do with you."

"And when I reached the summit I observed a small, unusual species of climbing plant that hung some fathoms beneath me at the end of—"

"The Rat's Tail, perhaps!"

"Yes, truly, 'of the Rat's Tail.' I could not forbear climbing down the projecting rock on my hands and feet."

"Alas! alas! that was preposterous indeed."

"Preposterous enough; for, from beneath my feet a stone rolled, and small shrubs to which I clung by the hands came out, roots and all; and so I rolled on for the space of some yards, and I saw the moment before me when I should either cling to the extremity of the Rat's Tail, and thus lose Brigitta's favour for ever, or be at once precipitated into the abyss beneath. But precisely as I found myself on the road, a hand was stretched forth from the mountain; a hand seized me by the neck, or rather by the collar, and I found myself suddenly dragged into a kind of grotto in the middle of the mountain, and opposite a figure who looked as wonderful and fantastical as the spirit of Styggfors could well be conceived."

"Delightful! delightful! it cannot be better."

"Having recovered from my momentary surprise, and contemplating my preserver, I could not help thinking of Walter Scott's Balfour of Burley, and other sinister beings of his romances. He was slender, but tall and lean, and he wore a black, coarse, but tasteful dress. His hair, black but sprinkled with grey, hung in disorder over his forehead. His countenance was bronzed, and, if you like, ugly, but yet interesting from the trace of sufferings which had hardened it and given it the appearance of greater age than its possessor could well have attained, for he could not have been more than forty. There was an expression of sinister reserve, yet reckless dissipation, in his features; but he looked like the ruin of a noble being. His eyes were remarkable, and I can scarcely say whether beautiful or ugly, but his glance was forbidding—and there was something about him which did not inspire any confidence. I most certainly should never have chosen him for a travelling companion, although his bearing towards me here in the mountain was very acceptable. He addressed me not in Swedish, but in German, and in

a voice that was both melancholy and repulsive. He was a traveller, by birth a Tyrolese; intimate with mining, and curiosity had drawn him hither as it had me. After having conducted me out of the magic cave by a more agreeable road than that by which I had reached it, we botanised for a time together, during which he asked me several questions about my home and condition of life. From him meanwhile I obtained nothing more than that his name was Angerman, and that he was now upon the road to Norway. I invited him to Mora, and he promised me if his time would admit that he would visit me here. His society was astonishingly interesting, and I much regretted to be obliged to separate so speedily from him; but our roads were different, he said, and he did not seem to attach much consideration to my company.

"Look, Brigitta, this was the whole compass of my adventure. And just this moment I thought I beheld the Tyrolese, the preserver of my life at Styggfors pass by, nor can I even now conceive that it was not he, nor how he could thus so suddenly vanish. Do you think it was actually the spirit of Styggfors, and no Tyrolese? What is your opinion?"

"For my part he may be what he will," said Brigitta, "if he will but come hither and let me see him, for he must be curious, and I rejoice in everything that is curious."

"But my mother must be unwell," said Olof, "she left us so suddenly."

"I think possibly she may feel indisposed," said Brigitta, "this occasionally occurs; it is her heart cramp, which frequently torments her; and then she always desires to be alone. When its spasms have passed she returns, and is best pleased when no one sympathises with her or notices it."

For some time longer they gossiped about Olof's adventure, and about the mysterious traveller, and then Brigitta proposed games. Some time afterwards Mrs. Ingeborg rejoined them, and animated them by her participation, and the spirit of the Styggfors was forgotten in their occupation with the "weaving of Wadmel" and "fire borrowing."

During the night a storm raged; the windows of the rectory rattled, and the Silja lake was boisterous. But in the midst of the night and of the storm the cheerful tones of a flute were heard floating, as it were upon the wings of the wind. Siri, that wonderful girl, was abroad in the midst of the stormy night. But this was nothing unusual with her, for she was allowed to please herself.

EXCURSIONS.

THE commencement of the present chapter finds that a few weeks have passed over the heads of the family at Mora since the conclusion of the last, but which have passed as quietly and refreshingly as the Elve meandering between its banks. Midsummer had passed, and it was now the month of July. This period is one of repose for the clergy of the district, for at this time the farmers and peasantry, with their entire households, wander forth to the cattle huts, at a distance of many miles from the villages, in the interior of the forests, where they find fresh grazing for their cattle; here they make their butter and their

cheeses; and here they usually stay until the end of August. At the commencement of July migrating families are met with upon all the roads driving their cattle and conveying their domestic utensils. The father guides the waggon, upon which healthy florid children peep out between milk-cans and vessels of earthenware and tools of husbandry. His wife usually walks beside, carefully looking after everything. Sometimes a solitary old woman is met intensely occupied in knitting stockings and striding rapidly on, as if age were no burthen to her, and surrounded by her troop of goats, which accompany her as faithfully as dogs. She also is a nomade, and is migrating to the cattle huts. If she stop an instant to converse with you, the goats collect all around her, pressing fondly towards her. And progressing onwards, we soon observe here and there small light blue columns of smoke curling out of the dark inhospitable pine forests, which clothe the mountains to the summit. The migratory family is there; the old woman with her goats has arrived at the "Säter Hütte," and they have kindled their fires on their hearths. And travellers of the great world, who observe in the distance these peaceful indications of a tranquil existence ascending from, to them, unattainable dwelling-places, emit perhaps a longing sigh towards these solitary habitations, and would willingly exchange their splendid, but turbulent existence, for the quiet peacefulness of this nomade life, where the pure air which the body incessantly inhales gives equal vigour and elasticity to the soul; and wherein each day's anxieties and cares, even by their simplicity, exclude those cares "which consume the heart."

But whilst the peasant wanders forth, the "Herrenmann" (proprietor) does not sit still. The clergy, and the few superior families who have also residences sprinkled about throughout the valley, select this season for their mutual visits, or make excursions to familiarise themselves with the still many unknown parts of their beautiful province. And precisely at this season these are in their fullest bloom of beauty, with their lakes, their mountains, and their valleys—uniform, yet various, like Rousseau's tricornium. The fields are now glowing with *Linnaea* and evergreens; ferns and the dazzling white flowers, which delight in the shade of the pine forests, fill them now with their rich odours, and bloom in modest beauty at the feet of these giants, old as the rocks themselves. Nowhere are seen more flowery meadows; nowhere are to be procured finer strawberries; and the Dalelve meanders through the sunny valleys, bright and clear with overhanging fir-trees, jutting from the lofty "Mjølgers,"* and wild roses and *Spiræa Ulmaria* amidst the velvet sward of its banks.

The family at Mora had long purposed an excursion to Elfdale, which, as yet, none of its members had seen, but of the beauty of which they had

frequently heard much. And as, towards the middle of July, the weather became settled and beautiful, it was resolved to devote a few days to this short trip. The young folks rejoiced exceedingly at the prospect of visiting that beautiful and wild locality, with its porphyry quarries and porphyry works, and to explore the part where the "highways end," and where wild and impassable forests commence, extending thence to the Norwegian frontiers. Siri was transported at the idea of being allowed to make the journey on horseback, in company with Olof, thus being better enabled to ramble, without restraint, through the country. The rector rejoiced in the delight of his young friends, and Mrs. Ingeborg was extremely pleased at the prospect of visiting "Miss Lotty," an acquaintance of her youth, who had a small property in Elfdale, where she resided, and whither she had invited the whole of the family of Mora, there being no inns or houses of accommodation for travellers throughout the district. But Miss Lotty was the very personification of hospitality, and emulated therein a family in Elfdale, which I shall not name here, but which I shall ever gratefully remember. Brigitta also rejoiced in the opportunity of seeing Miss Lotty.

"But who is, then, this Miss Lotty?" asked Olof, somewhat impatiently, who seemed to have heard nothing for some days past but an incessant talk about Miss Lotty. "What is there then so remarkable in her, and why do you all so earnestly desire to see her?"

It was on the evening preceding their departure that Olof asked this question, as they were all seated upon the steps in front of the house, enjoying the genial and beautiful evening.

Mrs. Ingeborg, who having now well filled the hamper with provisions, tarried with pleasure amidst the family party, replied cheerfully,— "Who is Miss Lotty? Why a very remarkable person, who had the courage to chalk out her own pathway in life, and by energy of character to command her destiny. I will relate briefly—

MISS LOTTY'S HISTORY.

"Miss LOTTY was of an ancient and noble family. She had lost her father. But she had a mother, a sister, seven uncles, and seven aunts. The whole of the line lived in the town of W * * * *.

"She also had had a brother who, according to the still prevalent law of inheritance in Sweden, derived from the patrimonial estate twice as much as his sisters, and who subsequently dissipated even more than twice that; for having squandered his own portion, he made encroachments upon the small property of his mother and sisters, whose sole trustee he was, and he would have terminated in totally ruining them had not death interposed to prevent him. By means of the small remnant still left, his mother furnished a little humble dwelling for herself and her daughters.

"Miss Lotty's sister was handsome, and was possessed of talents, which she sedulously cultivated. She played upon the guitar, sang, painted flowers, and the whole connexion called her the 'Talented,' and she was regarded as predestined to make a noise in the world. Miss Lotty, for her part, had been endowed by nature with a strong corporeal frame, a tolerably ugly face, warm heart, and—

* Mjølgers are those banks of sand which are caused by the earth slips, which annually take place on the banks of the Elfe, and which precipitate into its depths extensive tracts of land, covered with trees. These earth slips occasionally produce, as near Leksand, curious picturesque representations of ruins, broken arches, pillars, walls, pyramids, grottoes, &c.

mustachios, whence in the family circle she had the jocosse cognomen of 'The Major;' but in earnestness she was not unfrequently called 'Poor Lotty.' For Lotty had neither talents nor charms, and nobody ever imagined she would have much luck in the world. Lotty herself did not take this disheartening view of the matter. Even in very early life she had said to herself, 'I shall never become a fine or distinguished lady, therefore I will endeavour to make myself a good and prudent housewife, and become intimately familiar with housekeeping and domestic concerns.' But this was not so easy a matter to accomplish, for Lotty's mother lived upon a trifling annuity, whence she was just enabled to meet the absolute necessities of life for herself and her two daughters, therefore was Lotty's field very circumscribed for the acquisition of the humble accomplishments to which she had mentally devoted herself. But as her mother was a most agreeable person in society, and as her sister was a 'talented' girl, they were often invited to family tea-parties, whither our poor 'Major' was obliged to accompany them, to see herself overlooked amongst the dancers, and to swallow her tea or coffee in silence and neglect. Poor Lotty, thus concentrated within herself, sat melancholy, thoughtful, and silent, whilst her sister Emily sang ballads, drew flowers, and cultivated her talents all day long.

"One morning Lotty went to her mother and said—

"Dear mother, I will no longer stop with you idly to consume your needful means. I can no longer remain inactive without the fear of falling into follies and idle fantasies. I am tall and strong, and more than twenty years of age. I will go forth and work. I will serve others until I have earned sufficient to hire or buy some little cottage where I can provide for myself without being a burthen to you."

"Her mother at first thought she had become silly, but on reflection and upon talking it over with her daughter, she found it was a very rational idea indeed, and said—for she was a very good and prudent woman—"My view has always been that my children should determine their own course as soon as they had attained a sufficiently mature age to give it the requisite consideration. Do as you wish, dear Lotty. Unmerited poverty is no shame. If one can raise oneself out of it so much the more honourable. I am only afraid of our relations. What will they say?"

"And there was a grand stir throughout the family connexion.

"The seven aunts tapped their snuff-boxes and said, 'What is the girl intending? Can't she live quietly within her little circle like so many others, and spin or knit and attend to her mother's little domestic matters, and occasionally recreate herself at our tea-parties? A person should never voluntarily derogate their family and renounce caste. When one can live so well and so peaceably as she can, it is sheer folly to mingle and mix in the bustle of the world! Others sit still and are satisfied with their humble lot. Why can't she do as others do?'

"And the seven uncles shook their heads and said—

"What, she will hire a cottage! and let out furnished apartments and support and attend to

all herself!!! It can end in nothing but folly, absurdity, and absolute ruin! We must exert our utmost to dissuade her from it."

"Every day however confirmed Miss Lotty in her resolution, and she made every exertion to obtain the situation of housekeeper in some considerable family in the country.

"A poor little unfortunate boy was a member of the family, one whom none of his relations willingly received, as he was afflicted with a sad, incurable but not deadly disease. And one day Miss Lotty saw the little fellow bitterly weeping at his fate, to be so burthensome to his friends, and to suffer so much and yet not able to die; she said to him—

"Do not cry, Theodore! I will go to service, and earn money, and I will buy a cottage and a garden on the banks of the Dalelve, and you shall come and live with me, and you shall bathe in the clear fresh river, and become strong and healthy. And you shall help me to cultivate the garden, and we shall live happily together. Cheer up, Theodore! only have patience. I won't desert you."

"And our maiden went forth into the world, and was housekeeper in a family of distinction, where it is true there was much to do, but where also good wages were given. Her leisure she applied to the employment of persons in spinning and weaving the flax she bought in its raw state, and by this means, and with careful economy, she hoarded together in the course of a few years a snug little sum. Our damsel was gifted with what is called common sense, which, of all the sense current in the world, is not the worst, especially when regulated by a good and upright heart.

"Eight years had elapsed since Miss Lotty had quitted her native place. Yet was everything there precisely in its previous condition. Her mother, as formerly, frequented tea-parties; her talented daughter still exercised her talents, sang, drew flowers, and waited for the good luck that was to come. The seven aunts still took their snuff, and the seven uncles still shook their heads each in his own way, and discussed Lotty's foolish purpose. And the poor little sickly Theodore still lived, thinking of the 'clear water of the Dalelve,' and of cousin Lotty's promise. Well! there was Lotty, she greeted her mother and her relations, she told them she had purchased a small farm in Elfdale where she purposed establishing a little trade, and whither she would convey the ailing Theodore.

"This fairly astounded the family; but they liberally combined together, subscribing a sum of money as a sort of pension for Theodore, of whom they were about to be thus relieved.

"The following year Miss Lotty sent her mother a present of an enormous cheese and a gigantic salmon, from Dannarefors, on the Dalelve, and wrote to say that things were proceeding comfortably, that she had a vast deal to do, but for which God be praised; that Theodore bathed in the river, whereby his bodily strength was considerably improved, and so cheerful in spirits, that he no longer complained of a malady which had now ceased seriously to afflict him, or to prevent his becoming a useful or happy person. Whilst Miss Lotty superintended the land and domestic matters he conducted the trade, which

very much interested him, and which was exceedingly successful. Miss Lotty concluded her letter with inviting her mother, sister, and all her relations to come speedily on a visit to their happy 'Major' in her own house.

"Her mother shed a tear of joy at the good fortune and energetic character of her daughter, lauded her own wisdom in never having contravened her rational wishes, and invited the whole family to a fête, where were to be discussed, the salmon, the cheese, and the letter.

"The seven aunts snuffed, and said, 'Who would have thought that Lotty would have been so lucky? Our exhortations have not been thrown away! Delicious cheese!'

"The seven uncles nodded their heads together, and said, 'This is what all damsels should do: if they did, the world would roll more gently on than it does. An incomparable salmon!'

"It is now five or six years since Miss Lotty entered upon her farm in Elfdale, and—but you will all see her to-morrow, and judge of her for yourselves, and how well her industry and good sense have thrived."

"Oh, I am delighted with Miss Lotty," exclaimed Olof, "I quite long to see her, and to express to her both my respect and admiration."

"Heaven grant I am not faithless to my curate," said Brigitta, "for I feel I am on the high-road to fall in love with the Major. I like energetic characters, and I maintain that it is merely the want of strength of mind which produces almost all the evil that predominates in the world."

"Oh!" said Lieutenant Lasse, "I only wish she had no moustache, and I would instantly become her suitor. But I feel that this makes me rather averse—"

"Imagine that you only see your own in a mirror, and that she is but the reflection of yourself," said Brigitta, laughing sily; "for my part, I should not have the least objection to Miss Lotty as my sister-in-law."

"Patience!" said Mrs. Ingeborg, cheerfully. "Only fancy our little excursion concealing a marriage! But now as we shall rise to-morrow morning before the cock puts on his boots, it would be as well if we got into the feathers ourselves, would it not?"

The motion was unanimously adopted.

But the conjunction of the stars was unfavourable to Lieutenant Lasse's seeing Miss Lotty. By a slip on the stairs, that very same evening he severely sprained his ankle, and was therefore obliged to lay up, and could not form one of the party; he thereby became Godelius's companion, who also remained at Mora,—not caring much about travelling, his whole heart being set upon angling,—which now, during the absence of his bride, he purposed pursuing with might and main, both by day and night. He promised to take Lieutenant Lasse with him in his boat, who, however, found this to be but sorry amusement, and therefore sang, with a sigh, his usual air,—

"As dull and as short as this life here may be."

Previous to her departure on the following morning, Siri was much occupied with Durathor, which strove eagerly to follow her, and, being prevented, struggled so fiercely with one of the stable girls, that both at last rolled upon the grass, ex-

citing the involuntary laughter of the spectators. Lieutenant Lasse promised to compose an Idyl upon this adventure, which he proposed publishing with musical accompaniments, and should call "*Les adieux de Siri et Durathor, Élégie harmonique par Lasse doloroso.*"

The road from Mora to Elfdale commences by a ferry over the river to the tongue of land where formerly the witches' gibbets stood, but where *Salix Daphnoides* ostentatiously displayed its golden yellow blossoms, but which having fallen, it was now covered with light green brightly-shining leaves. The road proceeds thence for some miles through deep sand, and an insipid wooded tract, whence it enters the picturesquely-beautiful Elfdale, and there winds with the banks of the Dalelve; now rising, and now sinking, between high wood-crowned mountains, which like terrific giants oppose the traveller with threatening looks and mien, and, in the confidence of overwhelming might, stand proudly still. Then passed they the Suttur-rock, the Gopshus Hylke, and the Wasa Mountain, &c. Tempestuous clouds swept, with their thunder, over the summits of the mountains; the rapid transition of views,—some piercing as it were into an endless distance, the manifold play of light and shade in this grand but compressed scenery, the solitary idyllic life—solitary even to awfulness, the wildness of the country,—all concurred to make a great and vivacious impression upon the travellers. Primeval forests they then beheld; forests that have stood there from the beginning of the world. Trees fall, remain and rot, without a hand being moved to make use of them: the Dalecarlian even often fells the most superb trees merely to obtain a little bark from the stem, which he mixes with the fodder of his cattle, and then unconcernedly lets them rot; such is their indifference to this source of wealth, which other provinces would buy for its weight in gold. But this gold does not pierce into the aboriginal forests of Dalecarlia. The rapids and falls of the Dalelve, which may be said to protect the innocence of the country, cut off also its connexion with the commercial world, and seem to say, "Retain to thyself thy poverty and thy riches, and with both, thy—peace." Conflagrations often devastate wide tracts of these forests, even up to the very summits of the mountains, and they are left to burn until they exhaust themselves; nothing can be done to intercept it. Thus vast districts are seen converted to ashes, or more properly to dead woods. The tree stands there with its stem and branches, but its green foliage has gone; not the smallest blade of grass sprouts from the ash-covered earth, not a bird, not an insect, flutters between the charred trees. Everything, the champaign, the woods, the mountains—all is ashy grey and black as far as the eye can reach; all is dead, and it looks as if branded with a curse. Sometimes, upon the right side of the road stands one of these dead forests, whilst on the left the whole landscape is rejoicing in cheerful and animating verdure; and whilst gigantic pines spring upward from fresh green hills, the river—which in this vale becomes a playful stream—is observed below, foaming over stony interruptions, or embracing the little light-green wooded islets, whilst boisterous torrents roll headlong down the rocks, precipitating themselves into its flood.

Olof rode by the side of Siri, and was much engaged with her; she also occasionally turned to Olof, with expressions such as these, "Oh! what a splendid morning! how refreshingly it blows in these forests." And her eyes gleamed with delight. Sometimes she sang a fragment of a song. Olof thought the Morning herself rode by his side: Brigitta's words were recalled involuntarily.—"A freshness breathes about the maiden. . . ."

The charms which Siri possessed and infused proceeded chiefly from the artlessness of her actions. She had much of those qualities whereby nature acts directly, and without intervention, upon our perceptions. And Siri's original and unconstrained rearing, or, more properly, the neglect she had been exposed to, had had this advantage notwithstanding its evils,—that she remained unaffected by the intellectual bodice which compresses us poor worldlings, with our chamber-breeding and restraints, making our breathing short, and all our motions constrained. Yet would this natural breeding have led to nothing very agreeable, had not Siri possessed from nature the charms which enhanced it. We have observed other young maidens who were reared in golden freedom, and we have been shocked at the motion of their arms, and by the awkwardness of their walk. Education is a monstrously difficult affair! We thank God that we have no daughters, but we love young maidens not a thought the less, and consider them the richest fruit the earth produces.

The mid-day repast, extracted from the hamper, was spread upon a green hillock by the side of the silver, clear, and trilling rivulet with its delightful spring-water. No one knows, who has not enjoyed it, how delicious a meal is in the open air, and spread upon the green cloth of the earth. But it must be enjoyed with a cheerful heart and a good appetite. The family of Mora were blessed with these, and therefore they relished their repast. It was not even disturbed by a slight, unexpected, and unwished-for sprinkling shower. For, in the first place, this occasioned a rapid and merry flight to the shelter of some large pines,—and secondly, the varied spectacle of the clouds gave Olof the opportunity to hold a short lecture, welcome to every one, upon the chief forms the clouds assume, and which were first observed and published by the learned quaker, Mr. Luke Howard, but have since been admitted as a branch of physical science. A little Latin was here needful, and Brigitta, whom we have already seen to be a professed scholar in this language, soon spoke of nothing but "*stratus*," "*cumulus*," and "*cirrus*," whilst the rest contented themselves with becoming acquainted with bank-clouds, (called also night-clouds, because they usually show themselves at night,) heap-clouds, and feather-clouds, and by learning their vernacular names. They also observed, during the tempest and its dissipation, how these forms of clouds pass into each other. Olof was therefore obliged to explain the laws which regulate, and the names which these transitions bear. Mrs. Ingeborg was very much interested in this, for the clouds and their phantasmagoria, their formful and alternating nature, had always had much interest—even of a prophetic nature—to her. She thought she could peruse them as the stars were formerly read, and she was not wholly free from superstition with regard

to them. She now learnt names for these forms, and much is gained to things by a beautiful and significant name.

The sky was continued to be observed all day long, during the excursion, and remark succeeded remark upon stratus, cumulus, and cirrus. Brigitta complained that it had occasioned her a complete twist of the head and neck,—the consequences of which no one could calculate. But to counteract its influence, Olof drew her attention to the "*Laf-reseda*," which with its purple colours so beautifully decorates the way-side stones in Dalecarlia; and whose odour, when the hand is passed over it, is as agreeable and powerful as the night-scented stock; and thus was Brigitta induced to admit cheerfully, that the head and face of man were admirably constructed to see and comprehend all the wonders both of heaven and earth.

It was tolerably early in the evening when the travellers reached Miss Lotty's little farm. She stood upon the threshold to receive her guests, and such a pleasing expression of tranquillity and kindness was developed in her countenance, that no one thought of looking for her moustachios—mind you, Lieutenant Lasse was not there—and to Olof, Miss Lotty appeared almost pretty.

Miss Lotty welcomed her visitors in the Dalecarlian way, that is to say, cordially and with delight. Siri was immediately by the side of the unfortunate valetudinarian, and they gossiped and laughed with such mirth together, that Miss Lotty made large but pleased eyes,—for the lad, or youth, was usually very shy with strangers. He created much interest in all by his expressive eyes, and his suffering but patient appearance, which even now, notwithstanding his cheerfulness, betrayed itself in his placid smiles.

After the wayfarers had sufficiently refreshed themselves with the very best the house could offer, they went forth to inspect Miss Lotty's small possession and its arrangements.

Whilst afterwards sitting upon the steps of her house, on the side looking towards the stream, she related, to the rector and his wife, her mode of life in this vale, her labours and recreations, and her delight in Theodore, and her plans for the future, which embraced the idea of receiving several young persons similarly afflicted, for the purpose of imparting to them, as extensively as possible, the comforts and pleasures of life,—the young people wandered to a neighbouring porphyry mountain, to observe thence the setting of the sun. At these heights, minerals were found, which Olof's skill immediately recognised as crystals, agates, and red and brown jasper, which occur not unfrequently in Elfdale, and whose compounding element is porphyry. Brigitta now asked her friends to sing, and Olof met the wish by singing the ancient Dalecarlian song,—

"In summer the vale, clothed all in bright green,
Where the river curls gently along."

Walborg then sang the ballad of the moon, composed by a Dalecarlian, which is so great a favourite with, and sung so beautifully by, young Dalecarlian maidens. These, however, did not suit the vivacity of Brigitta, and upon her complaining that they were all such melancholy ditties, Siri chanted forth, with a spirit which shrilled through the woods,—

Through rift and ravine
 The copper I seek ;
 And seeking, have seen
 All the splendours of earth.
 What words can bespeak
 The glories which there,
 In the bed of their birth
 Far from light and from air,
 Lie swathed in their might,
 Exalting the soul with a thrill of delight ?
 Oh ! there would I bed me,
 And there would I wed me,
 And there would I dwell for ever and aye.
 For their glories surpass
 What is or what was,
 Known unto us the poor children of clay,—
 Oh ! there would I dwell for ever and aye.

A shudder crept over Olof as Siri sang this air with all the energy of enthusiasm, keeping time the while with her little foot. He gazed upon her with emotion and admiration, as she stood there upon the mountain—so delicate, and yet so energetic, with vivid fire in her dark blue eyes, and her flaxen hair streaming in the evening sun.

"Siri !" said he, "you were born to be the wife of a miner !"

Siri shook her head laughing, and said, "Not of a miner, but of the king of the mines ; of the mountain spirit, who should convey me into the inmost heart of the mountain, and let me reign there with him. I would then do nothing all day long but sing and gossip with the gnomes, guess their riddles, pluck diamonds from the mountains, and wander about the interminable corridors and caverns ! Would not that be glorious ?"

"If it were but possible," replied Olof, laughing. "But I prophesy that should you once descend into one of our mountains, I mean our mines, you would speedily wish yourself back again upon the earth."

Siri was silent, shook her head, and an expression of melancholy suddenly obscured her countenance.

The following morning they bathed in the river which flowed beneath Miss Lotty's bathing-rooms, and afterwards they made a promenade through the valley. Olof and Siri were delighted, and were almost as frolicsome as children. And it so happened that Olof suddenly felt a severe pain in one of his hands, and jokingly said, "a dwarf has bitten me," which is the name given by the populace to the pain suddenly felt in a limb, the cause of which is not detected.

Siri replied, "I know a charm against dwarf-bites, which prevents their hurting."

"Indeed," said Olof, "I see more and more that there is a good deal of the witch in you. It is fortunate you did not live in the sixteenth century. But will you try your skill upon me ?"

"Yes," said Siri ; "but you must promise me not to indict me before the consistory, nor to laugh, but to look me full in the face."

"The conditions are difficult to keep, but I promise you—I will try." Siri now took Olof's hand between hers, looked firmly and seriously in his eyes, then bowed over his hand, and said,—

"Dwarf and nixy,
 And wanton pixy,
 How long wilt ye wander about the land ?
 I charm ye away,
 Nor shall ye gainsay
 The charm which chases you from this hand."

The charm was thus concluded, but Olof stood a long while afterwards in profound thought, and as it were fixed to the spot.

Meanwhile, unobserved both by Siri and Olof, a pair of coal-black eyes had regarded them with stolen glances from the obscurity of the wood. These eyes were Walborg's.

In the evening Olof said to Brigitta,—

"It is absolutely certain Siri possesses wonderful power in her eyes ; there is something in them which we may well call here bewitching."

"And what is that then ?" said Brigitta.

"It is said that there are individuals who, by the power of their glance, can so fix a person or a thing that they become motionless. They can thus bewitch men, animals, or lifeless things ; for instance, a clock, a mill, &c., that they stand still ; a brook, that it shall cease to flow. Pliny relates that there were women amongst our ancestors, the Scythians, who possessed this faculty, and who were called 'Bithyæ.' These were recalled to my mind when Siri disenchanted my hand—not exactly that the charm did much good—but her eyes are sometimes preternaturally, ay, even terribly beautiful."

"My dear friend," said Brigitta, "take you good care that these eyes do not some day seriously bewitch you. Siri is a dangerous girl, yes, more dangerous than . . ."

"Oh ! be not uneasy with regard to me, my dear Brigitta," said Olof, rather sensitively. "Siri may be as dangerous as she will, but I assure you she is not dangerous for me. I merely observe Siri ; I observe her as I should a curiosity or a natural phenomenon."

"Yes, I suppose as a sort of granite, or a stratus, or cumulus," said Brigitta, banteringly.

"Yes, just so," said Olof, smiling, yet somewhat amazed that Brigitta should consider Siri dangerous to him—to him, the far-travelled and much-experienced young man, who was besides, her self-elected Mentor ; who ought, more rationally, to be considered as dangerous to her, and to whom she must look up with love as well as with respect. Olof was absolutely deaf to the secret voice within him, which, as well as Brigitta, whispered seriously to him that it was precisely thus that the danger threatened him.

And night came, and with its mantle covered the thoughts and the impressions of the day.

The next day the journey was resumed, and slowly continued to Aasberg, where the road terminates. Wide spaces of this wild and picturesque way were made on foot, and the inhabitants of the valley were associated with. The natives of Elfdale are not Dalecarlians ; they approach in appearance to the Tartars. Their eyes are brown and fiery ; their colour dark, and their features vulgar. Beggars and ragged persons are seen here, and uncleanness prevails within their sordid huts. But the language is still harmonious and musical, and their country is beautiful, although sterile. Beech and fir woods predominate. Deciduous trees become smaller and crippled.

The travellers visited the porphyry-works, where patience appears to exhaust itself upon the brittle hard stone ; where the workman becomes prematurely aged through the dust of the glittering

masterpiece which he executes. In the afternoon they reached Aasberg. Here the river makes a wide semicircular sweep around the place, beautifully situated amidst its fruitful fields, and opposite arises a splendid amphitheatre of fir forests, here and there interrupted by foaming cataracts, which precipitate themselves downwards to the river.

The carriages could not go farther than this spot. Our travellers went on foot through the tolerably large village, to visit a chapel beyond it, built of planks, in the middle of a meadow, standing deserted and melancholy, but where divine service is held several times during the year. The very inside of the chapel appears cheerless. Reindeer horns are used as candlesticks and chandeliers.

Mrs. Ingeborg, who was somewhat fatigued, wished to rest at the chapel whilst the young people went onwards to seek the spot where "the road ends." Her husband stayed with her. They seated themselves upon the steps of the chapel, and a multitude of the people of the place soon collected around them making their remarks, and observing with astonishment the stately Rector and his beautiful wife, for travellers rarely extend their excursions so far onward in Dalecarlia.

The Rector amused himself with talking to the people about bygone times, when Gustavus Vasa, upon failing to excite the natives of the parishes bordering the Silya to rise, fled with a half-despairing heart to these regions, over the mountains, and through the solitary forests which separate East from West Dalarne, sheltering himself by night in the deserted huts of earth which are erected here and there for the protection of solitary wayfarers, thus accompanying the western Dalelfe in its course through extensive snow-covered forests. More and more desert was the region; more and more boisterously rushed the stream over its stony bed; poorer and smaller became the human dwellings upon its banks. Gustavus stood at the foot of the Norwegian precipices which were speedily to separate him from his unhappy fatherland. He then turned around and beheld, in the Lima forest, the bold skaters who had been sent after him from Mora, to persuade him to come back, and place himself at the head of the people, who had no sooner heard of the bloody cruelties committed at Stockholm, than they breathed battle and revenge. And here it was that Gustavus's fortune changed. The Rector spoke also with the people, who continued increasing in numbers about them, of the learned and valiant Daniel Bencovius of Elfdale, who, in 1644, at the head of the peasantry of Elfdale and Mora, enclosed the enemy at Serna, and thus tranquilly conquered the whole of this diocese for Sweden; and how 'our Daniel,' as the people called him, the day after the conquest, held divine service in the chapel of Serna, and christened a multitude of children, many of whom were big enough to tug at the Bible and tear leaves out of it. And the Rector observed with delight that the memory of the learned and valiant minister still dwelt in the hearts of the Elfdalians. He then put several questions to them respecting their knowledge of religion; and he was then examined himself and questioned by them; and, prompted by curiosity, they asked whether he would not much rather be the 'Counsellor of the Clergy,'

namely, the "great father of Upsala" himself, instead of Rector of Mora?

Meantime the young folks wandered around the peninsula toward Serna, where the river was broader, and the sun was shining upon the distant blue rocks. All seemed ungenial and sterile here. It was still and tranquil, but enormous tempest clouds hung cheerlessly over the region, and through their rents the sun cast sidelong glances upon the earth, and at the slowly flowing waters of the river. Clouds, wonderful by the extraordinary shapes they took, arose between the mountains, bright rays transpierced the heavy obscure masses, vapours dispersed, and there opened deep below beautiful glittering . . . thus is it, thus are the mystical regions animated to which love leads, earthly as well as heavenly love in its fiery concentrated instants.

Olof and Siri, who were rapid walkers, had speedily outstripped Brigitta and Walborg. They had gone on, lured by the unusual beauty of the way and its scenes, without once thinking of the "end of the road." They were obliged at last, however, to think of returning, but they resolved to await Brigitta and Walborg upon the banks of the river. Here stood they wholly absorbed in the contemplation of the setting sun, when Siri suddenly exclaimed "Olof!" and with the rapidity of lightning sprung forward and struck him sideways. Olof at the very same instant felt himself forcibly turned round he knew not how, and heard a rush and a fall, and upon turning about he beheld Siri lying upon the earth beneath a fir-tree, which had fallen from the precipitous sandy bank, and which Siri had prevented falling upon Olof by her intervention. A portion only of the summit of the tree had thus brushed Olof's head. But Siri lay beneath the branches and was severely bleeding from a deep scratch in the neck. But she lay thus only an instant, for she immediately freed herself from it and stood by Olof cheerfully yet anxiously inquiring, "Olof! has it not hurt you? No, thank God, I see you are uninjured!"

"But you, Siri! you bleed, and that for my sake," said Olof, and took her in his arms.

"Ah! it is only a scratch," said Siri, passing her hand towards her neck, "I will wash myself in the river, and then it will soon be better. Do not be fearful. I am so delighted."

But this instant was a fatal one for Olof, for holding this laughing, bleeding girl, radiating with delight in his arms, an inspiration of love's vital and transporting ecstasy was transfused, he knew not how, into his veins, and streamed triumphantly through the inmost core of his heart.

The magical and wondrous fire which envelopes the beautiful giant's daughter, as the northern Saga tell us, flamed from her and enchanted his soul. Excited, delighted, confused, stood he there, bending down over his young preserver as if he would drink up the blood which flowed for his sake, and he drew her nearer and nearer to him. But agile as an eel Siri twisted from his embrace, sprang down into the water, and dipped her handkerchief in it, bathing her neck.

Olof followed, silently contemplating her. He could not speak, he could scarcely think. A sea of emotions was agitated within his bosom. Siri appeared enchanting to him. He would willingly have been the water which pearly between her

fingers ! Oh ! he could have been the handkerchief she folded round her neck. He knew not, himself, what passed within him. Olof stood upon the skirts of one of those passions which are the more violent and the more dangerous from their being wholly founded upon blind and energetic impulse. And when he now reflected that this charming girl bled for him, had ventured her life for him, his heart throbbed violently, and proud as a god—ah no ! as a debile man, he gently exclaimed, “she loves me ! she loves me !”

“Probably you are studying some natural phenomenon ! some cumulus or stratus ! Ahem !” Brigitta was now heard to say, who had softly and unobservedly approached them, whilst Walborg, silent and pale, stood still some steps behind.

“Oh heavens !” continued Brigitta in alarm, now observing Siri, “What is all this ? What has happened ? What have you been doing ? Have you been duelling or wrestling with bears ? Or . . .”

Siri shouted out into a hearty laugh at this, and then related the incident so lightly and cheerfully, that Olof was astonished and almost vexed at it. The world had within ten minutes wholly transformed itself to him.

“But is it not terrible,” said Brigitta, scolding, “that one cannot leave Siri an instant out of sight without her exposing herself to neck-breaking adventures, or to the imminent peril of her life ? Recently you ventured into the depths of the earth, that we already fancied you dead and buried ; then you descended to the bottom of the lake, so that I thought you would never come up again, and now you let the forest fall upon you ! Where will all this lead ? If this do not some day carry you to Blaakulla, you have more luck than good sense. And if certain persons were to give less attention to the study of natural phenomena and curiosities, and more to a poor foolish girl, it would be the better for all parties !”

Brigitta’s mode of scolding and jesting had always a very animating effect upon Olof, and revived him now like a cold shower-bath, and he immediately recovered himself as she cheerfully added,—

“I purpose presenting you myself with a phenomenon that I myself discovered ; one quite peculiar of its kind ; a phenomenon that for seven long years made chocolate upon the Cat’s-back, in the southern quarter of Stockholm. Holloa ! mother-kin, where are you ?”

A gipsy-like woman, with fiery brown eyes, came forward out of the bushes, and was presented by Brigitta as the promised phenomenon. What was remarkable in her appeared eventually to restrict itself to her having, during a long absence from Dalecarlia, served a lady in the quarter of Stockholm called the Cat’s-back, and to her having for seven years made chocolate for her ; and had now sought the travellers, to make inquiries about her former mistress.

Followed by this chatty old dame, the young people turned back to rejoin the elders of their party. They found the Rector rather impatient at their long absence and delay.

They were all speedily in motion again, on horse-back or in the carriages. Brigitta immediately proposed this riddle to her aunt, “What was that wonder which I saw in the ‘King’s Castle,’ that for seven long years made chocolate upon the

Cat’s-back, and now cooks grits in Elfdale ?” and again, “What wonder, above all wonders, is that which descends into the mountain and into the sea, and drags down forests upon it, and then cheerfully rides on upon the highway ?” And when it was guessed that the last wonder was Siri, and the Rector learnt what she had done for Olof, he was so overjoyed that he made the carriage stop, called Siri to him, lifted her off her horse, took her upon his knee, and paternally embraced and blessed her. Mrs. Ingeborg looked on with tears of joy in her eyes. Olof felt a strong desire to embrace his father, but Siri, almost frightened, and half confused, seemed merely to wish to be out of the carriage once more, and on the back of her horse.

“She is a noble girl !” exclaimed the Rector with animation ; “her vitality is sufficient to diffuse warmth widely around her. Were she my own child I could scarcely love her more.”

“It is strange,” said the Rector, some time afterwards, “how chance plays its game in the world, and combines persons and things which have not the most remote connection together. Siri, for instance, frequently reminds me involuntarily of a person, a man whom I often saw in my youth, for we studied together, and one who, at the time, very much interested me : his name was Julius Wolf, but he has now been dead for many years. There is something in her eyes and glance which greatly resembles him, and most remarkable too, he had just such a mark over his left eye as she has.

“This man,” continued the Rector, seemingly sunk in the memory of the past, “was a singular character, or rather a singular nature, for he had no character at all. He was a richly-gifted, interesting enthusiast, demoniacal, bewitching, but dangerous, for he possessed violent passions, but was deficient in all order and constancy. ‘Gods signify ORDERERS,’ says old Herodotus, but this man had made disorder his God, and regarded life only in the accessions of his passion and ecstasy. He had indeed a very warm heart, and exercised an extraordinary influence over men, and even over animals (like our dear Siri, who, in these particulars, also resembles him), by a species of intellectual magnetical attraction peculiar to certain natures. Ambition and pride were his downfall. He became connected with a knavish adventurer, committed a serious crime against the laws, and was exiled. It was a very sad thing, and when I reflect upon him and his fine talents, and the want of stability which precipitated him, I am ready to say with Brigitta, ‘It is the want of true power which produces most evil in the world.’”

When the Rector had concluded this monologue, it was so quiet in the carriage that you might have supposed his whole audience was asleep. And if this had been the case, they would very speedily have been most unpleasantly aroused, for owing to the collision of the carriage with a projecting rock, the two hinder springs were broken, and the carriage descended very gently, and settled itself upon the hind wheels.

This, however, was anything but pleasant to the travellers, and the less so, as they were distant from a village, whence they might have had assistance, and it was thus impossible for them to continue their journey in the carriage upon this mountain road, although the springs were again

tied up with ropes. It was besides past ten o'clock at night, and the clouded sky made it unusually dark. Therefore, after holding council, it was resolved that the Rector's man should drive the carriage to the porphyry works, which were distant about three miles from the spot where they now were, and that a peasant boy, who was with them, and who was well acquainted with the neighbourhood, should conduct the travellers to a hut in a wood, close to a porphyry-quarry, where they could remain during the night, and in the morning the carriage should fetch them thence, after being repaired at the porphyry-works.

All were contented with this arrangement; and, conveying with them what they might require for their night quarters, the party took their way to the wood. They had not walked more than a quarter of an hour before they arrived at a kind of stable, perched amidst stupendous clefts and quarries. They here entered, and as the majority were very tired they soon spread out their cloaks, and prepared their couches as comfortably as they could, but not without a great deal of chatter and laughter.

When Siri was lying, the Rector gently rose, and spread his cloak over her to protect her from the night damps. Siri noticed it, and catching his paternal hand, imprinted a warm and fervent kiss upon it. This first sign of attachment which he had received from the beloved, but shy maiden, moved him considerably, and happy at heart he went to share the hard couch of his son.

It was soon silent in the hut, and the pines of the forest appeared to rustle over sleeping beings only.

But there was one within who did not sleep, and this was Mrs. Ingeborg. Torturing thoughts, and perhaps some corporeal suffering, kept her awake. She sat upright there, listening to the breathing of the sleepers, and the gentle rustling of the forest around and over her. But this did not lull her to repose. Her blood burned feverishly, and her heart beat violently. Unable to remain longer within, she quietly arose, and went out.

Directly opposite, there was an open space, and she went slowly forwards,—looking around her upon the porphyry rocks—large fragments of which were dispersed about, which in the nocturnal twilight took the fantastical and threatening forms of the imaginary and mis-shapen giants and dragons of the northern Saga. It was a tempestuous summer's night, and the thunder rolled hollow from the black clouds. But the moon had risen, and—the almanack may say what it will—it shone brightly during this July night; namely, during its last half, very evidently, whenever the rents in the masses of cloud would admit its translucent beams.

The forest was tranquil, and fragrant with an odour peculiar to the fir forests of the north. The odours of the south are but insipid exhalations, compared with this refreshing and agreeable fragrance. A light shudder thrilled through Mrs. Ingeborg. The freshness of the forest inspired her spirit with its energy. Life rose mentally before her, in elevated but melancholy beauty, with its shadows, its sorrows, and its death. The grief of her own heart seemed absorbed within it; and, as a moonbeam transpierces the obscurity of night, so was her soul enlightened by her confiding

faith in the power and in the love which sees all, bears all, and is alone the propitiator of all. With a lighter step and a freer heart, she went still forwards, but suddenly she stopped,—struck by the sombre shadows which were spread before her gaze. Exactly opposite her, at a distance of about thirty steps, lay one of those dead forests of which we have spoken. The moon, which now shone more brightly, lighted up its dark grey charred forms; dying sighs appeared floating thence. It was like a spectral tale of the desert, and Mrs. Ingeborg felt strange sensations, which were much increased, and rendered more mysterious, upon her distinctly perceiving a dark shadow gliding amongst the dead trees. She distinguished the figure of a man; and this figure she fancied she knew,—and a crowd of remembrances thronged her mind—terrible remembrances—ascending, as it were, from out the grave. The apparition now stood still, and seemed gazing where she stood. It went like cold steel through her heart, which ceased pulsating. The black form again moved, gradually went away, and disappeared like a shade in the dead wood.

"Was it but a shadow,—the mere creation of my disordered imagination?" thus asked she herself as she returned to their place of repose, with her brow and breast moistened by a cold dew which had neither fallen from the sky nor arisen from the earth.

Morning came, and with it the carriage. All was life and motion, and yet there was evidently no genuine cheerfulness. Mrs. Ingeborg was perceptibly unwell, although she endeavoured to conceal it; and her husband was uneasy on her account. This disordered everything; and the return home was not, by far, so pleasant as the journey out. Siri rode continually close to the carriage, and Olof had but little opportunity to speak with her. Brigitta's remarks, and the shapes of the clouds, alone maintained a slight degree of cheerfulness in the party, and all appeared heartily satisfied at having returned to Mora; especially Brigitta, who greeted her curate with such cordiality as totally to exclude all confusion of tongues. And instead of hearing, as she wished, complaints at the length of her absence, she heard nothing but the praises of the art and mystery of angling, and she lamented her unhappy fate to be compelled to be jealous of perch and jacks.

But Siri suffered considerable grief, for her fawn, Durathor, had died during her absence,—broken-hearted, as it seemed, with longing for her. It ceased eating immediately after her departure, and this very day it was found dead about noon. Siri wept so bitterly over it, that Lieutenant Lasse totally forgot to mention his "*Elégie harmonique*."

The intercourse between Olof and Siri had wholly changed. Olof thought he perceived her to have become confused and reserved towards him since that delightful, yet extraordinary evening in Elfdale. She evidently avoided him, and this enigmatical behaviour deeply pained him, and fanned into a flame the obscure spark within his heart. He became sleepless, and mentally uneasy, and burned with the desire of an explanation with her. A couple of evenings after the return to Mora, a short while after the setting of the sun,

and as the shades of night had commenced spreading themselves over the earth, the well-known soft tones of a flute were borne by the wind to the rectory of Mora.

Impelled by an irresistible feeling, Olof went in the direction whence they seemed to come. They came from the opposite side of the church, and thither Olof speeded with hasty steps. But the tones had ceased long before he reached the jetty of land upon which the church stood. Olof went towards the churchyard. The iron-trellised gate on this side was upon the latch, and Olof was just going through it, when suddenly an ice-cold hand was placed upon his, and like the angel of death—so pale and serious—stood Walborg before him, on the opposite side of the wall, and pointed towards the church. Sheltered by its shadow, a man was sitting upon a tombstone,—and, upon her knees before him, in his arms, upon his bosom, a young maiden in complete abandonment. Her face could not be seen, but her light blonde hair, her size, her clothes, all discovered—what Walborg also gently said—“Siri!”

One instant, Olof stood paralysed; the next, he would have precipitated himself forwards, but was withheld by Lieutenant Lasse, by whom he was almost forcibly led away in a state of mind bordering upon distraction.

THE JUDGMENT.

THE candles were burning dimly in the chamber of the Rector, when late at night the whole family was there assembled. The appearance of each individual indicated that serious business was in hand. All were, however, silent. Mrs. Ingeborg sat closely to her husband, and her face was deathly pale,—whilst her looks were directed to the door, with an expression of the deepest anxiety. Nordenwall seemed to have assumed a forced demeanour, his voice was tranquil, and firm resolution was depicted in his whole manner; but every trait in his features now wore an expression of profound grief, which a consoling hope seemed vainly striving to chase.

Poor little Brigitta's eyes were swollen and red, as with much weeping. Walborg's were dry; she sat there pale, and apparently cold. Olof stood at the window,—his head sunk down, and his face hidden by his hand. A more bitter feeling pierced his soul than he chose to betray. The rest were looking towards the door.

And now were heard outside, light and rapid footsteps. The door was opened, and Siri stepped in with a countenance which exhibited emotion combined with defiance.

“Uncle desired that I should come here,” said she; and looking around, she added, with a forced smile, “but here all appears very strange and solemn—exactly like a court prepared for trial.”

“Such is it,” said the Rector; “but,” continued he,—and his warm and open heart displayed itself both in his look and voice,—“I should not have cited you before it had I not hoped—ay—had I not been thoroughly convinced within my mind, that you, my child, could not merely explain, but fully clear yourself from the imputations which are about being made against you.”

“What imputations?” asked Siri, endeavouring to appear quite unconcerned; whereas, the palpable exertion betrayed the very opposite feeling.

“You were seen,” continued the Rector, in the same light, mild, but deeply impressive voice,—“you were seen, late this evening, in the churchyard with some strange man; you were seen in his arms; and it is said, it is not the first time that you have been observed to meet him. Is this the case?”

“Who is it that says so?” asked Siri, casting threatening looks around.

“It is of little consequence who,” replied Nordenwall, “I only tell you what is said, and ask you once more, is this true?”

After some reflection, Siri replied with effort, but firmly, “Yes!”

A shudder thrilled through the whole audience.

“Who is the man?” asked Nordenwall.

“That I may not say,” replied Siri.

“Why do you meet him secretly?” asked the Rector; and his voice changed into severity, and the questions became rapid and excited.

Siri said, “Neither can I answer this question.”

“Why do you make a secret of the matter?”

“Because I must.”

“Why?”

Siri was silent.

“Why must you? reply, girl!”

“I cannot,—I will not!”

“Siri! (threateningly,) Siri! (affectionately,) this I did not expect from my adopted one.”

Siri was silent, but wiped her brow with her hand.

“Siri,” asked the Rector, “do you wish to be alone with me?”

“No! No! I should say nothing more than what I have now said.”

“You confess yourself guilty, then?”

“No, I am innocent!”

“Innocent! Say something that may prove this.”

“I cannot.”

“Innocent?” continued the Rector, in an angry tone,—“Innocence which secretly meets a strange man, which conceals itself from relations and friends, and refuses to give any explanation of its conduct,—such innocence is not worth much!”

“And yet am I innocent! God knows that I am so,” exclaimed Siri, with an expression of truth, which darted a ray of hope into the hearts of those who loved her.

“Do you love this man?” asked Nordenwall again.

Siri replied with a gentle “Yes!” but which came from the very depths of her heart.

“And he loves you?”

“Yes, but not—not as——”

“Can he not, then, come honourably to your friends, and say so?” exclaimed the Rector. “Has he committed any crime, that he thus cautiously conceals himself, and in concealment and obscurity seduces her to him whom he loves, and fears nothing for her character and her welfare?”

“I cannot, cannot answer,” said Siri, wringing her hands, and looking wretched; “but,” added she, “do not think evil of him,—do not think evil of us. He is unfortunate—and so too, am I.”

“Maiden, maiden,” said the Rector, “this looks bad for you.” He was then silent awhile,

and all the rest were also silent. He at last resumed—

“Will you promise never to see the man again, —or at least, never to see him secretly?”

Siri was silent. The Rector was obliged to repeat his question. At last Siri replied—

“No! that I cannot promise!”

“Not?”

“No!”

“But if I command you?”

“No! For all the kingdoms of the world do not command me that. No! In storm, in rain, in cold, by night, in the very depths of the earth, in hell itself—wherever he may be found—must I seek him. Even if disgrace, if death itself be the consequence.”

“Oh heavens!” said Mrs. Ingeborg, gently, and pressed her hand to her heart.

“Unhappy child,” thundered the Rector, springing violently up. “Dost thou know what thou sayst? Art thou fallen—so unutterably fallen? Can you defy God thus, desecrating the resting-place of the dead? Dost thou not feel thou art unworthy to remain within this house,—that thou must be repulsed from the home that has received you,—that thou art unworthy to remain another night beneath its roof, and to lie with those whom thou hast so fearfully deceived?”

“I will go!” said Siri, with a gentle voice, but with such a look—with such a heart-rending expression—so disconsolate, that it deeply affected her judge.

“Yes, you must go!” exclaimed he, vehemently, “if you will abide in this contumacy. Thou must quit my house, but on its threshold shalt thou trample upon me, as thou at this very instant tramplest upon thy father and thy teacher. At the threshold of my door will I lie at thy feet, and implore thee to have mercy upon thine own soul and upon mine—which will never more find peace if thine be lost. Go! go! go! But mark—nowhere shalt thou go, whither I will not follow thee. If thou dost not fear either night or storm, or hell itself, neither will I fear them—to wrench you from their clutch. And the peace which thou now robbest my heart and my house thus of wilt thou ever want. Ungrateful girl, go, and return curses for the blessings you have received.”

He repelled her from him, and endeavoured to avoid her, but Siri sank at his feet, embraced his knees, and implored with tears—

“Oh repulse me not! I will not go, I will not go. Repulse me not. Do not treat me as ungrateful. Do not believe me guilty. I am not guilty. Look down upon me, my foster-father, my instructor! Do I look like so bad a creature? am I such a spirit of the abyss? Believe me, I am only unfortunate, and one day will you perceive it, if not here upon the earth, yet later before God’s throne. Will you not believe me, and you, all of you who have been so kind towards me?” And Siri stood up, imploringly stretching her hands out to all within the room. And the hearts of every one beat in sympathy with her.

She again turned towards the Rector, and said,

“Hast thou not, my teacher, observed during our interviews that I yearned for the truth, that your instructions were dear to me, and that there was that within me which was not to be rejected? Can

you believe that all this was a lie? Formerly you thought kindly of me; and now—have I suddenly become unworthy to be your little Siri!—your little maiden?”

These fond names, which the Rector had so frequently used towards Siri now moved him. He turned away, and after a short time he said more calmly but in a tone indicative of an excited mind,

“Siri, I willingly believe you are innocent in as far as you do not voluntarily deceive us. But *you are deceived*—thus much is certain to me. And, in perversely determining to be your own guide, you show yourself indifferent to the anxiety and apprehensions of those whom God has given you in lieu of parents, and thus defy the observance of what is just and proper; it is criminal and worthy of punishment.”

Siri bowed down, her head and was silent.

“Are you inflexible in what you have said, and in your resolutions?” asked once more the Rector.

“Yes! I must be so,” said she.

“Then I must tell you,” continued he, “that I cannot permit you to stand at the sacramental table until you shall have freed yourself from all the mystery that now envelopes you; or until by confession and repentance you shall have rendered yourself worthy of pardon.”

This was extremely painful to Siri. Silently but imploringly, she held her clasped hands towards her severe instructor and then hid her face.

“And since you have now lost our confidence,” continued the Rector sternly, “and as I am answerable for you both to God and man, I tell you beforehand, that in future you will be constantly watched.”

Siri looked sharply up, “And who will watch me? and who is to be my gaoler?” said she bitterly, and the spirit of defiance seemed again to breathe forth from her.

“I,” said Olof, stepping forward, “I will be so, if my father will permit me.”

“So be it,” replied the Rector, “you shall be responsible to me for her.”

Siri slowly turned her eyes to Olof, but he firmly met her sombre look.

“Olof is then my guard?” added she, “and I am his prisoner! But no one is my judge but God! Look you!” continued she with a laugh, the wildness of which bordered upon insanity, “I am now like the girl who was cited before the ‘Holy Commission,’ and like her I am innocent, but I wish no longer to live.”

And with these words she rushed violently out of the room. Olof followed her.

The Silya is at the distance of about a hundred paces from the rectory of Mora. A green field sparingly planted with green trees skirts its edge, and across this green field Siri now hastened towards the lake, with her locks fluttering wildly in the wind. She sprang along as if she would precipitate herself into the cool flood; but upon its edge she was received by a pair of arms which firmly held her, and on looking round she perceived these to be Olof’s. “Is it you—my guard?” said she bitterly, “you look closely after your prisoner. Let me go. I hate you.”

“I know it. I now well know,” said Olof, “that you do not love me; but that you should hate me, that is harsh.”

There was in Olof's voice such a noble expression of profound grief, that he at this moment made a deep impression upon Siri. More mildly, yet more sensitively, she asked him,

"Why did you constitute yourself my guard?"

"That you," replied he, "might know that you had always a friend near you; a friend who will ever deeply love you, although you love another."

"You will be both my friend and guard?" said Siri. "What if I deceive you?"

"That thou dar'st not do," said Olof, looking firmly and candidly at her. "I know not, Siri, how it is, but I cannot think evil of you; there is upon your brow and within your eyes the impress of innocence, that cannot deceive. Whatever may be the cause that has prompted you to act as you have acted I cannot understand, but one thing do I know, and it is this, that I will protect you, and it was therefore that I entreated permission to guard you."

"Was that the reason, Olof? You are a noble creature! I will not deceive you."

"But you have done so," thought Olof, "or more correctly, I deceived myself when I thought . . . Oh! folly! folly!" And Olof suppressed a tear within his eye. His first love, his joyous dream, his youthful hope and fancy was thus crushed. But the stars of heaven never beamed upon a purer youthful soul than at this instant was Olof's.

"My head burns and throbs so violently," said Siri, kneeling down upon the bank, "take some water in your hand and sprinkle my forehead." He did so.

"Oh that is delightful," said Siri, "it is as if you took moonshine, mild tranquil moonshine, and poured over me. It is your friendship, Olof, which gives the water such a mild effect. I thank you, good Olof!"

"Yes, my friendship is moonshine, but the love of another is sunshine," thought Olof bitterly.

"Olof!" said Siri, seriously, after having reflected a moment, and standing up, "to-morrow night, do you hear? to-morrow night I must see him again!"

Olof felt as if bitten by a snake.

"I MUST!" repeated Siri, "do you hear? the welfare of my life and that of others depends upon it. I must see him and speak to him, but for the last time for a long long while. I must meet him upon Tingsnäs; * I have promised it. It can be prevented if I am locked up, but then—I should become mad."

"I will accompany you," said Olof, briefly.

"But you . . . you dare not. . . ."

"I understand you," interrupted Olof, "I dare not approach near, I dare not listen. . . Well! I promise you this once to wait at a distance so long as I see you; if I lose you out of sight, then—"

"You shall see me. I will not fly or conceal myself from you. God grant I could tell you all, and show you the inmost core of my heart!"

There was an expression of truth and innocence in these words of Siri's which at this instant overcame all doubt, all want of confidence in the mind of Olof. He drew his arm fraternally round her, and she leaned her head upon his shoulder. Who-

ever should have thus seen them returning to the rectory, so young, so handsome, so united, would scarcely have surmised that they now felt themselves for ever separated from each other.

Olof accompanied Siri to her chamber, and was about quitting her when the door was violently thrown open, and Mrs. Ingeberg entered in evidently a much excited state. She went up to Siri, clasped her almost forcibly to her bosom, and said,

"Maiden! maiden! For God's sake, for thy, my sake, reflect! reflect! Thy mother—thy mother was once as obstinate as you—believed herself innocent and strong as you do, and did . . . what she her whole life long bitterly repented! Thy mother . . . God pardon me!—I scarcely know what I say, but if you will not kill me—do not make yourself unhappy."

Siri freed herself from her arms, which seemed convulsively to hold her, and stepping back some paces from Mrs. Ingeberg—quiet, silent, pale—she fixed a sombre and inquiring glance upon her.

"Have you not a word! not a kind word! not a single, single word of comfort to bestow upon me?" exclaimed Mrs. Ingeberg, with heart-rending impetuosity.

Siri was silent. She seemed transformed into marble.

"Oh God!" cried Mrs. Ingeberg; and looked another instant anxiously, earnestly, and imploringly, at the silent girl; and then, wringing her hands—she went.

"Siri! you are terrific," said Olof, looking at her with alarm, and almost with terror.

"I stand under God's judgment!" said Siri slowly, "and—and no one but He has a right to judge me. Leave me now, Olof! to-morrow night, about this hour, I expect you upon the banks."

And she now turned away. Olof went, his mind agitated by the most fearful turbulence, and with suppressed rage at the power which he felt this strange girl exercised over him. Upon descending the stairs, and passing the door of his step-mother's room, an impulsive force urged him to enter, to see her, and speak a few words with her. He quietly opened the door. She sat within, alone, silent,—with deep grief depicted upon her countenance, her hands compressed upon her bosom.

Olof stepped to her, and fell upon his knees before her, and said—

"Mother! speak—speak to me. I cannot see you in this condition!"

Mrs. Ingeberg took his head between her hands, looked long in his large bright eyes, and at length said, "Oh, if heaven has denied me a daughter, yet has it given me a son!" She kissed the youth's forehead, and gazed again into his eyes long and earnestly, as if she would read the very depths of his inmost soul.

"We must submit, my dear son, we must endure it. Thou shalt help me."

And by his mother's side tranquillity spread over the soul of the youth. His vigour was suddenly renewed, and he felt again strong at heart. He felt himself to be understood by her, and he felt beloved by her. They spoke no more, but this hour was tranquillising to them both.

* A strip of land at the junction of the Dalelfe with the Silva, covered with pines.

The following night, a little boat glided over the waters of the Silya, from the shores of Mora, towards the neck of land called Tingsnåas; which, with its black pines, extended itself darkly in the silvery moonlit lake. The oars were silent which skimmed the tranquil mirror of the lake, silent and pale were both the young people who sat in the boat opposite each other, with downcast melancholy looks.

One hour afterwards, the same boat glided over the lake from Tingsnåas, back to Mora. And the two young people who sat in it were as before, silent and pale as the shades of ancient Hades, when upon the smooth waves of the Styx they are conveyed to judgment.

VARIETIES.

ON the following day, Siri lay in a burning fever. She fell into a short but severe illness, which caused her relatives to despair of her life, but which collected them in love around her sick-bed. During a couple of days her mind wandered considerably, and she often repeated, "I stand under God's judgment!" But a tranquillity, and, at times, a touching expression of joy was spread over her features, which more than anything confirmed the belief in her innocence, and cast a beneficent veil over the immediate past. Besides which, Siri appeared, during her sickness, and after its danger had subsided, to have changed totally in character. She had now become gentle and grateful for the smallest service rendered her, and for the least expression of anxiety about her. She had never been more amiable; unconsciously thus all excitement vanished, all the gentle sympathies were awakened, but joy had disappeared from out the house.

"I cannot conceive what is passing in me," said Brigitta one day, "I feel so strangely,—so thoroughly downcast. My whole soul is really quite upset. I must go and cheer myself up a little with my Curate. But the misfortune is, that when he looks at me, with his honest, innocent eyes, I am completely charmed out of the execution of my jest. Where shall one find, throughout this unhappy world, any comfort? You also, Lasse, look quite silly,—just like stewed cockles, or a boiled salmon."

But the Curate approached, with an unusually excited and animated countenance, and gliding closely up to Brigitta, she said,

"Well! now, nothing could be more apropos; you look as happy as a bridegroom, when the house is sorrowful and downcast. I cannot endure the world any longer, Godelius. I will quite cast it off. I feel I must get me into a nunnery. I shall become Saint Brigitta the Second."

"You must first have eight children, my little Britty," said the Curate, humourously smiling.

"Well, now this is very unworthy of you," said Brigitta, "to be thus unmindful of the feelings of a person. And who told you, besides, to call me Britty? My name is not Britty! I flatter myself I am called Brigitta. I thank you for Britty,—and least of all will I be your Britty! Do you hear that? I break with you altogether,

Godelius. I will become a nun. I will go into a cloister. Yes, decidedly!"

"No, certainly not! Why, what a pleasant humour my little wife is in to-day!"

"Wife? Thy little wife? If you utter such follies—ay indeed, something terrific will happen. But I won't gossip any longer with you; I will go into a nunnery."

"You can do so, my heart's darling," said the Curate, with the most perfect serenity; "but pray first tell me what this letter says, and give me your opinion as to what I shall do upon it."

And he handed Brigitta a letter, which brought the intelligence that he had been nominated reader of Greek and Hebrew, at the gymnasium of Westeraas; expressing, at the same time, the wish that he would commence his duties during the approaching autumn.

When Brigitta had finished reading this letter, she clapped her hands, exclaiming—

"And you ask me what you shall do? Why really, you have become very judicious. Does it require a moment's consideration? Accept it, to be sure; and accept it instantly,—accept it by all possible means, and I will assist you in it. You reader in Westeraas! And I will be thy curate. I will become as quickly and as profoundly versed in Greek and Hebrew as I did in Latin. Oh we shall make a professorship together!" And Brigitta jumped about for very pleasure; dancing her tall Curate round, who strugglingly observed,

"But you meant to go into a nunnery?"

"Ay,—well, I will think of that by-and-by. I have no time for it now. I must now think of your readership, your outfittings, your settlement there, and—"

"And of our marriage!" said the Curate, smiling roguishly.

"Yes, and of our marriage—next spring, for sooner I will not marry. Do not look so sorrowful, my old one; I will tell you my whole plan, but now I am so delighted that I have not leisure either to think of that or of myself. Even now, I was dull as a raven, and now I am as sprightly as a lark. And so must you be too. Heavens! why what a long face you are making! Does a lark look so? God preserve me from such a lark's phiz. Well, heaven be praised, it is now clearing up a little. Ah! Godelius, how good and gracious is not God!"

"Indeed he is! Indeed he is! But you, Brigitta, you are bad. Why will you not be married at once, this autumn, and come along with me?"

"I will tell you why, my dear old one. That is, because—you see that I cast down my eyes—because I am wanted here in the house. Aunt wants me, Siri wants me, and I dare not leave them, as—"

"But I, I also want you, Brigitta, and you are my betrothed; and it stands in the Bible, that the woman shall leave all and follow her husband."

"Oh yes! cannot the learned cite Scripture backwards! As you give it, it does not stand in the Bible, but the Bible says, 'A man shall leave his father and his mother and shall cleave unto his wife.' Those are the words. Be so good as just to refer to the second chapter of Genesis. But listen to me, Godelius, and be rational. All is not right here at home, that you will have observed as well as me, and I feel that some day

or another a great misfortune will spring from it. I cannot quit my noble aunt and my little Siri—that hateful girl, in the dismal mis-toned condition they are now in. I must first see all this clear itself up, and must contribute to it as much as I can. Meanwhile I will make up a whole lot of things for our domestic use, and in the spring—yes, by that time I think it may become all clear and straight here in the house, and that I could then leave it very conscientiously. However, I will accompany you this autumn to Westeraas, for I must see what sort of a place you have there; and I purpose, should it happen to occur to me at the time, to harangue the Bishop and the Consistory, and perhaps the whole of the Gymnasiasts, for having selected you, and to acquaint them what a skilful fellow you are, and thus exhibit the pearl of a wife you have to the very best advantage. And then I must look after your winter habitation, and seek for one for ourselves in the spring. Ah! Godelius; only a little house with three rooms—for your old mother must have one, else two would suffice for us; three rooms and a kitchen in a house on the sunny side, and a little garden, even be it ever so small, where you can enjoy the fresh air, sitting under the green trees smoking your pipe, and where I can raise a few flowers and potterbs!”

“Listen Brigitta!” cried the Curate, as if prompted by a sudden inspiration, “hear what I say. We will marry this autumn, and we will take little Siri home with us. She must go away from here, and, when once away, all will become right again in the house. This will be best for all.”

Brigitta was quite astonished, “This much is certain,” said she at last, “it is very evident you have sometimes good ideas, but how you come by them, that I cannot conceive; whether they tumble from the moon, or rather from the sun, for they are really brilliant. And the more I reflect on what you say, the more it clearly appears to be the very best that could be imagined. And I will now give you a kiss for having thought of poor Siri. It will be rather troublesome, it is true, to get all quickly into order, but if all does not get into exact order immediately, it must remain until we have time to arrange it; the plan must however proceed, for it is really excellent. Come, my old boy, if Siri agrees, it shall be just as you wish.”

The Curate sprang up, and if he did not look exactly like a lark, yet did he seem the very happiest man under the sun. Meanwhile he and Brigitta resolved that, as soon as Siri should be perfectly recovered, they would make their proposition known to her and to the whole family.

As soon as Siri was convalescent, joy again began to fan its wings in the rectory of Mora, excited chiefly by Brigitta and her brother, who during Siri's illness, and as Walborg never quitted her chamber, had wholly lost his good spirits, to the extent of not humming even his favourite air. But no sooner was the danger over and Walborg again visible amongst the rest, than Lasse put on his sister's nightcap, and wrapping her shawl about him, he crouched into a corner of the sofa, bemoaning—

“I know not what can be the matter with me, I feel so wretched. Dearest Walborg, look at me, I am certainly dangerously ill. I am either in a galloping consumption, or I have—the ague!”

And the supposititious sick youth here burst out into a loud laugh, which he assured them was a most dangerous symptom, springing from the laughing spasm, and that it absolutely required Walborg's especial attention and care. Walborg smiled, proposed some medicines, which however Lieutenant Lasse declared to be totally inapplicable, and she then quitted him without the least compassion.

It is very certain that nothing produced this sensation in Lieutenant Lasse, and least of all his love, which was a kind of farce with which he entertained himself and others, and which he exhibited in riddles, in bouquets of violets, in dances, and the all-pathetic “*Pas de Basques*,” and it was impossible to forbear laughing most heartily at it. And even Walborg amused herself somewhat with it, but she was not in the least moved by a feeling which evidently was not serious. Whilst Lieutenant Lasse danced and sighed, and the rest laughed, Olof wandered about, cheerless and forlorn. He roamed through field and forest, collected fossils and read Plutarch, to strengthen and invigorate his soul; and when he became too melancholy, too grieved, he sought relief and peace in the society of his mother, and pressed her hand to his brow and to his heart, for never had he felt her to be so necessary and dear to him as now.

Mrs. Ingeborg herself also was no longer the same she had been before. Her animated and lively bustle had disappeared; and she was either hurried about by a painful disquietude, or she was lost in dark and dismal abstraction.

One afternoon she stood at the window of their sitting-room, which faced the Silya, and observed a large black cloud which arose beyond it, and which appeared to extend a pair of gigantic arms towards Mora. Fearful forebodings rose within her soul. She then felt herself gently encompassed by the arms of her husband, who with a mild voice asked—

“What is it that makes the countenance of my dear wife so gloomy, and consumes all her cheerful tranquillity? It is that maiden, is it not? But my Ingeborg must not thus lose her courage. Have we not fully concurred in the mode of dealing with this affair, and that we will no longer revert to the past, and does not Siri's disposition of mind seem now to promise us nothing but hopefulness for the future?”

“Alas, Gustavus!” replied Mrs. Ingeborg, “I know not how it happens, but I now foster no hope here. Since that terrific day a heavy stone seems to lie upon my heart. Do you behold yon clouds which so threateningly drive hitherward? Since that fearful time I incessantly see such clouds hovering over us, and the presentiment of misfortune does not leave me.”

“And suppose a cloud hover over us, and even if it descend upon us, what is there so dangerous in that? Have we not already passed through much together, many a dark day, many a bitter sorrow; and do we not now stand here, heart to heart as upon our bridal day? Clouds? My noble free-minded wife must not now, as formerly allow herself to be disquieted by clouds. Let us only be cheerful and happy, and not allow ourselves to be apprehensive of foreboding clouds, and you will soon see that all will pass harmlessly.”

Mrs. Ingeborg was silent. A fearful struggle

was going on within her heart. But her husband observed it not, for in his also tranquillity resided not. After a while he said,

"I was very grieved, very grieved indeed about the maiden. I confess I loved her, and I . . . had confidence in her. And she . . . has deceived me, like so many others. This experience was painful—I have so often had confidence in persons, and have so constantly been deceived, that were it not for the grace of God my mind, perhaps, would have been embittered. But in his goodness he gave me a friend, a human heart upon which I can repose, in whose purity and love I bathe my soul, restoring it to health when oppressed by the anxieties of life and of the world. O Ingeborg, my wife! my love! If thou knewest what it is, what an inexpressible feeling it is, with a character such as mine, with experiences such as mine, to know and to feel that one possesses a friend in whom there is no falsity, no deceit, to whom one can go and deposit one's soul in her hand, and apply heart to heart, and where we know we give it only to our better self—a friend with whom we feel as safe as in God's bosom. Oh, it is heaven to be able to say to such a one 'Oh, if the whole world deceive, thou wilt not deceive me.'"

With infinite love and tenderness Nordenwall pressed his wife to his bosom. A burning tear fell upon his hand. There was something in this tear which made him glance at her countenance, and with horror he there perceived a prostrating grief.

"Ingeborg!" said he, with terror, "You are not well!"

"Yes," said she—"the spasms of my heart!"

"Come, and go out with me into the fresh air," said Nordenwall. "You have sat indoors with your disquieting thoughts too long. I ought to have reflected upon that. Come now, my dear wife, and let us look after the reapers, and the harvest, and . . . you told me some time since that you would show me a piece of land which you had reclaimed and had commenced cultivating. Let me see it to-day—let us walk thither."

Mrs. Ingeborg smiled transiently; and more to please her husband, than with the hope that it would relieve herself, she accompanied him out.

During the walk, the Rector spoke of Olof's purposed journey to Fahlun, where he was to remain during the winter, and proposed to his wife that they should all accompany him, and remain there a few weeks to see him comfortably settled, and take the same opportunity of visiting some of their friends there and in the vicinity.

This proposition gave Mrs. Ingeborg much pleasure, for she saw in it a beneficial recreation for all; and this excursion, which was to be made towards the end of October, became the subject matter of the animated conversation of the married couple.

They passed through fields where the yellow rye was bound into sheafs by the hardy hinds, who cheerfully greeted the Rector and his lady as they approached, and it afforded Mrs. Ingeborg real delight to see these vigorous and good peasants as well as the unusually beautiful harvest. At last they reached the reclaimed field. Here the iron of the plough tore up the sward in long furrows, turning its earthy side upwards, which gave from it that refreshing and pleasant odour

which only the fresh and moist earth does give. And as Mrs. Ingeborg pointed out the new and fertile potatoe-field, her countenance became quite animated, and she scarcely noticed the light summer rain which irrigated the land, whilst she and the Rector stood beneath the shelter of an umbrageous tree. The rain soon ceased.

"Where is now the threatening cloud which so recently alarmed you?" asked Nordenwall.

Mrs. Ingeborg looked towards the lake, but the cloud had vanished; and a brilliant rainbow enarched itself over the mountains, and reflected itself in the mirror of the Silya. The sun shone warmly, and penetrated the damp and steaming earth at the feet of the married couple.

And the cloud had, for this time, passed by.

We will now cast a glance into Siri's sick room: and we find there, early and late—night and day—Walborg, who had become her nurse; and who, as such, exhibited all its essential and necessary characters.

In all the relations of life, where individuals come into close and intimate contact, a species of romance develops itself in the transition from good to bad, from close approximation to chilling separation; even as it may be influenced by the good or evil spirits which control and bias the sentiments of the household. Between Siri and Walborg occurred now, what we would here indicate.

Instantly upon Siri becoming ill, Walborg had allied herself to her; and had watched, with secret anxiety, the increase of the malady. One night, when the crisis had passed, and the danger was over, Walborg was watching at the side of Siri's bed, without noticing that she was herself the subject of observation.

"You are very handsome, Walborg!" said Siri suddenly, who was surmised to be dozing, "it is a pleasure to see you. And you are very good, to have so much patience to wait upon the poor rejected being that I am!"

Walborg blushed, but said nothing. A short time afterwards, Siri felt a kiss, and a burning-hot tear upon her hand, which hung languidly over the edge of the bed, and heard Walborg say, "Siri, forgive me!"

This from the proud Walborg! Siri raised herself up, astonished, in her bed, and said—

"What,—what have I to forgive you?"

"I it was who first detected your meeting with the strange man. I it was who betrayed it, and I it was who accused you."

Siri was silent a time, and then said gently, "You thought you acted rightly,—you thought ill of me?"

"Yes, but now—now do I no longer believe it! Can you, *can* you pardon me?"

"Oh! from my very heart!" Walborg sank into Siri's extended arms, and a union was silently sealed; and two hearts, which had hitherto been closed to each other, expanded simultaneously into an affectionate union.

Sparks flew from the hearth of fire, and fell upon the cold hearth; and thus warmth gave life to coldness. Thus does the oldest northern Myth explain the origin of life; and as the

ocean lives in the drop, so did the truth of the ancient Saga dwell in the union of these two young maidens.

During Siri's recovery, Walborg used to read to her, and to prepare for her those little delicacies which under such circumstances taste so gratefully, and afford so much pleasure to give. And for every blossom of recovery which bloomed on Siri's cheeks, its mate-fellow of joy glowed in Walborg's heart, and gave her whole manner an animation, an expression of feeling and pleasure which all, even Olof observed, when conversing with her about the object of their mutual solicitation.

When Siri was sufficiently recovered to be able to go out, she was supported on Walborg's arm; their increasing intimacy was noticed by the whole house. Lieutenant Lasse called them "*les inséparables*." Brigitta said she was jealous of Walborg, and should speedily become melancholy about it had she only time to be so. But her brother fluttered constantly about her, humming,

"As sad and as cheerless as this life may be,
Cheerful thoughts are its honey and sugar."

But having now undertaken Walborg's usual occupation in the establishment, it gave her a great deal to do and to think about. She now made the discovery, that it was not an easy matter properly to fill Walborg's place; and that Walborg, in her tranquil, and almost unapparent activity, possessed the peculiar gift of regulating and attending to everything, as providently as it was circumspectly done. The habit of being mindful of others had developed in her the real talent of satisfying every one. She was like the hidden wheel in the clock. This is, however, rarely thought of; the hand only is usually seen. Mrs. Ingeborg had, however, long done full justice to Walborg's silent merit, and Brigitta now said, "Oh, this Walborg, why she shames all of us. Some of these fine days she will burst her chrysalis like a butterfly. I now detect that she really has wings, although they are closely folded up."

But even in Siri also, a great change now took place. It seemed as if her feminine nature had suddenly burst forth. The childish girl had, at the very commencement of her illness, disappeared. She was quieter, milder, more thoughtful, with a certain melancholy, and a tendency, even when in play, to tears: a glance, an expression, a kindly smile for all who encompassed her; and in addition to all this, a manifestly agreeable external development, all combined made her exceedingly charming, and more dangerous to Olof than ever, after having once long contemplated her. But he saw her as seldom as possible, and was almost always engaged in short trips into the neighbourhood.

The Curate's and Brigitta's plan, in which they had so much delighted, with respect to Siri's journey with them this autumn to Westeraas, miscarried, from her own determined desire to remain amidst the circle where she now was; whereas she expressed evident pleasure at the proposed journey to Fahlun, and often gave utterance to the joy she felt at the prospect of descending into the large and celebrated copper-mine at that place.

Brigitta shook her head at this wish, and the

Curate made a longer visage than ever, seeing thus his hopes of marriage, and the prospect of the completion of his domestic arrangements, all shattered at once—for this autumn at least. Brigitta, however, consoled him with the promise of the approaching journey, and with

"The Spring will come, the trees will bud," &c.

After it had been arranged that they should join the family of Mora at Fahlun, in the middle of October, Brigitta, with the Curate and her brother, left Mora for Westeraas early in September. Brigitta, preparatory to her haranguing the bishop at Westeraas, in "Babylonian," composed and practised on the road her speech—in which Lieutenant Lasse assisted her, to counteract the "terrific melancholy" with which his parting from Walborg had involved him, and of which he prophesied, that it would follow him to the grave, or to—Westeraas!

When these merry relatives had departed, a quietude took possession of Mora, the effects of which were far more beneficial than even vivacity and cheerfulness could be. Siri gave no farther cause for anxiety. She now never left home late of an evening, or during the night; but was on the contrary, during the day, much with Walborg. The hours of instruction which she spent with her paternal tutor became more and more interesting to her, even as he became from day to day more contented with her; so that affection for her resumed its place in his heart. Not a word more was mentioned in the family of the cause which had disturbed their tranquillity. Every one seemed desirous to amuse and cheer the rest. The angel of peace once more expanded his pinions over the Rectory of Mora, and under their beneficent protection Mrs. Ingeborg recovered again, and resumed the general superintendence with all her former activity and energy.

The autumn advanced, the days became shorter, and the fires in the stoves were lighted. Dense heavy clouds hung the earth with their dun-grey robes, and both water and land took that leaden colour characteristic of northern landscapes when the sun is away. Autumn in the north has a deep and tranquil melancholy; but the eternally green fir and pine forests which crown its mountains and its hills, and which whisper the same—whether the birds of summer sport in them or whether their branches tremble in the bleak north wind, whilst black ravens encircle them in the wide sweeps of their flight—these forests deprive that melancholy of its morbidity and pallor—giving it the stamp of lofty and energetic earnestness. The ancient Valan is discovered beneath his mantle of sorrow. But days also come—splendid days—when the thrush sings throughout the brilliant morning,—when lofty clouds, tinted with purple and with gold, float above the dark green mountains—when the air is transparent and light—light as a flying bird,—when both the human body and spirit seem winged,—days when the sun, in its purest splendour, shines upon the variegated earth,—when the foliage is yellow, and the grape hangs glowing upon the occasional trellis, and when the aurora borealis glows at night.—Then is it delightful in the north.

On one beautiful day in September, Walborg and Siri sat beside each other in the wood, resting

after a long promenade. They had been speaking about home, their youth, their parents, and their conversation had not been cheerful; although Siri's narrative of her many adventures and accidents had called forth several hearty laughs. This Walborg's history was powerless to effect. A more cheerless and uniform life than hers it is impossible to conceive; and the intellectual thralldom in which her childhood had passed may, partially, explain her reserved and quiet nature. Her parents had married from worldly motives alone; without affection, without a serious consideration of the nature of the union which they contracted. And thus, their lives were a series of little bitternesses and great vexations. The girls which resulted from this marriage had not a ray of the sun of love to gleam upon their cradles. The egotistical and exacting parents gave them no affection, but required from them obedience, and the strict fulfilment of their duties. The question often passed through Walborg's soul, whether a marriage of this description—although substantiated by all the formalities of Church and State—be not one of the direst sins against the laws of God upon this earth. But with haughty pride she suppressed this question, as she did all others. Naturally inclined to reserve, her education had transformed her, as it were, to a mummy. Thus she had existed without loving, until the rapidly succeeding deaths of both her parents loosened her chains, and conducted her into a new and more delightful sphere of action. But the habit of two-and-twenty years, conjoined with a naturally inaccessible disposition, had, as it were, petrified her whole being, and some severe shocks were necessary to arouse it to more gentle influences.

The two young maidens were silent for a time, when Siri suddenly exclaimed,

"Walborg! you were never, certainly, in love! You are too tranquil, too sensible!"

A slight and thrilling "Ah!" from Walborg's lips answered Siri's question; and a glance of her large beautiful eyes seemed to open an abyss full of concealed but concentrated fire. Siri was terrified at this expression of Walborg's glance; and when she saw the suffusing blush of her cheeks vanish, then a light burst upon Siri. Sidling to her, and embracing Walborg, she whispered,

"Walborg, you love! You love Olof; I have heard you in the night, when you slept, utter his name."

Siri felt that Walborg trembled; she felt her cold lips upon her cheek. But Walborg said not a word. She sat pale and silent there.

"Have I pained you?" whispered Siri. "O do not be angry!"

Walborg made an effort to speak. A bitter expression of pain passed over her usually tranquil features. At last she said with emphasis,

"Siri, promise me, by all that you esteem holy, that he never shall surmise what you believe. Never—no, never—shall he know what I feel."

"But Walborg, he loves you too?"

"No! that he does not. I have never been loved by any one; nor shall I ever be. A veil is cast over my being which consecrates me to solitude and silence: an iron hand fetters my soul. Oh Siri! thou, who charimest the hearts of all,—

thou, who sportest in the sunshine of the delight of mankind,—thou, who hast the magic rod of smiles and tears at thy disposal,—thou canst not know—thou canst not feel—what it is to be so totally shut off,—to feel one's-self condemned never to be understood, never to be beloved: and that because—not that one is not amiable—but because one is silent; because the life of the heart—the tongue of the heart—is bound by an iron hand!" And Walborg wept bitterly. Siri had never beheld her thus. And how eloquent was she now to comfort Walborg! summing, in close array, her excellences, her beauty, her nobility of disposition, and to assure her how amiable she was, and how amiable she must appear—would she only have confidence in her own good gifts: and how it was now even remarked, what was passing within her, and how also Olof—

But here Walborg interrupted her, saying,

"Ah Siri, do not speak of it. I will not, nor can I deceive myself. Were I a fossil, or a cloud, or your shoe-ribbon, I should then be of more value and interest to Olof than I am now. I cannot be so blind, nor you either, as not to perceive that his whole heart—his entire affection—belongs to you alone."

Siri was silent an instant, and then said,

"The heart may change, and his must change,—for he wishes it, and I wish it too."

"I never loved any one but him in the whole world," said Walborg, whose heart, once aroused, felt an irresistible impulse to unburthen itself. "Since we were children, and played together upon the lawn of my parents, I felt myself attracted to him; and every time that I subsequently saw him, I felt my inclination for him increase. And now that I have recently seen him grown to man's stature, so judicious, so handsome,—alas! how poor and how fettered have I not felt beside him, and beside thee! Yes, I have been embittered against you, and have hated you from this cause; but since feeling has changed into love, all has so changed—it seems as if I now could see you both happy together."

"But now," said Siri, "this is more impossible than ever; and, Walborg, I foresee that Olof will still love you, and that you will be happy with him."

"No, no!" said Walborg, shaking her head: "but I shall learn how to endure his indifference; and I believe that this will in future be more easy to me. But, Siri, we will never again speak upon this subject; promise me that: and oh! let no one—no one—imagine what you know. I will not be pitted by any one; and least of all, by him. I would rather sink into the profoundest abyss of the earth. But you, Siri, how is it possible that you do not love Olof?"

"I love him," said Siri, "but my love is not of the kind which you feel. Perhaps I might have loved him thus, had not my sentiments been claimed in so different a manner. The giant of the Mittagsberg—as you know—"

"Siri, how can you jest upon such a subject, and at such a time?"

"Pardon me, I meant no harm; I am so heedless."

"Siri, I have disclosed to you the inmost secret of my heart,—and you will not give me thine!"

Siri became suddenly pale, and said—

"It is not mine, Walborg, or it should have been, before this, thine. But the weal, and perhaps the life, of others depend upon its being kept a secret; and a solemn oath binds me."

"Good!" said Walborg, breaking off, "we will then speak no more about it. Let us go and visit our sick."

And the two young Samaritans went forth to visit those solitary cottages which were never, or rarely, visited by the diplomated leech.

In the evening, when Siri was alone in her little chamber, she took forth a folio, which contained several loose papers. Many a solitary morning and evening hour had she moistened these leaves with her tears; and thus did it happen now, whilst she was perusing the following

MEMORANDA.

SIXTEEN years ago a prisoner condemned to death was confined at Smedjegård. A friend secretly visited him. It was the evening before his intended execution. He was already conveyed to the chamber wherein convicts are placed immediately previous to their being conducted to the scaffold. This apartment is contiguous to the church of Smedjegård. But what a church! Negligence and an unchristian spirit were observable in its disorder. The chamber of the convict was in accordance with it—dirty, naked, and cheerless. A large picture hung in it—Christ upon the cross—by its daub, a horrid representation. Does the Redeemer desire that only horror and fear should be inspired by his cross, to which the sinner looks up for consolation and comfort? I gazed around me to see if there was nothing in the room that might elevate the mind, or impress it with the conviction of the proximity of kindness and sympathy towards the miserable wretch, who was here to prepare himself for his violent transition to another world, and so cheer him with an elevating hope at that awful crisis. But no! nothing was to be observed. The clergyman, who was there in accordance with the duties of his office, was a man of good intentions, but of feeble mind, and therefore not in a condition to enjoin repentance, or excite sentiments of contrition in the culprit who now sat there. Nor had the latter a thought of dying. He was young and tall, and athletic as a giant; he was planning within his mind to struggle at the dying moment with his executioner, and to escape. The friend who now visited him was to be auxiliary to effect this. He was to be at the place of execution with some reckless companions, and there await the affixed hour. The criminal and his friend, as great a criminal as himself, but more favoured by fate, for he had had the good fortune to escape the talons of justice, planned now the measures to be adopted.

It was late in the evening. At dawn the next day the convict was conveyed from the prison, followed by an innumerable crowd. He carried his head high, looked boldly down upon the people, and said, "they should now have a merry day of it."

The friend and his party, well-disguised, were mingled with the crowd. It was a beautiful October day; the sun shone clearly, the water

sparkled brightly from its dark blue depths, the trees upon the banks shone in autumnal splendour, the coast with its rocks and pine forests glittered in the morning light freshly and brilliantly, and this was all beheld whilst the procession passed through the endless Goth-street. The friend of the condemned man thought within himself, "Suppose now it was I who for the last time beheld this splendid earth, suppose it was I who was going . . . to be hanged."

When a boy, and he used to come with his mother from their little farm, in the suburbs of Stockholm, riding through the turnpike on the Skan towards the city, there was a spot upon the road a little beyond the barriers, whence the lad always peeped into the wood on the right hand, with curious yet fearful eyes. For within, projecting high above the summits of the trees, stood three tall white chimneys. *Chimneys*, said his mother, but he knew they stood upon the gallows-hill, and that they were the gibbets where criminals were hanged. And whenever the boy saw them he became restless and uncomfortable; and he never looked at the Swedish bank-notes, upon which is inscribed "Whosoever forges these shall be hanged," without thinking of the three gibbets in the wood. Further advanced in life it was his doom to have a nearer view of these gibbets.

The procession passed onward through the Goth-street. The name of the street is derived from the name of the first criminal who went this way to the place of execution. There is a public-house in this street to which the convict is conveyed for refreshment on the road. This took place now, and the criminal took a long draught. The procession then passed onwards. At a short distance from the toll-house of the Skan it bent to the left, and then opened upon a cleared space in the wood, where suddenly a large rotunda, with three tall white poles, and cross-beams with ropes, presented themselves, and beneath which was an iron gate, whereon some one had written, with fiendish irony, in large letters, "Goth's Garden."

And this garden was entered by the prisoner and the gaoler, through the iron gate, and they thus disappeared from the sight of all the people collected around upon the neighbouring summits to witness the execution. But nearer and nearer approached the friend with his companions, and awaited the critical moment.

Blows were soon heard within the "garden," savage oaths and exclamations followed, the guard burst in, it became again still, and the prisoner did not come out! Yet his friend saw him instantly afterwards above the wall, and he fled as if pursued by the furies.

He fled from his home and from his country, and lived many years in foreign lands, an adventurous life; now as a soldier, now as a player and now working in the depths of the mines.

But an amorous chain linked him to his "country." And when he had disseminated the report of his death, he wrote to her whom he had ardently loved, and still loved, to tell her that he yet lived, and would live for her sake alone. But he received no answer. Years passed away and he determined to return homewards to seek her, and he had nearly reached it, when a traveller from the neighbourhood of his dwelling brought

him the intelligence that she, his betrothed, had become the wife of another.

From the shore of his fatherland where he now already stood the exile again turned back. For ten long years he roamed as before, but more unfortunate still than before. Again a powerful and irresistible attraction drew him homeward. He was a father. In his native land his daughter was growing up. The thought of this powerfully agitated his heart. He longed to see her, clasp her head upon his breast, and hear her call him father. The force of this impulse drew him with earnest longing towards his home; it urged him to dare fetters, ay, even death itself. He did so; again he beheld the hearth and kissed it where his cradle had stood, but where he would not find his grave! . . .

In Stockholm he went along the same path he had sixteen years before gone down; he saw the blue sea, the trees, the rocky shores again. Whilst walking on he heard the bells of the city chiming peacefully, for it was Sunday. He again saw the large rotunda with its ironical inscription. It was now silent and solitary, the sun shone down upon it, the grass was green upon its floor, and the golden yellow flowers of the dandelion, agitated by the breeze, vibrated upon its steps, which had been pressed by so many a heavy foot, on its passage to eternity.

At a short distance was seen the fresh earth of the hillock of a recent grave, and upon turf just placed blossomed a few red flowers. Love will find its way even to the grave of the criminal!

Not far hence, by the way-side, stands a cottage. A shoemaker lives in it, and his lad of thirteen, who opened the gateway, replied willingly to the inquiries of the wanderer, relative to the execution of a couple of flagrant murderers which had recently taken place there.

The intellectual strength of criminals is often spoken of, but this is a hallucination. Sick at heart, hating man, and disgusted with society, he went away. And he wandered thence to Dalecarlia, to seek his child, the innocent angel that was to reconcile him with humanity and with life! . . .

She was supposed to reside in Dalecarlia, near the mines of Oesler Silfberg. But she resided no longer in this district. She had been for two years at Mora, with her . . . Oh God!

He stayed a day in the neighbourhood, detained by reminiscences. It was here, in the vicinity of these exhausted silver mines where she, his formerly beloved one, had dwelt; and where like a wild rose she had bloomed. Here it was where they became acquainted with each other; here where she wandered alone on tranquil summer evenings, whilst moths silently fluttered about, and the *Selene noctiflora* expanded its odoriferous blossoms to be enjoyed by them. They together drank also from one cup, that of love, its first strong and intoxicating draught.

Her brother-in-law and guardian was averse to this connection, for he was acquainted, to a certain extent, with the already complicated circumstances of the lover. He forbade him his house. But Ingeborg's enthusiastic sister, his wife, was for him, and she concurred in the plans which love and revenge suggested to him. She fanned the pride of the lovers, which had been excited by the

despotic conduct of the brother-in-law. She concurred in a secret union, which was to be made known when certain circumstances would allow it, and when thus by force that should be obtained which was now refused. But what he understood herein he alone knew, and not the innocent, confident woman who thus placed her fate in his hands. She he wished to overrule and make happy, whilst by craft and cunning he would subject the laws of society to his own tyrannical will, or if thwarted, act wholly in defiance of them.

He happened to meet in the neighbourhood of Sathers, a young and enthusiastic clergyman, who was as yet a stranger to the place, and whom he gained to collusion with his plans, by communicating them to him in the confused and indistinct light in which he himself saw them.

The General was absent on a journey. Everything promoted the views of the lover. The priestly consecration removed all hesitation from the ladies, who had but little idea of civil bonds. He besides well understood how to tranquillise them in every respect.

One summer's evening the lovers met at an ancient chapel close to those mines. With *Syringa* from a grave in the churchyard he decorated his young bride, and conducted her into the chapel, where the clergyman awaited them, to betroth them in the name of the Highest. A handsomer or purer bride had never stood at that altar.

As they quitted the chapel dark thunder-clouds were spreading themselves over the sky and obscuring it. But this he did not heed. Later, when the thunder rolled along the clouds, and lightnings sped across the sky, he folded his beloved to his breast, and earthly love celebrated its triumph accompanied by the clangor of heaven's clarions.

This was life . . .

A corpse-like colour floats upon the sulphureous green water which fills these deserted mines, surrounded by precipitous mountains. The entire vicinity is a pestiferous morass. There, amidst rocks and pools, stands still the chapel, where she stood once so beautiful, deducing its origin from catholic times, now for many years deserted, and open to both man and animals, and exposed to the fury of the elements. A dreadful murder is connected with these graves, with this black and ruinous chapel, and the spirit still seems to haunt mysteriously the whole district. A pale and melancholy shadow wanders also there, the shadow of a fervent love, of intense but transient happiness. He here seeks his former paradise, and finds but graves and destruction.

Indeed the *Syringa* still stands here in the churchyard, but its flowers have long since faded. . . . The fool! When he twined them for her bridal wreath, he did not reflect that they grew upon a grave! . . . He went again into the open chapel. It was still more ruinous, and the walls more sunken than before, and the wind passed freely through the solitary window. The altar before which she had stood sixteen years ago was crumbling to pieces, and the horrid images over it appeared about to precipitate themselves upon him. Upon the floor were dispersed the torn leaves of a hymn-book, one of which he picked up.

impelled by the necessity of seeking a word of comfort in it, and he read—

“A prayer for persons about to be married.”

A mockery sometimes seems to pursue us through life, as if it were a scourge in the hand of an evil spirit.

In the anterior space of the chapel stood a half-open chest; he opened it, and found within a statue in fragments.

All was dark and hateful. And it was dark too in the wanderer's soul, when he stepped forth to depart. He went towards Mora!

At the foot of the Mittagsberg he found a deserted cottage, and this he occupied as his dwelling-place. She was not then at Mora. She was at Sollero, she and her child. From hence he purposed making excursions as a fisherman, and thus visiting the several Holms. He felt a strong desire to steal his maiden like a Vi King!

And he found his daughter again, his child! pressed her to his heart, which still glows with love, joy, and pain, at this remembrance. Chance, or—why shall I not admit it?—God's grace called her to his arms. He was upon the lake, heard cries for assistance, and rowed to the spot whence they proceeded. He saw an upset boat and a young maiden who was just sinking. She was senseless, and blood was flowing from her temples; he took her in his boat and rowed towards his dwelling. Her appearance, her age, a mark near her left eye, and a sensation which glowed within him, all told him that she whom he had saved was his own flesh and blood, was his own child. When he had got her into his dwelling, and had restored her to animation, he learnt her name. She was his daughter. What a scene now followed! What a drama in the course of a few hours, and within four narrow walls! He made himself known to her, read her the letter of her mother which announced her birth, spoke of the mark upon the eye which the child had like its father; he showed her his upon his eye; the evidence was complete and convincing, and she believed him. Terrified and anxious stood the entranced maiden there, and he speedily acquired power over her soul, and the love of the child imbibed fire from his. A strange life ensued full of light and of obscurity; but her father conducted her soon from light into obscurity, when he imposed the strictest silence upon her, ay, even commanded her to swear it, intimating that her life, as well as that of others, depended upon it. The name of her mother she heard not. He wished still to spare the mother. He had but little to say to her, but little to condemn her, until he should have wholly made up his mind with respect to her.

One night and one day he kept his child with him; then they were obliged to separate. But they again afterwards met!

Twice afterwards he saw his child again. A noble nature, pure as new-fallen snow, and warm as the heaven of the East—a candid, animated soul. Every word was understood, every flash told. What a luxury to form this mind, and to warm oneself at this heart! This struck her father, but—but he must forth, and labour for his bread. King Magnus Smeck had ordained

that the copper-mine should be a sanctuary for criminals who had not been too guilty. The wanderer had therefore a kind of royal permission to remain there.

In the spring he will return to Mora.

From the Copper Mine, January.

Here, 118 fathoms deep within the earth, within the hard glittering mountain—where all is silent, cold, and motionless, a glowing heart is beating restlessly. It desires to be hence; it longs to be at Mora, upon those beautiful banks where another heart beats—a young warm heart—the dearest to me upon the wide earth. In the mines of Tyrol I bore it better: I have now seen paradise, and long for it and suffer. When will spring come? Then shall I be rich—then shall I be able to roam about awhile. My child! from the depths of the earth I bless thee!

Mora, April.

Again at the foot of the Mittagsberg! again near to the flaxen-haired maiden—all that I love! and near to her who has almost aroused my hate! I feel recently much changed: I know not what spirit of revenge breathes within me! Why shall she be happy when I so unutterably suffer? She has the guilt of the worst in my fate. Burning—bitter feelings—

* * * * *

The bells of Mora! The bells of Mora! Oh! their sound is beautiful. They have made me purer, and my gall effervesces less violently. But melancholy envelopes me,—dark dismal melancholy,—and wraps me like eternal night. My beloved child, didst thou lie upon my breast, could I look into thy dear blue eyes, and kiss thy golden locks, I might be better. But I vainly stretch my arms forth for thee; thou darest not—thou canst not come.

It is dark clouds which obscure the sky; the lake swells and foams boisterously; and the still, dark shores appear to approach more closely to each other. Thus is it, it is said, when a storm is brewing. Thus is it with loving beings; when misfortune, when danger threatens, then seek they protection from each other, or seek the sympathy of hope, or pray to die together. But who approaches me thus? whom have I, throughout the entire wide world, to whom I can thus flee?

How the banks of Mora, during this unquiet evening seem to approach to mine! I see distinctly the church, the green trees, and now—the house wherein my daughter dwells;—it approaches nearer—still nearer . . . Eternal powers of love! Is it not a miracle?—the work of the genius of my child?

No, it is the feat of the powers of darkness, deceit, and mockery. They will let me see the shadow, to rob me instantly of it. But—

This night WILL I press my child to my heart.

* * * * *

My arm twined convulsively, but her head reposed upon it, and it was tranquil. I looked in her sky-blue eyes, and the hell within my bosom was enlightened. Her love and her gentle being softened and tranquillised me.

May.

I have seen her again and again. But there is a bitterness in this luxury, a poverty in this richness, a thorn attached to this rose of joy, that I cannot endure. For we must again separate; and how—how will it terminate? Why should the dove of innocence approach the criminal? He can only disturb her peace,—perhaps, in the eyes of the world, sully her white wings.

* * * * *
She has spoken of her! She appears to be still beautiful—beautiful and happy. The desire sometimes prompts me to make this beauty fade; to founder this happiness, and—it would be easy for me . . .

* * * * *
That stormy night I went near her dwelling, in the hope of perhaps seeing her shadow. I saw her—the beautiful woman: my—my blood boils more furiously since then. I was obliged to conceal myself, but I will show myself again.

“Not yet, not yet,” say the bells of Mora, and beg for her. Well—well then, not yet! But I must hence, hence and wander.

June.

I wander all day long. I walk myself tired,—tired, and yet I find no sleep at night. This want of sleep is horribly wasting. How tired am I of seeing the sun arise in its beauty!

* * * * *
Is it possible, that one single act, in which certainty no intentional ill did lie, can produce such unhappiness? This do I ask myself sometimes, and then astonishment and doubt overcome me, whether it be really so,—whether all is over with me upon this earth; with me—so splendidly gifted—so eminently endowed to play a conspicuous and glittering part. It seems to me a malicious dream, from which I shall awake when I have fully slept; and then I strive to sleep, but an invisible and torturing mask awakes me; and if I succeed in sleeping for awhile, and I then awake, I see myself again, as before—a wandering vagabond, flying from the sword of justice! . . .

* * * * *
I was rowed, this morning, across the river. The morning was cool and windy, but my blood boils violently after a sleepless night. We rowed through a whirlpool. It looked dangerous, but I feared not drinking death. One bitterness may be as good as another,—no, better! for it brings an end with it. But my dear Siri stood mentally before me, and the desire awoke within me to see again her blue eyes, and I rejoiced that I lived. I wandered long amongst the mountains about, and in the endless pine forests, and I felt myself pressed downward to the earth. The sun stood behind a veil of clouds, like a pale joyless face. I had no other watch. And how slowly that went! I went into a peasant's cottage in the forest, and procured some milk and bread, and I then slept upon the flowery sward of the banks, and awoke refreshed, wonderfully strengthened, both in body and soul. Thanks to thee, thou green and friendly bank.

* * * * *
Oh that the past were to come! That the done were undone! But how shall that be? How

shall the deed be compensated, the stain obliterated? What is done is done! The past is past! There is no power in heaven or in earth to alter this, and this it is which is the curse.

What caused my misfortune? Perverted ideas of society. A lust for riches and honour, and love for—the faithless! When she became mine I desired to become rich and powerful, that I might possess her in peace. The means were illegal, that knew I, but—I purposed subsequently to be the benefactor of society, and . . .

The road to hell, it is proverbial, is paved with good intentions, and this road was now mine.

My soul is an agitated sea, and I know myself not. At times I am tranquil! At times embittered and turbulent! At times will I forgive all! At times will I fearfully revenge myself! and this all tortures and distracts my soul, that I form no resolve and attain neither tranquillity nor order. One hour destroys what the preceding hour has constructed, and I am the victim of uncertainty and confusion.

Happy, happy are the children of these vales, the sons and the daughters of these mothers! They know nothing of this wretchedness of soul. Their life is vigorous, and noble as the stream whereby they dwell. I have watched their labour by day; and of an evening, when I have approached their cottages, I have listened, and have heard within their sonorous voices chanting hymns. How wretched I feel beside these peasants!

July.

To-day I reached a lake whose banks are black with pine forests. It was Lake Oree. Sombre, but smooth as glass, it lay beneath the clouded sky, and within its desolate and savage banks. The melancholy landscape accorded with my feelings. The sun suddenly shot forth and illuminated a small towerless church, upon a neck of land in Oree. I observed the people collected around it, and then remembered that it was Sunday. I went forward, and on the road the melody of a simple song reverberated on my mental ear, a song that I had heard many years ago, sung by Dalecarlian children:

They were tolling the bells as I went on my way
Through the seven-league wood, and the knell seemed to say,
When I questioned the ringers, and belfry, and bell,
And the answer came chiming in vibrating swell,
“We toll to repose, a sweet pretty rose,
Which has drooped on the earth but in heaven now blows.”

It is thus that a young bridegroom learns the death and burial of his bride to whom he was hastening back after his completed wanderings.

When I reached the churchyard, I saw men and women following a coffin to the grave. I asked who it was that they were burying (I thought of the young bride who was taken from the bridegroom to be united to the earth), and they told me, “A young peasant girl of . . . they say she has lived and died like an angel of God, and that to the very last moment she continued giving religious consolation to her bereaved relatives.”

Whilst listening to this story, I looked down-

wards upon a couple of white clover-blossoms, which raised their heads cheerfully beneath the pressure of heavy drops of rain, and a feeling of peace took possession of my soul. The clods of earth sounded dully upon the coffin, and the clergyman began his "Earth to earth," but scarcely was the second shovelful of earth thrown into the grave, when a heavy fall was heard upon the coffin, and the exclamation "Let me die with thee!" It was the youngest sister of the deceased who had precipitated herself into the grave, and now lay there clasping the coffin. She was raised up quite senseless.

And yet this maiden had never read a tragedy or a romance!

* * * * *

At my ferry-to-day, I saw a peasant youth of nineteen who, in carelessly tolling the bells in the church, had so completely smashed his foot and his leg that the surgeon considered it impossible to avoid amputation; nevertheless he deferred it. The youth was carefully nursed at the vicarage; his youth and vigour were subsidiary to the skill of the surgeon, the crushed parts grew together again, and in the course of four months the youth could again walk, and was in a fair way of being thoroughly cured. I asked him "Did you not endure excessive agony?" "I thanked God fervently that he had spared my leg," was his whole reply. And his sufferings had taught him only "to thank God fervently."

From Serna Forest, July.

I have now seen the mountains where porphyry is found, and where the giants dwell, and I have been to the district where quicksilver is obtained in winter. I have seen the solitary habitations of Finnmark,* and have lived in intercourse with the remnant still existing in Sweden, of that energetic but melancholy people, whose most habitual proverb is, "Happy he who dies on the third night."

And thus have I also spontaneously exclaimed, I have wandered about in the desert, in those solitary and cheerless tracts where nature is wholly unsophisticated, and where man is rare and almost savage. I have wrestled with gigantic nature, and struggled often with hunger. I will now away from here. But thanks to thee, thou desert! You have refreshed my soul and strengthened my body. Thanks to ye also, ye flowery banks, ye gurgling streams, ye silent and beautiful vales. Ye have bestowed upon me moments of refreshment, and recreative seconds of enjoyment. But that which I need can ye not give me, neither forgetfulness nor hope. Therefore fare ye well! and now on to Mora!

What do I desire! What does the storm desire when it paces against the wind over the bright blue sky? It desires to unburthen itself of its lightnings, and of its consuming fires. It follows its impulse, constringent necessity!

* Several parishes in Dalecarlia have a so-called Finnmark, that is to say, a distant, slightly cultivated part, where the descendants of the Finns dwell isolated in their own communities.

Mora.

I stood upon the Glockenberg, near the Elfe, and looked upon the opposite mountain. Tempestuous drops had fallen during the day. Now all was still, but heavy clouds hung within the sky, and mantled the tops of the mountains. It gradually began to dawn. I suddenly saw white ghost-like figures rise lightly out of the valleys, and lose themselves amidst the dark mountains. Yonder I saw a roe pursued by hounds, here flocks of human ghosts with outstretched arms hastened up the mountains as if they strove heavenwards, and a portion of them was swallowed by the clouds and disappeared, a portion was left behind and sunk back into the black depths. Pale and mysterious beings appeared, and again lost themselves among the mountains.

The spectacle continued a considerable time, and my eyes long followed these phantasmagoria of—vapours, as I well knew, but which now were symbolical to my soul. And now a boat slowly glided from the foot of the Lekberg. Two persons sat within it; they sat close together, and seemed making a trip. A gust came and upset the boat, and separated the two, who transformed themselves into irregular and strange shapes. But these again changed, one taking the form of a dragon and the other the figure of a woman, delicate, transparent, and of indescribable youthful beauty. And the maiden bowed gently to the dragon, which lay there immovable, and with its head bent towards her. As it were by magical attraction, she kept approaching, her head inclined as in love, and her knees bending as in prayer before the dragon. In two minutes she had disappeared in its enormous gorge, her bust alone still rising above his head, but disfigured and dying . . .

Now behind these floated something that resembled a bier, and upon the bier lay a figure like that of a young maiden. It moved in a sloping direction up the mountain. And when they got higher the corpse slowly raised itself; it was again the same virgin shape, but she had now a crown upon her broad and contemplative brow, and her bier was changed into a shell, which was drawn by swans in the clouds, and there disappeared.

The dragon lay upon the same spot, but he also was transformed. Swollen and misshapen lay he there, like a nameless monster: later at night, when the spectacle had ceased, when the cloudy troops of spirits had retired to rest, this figure still lay upon the mountain, and meseemed it also lay upon my breast. I then heard Siri's flute, and hastened to join her.

* * * * *

She has disarmed me—at least for the present. She has told me of her virtues—of her kindness towards herself. Should she be innocent, and only deceived? And—why should I destroy this house where my child finds love and attention—all that she possesses in the world?

What if I sacrificed myself—myself disappeared—?

But—I will, and will not—

All is uncertain to me—

[Here ended the desultory memoranda. They had been enclosed in the following letter.]

Beloved child!

The hand of overbearing necessity ordains

our fate thus separating us, and thou wilt, thou wilt that I should flee, and should conceal myself. I therefore flee—withdraw myself—until farther!—

These papers I leave to you, that they may bear evidence to you of your father. I have long thought of writing to you to communicate to you some knowledge of me, and to relate to you my history, but I have not been able to control myself to the task. I have not sufficient interest to myself to induce it. Besides, repose and disposition are wanting. Yet must you know something of me. I will not bribe thy gentle soul, and thy angelic look is a want of my heart. And if after I shall have withdrawn the veil, thou canst still look upon it with love, I will believe that grace and joy are in reserve, and will still be found by me.

What you receive here are the fragments of a broken heart—of a destroyed life; commenced in the hour when thy dear form stepped closer to me, and wherein I felt the necessity of composing myself before it; continued at times, when my soul, without amusement or occupation, was tormented by disquiet and by torturing thoughts; and I then endeavoured to relieve myself by these written effusions.

Evil deeds, hateful things, have I here exhibited to you—you innocent! Do not turn away, my child! Is evil less positive upon the earth because we turn our eyes aside from it? Alas! learn to behold all with a firm unflinching glance.

Then only wilt thou understand what are the concerns of this life, and then only wilt thou become truly charitable. Well for thee that thou art woman, and that thy place is unelevated. No onerous duty lies upon thee.

Willingly would I have remained longer with you—willingly would I, now that I must leave you, have given you something of worth, useful to your being. To give life, is to give but little—what say I?—it is a barbarity, a crime, if nothing else be given too.

Oh! a thought which can strengthen and make great the soul, stimulating it to grow and grow through youth, through age, through penury, through pleasure—and still grow on, even into the arch-heavens themselves—a thought that should animate thee in life, and embalm thee in death, and transform thy life into a mild and genial creation's day—could I give thee that, then were I a true father; a father that would have given thee life within life. Then should I have rescued thee from the grave of trivialities, the grave of numberless minute threads, with which quotidian cares, with their littlenesses, their diluted enjoyments, and their empty frivolities, seek to embarrass and entangle your soul. Then would I believe that a joyful thought would visit me at my death-bed. There have been instances when such thoughts were my familiars. They now even visit me sometimes, but as ghosts visit the spots where they formerly lived and died. I shall myself soon be but the shadow of what I was. My strength fails more and more, it has been sapped by the tempest of bitter feeling. I often seek the light I formerly enjoyed, but no longer do I find it. Obscurity envelopes me. But God will perhaps, for thy sake, stream a ray within me, light up one more spark. My life has teemed with errors, but I have wandered through regions, and have

beheld a radiance which is given but to few to behold.

* * * * *

Men! My child, forbear, if thou canst, to fetter thyself, either in love or admiration. They merit it not. One only merited it, but he no longer treads the earth. Love them as God loves them,—for charity's sake alone, and exact thou from them no other affection. Thy mother—be not harsh towards her—my daughter! She may be innocent! perhaps only deceived. She will learn all one day. Meanwhile, stand thou beside her as a guardian angel, as thou standest by me; she may require it.

Farewell, beloved, worshipped child! my heart becomes effeminate. Oh that I must thus leave thee!

When you go to Fahlun, and there visit the church, and there hear them pray for those "who labour in the depths and dangerous abysses of the earth," think thou and pray thou then for

Thy Father.

THE LARGE COPPER MINE.

AUTUMN was just merging into winter. Severe night frosts had already covered the Silya with a thin coating of ice, and the people said of the turbulent lake "it is going to rest, it is going to sleep." Now the fields are hard as stone, and the wood-clad mountains stood more sombrely there than before, with snow-flocks upon their black breasts. Now the spirit of frost ascends from the depths to wrestle with mankind, who contend with him, and they thence grow numb and stiff as after a contest with all great powers, if they even do not become wholly subdued.

The closing day of October, which the family of Mora had fixed upon for their journey to Fahlun, commenced with a cold morning. The champaign was white with hoar-frost, and the trees, powdered with snow, stood glittering and beautiful in this new attire; the air was tranquil, and rosy red clouds floated like a veil over the sky, reflecting themselves in the ice of the Silya, now one night old.

These were the appearances at sunrise, when Siri, looking from her window towards the lake, an instant afterward exclaimed:

"Walborg! Walborg! Come and see!"

And Walborg came and saw, and then said with alarm, "Heavens! what is it?"

A procession was observed passing slowly over the Silya, carriages, and horses, and men, but they did not look like realities, but had the mysterious appearance of spiritual forms.

"That is what is called 'Hägringar,'" said Siri, "I have more than once seen this upon the lake, but never like now." I always have strange

* 'Hägringar' is a common phenomenon upon the lakes of Dalecarlia during the winter upon frosty mornings, and displays either sailing ships, or splendid buildings, or armies, or moving processions like that now witnessed by Siri. The Dalecarlian, who unwillingly speaks of the powers of darkness, although he believes in them, speaks neither of the 'Hägringar,' even when he sees it; but he is careful, when crossing the lake in winter, not to follow the shadows which he sees proceeding over the ice. A clergyman at Mora one morning showed a splendid Hägringar to

sensations when I see these apparitions, although I know that they signify nothing. Can you tell me if this be a funeral or a marriage procession? If it be a marriage, it is a prophecy for thee; if a funeral procession, one for me!"

"Siri, you must not speak so, a funeral procession for you?"

"Look, look, it is going to the church of Sollero! the little white church! Whenever I behold that, the spirit of peace seems infused into my heart. I should like to be in that churchyard, and you and the maidens of Sollero should strew flowers upon my grave. But the bells of Mora should toll for me. The bells of Mora are so beautiful."

"My little Siri, you know not what pain you give me when you speak like this," said Walborg, almost angrily. "You know not how empty the world would be to me if you were to die. Alas, it is only since I have commenced loving you that I have felt that life has any charm. And I have believed that we may be more and more happy still together. And now you wish to die!"

"No! I will then live!" exclaimed Siri, and clasped Walborg fervently in her arms. "Walborg, what you say makes me happy. We will in future live like sisters together, and follow each other both in funeral and marriage procession. Shall we not?"

"Yes," said Walborg, and laughed and kissed her pallid cheeks, to which she thus restored a healthy bloom. "Yes! we will never separate from each other."

"Suppose," continued Siri cheerfully, "suppose we were both married on the same day! But no, that will not be the case; no, you will be married, and I will come and live with you and your husband! He shall be my friend and my brother, and I will play with your children, and lead them into the fields and into the woods. Oh, we shall live a delightful life together!"

The ghost-like vapoury procession continued its course, whilst these young maidens wove their rosy dream of the future. It certainly more closely resembled a funeral than a bridal. It at last vanished behind the church. Meanwhile the morning lost its beauty, the rosy clouds had changed into gray, and a dense frosty vapour enveloped both heaven and earth.

Mrs. Ingeborg's harmonious voice was now heard in the court-yard, where she was cheerfully making the requisite arrangements for their journey. And the young maidens hastened to prepare themselves for it, for they were to start immediately after breakfast. Upon such occasions it often happens that there is a confusion and a noise, and a calling and a running to and fro, and a hammering and a thumping, which makes the day of starting a veritable day of torture. But here the harmonious character of Mrs. Ingeborg exhibited its power, for so tranquilly and agreeably did she give her people all the directions, that trouble was a pleasure, and labour a play to them.

"When we journey heavenwards this will certainly be the mode of starting!" said Olof, quite

delighted with the manners of his step-mother, and the both cheerful and orderly activity of the house. At ten in the morning they were all seated in the carriages, and as if to give them a blessing upon departing, the sun broke brightly forth through the clouds, and shone gaily upon the travellers.

And the "Grandmother of Dalom" cast an affectionate glance upon her beloved Mora, and greeted with smiles and kind words the maids who had collected around the carriages. She travelled with her husband alone in their own carriage. Walborg and Siri went in a second, which they had borrowed from the vicar of Sollero, and whose fate it was to be always lent about amongst the neighbours, which made the merry wife of this kind-hearted man wonder that it had held together so long. This admirable vehicle was driven by Olof. And the carriages rolled noisily on over the frozen road, along the banks of the Silya, towards Rattwik.

"What are you contemplating so seriously?" said Walborg to Siri.

"I am looking towards the Mittagsberg!" replied she. "See how he casts off his mantle of clouds, and envelopes himself in one of gold. See how solitary and proudly he stands aloof, with a coronet of clouds around his summit; and how he in tranquil majesty transcends all the surrounding mountains. Farewell, thou wonderful, beautiful mountain, fare you well!"

"I think, Siri," said Walborg, smiling, "that you have more affection for the mountain than for any human being."

"Not exactly for the mountain, but for the mountain spirit," replied Siri, also smiling, but with a tinge of melancholy.

Their journey passed through Rattwik, and hence to Leksand, where the travellers were received at the rectory with open arms, and a well-covered table. And the universally beloved Mrs. Ingeborg, of Mora, was everywhere distinguished and greeted as the "Grandmother of Dalom," and had never abounded more in jests and riddles for her friends than now.

At Leksand, the travellers quitted the Silya and its romantic shores. Their road now to Fahlun lay through a district of barren wilderness, inspiring a melancholy in accordance with the scene. Here is seen stony Dalecarlia—for in Dalecarlia is found a hateful ugliness as well as a modest beauty. But the latter more abounds than the former.

It was midday when this portion of the journey was got over. The weather was cloudy, but not cold; and the gray atmosphere made the landscape appear still more cheerless. About a mile from Fahlun the country was more agreeable; green fields skirted the road-side, and soon, at a short distance from each other, were seen thick columns of white smoke, ascending from earth aloft. This was the smoke of the copper-mines of Fahlun, which constantly envelopes the town,—giving a dark tinge to its houses, and which often, especially in winter, makes the air so thick that you cannot see for three paces before you. This smoke gives a sombre appearance to the town, and is seen at a distance of several miles—depending, however, upon the state of the weather.

With excited curiosity, mingled with apprehen-

a Dalecarlian, and said, "Do you see that?" The Dalecarlian contemplated the spectacle awhile, and then said "Yes, I see it," and turned round and went away.

sion and disquiet, sat Walborg and Siri, whilst the carriage passed along the subterranean road through the so-called mining-town, towards Fahlun—which road much resembles what we should apprehend would lead to an abyss. Precipices and hills of black-brown scoria elevate themselves, skirting the whole length of the way; and by their side are seen other roads and hills equally composed of dross: you pass onwards through a town built of consumed metal; the whole road is black from it; everything that is seen is made black by it; whithersoever you look you seem to look into the kingdom of darkness. Yellowish-green water flows here and there through the dead city, and directly opposite, where the road terminates, sulphureous flames are seen ascending. The rattle of the carriages makes you suppose your way is over a hollow road, and this is the case—for the copper-mines are beneath you. It is so mysterious and fearful, that it is sufficiently amusing when the spirits are rightly toned. A hypochondriac would not dare to travel here. At last the town is observed appearing through its smoky veil, with its two church-towers, upon a background of dark-green heights. To the left of the town—that is to say towards the mines—a tempest has carried off all the trees and all the plants; the mountains are quite naked, with their heaps of stones and their pools of water, and the only vegetation that is seen is the straw of a kind of grass, with blackened corymbi, growing between the bare stones, which are here and there spotted with the black Fahlun moss. It is scarcely possible to conceive a wilder or more hateful waste. But on the opposite side of the town the mountains are green, and clothed with forests, and present enchantingly beautiful landscapes, with romantic lakes. The town is composed of straight streets, cheerful and handsomely constructed houses; and we soon become accustomed to the sulphureous smoke—which is scarcely perceived if the wind does not blow directly from the mines into the town.

Our travellers took up their abode at the hotel, which is situated at the end of the town, not far from the mines. And who stood here at the entrance, to receive them, but Brigitta, with her Curate—whom we shall in future call “Reader,”—and Lieutenant Lasse, who all three caused a trio of greetings in which bass, tenor, and soprano concorded together in the most delightful harmony.

Brigitta had prepared everything in the hotel for the expected guests; and in the large saloon on the first floor a large coffee-table was covered with all kinds of cakes, and around which the little party soon cheerfully assembled.

Here Brigitta told them how she and her “old man” had accommodated themselves at Westeraas; how they had hired a residence for the spring, and what were the arrangements they proposed making. As they wished to incur no debt in the foundation of their establishment, and as they possessed but little to commence housekeeping with, it was needful that this should be managed in the most economical way possible, and, therefore, at first they proposed dispensing with carpets in the newly-built wooden house they had selected. But all these arrangements, and all this penurious economy in their regulations for living and furnishing, became in Brigitta’s mouth so extremely

humorous and amusing, that there was not one in the whole party who did not heartily laugh at it and thoroughly enjoy it. The Reader lay with the half of his long body stretched across the table; and, although his face could not be seen, it was evidently perceptible, from the motions of his body, that he was convulsed with laughter. He thus got into a violent perspiration, and observed, himself, that, after one of these explosions,—and after another, which we shall subsequently narrate,—he felt evidently in a considerably improved condition, both with regard to health of body and of mind.

Whilst the mirth of the coffee-table had increased to its height, Siri went to the window and looked inquiringly out. Beyond and over the low houses in the middle of the street rose the precipices and mountains of the mining-district; and farther on were seen coloured flames, arising from the black and compressed masses, and which cast upwards into the gray-blue sky wild flickerings and spiriting columns of sparks and flame. These flames came from the forges where the copper was smelted. They appeared as if desirous to show her the road to the mines. She went gently down the stairs and out of the house, spoke to a young lad in the court-yard, who, at her entreaty, promised to guide her to the mines, and hastened rapidly forward upon the road.

It was nearly six in the afternoon, and twilight already enveloped them! As lightly as a roe, Siri hastened across the black streets through the mining-town, and looked sometimes fearfully around, as if apprehensive of being followed. They met no one on their dark road, but a mysterious rustling of waterfalls and flickering flames accompanied them the farther they advanced forwards, and left the smelting-forges and heaps of dross behind. It was not to be wondered at if this young maiden’s countenance became pale upon this solitary way; and, in this strange, comfortless and melancholy situation, still more wonderful appeared the radiant but anxious joy which beamed in her countenance whilst she was hastening through this kingdom of death to the mines. And now she had arrived where the subterranean monster opened his vast gorge, resembling an enormous mouth, and which had for centuries cast forth incalculable treasures of metal, and besides these mountains, these streets, this city of dross, which encompass its margins. Siri could not in the twilight look across the large vent of this abyss, the so-called “Stöten,” the apparent opening of the copper-mine. Nor did she at this moment think of it: her heart conveyed her downwards into the dark and mysterious depths, and she leaned over the low balustrades which surround the opening, and gazed inquiringly down. There she saw nothing but an enormous abyss, within whose depths she heard the echo of loud reports which reverberated until lost in the profundity. She heard masses fall, and felt the earth heave beneath her feet. Giddy, and almost consciousnessless, she looked down into these depths, when suddenly she beheld there a small light, speedily she saw others which were slowly moving along in a horizontal direction. It was some time before Siri could distinguish that these lights were borne by small living figures, and that these figures were men who were coming upward, with flaming lights, from the inner recesses of the mine, or from

still greater depths.* With excited attention, she now carefully observed the objects which the lights from time to time illuminated. Amongst these there was a hut, and not far from it a small green bush. She now saw that the light-bearers, slowly following each other, commenced ascending a zig-zag staircase, which led to a door in the mountain, through which they gradually disappeared. It struck six o'clock. It was the hour when those miners who do not labour in the mines during the night come up to retire to their abodes. Guided by the lad, Siri now went skirting the margin of the aperture, towards a small wooden building which lay in front of it. The doors of this were open, and from within it, a powerful fire, which was burning in a large chimney, flamed forth towards her. This was the place of descent to the mine. Hither went she, and presently the miners in their black dresses, and with their mining-lamps, were observed ascending the dark stairs.

We will now turn back to the hotel, to the cheerful party around the coffee-table, who still continued long enjoying with vivacity their mutual happiness. But Olof and Walborg had observed Siri's absence, and as her return was protracted Walborg went out to seek her. But she sought her vainly in the house, and, as she with much disquietude of heart, went down into the court, she there met Olof, who inquired for Siri. Walborg said she had been seeking, but could not find her; and they learnt from the attendants of the hotel, upon inquiring, that a young lady had a short time since left the hotel, and was observed to pursue the road which led to the mines. And speedily Walborg and Olof, arm in arm, were silently wending the same way.

"It is here very cheerless!" said Walborg suddenly, as they passed through the mining-town.

"Are you timid?" inquired Olof, and pressed her arm more closely within his.

"Oh no, not I! But Siri went this way alone."

"Walborg! You love her very dearly, I think?"

"Yes, indeed, more than I can tell."

"Oh! love her ever! Be to her a protecting friend, a sister,—she requires it. Perhaps some day may I become her brother, but now—Oh! it is difficult. Yet I shall part from her more tranquilly than I expected, as I know she will have thee near her."

Walborg did not reply, and they had not advanced many steps forwards when they saw a slight female figure before them, which moved actively amongst the black mounds. Siri always selected light-coloured materials for her dress; and thence, as well as from her light and active step, they concluded that this slight figure must be Siri, and therefore went towards her. This appeared however to disquiet her, for she endeavoured to evade, first to the right, and then to the left, and then disappeared behind a mound of dross."

"Pardon me. Wait here an instant for me!" said Olof, as he hastily quitted Walborg, and flew after the retreating person.

Siri—for it was she—fled still more precipitately when she saw herself pursued. Terror lent her wings. Other sentiments lent them to Olof.

Oh, how is it that that which flies us, when it is a beloved object, becomes so unutterably dear to us, far more dear than ever it was before, and to attain which and hold it in our arms we would give everything? ay, the whole world. Thus was it with Olof. He besides felt an anxious fear that Siri, in her regardless flight, might fall into one of the shafts filled with water, which here and there intersect the mining-town. With the rapidity of lightning he pursued her; within two minutes he reached her, and recognised her, and with an intensity which quite overpowered him at this instant, he held the trembling maiden fast, uttering her name.

They were not far from a forge; a column of rushing flame spirted forth from it and lighted them. But still wilder was the enraged fire which sparkled in Siri's eyes as she turned her face towards Olof. But when her eyes met his their expression changed.

Coldly and rapidly she said, "Olof! Is it you? Thank God! I feared it was some other. May I take your arm?"

"Why do you expose yourself to such danger?" said Olof. "It is acting wrongly, unjustifiably towards yourself and towards us!" Her coldness passed like an icy-cold dagger through his heart.

"Pardon me! do not be angry!" said Siri, almost humbly, to Olof and Walborg, who had now reached them. "I came from the 'Stöten.' I had such a desire to see it alone, and had no idea that this might be dangerous. But a little boy who was my guide told me tales which alarmed me when I saw you in the distance before I recognised you. I was now on my return."

Walborg and Olof said nothing. They were displeased with Siri, and silently they reached the hotel. But when they there found the whole family anxiously inquiring for them, they merely said all three had been to examine the vicinity of the mines. Siri thanked them, for thus sparing her, by glances of heart-felt expression and many trifling and affectionate services. Olof was obliged to quit the chamber. He felt that he was both too kindly disposed and too inimical to the maiden at the same time.

A certain feverish fire gleamed in Siri's eyes during the whole evening. She laughed, smiled, and revelled in a thousand little jests, which quite rejoiced the Rector. But her cheerfulness was extravagant rather than natural.

Brigitta murmured a little and said, "Will there not be now a hurry and a scurry to these mines, horribly insupportable, and Siri will certainly then become quite beside herself, even if she be not so now. I really think she has actually fallen in love with the Spirit of the mine himself, and that some of these fine days she will absolutely become a gnome too, and descend for ever out of all reach of the rays of the sun."

"But, Brigitta, you shall certainly come to my marriage below!" said Siri, wildly, "and I will have a feast for you, where verdigris soup shall be served, together with some baked dross and a

* What Siri here sees is at a depth of forty-four fathoms, namely, at the floor of the "Stöten," which opening has been made chiefly by fallings in of the side; within the precipitous walls, the openings and doors are found through which the entry is made into the concealed depths of the mine.

copper cake, which I assure you will be rarely delicate !”

“Oh yes, thank you for that ! Pray be so good as to eat your horrid copper conserves yourself. And as to descending into the mine, as far as regards your very humble servant, that shall never come to pass.”

“I hope so, however,” said the Rector, smiling ; “for on Monday—that is the day after to-morrow—we purposed all descending into the mine thoroughly to inspect its wonders. I therefore hope you will not stay behind. You also, Ingeborg, will visit the mine with us ?”

“Yes, certainly, dear Gustavus !” said Mrs. Ingeborg, “I feel quite pleased with the idea of it.”

“Yes, it is all very well, but I should just like to know who it may be that will have sufficient persuasion to induce me to clamber down into the mine,” said Brigitta, with a certain forcible expression. “No, I will most certainly not ; and just for the reason that I will not—no, not for all the butter that there is in the world.”

“Oh !” said the Rector, “but I think Godelius will persuade you to it.”

“He had better let alone attempting it,” said Brigitta, “or else I will part from him. I will not look into the horrid abyss. I have even heard of people who have lost their wits by doing so, and I should much prefer retaining my small modicum as long as I possibly can. No, my dearest, kindest uncle, pray permit that I stop above upon the surface of the earth, and which will be far best both for myself and others ; for certainly below I shall not become either better or worthier than I clearly feel.”

“Oh, but you must yield,” said the Rector, “for there are too many to one : and only listen, Brigitta, what you will lose all if you persevere in your obstinacy ; only hear what I have recently read.” And the Professor read from Hammerstrom’s Book, which was lying upon the table, “On the Curiosities to be observed in the large Copper mountain,” the following passage aloud :

“From Charles Olgerius’s Journal in the year 1634.

“We were alarmed when we approached the mouth of the mine. With what colours shall one depict so wonderful and uncommon a sight ? The earth is opened by an enormously large and profound shaft, which is surrounded by a balustrade that no one may heedlessly hasten to the margin, where alarmed and giddy they might be precipitated into the abyss ; and although supported and protected by this balustrade, yet it dazzles and sparkles beneath the eyes when looking downwards ; and when we venture to look still on we gradually detect men below in the depths, who are creeping hither and thither, to and fro, like birds or rather like ants, so little do they appear. Wherever one looks, things are seen as remarkable individually as collectively. Everything appears mingled and mixed together there—fire and ice, light and darkness : one would almost absolutely think it ancient chaos restored. Upon closer inspection we detect all the colours of copper and tin, vitriol and sulphur ; one is pale, another green, another red, another yellow, and as the arms of all the gods were prepared in Æolia so might we almost likewise maintain that it is here

that the colours of the rainbow are manufactured and preserved.”

“Hark ye ! Brigitta !” continued the Rector, “you must however see how the rainbow is manufactured.” But Brigitta’s answer was interrupted by the entry of two strange gentlemen. The Rector jumped up and embraced two old and dear friends, the superintendent of the mines, Mr. Falk, and the inspector of mines, Mr. Bjork, who had come purposely from their country-seats to welcome the Rector and his family.

The first was a man of about forty, with sharp eyes and thick eyebrows, animated, concise, energetic, with metal, both in tone and manner, of a powerful and vivacious constitution, which seemed formed to pierce mines, and by energy and patience to overcome all obstacles. The other was a nobler but weaker man, who had experienced many vicissitudes, and had succumbed beneath them. They had frequent disputes together, yet they eagerly sought each other’s society. Both had great esteem for the Rector, and cordially welcomed him to the “Copper country.”

During the evening repast the discourse turned upon Dalecarlia and its people, and all kinds of anecdotes were related that had at all a tendency to characterise them. The Rector and Ingeborg had invariably and exclusively viewed them upon their most amiable side ; and their anecdotes consequently had this bearing. But the superintendent had observed them from the side of their harsher nature ; and as a characteristic trait of the mental condition of the Dalecarlians—for their women he professed to be less acquainted with—and of the mode in which they should be treated, he related the following anecdote.

Colonel Vegesack was, during the Finnish War in 1809, leader of a battalion which consisted of Dalecarlians. One day he was to take a redoubt, and addressed his men in that impetuous and animating manner which cannot fail to incite soldiers naturally valiant. The Dalecarlians made the attack with the greatest valour, but met with just as vigorous a resistance, and were compelled to retire with loss. Vegesack recollected his dispersed troops, and addressed them thus :—

“Hark ye, lads ! We have been foiled this time, but you do not look as if you would willingly be thrashed by the Russians to-day. If you agree with me, we will now punish them as severely as they seemed disposed to have punished us. Follow me. We will vigorously exert ourselves ; and I promise you that the redoubt and its cannon shall be in our hands in less than an hour. Forwards ! March !”

But not a man in the whole troop moved.

The Colonel looked sternly around. “Oh !” said he slowly, “I see how it is. But I will also tell you how it will end. I will now once more command you forward, and the very first man who shows a sign of disobedience I will shoot dead. You all know your duty and I know mine. Forwards ! March !”

But the troop did not move.

The Colonel grasped a pistol, aimed at a man in the foremost rank, and fired. The soldier fell dead to the ground.

The Colonel once more commanded “Forwards ! March !” All followed.

The attack, which was made with boisterous

impetuosity, was crowned with success. The redoubt was forced and all its cannon taken, and the prisoners were more in number than those whom they attacked. The victory was complete.

But in the dull and sullen minds of the Dalecarlians bitterness and revenge brooded against him who had killed their favourite comrade, and who had led them by force into battle.

They concocted together their revenge, and conspired in a plan to destroy their harsh leader. He was informed of this: he called them together and thus addressed them.

"I understand that you are angry with me because I shot one of your comrades, and that you will revenge yourselves. Well then, I will give you an opportunity to do so.

"You know that two guards are usually posted at my tent. This evening I shall dismiss them; and for a fortnight I shall sleep without a guard; but on the table close to my bed a couple of loaded pistols will lie. Whoever wishes to come and fight with me is welcome."

The Dalecarlians listened to these words with downcast looks and were silent.

For a fortnight the Colonel slept unguarded in the midst of his rebellious troops. No one disturbed his slumbers.

After this event his soldiers followed him wherever he willed, and were his both heart and soul.

They also spoke of the answer which a Dalecarlian, of the name of Armfeldt, gave when he received upon the Common of Tuna the command of 3,000 Dalecarlians, who had voluntarily quitted their valleys to serve their king and country in the war, and who promised to give them upright, valiant men for their leaders.

"Yes, that is most advisable; for if we observe any one who does not honestly stand by us, the ball shall hit him sooner than the enemy."

The evening rapidly passed, beguiled by such anecdotes and gossip. It was late when the two friends took leave, which they did not before they had obtained a faithful promise from the family of Mora to pay them a visit at their country-seats.

The following day was Sunday, and the family visited the church of the mines. After the sermon, and after the clergyman had read the usual prayers, he stopped a moment, and then recommenced in a more excited and heartfelt tone,

"We thank thee, thou merciful God, for thy rich gifts and the manifold blessings which thou here upon this spot hast granted us from the depths of thy earth, and within the heart of the granite; and we implore thee that thou wilt be pleased in thy great goodness to continue unto us these thy good gifts, and to bless them with increase to our welfare; and grant us thy grace to receive thy blessings with due and heartfelt gratitude, and so to use them that they shall redound to the manifestation of thy greatness, glory, and goodness. Graciously protect, O Lord God, all those who in the deep and dangerous caverns of the earth labour for their bread; and mercifully shield them from evil and injury, and graciously incline their hearts unto thee, that thou and thy great mercies may ever be present to them; that they may thoughtfully reflect that it is thy hand only which upholds them and protects them in the depths of the abyss; and so prepare them in case of accident joyfully to quit this earth at thy behest,

through the grace of thy beloved Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

For centuries has this prayer been read in the mines of Dalecarlia; but, perhaps, never did its words so fully impress a heart as at this instant. Walborg saw Siri tremble as she sank down upon her knees, but she could not comprehend the cause of her deep emotion.

When the church-service was over, and our travellers were wandering about inspecting the church, a grave was shown them which exhibited an affecting instance of true love.

In the year 1719, upon digging in the Maardskins Grube, there was found at a depth of eighty-two fathoms the body of a young man perfectly preserved, but which was transformed into a sort of petrification. It was brought up into the air, and a multitude of people assembled to see it. Amongst these was an old poor woman, who, the moment she beheld the dead man, exclaimed, "It is he! It is Mats Israelson!" It was then remembered that in the year 1670, a fall had taken place in that mine; and at the time of the accident a mining-labourer, of the name of Mats Israelson, was missing. It was soon ascertained for certain that it must be he that was now found, after lying in the depths of the mine for a space of nearly fifty years, covered by the fallen earth. The old woman had immediately recognised the betrothed bridegroom of her youth, and begged that she might be permitted to bury his body.

The family of Mora had been invited to spend the evening of this day at one of the most considerable houses in the town. Lieutenant Lasse danced mentally in anticipation, and played vigorously upon the pianoforte in the large saloon of the hotel "*Les Plaisirs de Fahlun*; *grande Valse composée par J. W. Flaggé*." Meanwhile, the young ladies came forth dressed for the evening party, and Lieutenant Lasse quitted "*les plaisirs de Fahlun*," to compliment his sister and cousins, and to make his remarks upon the elegance of their toilette. These were laudatory for Siri and Walborg, but less so for Brigitta; whose head especially, the Lieutenant found too ovate, too much like the figure of the globe. She ought to wear some flowers, or, at least, a band or tiara, opined Lieutenant Lasse.

Brigitta could not help agreeing with him—but she had no band or tiara, and she must therefore necessarily do without it.

"Oh, but I can help you to one. You can, at least, accept of one for the evening from me," said Lieutenant Lasse, and hastened out of the room.

"A head-band!" said Brigitta; "by what means can he have a head-band. I am sure he does not come rightly by it. We shall soon find that it belongs to somebody else. I will just pry closely into it. Look now—there he comes—with a magnificent head-band. How did you get this pray? that is to say, Lasse, from whom have you taken it? Is it Mimi Osterdal's, of Westeraas, before whom you capered your ordinary antics at the Deacon's? I think I see you blush a little. Perhaps you are conscience-stricken. I should really like to know whose band it is. Nevertheless I thank you, my little Lasse; for you may depend upon it, you shall never have it back again."

"It fell from her whilst dancing," said Lieu-

tenant Lasse and with some confusion endeavouring to excuse himself.

"Yes, and you picked it up; and you pressed it to your heart; was it not so? Oh you happy maker of love! Oh the gay Lotharios, who turn young maidens' heads, and steal their head-bands, and endeavour to persuade them they would like also to steal their hearts; and, nevertheless, care really but little for either! Oh, I would have them all shut up. But I will myself return Mimi's head-band—after I have made use of it an evening or two—and she shall learn how——"

"No, not for the sake of the world——"

"Yes, for the sake of the world she shall though, and we will heartily laugh at you. Mimi Osterdal is a sensible girl. Don't you think she would mightily prefer having her head-band to your heart? Such a splendid head-band as this; why there is, at least, three quarters of an ell of ribbon in it. I can safely promise you she will be heartily glad to have it back again. I very much wonder whose scarf, or neckhandkerchief, or head-band, you here mean to appropriate? Heaven console me! why what a responsible office have I in this frightful world, to watch the freaks of a brother and to preserve all the lost decorations of cousins and cousins. I wish really the real damsel would soon present herself to regulate all these matters. But, Lasse, this evening I shall have my eye upon you, that you may be sure of."

Lieutenant Lasse shook off the confusion produced by Brigitta's lecture in Walborg's presence, with a hearty laugh, and then strummed away with increasing energy "*les plaisirs de Fahlun*." Walborg and Brigitta commenced waltzing together. The new Reader waltzed solo behind them. But Mrs. Ingeborg now came and called them to accompany her, and quit these preludes for the real ball itself.

The only notice we shall take of this is, that we there found Lieutenant Lasse equally divided between three handsome young ladies, and saw Brigitta watching earnestly her three new "sisters-in-law," as well as the "divided heart," as Lieutenant Lasse was called, in consequence of the events of the evening and of his diligent but divided courtship.

Walborg distinguished herself by her elegant dancing, and Olof danced more than once with her. Siri sat still, would not dance, and excused herself by complaining of a pain in her foot. She was pale, but agreeable and pleasant, and sat much beside her foster-father, and from time to time cast an affectionate and beautiful glance at him, which seemed to say, "Are you kindly inclined to poor Siri?"

Brigitta was constantly amongst the dancers; she was delighted and interesting, and was speedily a great favourite with the whole party.

So much for "*les plaisirs de Fahlun*."

On the following day they purposed visiting the mine, and early in the morning Lieutenant Lasse aroused the girls with the following song:—

"Up, brother! Kindle your bright light,
For still within the mine 'tis night;
Though duty calls, and black the way,
Light and good-will make it day.

What though it lie through deep ravine,
Where the bright sun is never seen;

What though it be cheerless and long,
We'll match against its length—our song!

As long as here our path is free,
We'll follow on with joyful glee;
Hope won't deceive us, for she says,
Ours are not unhappy days.

This subterranean world belongs
To us, and echoes to our songs;
For many thousand years 't has stood,
And many more 'twill still stand good.

What though above all's bright and fair,
Our unused eyes blink at the glare,
And yet within these depths below
We can as much bright beauty show.

The surface never yielded yet
As fair a sight as here; in jet
Enchased, the ruby copper glows:
What are earth's sights to our shows?"*

This cheerful miner's song, which has still more verses than those here cited, and which at one time resounded both day and night in the depths of the copper mountain, and still occasionally resounds there, mightily pleased Siri; and she soon sang in emulation with Lasse,

"Up, brother! Kindle your bright light," &c.

The words of the song contributed to kindle her excited fantasy, already aroused by the "eighth wonder of the world," as the copper-mines of Fahlun are called. Her eyes sparkled at the idea of beholding many spots and places there of which she had heard speak, and of the multitude of which she remembered the JEWEL, the CROWN, the COPPER DRAGON, the BLACK KNIGHT, ODIN, LOKES, the MITGAARDS' SERPENT, the IMPERIAL GLOBE, the NORTHERN STAR, the SILVER PLACE, the ROYAL SALOON, the PRINCE OF PEACE, &c. &c. She was particularly eager to see the copper dragon, whom she conceived to herself as the genius of the mine and wonderfully horrible. Phantasmagoria sported before the mental retina of the fiery soul of the young maiden, as grand and as wonderful as those which the ancient northern Saga had exhibited to her, in the fantastic halls of the spirit of the mines.

Brigitta steadfastly maintained her purpose of not descending into the mines, and indeed of not even looking down into them. She sat down to write a letter and let all the others go, after having cautioned them, and especially Siri and her Reader, to take particular care of themselves. All the rest were in a cheerful and particularly excited state of mind. Mrs. Ingeborg went as to a festival of mirth, and nothing but sparkling jests and cheerful words were heard upon their road through the sombre mining-town and through the smoke of the smelting-houses, which resembled gigantic clods. But not one of them passed through this smoke untolled, for one's eyes watered, the other sneezed terribly, another was nearly suffocated with coughing (for the wind blew the smoke right in their faces), and it affected the chest of the Reader, almost stifling him.

"May God grant that the smoke may never cease!" said Queen Christina, when she visited

* From "Songs of the Miners in the Great Copper-mine," by Kroningsgard.

the mines of Fahlun, and her courtiers expressed anxiety that the smoke might be oppressive to her.

The Rev. Mr. Nordenwall reminded the Reader of this; but he, however, expressed considerable contempt for Queen Christina as well as her taste; and it was Lieutenant Lasse's opinion that the mining town and the smoke belonged to the "*De-plaisirs de Fahlun*," and meditated the composition of another waltz with a strong smoke effect, and which he purposed dedicating to Brigitta. He did not at all doubt that it would as much suffocate people, as "Abbé Vasler's admirably imitated storm upon the piano turned the very milk in the cellar sour."

The travellers entered the Mining House, a handsome building with a tower and a clock, which was at the distance of about fifty paces from the great shaft, and exactly in front of its chief entrance, for the purpose of clothing themselves in the mining-dresses, which is the custom with all who visit the mines. This dress consists in a black blouse, with ornaments upon the shoulders, a leather band and clasp, which was fixed round the body; and farther, a felt hat with a broad brim. Thus they were considered as sufficiently protected from the smoke and the soot in the mine and the dripping moisture in its corridors.

"Patience! How very odd you look!" exclaimed Mrs. Ingeborg when she beheld Walborg and Siri; "but I dare say I look much the same." They then all laughed heartily whilst mustering their party.

Accompanied by two guides in a similar costume, and who looked as of the race of giants, the visitors to the mines quitted the Mining House and passed over the stone-paved way to the little building at the edge of the mine, which is called the Descending House; the descent commencing there. In a large chimney there burns a fire, called the Eternal Fire; for it has burnt there from time immemorial. There is no record of the time when it was first kindled, nor is it known that since then it has been once extinguished. During the innumerable centuries that the mine has been worked, has this fire also burned. Even at a time when the mine had almost fallen in, and that it was not at all worked, the miners would not allow the fire in the Descending Room to go out. It would seem as if it were considered the living principle of the mine.

It is at this fire that persons descending light their mining-lights, which consist of long splinters of pine, which are held together by a copper ring. Every one, as also Mrs. Ingeborg, had a mining-light in their hands. Lieutenant Lasse sang,

"Up, brother! Kindle your bright light."

And now the descent commenced by a dark staircase with landings, which wound spirally to a depth of forty-four fathoms into the mountain.

During the descent the first miner called several corridors by their names; as, for instance, the New Descending Range, the Lower Fire Hearth, the Lubeckers' Spirit Hall, Tilas, Ubi sunt, and the Boors' Room; here the boors had formerly a kind of stable for their horses which they brought into the mine to work. And here the visitors beheld daylight pierce through a door into the mine. Through this door they passed into the "Stöten," and saw above their heads the blue sky

and themselves in the midst of the gorge of the enormous giant, whose breadth from north to south is one hundred and twenty, and from east to west eighty-six fathoms. Here were observed the layers of doubtful metal and minerals which, marbled in large plates, form the walls of the crater of the mine. Olof explained the names of the doubtful metals and minerals. Siri contemplated only the little smithy in the middle of the Stöten which she had observed the preceding evening, and the green elder-bush beside it, which stood so freshly and friendly there in the midst of the hard copper-mine.

After the Stöten had been sufficiently inspected and the wintry air felt which there blew, and which comes from the never-melting layer of ice in the Ambrus Shaft, they went onwards into the mountain to acquaint themselves with its inmost recesses.

There have been learned men who have deduced the origin of the copper-mines of Fahlun from Tubal Cain, "the instructor of every artificer in brass and iron;" who is spoken of in the first chapter of Genesis. It is, however, certain that their first discovery is lost in the antiquity of the age of the Saga, when the skilful race of dwarfs laboured in every mine, and when the people of the south looked northward as to the country of treasures and gnomes. More than one thousand two hundred men have worked at one time in this subterranean world, which in its enormous labyrinth of passages, shafts, corridors, and halls, may well represent an excavated subterranean world, the ideal of the palace of a mountain spirit. It is said that it would occupy a week to inspect all these cavities from the stulm "*terra nova*" to "*Whither*," which, at a depth of two hundred fathoms, forms the floor of the mine. The various and picturesque names of the cavities and halls are deduced from all periods of history, and derived both from the realm of fancy and reality, and contribute much to give them a romantic interest to the imagination. Almost all the kings and queens of Sweden have visited these mines. Charles the Ninth, whose heart appears to have consisted much of the nature of the mine itself—excepting only that it beat warmly for the delicate creature, his beloved first wife, in whose honour and celebration he founded the cities "Marienfried" and "Marienstadt"—Charles the Ninth loved these mines much; often dwelt here, and called it "Sweden's Luck;" as also he desired that the large shaft should be called "God's Gift Shaft." And his great son, Gustavus Adolphus, exclaimed, when he found himself in one of the cavities of the mine where the copper-ore glittered from the walls, the roof, and the floor, "Where is there a potentate who can exhibit such a palace as that wherein we now stand?"

Notwithstanding all this, Siri saw not the palaces, the beautiful subterranean world of which she had dreamed, and which seemed to have been promised her by the names, Jewel, Crown, &c. &c. There was for ever and ever the same obscurity, the same arched passages, the same large empty cavities and sinkings,* where eternal night appears

* Sinkings in the mine are called those larger or smaller cavities which have originated from the extraction of the ore that has been found there.

for ever present ; there was everywhere the same damp cold air, the same dripping moisture, which frequently made the way slippery and unsafe. Indeed, the walls glittered splendidly when light shone upon them ; for being struck against were sparks produced, but it was a cold colourless ornament, which left both mind and soul unsatisfied. In the corridors miners were constantly met with mining-lights in their hands and dressed in black, and pacing along with a slow and heavy step, with their serious, pale, and blackened faces. Life within the mountain appeared to be no agreeable one ; and at every instant Siri's looks became more sombre, her heart more depressed, and she would not have been much astonished if she had been told that the most terrible of all the maladies of mankind—madness—was that which most prevailed amongst the subterranean labourers.

After the party had seen the "PRINCELY CROWN," in the vicinity of ADOLPH FREDERICK'S SHAFT, which was formerly one of the richest veins of the mine, but which was now just as black and as empty as all the rest, they went through TUNKART'S ESSAY, past PRINCE OSCAR'S ROAD, towards the FISHERMAN, and from there through the cavities of Gräsikin, Kräftiklon, and Gösen, to the LOUISA ULRICA SHAFT, and thence to the LOBSTER.

"Here is the LOBSTER !" said their guide, standing still at the aperture to an enormous rotunda. "Formerly all round the wall there was a narrow bridge or gallery, with a balustrade, for the purpose of going round it ; but the mountain has slid and has covered up the greatest part of it, so that it is impossible to advance many steps upon it ; but the chamber is superb. I have caused lights to be placed at the vents which open into this chamber, that the whole party may have a proper view of the noble arch of the Rotunda. Look yonder above us, where the three lights shine ; that is the crossway to the 'Abboren' and to the 'Gösen.' It is some twenty fathoms thither. And here beneath us, in the depths, where we see the lights glimmer, that is the floor of Kräftiklon, and at a distance of fifteen fathoms."

"And the little bridge on the left, which seems to hover over the abyss, is it dangerous to tread it ?" asked Mrs. Ingeborg.

"Oh no !" replied the guide, "it may be gone on for some paces." And he went a few steps along the bridge and waved his light to lighten it up. Mrs. Ingeborg did so likewise, advancing to the aperture of the Rotunda. The strong flaring reflection chased away all shade—just as the lightning transpierces the clouds—and lighted up at the same time the figure of a tall man dressed in black, who stood alone upon the narrow bridge at the extremity of its fracture, with his pale face turned to the advancing party. At the sight of him, Mrs. Ingeborg uttered a faint but terrified cry ; she fell back and sunk senseless upon the ground. The dark figure was, however, again enveloped in shadow, whence it had for an instant emerged.

Meanwhile Brigitta sat at home at the hotel writing letters, narrating events and conveying commissions to three of her best female friends in Stockholm. She was interrupted at this task by the superintendent of mines, Mr. Falk, who came to inquire about his friends from Mora. When he found they had all gone to view the

mines, he said, "I have come then just too late ! My object was to dissuade them from a visit to the mines for at least a couple of days. On Friday, when I was down, I heard a couple of sighs which—did not please me. For when the old heathen, the Copper Spirit, shakes himself and sighs, he is not much to be trusted."

"O all ye blessed angels !" exclaimed Brigitta, pushing the table violently from her as she sprang up, "how can you now come and tell me such tales ? It is really terrible ; they are all lost ! Absolutely lost ! Oh ! the horrid mine ! They will be all destroyed ! My Curate ! My Reader ! My kind, honourable, and gentle Godelius ! My delightful aunt ! Uncle ! Siri ! and Lasse, poor fellow ! I will instantly go thither ! I will set heaven and earth in motion ! I will myself descend into the depths of the earth if I can but drag them all out again alive !"

"God bless me ! God bless me ! Pray tranquillise yourself, my dear creature !" exclaimed the superintendent, both vexed and amused with Brigitta's anxiety. "It is not so dangerous ! certainly not so dangerous ! For since Friday nothing has been heard in the mine ; and that which was heard amounted to about nothing at all. It is most certain that before anything serious happens very different symptoms will present themselves. It was merely too great a precaution, too much anxiety which—. But I will accompany you to the mine. The Copper King and I are old acquaintances, and I understand exactly what he means. I am not afraid of him."

And they were speedily on the road to the horrid mine which Brigitta would certainly never visit !

"Be but tranquil and composed, my dearest !" exhorted the superintendent on the road, "and do not speed so rapidly, for you will either fall or get yourself into a consumption. I maintain positively that there is not the least danger. For several years past the mine has been perfectly still, at least no fall of consequence has taken place since that enormous one of 1833 ; and that was really a remarkable one. It was on a Friday, in the month of February, that the first symptoms exhibited themselves in tremblings of the earth, and noises like loud sighs, and these became so strong that a fearful convulsion was anticipated. All the miners were therefore ordered up ; and on Saturday evening there was not a living soul remaining in the mine. But as everything remained quiet in the mine, and no fall happened, and nothing further was heard than sundry knockings, a couple of the miners stole down on the Sunday, to bring their ore closer to the shaft, whence it might be raised up, and they were thus occupied until late at night ; but it was during this night, between Sunday and Monday, that the great fall took place, which again closed a great portion of the mine. I then resided in the Mining House, quite close to the mine, and I could thence hear it thunder and storm beneath as if all the subterranean forces were in convulsion. The doors of the house sprang open, the windows rattled, and several broke. The same thing happened at other parts of the town, and most of the inhabitants had no rest during the whole night. But it was the two miners who passed the night most uncomfortably of all. When they heard the fall beginning they hastened upwards, but the ladders, whereby

they purposed ascending, were broken, and they beheld masses of rock tumbling around them. They then hastened towards a spot where they thought the danger might be less, but here they found the means of ascent entirely destroyed. They were then obliged to take refuge in an "essay place"—a kind of *cul-de-sac*, which has no exit, and is like a cave in a mountain—called the OCEAN, close to ADOLPH'S Shaft, and here they remained the whole night without lights, for their lights had become extinguished; and during this, within the mine, it roared and thundered as if all the legions of hell had been turned loose. At last, towards morning, the tumult ceased, and the people skirting the external edge of the mine heard loud cries for assistance through the Adolph's Shaft: they let barrels down; the two men were fortunately dragged up without injury, but certainly more dead than alive. One of them had become half insane, and both were for a long while afterwards very ill."

"Heavens! that is indeed a fearful account which you relate to me," interrupted Brigitta, in her excessive anxiety—"and to tell it me precisely now, when . . . Heavens! Who is that? Is it not my Curate who comes running to us through the scoria? Is it his ghost, or is it himself?" And Brigitta sprang forward to meet her Curate, and they both met in a dense cloud of smoke which crossed the road. Brigitta, however, did not heed this, but exclaimed, "Is it you? Are you alive? Are you sound and safe, limbs and all? Why do you come hither all alone? Where are the rest? Are they alive or are they all dead? Speak, prythee speak! speak! speak!"

"Aptsshah!" was the first sound heard from the mouth of the Reader! "I come . . . Aptsshah! to . . . Aptsshah . . . Aptsshah . . ."

"God help you and all of us!" sighed Brigitta, "only say whether they live or if they are all dead."

"They live—Aptsshah! Aptsshah."

"All? Uninjured?"

"Yes, certainly! Aptsshah! The comounded smoke! Aptsshah! I come to! Aptsshah! Aptsshah!—Aptsshahvoi, a, a . . .!"

"Oh, come then out of the smoke, Godelius!" said Brigitta, who also began now to sneeze, "or else we shall both be suffocated, and then this comedy will turn into a tragedy. So now we can breathe a little more freely here! Now tell me truly, are they all alive, and has no part of the nine fallen in?"

"Yes, it is quite true," added the Curate.

"And they have all returned sound and well out of the Leviathan's throat, and are once more upon the blessed green earth."

"Yes, but—your aunt has swooned away beneath in the mine, and is still suffering from its effects. I have therefore come to intreat you to go to her, for nobody understands so well as you how to treat her under such circumstances . . ."

"Oh my dearest aunt! What has then happened to her? The horrid mine! I wish it were in Blaakulla!"

"Yes! yes! and the smoke too! I am in such a violent perspiration that I . . ."

"Oh, but that will do you wonderful good, my beloved old one. Heaven be praised! well, so then at last I know the whole matter."

Brigitta found Mrs. Ingeborg in the Mining House. She had been conveyed into the chamber of the Mining-hall of Justice, which is a handsome room resembling a gallery, and hung around with many portraits. She had just been bled, and had recovered from the swoon, but not yet to complete consciousness. She asked with wild looks:

"Where am I?"

"You are in the Hall of Justice of the mines," said her husband, "and surrounded entirely by friends."

"In the Hall of Justice!" said Mrs. Ingeborg, rising up and apparently recovering herself. "In the Hall of Justice! Is it not here that criminals are condemned? Am I brought here to be tried?"

"Ingeborg! Think, Ingeborg! Look around you! do you not recognise me?"

"Yes, it is you, my Gustavus," said she, with a sweet smile, "my only friend—you shall defend me. But stay! (whispering) Who is that yonder?"

And Mrs. Ingeborg's eyes were fixed with an anxious expression upon a portrait of the size of life of Gustavus the Ninth in the dark dress, and with the hard features, harsh and rigid expression, and the singular mode in which he wore his hair, which formed a cross upon his forehead, always found in the portraits of this king.

When the name of the portrait was mentioned to Mrs. Ingeborg, she said:

"Oh! Indeed! I thought it was some one else. Tell me—Oh tell me, did any one of you see beneath in the mine—upon the bridge over the abyss—a stern man? Did any one see him?"

"No!" No one had seen him. (The guide and Mrs. Ingeborg, who stood forward at the aperture, had probably concealed his figure from the rest.)

"It was an illusion," said the Rector. "The black abyss made you giddy and made you fancy realities in shadows. This happens not unfrequently."

Mrs. Ingeborg was silent. "Yet it is strange!" said she, after a pause—"and even here it is also strange—but I myself must likewise be really very strange."

"Aunt must sleep! she must endeavour to compose herself to sleep," said Brigitta, now pressing forward. "Mustn't she, uncle? We will conduct aunt into the little adjoining room, and then I will tell aunt the most amusing tales that I know, or I will sit directly opposite her and yawn away until I yawn her to sleep, or make her laugh, either of which would be beneficial to her."

Mrs. Ingeborg could not help laughing, and the Curate—that is to say the Reader—gave a look at Brigitta, and said, "Ay, ay, she is always right!"—They acted under Brigitta's suggestion. Mrs. Ingeborg, who was now almost fully restored to consciousness, was conducted by her into a small cabinet adjoining the Hall of Justice, and here Brigitta remained with her to practise her somniferous remedies uninterruptedly.

The rest remained in the Hall, and the young folks were engaged for a time in the examination of the portraits of the Vasa Kings and the successive presidents of the College of Mines which decorated its walls, and appeared to look down tranquilly with penetrative glances upon the

young persons who were contemplating them. Olof, who remained for some time silent and serious, revived again upon observing the beautiful collection of minerals contained in glass cases in the room, and was speedily occupied in explaining and exhibiting to his friends the most remarkable of these curiosities. Thus is youth—fresh water gushes forth at the first touch—and it is well that it is so.

But the Rector stood silent at a window and looked out. A heavy leaden-coloured cloud mantled the sky and hung cheerlessly over the orifice of the mine—over the black town of scoria that encompasses it, and over the naked, wild, and desert mountains on the right. And he had a presentiment that the cloud of which his wife had so recently spoken was there now in reality, and hung pregnant with misfortune over their heads. He had not observed the cause of her swooning in the mine; no distinct object, no distinct circumstance, definitely threatened him. But he felt depressed by an irritating disquietude, by a foreboding apprehension which he could not explain to himself, and which he endeavoured vainly to resist.

In this state of mind he was glad to see his friends Falk and Bjork approaching him. He sent the young people back to the hotel to take their dinner, and remained here alone with these two gentlemen. He subsequently and by degrees led the conversation to the subject which now actively engaged his thoughts—to MISFORTUNE, and to the relative proportions which accidental circumstances and a man's own faults may have in causing it. The melancholy Bjork attributed almost exclusively all to fate, and was disposed to say with Solomon, "*all things come alike to all; there is one event to the righteous and to the wicked.*"

"Fate!" exclaimed the superintendent of the mines, "I know nothing more empty than this word, and nothing more powerless than this power, when the will has energy enough to resist it. Patience and perseverance will conquer everything; and this is the doctrine which the Coppermine inculcates emulously with that great man, who here, upon this very spot, subdued fate to his own will, and constrained it into his own service, after having been long persecuted by its caprices and endured its severest blows. Contemplate Gustavus Vasa during the period of his misfortunes: see him a prisoner, robbed of his father and of his friends by the bloody battle of Stockholm, and afterwards of all his property: behold him an exile in his native land, wandering about in these valleys disguised in the garb of a peasant, solitary, pursued by tyrants, forced to conceal himself now under a fallen fir-tree, now under the earth, under bridges, in straw, and there even wounded by the spears of his enemies: see him despised, betrayed, his life constantly threatened, and notwithstanding all this, still stepping forth, urged by the same thought, the same idea, the same will, the same purpose—namely, to combine Sweden's people for Sweden's deliverance. Behold him combating with the littlenesses or the coolness of men, never wearied, always exhorting; and lastly—observe him gaining the people's ear, the people's heart: behold how they attach themselves to him, become his body-guard, and his personal companions in life and death. It was hither to Fahlun that he

marched from Mora with his four hundred men. It was here that he first became victor over his enemies; here where he first waved the flag of Sweden's freedom; here where he began his victorious progress, which ceased not until he confirmed the freedom of his fatherland, and saw himself raised by the free choice of the people to the possession of its throne. Look you, this is a contest with fate, and which shows the whole significance of its power. No, it is not consistent here in this country, in the presence of the miners of the Copper-mine, to speak of the power of fate!—It is here that we must eulogise the force of the WILL."

"This is all very sublime and noble, and it can all be read in the Swedish History of Geijer and Strinnholm and in that of Fryxell, and indeed it has often been spoken of," said Bjork, not in the least excited by the patriotic enthusiasm of his friend: "but my opinion is that our history, as little as that of other countries, is deficient in examples of the contrary. I opine that we can exhibit more than one martyr of pure will and of a noble endeavour, the results of whose exertions were—all unfortunate. Virtue, will and perseverance may be all equal in two individuals, but the one overcomes all opposition, whilst the other succumbs to it, that is to say, the one is lucky, and the other unlucky; this is the whole difference between them; and if this exhibit itself at different periods in the history of one man, it does not affect its respective relations. Engelbret, for example, was quite as noble if not a nobler man than Gustavus Vasa; he combated for the same cause and in the same spirit, and he fell by the hand of a murderer before he had completed his task."

"But he prepared what was subsequently perfected," said Nordenwall with animation. "As to the rest you are right. You are right, in as far as earthly success is not always at the beck of justice, and that BLIND FATE is ONE OF THE PREVALENT POWERS OF THE EARTH. But over it stands PROVIDENCE, with justice for its balance, with eternity in its hand, and paces onward where the former stops—completing the incomplete. Even unto death extends the power of earthly fate: the doctrines of religion, which show us the course beyond, have also shown to us the wreath there woven both for man himself and for the virtue whose battle he has fought. And no man is so strong as he who lives and strives in the consciousness of this. Therefore is Gustavus Adolphus a more gratifying and a greater example in my eyes than Gustavus Vasa. It is a magnificent picture that, which exhibits him going forth with prayer and sword, and with his battle song, 'Fear not, you little troop;' urging this little troop to fight for religious liberty against a whole hemisphere. And the cheerful spirit which always propelled him to the van, and in which spirit he replied, 'The Almighty God lives,' when urged to have regard for his life; that, look you, is the courage which I admire. It is delightful to see that even ridicule—this with many so fearful a weapon—was made ridiculous by his earnestness. How did they jest in Austria at his purpose, and how did the court at Vienna turn it to mockery, calling him in their mirth the 'Snow King!' But the Snow King went onwards, and grew and grew until his Lauwine made the Imperial City and its

throne tremble. He died in the midst of his victorious progress, and thus succumbed to earthly misfortune; but was the conquest the less complete? He himself was removed from the power of earthly fate, and the Protestant world still venerates him as its emancipator. Our fault is this, when we adjudge a life or an endeavour, we measure with too short a rule."

"You are quite right, my brother," said the mining superintendent; "but you must not deny old King Gustavus the consolation which you afford his successor. We know that he also built his house upon a firmer foundation than his personal strength, as he has expressed it in his own song:

"Thou Swede, put thou thy faith in God,
And give him fervent prayers."

"Brother Nordenwall! set that song to music; and I will endeavour to prevail with the miners to sing it with their morning prayers. It will strengthen them more beneficially than the brandy soup, which they like but too well."

In the adjoining chamber Mrs. Ingeborg had just said to Brigitta, "Open the door a little, Brigitta; I hear Gustavus' voice, and this voice is always dearer to me than the sweetest music. Silence! I can now understand his words."

The visit of the physician interrupted the conversation of the friends. He found Mrs. Ingeborg better, but still in a very excited state. He ordered some composing remedies, and, conjunctively, the greatest external as well as internal tranquillity.

It was, therefore, resolved that she should remain quietly during the night in the Mining House, and the Rector with her. Mrs. Ingeborg was contented with this arrangement; but when the young people returned from the hotel, and they were apprised that it was necessary that they should return thither to pass the night, they were dissatisfied, and each said, "Why may not I stop here?"

"No, not one!" said Mrs. Ingeborg kindly to them; "no one but my husband for to-night. I will not be troublesome to any one but him; a kind proof of affection!" added she, with a constrained but amiable smile; and which her husband replied to with, "That is just as it should be!"

But Siri gently knelt before Mrs. Ingeborg's couch, laid her head at her feet, and said—

"Pray let me remain here to-night!"

The voice in which she entreated was perfectly irresistible, and the Rector said—

"Let the maiden stay here with us, Ingeborg; I will answer for her."

And thus it was arranged. And not long after they bade good night, as it was desirable to compose Mrs. Ingeborg to rest as speedily as possible. Olof stayed a little after the rest, for he wished to bid Siri good night, or, more correctly—although he durst scarcely confess it to himself—to see her for one minute alone, and to receive a kind word—one kind look from her. Alas for the poor heart which Love has made his occupant! it is like the fountains of Iceland, in whose depths invisible fires burn. Even in the midst of winter its flames burst forth with volcanic energy through the encompassing snow; and although they sprinkle their drops upon hard rocks and a cold soil, they heed not this, but still boil and bubble.

Siri was not at that instant in the room, and Olof awaited her return. And as she still delayed he at length went, but with a fluttering heart.

Upon reaching the long and sombre corridor beyond the room, he observed some one apparently waiting there. Who was it? Alas! he did not want an answer. The prompting sentiment of his heart told him, better than the gentle figure itself, that it was Siri. He stood still. His whole inner being was in wild commotion. She stirred not either; and he heard her voice only, piercing, as it were, into his heart, as she said—

"Olof! are you angry with me?"

Olof answered not. A momentary metamorphosis took place within him. Siri's mysterious conduct, all that he had suffered on her account, stepped like an obstructing body between them precisely at that instant, when she approached him so gently, so contritely, and made him harsh towards her. There was in his heart a sort of longing to revenge himself. When noble minds indulge these sentiments, alas! they are to be pitied.

He again heard the gentle voice.

"Olof, thou art angry with me! I am not surprised at that; and yet I have one favour to ask you."

Siri went up to him, handed him a sealed letter, and said—

"Take this letter—and preserve it. Preserve it as thou wouldst thy dearest treasure; and when I give you permission, or when I am dead, then open it—read it; and when you have read it—burn it; and let no one know what is contained in it; for therein is contained—MY SECRET! I have written all down there. But no one shall know it but you. But you, Olof, must once know that she whom you have protected, towards whom you have acted so nobly, so kindly—was not unworthy of your solicitude. I give now into your hands that which is more dear to me than life, and—I am not anxious about it, so great is my faith in you and in your honour. I know that you will act as I have desired you."

Olof took the letter but continued silent. This seemed painful to Siri. She looked at him with her beautiful and wonderful eyes, and with the melancholy question quivering upon her lips, she said to him—

"Olof! I have looked forward cheerfully to this moment, whence henceforth I shall no longer appear enveloped in prejudicing mystery to you. Soon we must separate, and God only knows for how long a time! It would be a consolation to me to dare to hope that you, upon whom I shall ever think as upon my best friend, remember me also kindly, and that you also feel for me. In our sports you formerly called me SISTER! This name is so dear to me! Can you not again apply it to me, and now in deed and in earnest too? Olof! can and will you not once more receive me, and again love me as a brother, now and for ever? Meseems I should then go my way with a lighter foot, and, indeed, I think life then would be less burthensome—to both!"

There was something so simple in Siri's manner and expression, and yet so earnest and confiding, that Olof was, as it were, imbued with a new and refreshing spirit. It fell like a gentle and soothing dew upon the fierce glow of his soul, where

love and dislike were in struggling contest. He felt himself again transformed ; and as he now again pressed the maiden to his heart as a beloved sister, and whilst her head lay upon his bosom, so gently, so confidentially, even as it had the first time in grief and fervency, he felt his heart ennobled ; he felt himself strong against his own weakness, and renewed his vow to be her brother and her friend.

With a fervent "God bless thee, my sister !" he bent over her, and then hastened away. Siri looked after him. Her eyes glittered with tears, but cheerfully, as contemplating a good and glorious object.

She then went gently into the room and withdrew, after wishing her foster-parents good night, into the small adjoining chamber beyond, where she was to pass the night upon the sofa. The single window of this room looked upon the mines, and anxiously, with a fearful presentiment, she gazed forth from it.

The married couple were in the large chamber. Mrs. Ingeborg could not lie in consequence of a considerable flow of blood to the heart, but she sat up in a large and comfortable reclining-chair. All was now silent and still around her. The night-lamp burnt with a quiet but sombre ray ; and beside his wife sat the Rector, watching over her with the sleepless and faithful eye of love. Mrs. Ingeborg, however, had not an instant of repose.

She repeatedly raised her eyes fearfully to the picture of Charles the Ninth, as if she saw in this the emissary of a punishing judge and of a revenging Nemesis. And yet this much-feared king was himself an almost painful instance of the power of a chastising fate. He who made so many a heart ache and throb even in the agonising apprehension of death, and who prostrated so many a head beneath the axe of the executioner, he the inflexible—the strong both in will and deed, he, in his age, standing before the States of Sweden, could only point to his paralytic head and stutter forth, "God's judgment ! God's judgment !"

GOD'S JUDGMENT.

AND night paced on. The half-moon shone between the clouds, and illuminated the gigantic gorge of the mine and the adjacent black masses of dross with the sombre reflection which is peculiar to them. In the city, which lies behind the Mining House, it was still ; all was in profound repose. But beneath in the mine, the miners were this night at work, and from time to time were heard in the depths deadened explosions.

Mrs. Ingeborg, who was under the effect of an opiate, which, however, had not the effect of tranquillising her, was aroused at every successive burst of noise, and stretched out her arms as if to defend herself from some threatening danger. Her husband observed her with anxiety and disquietude, and was mentally much discommodated at the dormitory that had been selected so heedlessly with reference to the noisy vicinage of the mine. He, by his conversation with his friends, had freed himself from his unpleasant impressions. He was restrengthened and full of confidence as usual, and only wished to be able to impart his own tran-

quillity to the beloved being who, he perceived, was the prey of secret grief.

Upon seeing that she was no better, and that she was in a state of the most agitating mental distress, continuing to be tormented by dismal dreams, he kissed her eyelids and said—

"Ingeborg, awake ! Speak to me ! Let us speak to each other ! Walk about a little with me in the room ; it will be better for you than your disturbed rest."

"Who calls me ? who says 'speak !' " asked Mrs. Ingeborg, looking around her with confusion in her glance. "Oh, Gustavus, is it you ! I thank you that you have aroused me. My soul was in torture ! Yes, you are right, I must speak ! Now or never !"

"What are you talking of—what do you mean ? Why do you speak thus incomprehensibly ?"

"They were beautiful, divine words which you uttered last evening, of the conquest in death or after death ; of the power which is stronger than misfortune, stronger than fate ! . . . No ! do not look thus at me. I am perfectly conscious. I know what I say and what I purpose. Fate urges, conscience exhorts, and God commands ; and Thou,—Thou who hast given me strength, be Thou my judge !"

And Mrs. Ingeborg cast herself upon her knees, in deep emotion, before her husband.

"Ingeborg ! my wife ! what dost thou do ?" exclaimed Nordenwall, and wished to raise her.

"Leave me," said she, in a determined and sombre tone ; "I am where I should be, and where I ought to have been long since. Listen to me ! I have committed a crime !"

Nordenwall seated himself and covered his face with both his hands that he could not see her.

"I have committed a crime," continued she, in a resolute voice, "to have concealed from thee for ten years the greatest misfortune of my life, my most weighty secret ;—to have concealed from thee that, before I knew thee, I was united to another, and that Siri—is my daughter !"

Mrs. Ingeborg hesitated a moment and pressed her forehead against the knees of her husband. He sat there quite motionless : she continued—

"I was of the age of Siri when a man, endowed with noble but dangerous talents, became enamoured of me. He also enchanted me and gained over my sister to his views ; but my brother-in-law violently opposed our union and sought to separate us by force ; but obstinacy and love counteracted his efforts. He who loved me persuaded me to a secret union ; and a clergyman of his acquaintance affianced us one evening, in the chapel of the Silver-mine, in the presence of my sister. A shortly anticipated improvement of his means would, he said, speedily enable him to make public our union, and to demand me as his wife.

"Alas ! this union, which was formed in wild and intoxicating enthusiasm, was soon terribly rent asunder. He, with whom I was united, was soon afterwards entangled in a crime which obliged him to quit the country. My situation was terrific. The secret of my marriage was obliged to be made known to my brother-in-law. He raved at first ; but subsequently had compassion upon me, and promised me his aid in return for my oath that I would never make known my union, and which, I then first learnt, to my astonishment,

was not valid in the eyes of the law of Sweden. My sister and my brother-in-law took me abroad; and when we returned, Siri passed as her daughter, but she was *MINE*; and yet was I obliged to confide her to the care of strangers, that I might, separated from her, carefully watch over my own reputation and cautiously guard my dangerous secret; and to this I was compelled for her sake, for the brow of the innocent maiden durst not be stained by the horrid brand. I, however, wrote to her father, whose place of refuge was then known to me, and announced to him the birth of his daughter. I received no reply, but heard from my sister and my brother-in-law the account of his death; and his absolute silence for a space of five years did not allow me to doubt its truth. His image had long become dark within my mind; his crime! . . . We no longer love that of which we are ashamed. Oh, Gustavus! can you understand why, when I became acquainted with you,—when I loved you with the entire concurrence of my whole better being—that being which sorrow and reflection had ripened,—can you conceive that it was the love, the respect which you infused into me tied my tongue when you asked my hand, and that, therefore, I could not impart to you the secret of my past life? Alas! I feared to be debased in your eyes. I could not consent to acknowledge myself to you the wife of a criminal. Duty and conscience exhorted me to speak; love and pride prohibited it. I sought to lull myself with the idea that my confession would only serve to make us both wretched, and that nothing beneficial would arise thence to any one. Besides, my child was happy with her foster-parents, and was warmly loved, especially by the General, who would never have consented to have parted from her. Can you comprehend how these thoughts—this fear to lose thy love, thy confidence—the fear that you would be angry with me—have made me dumb upon this subject for ten years; whilst the feeling of my crime, against thee and against my child, has created incessant tortures for me? But this fear now no longer agitates me. There is something higher above me,—something that tells me my dying hour is proximate; and before that comes I wish to stand clearly before thee, by the full confession of my sin, that I may find peace within the grave, and that I may meet you beyond it without a lie branding my brow. Gustavus! for some time past I have beheld a form which stagnates the blood within my veins. Once, at Mora, I saw it pass along the highway; a second time, I beheld it in the forests of Elfsdale, but then I did not see the face, and persuaded myself that my fancy had deceived me; but yesterday, within the mine, upon the narrow bridge over the abyss, I again saw the same being, and saw also the face, and no longer could I doubt; he it was; it was Siri's father; it was—Julius Wolf!"

"Julius Wolf! the knave!" exclaimed Nordenwall, with grief and displeasure.

"The unfortunate!—yes! And now, Gustavus, listen to me. Either that which I have seen is a ghost, which comes to call me from thee, or Julius Wolf lives and I am—a perjurer! But, oh God! in the depth of this obscurity I observe a gleam of light. If he lives, Siri may be innocent, and the stranger with whom she was seen was her father. It is but this instant that this idea, this

consolation, strikes me, and—I, indeed, need it. . . . Gustavus! now thou knowest all! I have not one word to add in extenuation,—unless it be my love for thee. This confession has often been upon my lips; but you were so happy in your confidence in me, and therefore I—was silent. Judge me. Here, at thy feet, will I lie, until thou hast pardoned—or rejected me!"

Nordenwall's countenance was serious and pale when he turned it to the penitent, and serious but gentle was the voice with which he said—

"Ten years of fidelity and love speak for thee—and my own consciousness of transgression. My violence—my harshness appalled thee. Poor Ingeborg! How much anxiety would have been spared; how much happiness gained,—if thou hadst placed thy daughter upon my bosom! Oh, that man . . . But the past is ours no longer; the present only is ours. Rise up, my wife, and forgive me my transgressions as I forgive thee the solitary one that thou hast committed against me. May God forgive us both!"

Both the married couple arose, and as they stood there embracing each other, heart to heart, the energy of love strengthened them. Ten years of love and fidelity,—all the sweet and bitter reminiscences of what they had survived, what they had suffered and enjoyed together, arose, like angels, out of the flood of the past, and cast light upon light, flame upon flame, into their souls. They felt intensely towards each other. They had never felt warmer affection for each other; and never had they more vividly felt the immortality of their union.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Ingeborg, "is it possible that for ten years I should have feared this instant, and that I should have avoided it? Where is now the danger, and where now the unhappiness?"

"HERE!" answered an indistinct and ghostly voice; and from the shade at the extremity of the saloon a form stepped forth;—it was the same Mrs. Ingeborg had beheld in the "*HUMMER*." It was now clad in the dark mining-dress, and the hair was pressed backward from the pale, harsh countenance.

Mrs. Ingeborg uttered a shriek, and seized convulsively the arm of her husband.

"Silence!" said the dark figure, "Misfortune is here, but it shall not touch you! I have heard sufficient to be satisfied of Ingeborg's innocence, and to be convinced that she could not have received the letter which I wrote to her, enclosed to her sister. For to every one else did I desire to be dead, but only not to her! But how could she care for a convict! And now that I have seen my daughter,—and now that I have restored to her her parents and her natural rights,—and now that I have freed her from unworthy suspicions, and her mother from—her fear of ghosts,—now my part upon the earth will soon be played. It only remains now to liberate her from me; which shall now be. Protect my noble child: I shall one day demand her happiness at your hands. Farewell, Nordenwall! Reflect that it is the 'knave!' who presents thee with this daughter and this wife, to both of whom he has an indisputable claim;—who flies that he may not disturb your tranquillity!" And with a look, in which pride and deep anguish were combined, the dark man hastily left the apartment, and strode, with

rapid steps, across the court, towards the mine and into the Descending Room.

But it was not easy for him here to detach himself from the blond-haired maiden, who, like a ray of moonshine, followed him across the court, and here embraced him with that mental energy which gives the power of iron to the weakest arm.

"You shall not go from me!" said she. "I will follow thee into the bowels of the earth."

"My maiden!" exclaimed he, with painful emotion, "My child! Is it thou? Oh thus can I once more press thee to my heart before we separate for ever!"

"We do not separate from each other!" said she. "Never!—I will return and bid farewell to those within—I will embrace their knees, and then will I belong to thee alone and follow thee only."

"Alas! that may not be," replied he. "This night only shall I stay within the mine, but to-morrow I shall wander forth into the wide world, and there have I no home, no protection to offer thee; nowhere where thou canst lay thy head!"

"Have not I thy bosom, father?" replied she; "and have we not the earth as our couch and the heavens as our canopy? Oh, believe me, happier should I be in the desert with thee than enjoying tranquillity and affluence with the rest. Do not be anxious about me; I am hearty and accustomed to live in the open air. I love Nature in all her moods. Father, let me accompany thee; let me share your privations and your crust. I will work for thee—for thee will I beg when necessity compels, as earnestly as I this instant beg of thee. Do you think alms will be refused me? I will be always happy; I will sing to you when you are sorrowful; and when you are cold, I will warm you with my love and at my heart. I will wander the wide world over with you. Necessity shall not harass us. See what I have saved during the past year of my pocket-money! See, father! all this is thine!" And with beaming eyes Siri drew forth her little treasure.

"Oh!" said he, with an expression of the bitterest joy, "it is, indeed, a treasure to possess thee, my child, and thy love—and she—have I lost! Thou dearest, dearest child—thanks! but what I have said must be. We must separate. I desire it. Remain in thy home; remain with thy mother! Bestow upon her the affection of a child. My supposition proved the truth. She was deceived, and was not in fault. Make her happy, and—do not forget thy father! Pray for him! Poor child! 'Tis now the tempest of thy life. The young tree will bend to it, but it will again spring up with energy, and the tenebrious sky that now hovers over it, will clear up. Live, my child, to repair what thy father has impaired; live up to the order which he indulged in in vision, without understanding its principles; live to help to lighten the misery of the world!"

"Listen!" and the eccentric man, whose words became stimulants to his own enthusiasm, stood suddenly before the maiden with the sublimity and grandeur of a prophet, lighted up as he was, like her, by the flames of the "Eternal Fire," and he spoke as it were in flashes of lightning, "Listen! I will give thee a memorial as a keepsake! Here, upon the edge of the subterranean world, I will announce to thee a supernal doctrine. Let

it burn within thy heart like an eternal flame, and let it enlighten thee during thy short existence and through all the obscurities of life and nature. My child! Thy destiny is a splendid one, be thy lot upon the earth as mean as it may be, or thy dwelling as humble as it can. Thou hast not the restraint of sin or crime; thy way is still free—may it be worthy of thy goal! Listen!—Above, in the world, they will speak to thee of the forces and of the effects of nature, of the definitiveness of its order evinced in the course of life and death, in the principles of war and destruction, which stimulate the races of animals one against the other, and make the one prey upon the other. In disorder even the order of the Creator will be exhibited to you; and in nature, an ever-working, self-destroying and self-restoring creature, whose ultimate aim—is death and annihilation. But I will discourse with thee of a profounder doctrine—of a doctrine announced by thy native Saga and songs, of the life of nature, of the creature, and of the final cause of man. What does the ancient Saga say? What say the inhabitants of the mountains, of the streams, and of the forests, when the light of revelation shall pierce into the north, permeate its remotest depths, and unloosen the tongue of the uncultivated. Listen!—They sigh for emancipation! for a freer and more genial life; and they appeal to man to emancipate them and to free the world from its bondage, and thereby from the contagious misery thus caused. They call, they exhort you to re-elevate yourself to the 'glorious freedom of God's children,' and to all the glories to which you were created. Oh, child! be not deaf to this voice, the light breathings of nature, which sigh in all the dying, all the wretched, all the fallen, and which exhort you to the remembrance of your divine calling. And, therefore, you will be told, 'be pure in the eye of day, be pure to the gaze of the world!' But I tell you, 'be pure even unto the eyes of night, be pure in thy most hidden sentiments—be pure in thy imagination!' The fibrils of thy existence ramify deeply in the inmost recesses of natural life; this must thou elevate or depress, as thou art elevated or depressed. Live in nature; but like the bird of paradise, without soiling thy plumage by the dust of the earth. Then wilt thou transform this base earth into the primitive paradise!

"I dedicate thee to a life wherein daily joys and daily sorrows will be but slightly esteemed, but wherein the least serves the highest. I consecrate thee to a calling of joy and delight, and which will transform thy days to one long creation's day! Live to a new earth—to a new heaven!

"It is well that thou wast born in a country where strong inspirations still animate life. My child! be a blessing to thy native land! Here are the tumuli of the Huns, which contain the bones of thy ancestors; here are mountains and fountains which preserve the Saga of the most ancient times, wherein the human mind was as profound in its feelings as now in the light of pure reason. Here wast thou born and here shalt thou live and labour. Go—but humbly—create a glory for thyself! Nature will one day be exhibited in its aureola.

"This is the bequest of thy father, his last testament! These are his last words to thee! God bestowed one ray upon me before eternal night

closed over me, and that ray was thee ! But now my sun has set ! Now, my child !—My solitary joy and comfort—my maiden—fare you well !”

And he clasped her tenderly in his arms and impressed fervent kisses upon her brow, her hair, her eyes, and lips. He then quitted her hastily, ignited his light at the ‘Eternal Fire,’ and disappeared upon the stairs of the mine.

Siri stood paralysed there ; the fountain of life stagnated suddenly to her, but she still stood listening, as it were, to the voice of an eternal being. As she saw her father disappear in the dark abyss, a sudden ray illuminated her pale countenance, her eyes glittered with animation and resolution, and she followed him as the enchanted does the enchanter, as iron does the magnet, and as love the track of the beloved when fearing to lose it for ever. As gently as a spirit, as gently as a child, she followed the traces of her father, from step to step, from spot to spot, following the guiding light, but as distantly as possible consistently with safety.

He went on slowly and lost in deep thought ; the light burnt flickeringly in his hand. He went down the passage called the “Crown-prince,” and where the stairs commence to be more precipitous, to the adit of the Copper-serpent, into which he stepped. Here he went onward as far as the shaft of the Copper-dragon. Siri continued following, with light footsteps, but with a determined mind. Upon the edge of the shaft called the Copper-dragon he stood suddenly still, as if reflecting. He seemed like one who had walked on in his sleep, and, suddenly awakening, knew not rightly where he was. He looked around, and lowered the light to see more distinctly about him : it lighted up the obscure labyrinth, but it also lighted up the blond-black maiden who stood within the coal-black gorge of the Copper-dragon. The eyes of the father and the daughter met. He then waved the light wildly around in the air ; sparkles flew upwards from the depths, but their profundity swallowed up both the light and the sparks. Siri heard the sound, as it seemed, of a heavily-falling body, and—all became again still and black.

And blacker has never night enveloped a human being than that which now encompassed this young maiden. Siri had seen the abyss swallow her father, and the same fate threatened herself. But she did not think of herself ; she thought of her father. She cast herself down on her knees, and feeling about with her hands, she crept onwards towards the spot where she had seen him disappear. Presently the ground failed her touch, and her hands moved over the abyss, and in the depths of it she saw a slight glimmer, and her eyes gazed earnestly towards it. It suddenly flickered more brightly up, and lighted an oblique mass of rock upon the right, which commenced above where Siri stood, and terminated at the bottom of the shaft below, exactly where this mining-light shone. This is what is called the Tail of the Dragon ; and the young maiden hastened down it with a throbbing heart.

Upon reaching the base of the shaft of the Copper-dragon, she took up the mining-light and snuffed it. The light illuminated a body lying a few paces from her. The face was turned upwards and Siri recognised her father. The eyes were vacant, and he lay stiff and motionless, like one

dead. Siri placed her hand upon his heart : it still beat. She called him by name : he replied not, nor did he give the least sign of life. In the most excruciating anguish of mind she rose up and looked around for help. Alas ! she stood alone within the depths of the cruel mine, and she had no guide to conduct her through its enormous labyrinths of passages and corridors. And yet she knew that they worked the night throughout within the mine, and that, therefore, labourers were somewhere about. And with the mining-light in her hand, she commenced going forwards in search, carefully heeding her way, that she might find it again ; and from time to time raising a cry for help, which was echoed by the cavities of the mine, or lost itself in the various corridors and open spaces. At times she stood still and listened ; but she heard nothing except the incessant dripping of the moisture of the mine. Thus went she on ; and as she advanced, the stalactites and crystals reflected the brilliancy of her light, and glared upon her like the demons of the mine. Cold drops fell upon her forehead. Suddenly she felt a warm breath upon her hand : she cast her eyes down upon it. It was produced by the flame of the mining-light, blown upon it by the draught of the mine : the light was nearly consumed. Her course became still more strange and fearful ; her temples throbbed violently ; her steps were more rapid, but vacillating. And now she was obliged to stop, for her path was interrupted by a deep chasm, which lay across it. She looked down into it, and there she neither saw ground nor light : she again looked upwards. The arch of the mine was gone, and above her there was nothing but an immeasurable void—a black and empty space. Siri stared vacantly forward : madness was upon her. At this moment, the vacuity above and beneath her seized her soul ; the fountain of life was petrified at its source, and she neither felt nor thought. But unconsciously were her eyes fixed upon an object which passed transversely across the void, which gently moved, and which was recognisable in the shine of the light. It was a cord, a line ; and Siri’s eye followed this line mechanically until it disappeared in the abyss. But from the depths a distant song now resounded, and dully, but distinctly, she heard the words of the miners’ song.

“Up brother ! Kindle your bright light,
For still within the mine ’tis night ;
Though duty calls, and black the way,
Light and good will make it day.”

Siri recovered her self-possession. It was evident to her that she now stood close to an ascending shaft, and that the people who were beneath would certainly hear her cries : and she called ; but the singing continued. She called again and again, and the singing ceased. They listened beneath in the mine for her voice. She renewed her cries, and now the line moved ; and after a time she saw a light shining in the depths and slowly float upwards, approaching nearer and nearer.

“Siri ! Siri ! Let me embrace my child !” exclaimed Mrs. Ingeborg in the Mining Hall of Justice, evidently wrestling with death. Her

husband opened the door into the adjoining little room, but it was empty. The window, which was not high above the ground, stood open; Siri was hence.

"That is right," said Mrs. Ingeborg, with a bitter expression. "It is no more than right! Oh, my heart! my heart!"

"Be quiet; be still!" earnestly entreated her husband; "lean upon me; I am close beside you, and thy child is mine. Believe me, I shall find her again, and I shall again lead her to your arms!"

"Oh thou beloved comforter! Oh thou faithful one! Yes, I will confide in thee and in God's mercy. In life hast thou been my joy, and in death thou art my support. Gustavus! one prayer! one entreaty! Let me rest in the earth of Mora,—in the grave where thou wilt some day repose by my side. I thank you for all your love!—My eyes are so dizzy—I see you no longer;—but I shall see you again! Lay thy hand upon my head and give me thy blessing, that I may—for the last time—hear thy voice!"

He did so; his voice did not tremble; but, as he saw those eyes close whose last look of love was bent upon him, his knees failed him, he sank down and laid his head to the heart of his wife, which now ceased beating.

There did it still lie and burn hotly when the heart beneath it was already cold in death,—when the morning sun beamed into the room, gently lighting the married couple.

He first raised it when a small piece of paper was handed to him, whereon the following words were written in a trembling hand:

"A dying man desires the sacrament. Foster-father, come, in God's name. From the abysses of the earth you are implored by your

"SIRI."

Gustavus Nordenwall then arose; he wiped the cold sweat from his brow and followed the miner who had brought him the note, and who bore with him what was requisite for the holy office. When he came into the fresh air—into the cheerful sunshine, he stood still,—looked around him, as it were in search of something. The expression of his eyes was sombre, and his appearance was wholly altered; he appeared to have suddenly become several years older. With uncertain steps, which however gradually became more firm, he then followed his guide into the mine. The miner said:—

"He fell from the landing of the Copper-serpent down the shaft of the Copper-dragon, which is about eleven fathoms deep; so that it is no wonder that he has fractured his skull. For the doctor says that it is the skull itself that is fractured, and that he cannot live many hours. He can still speak and is perfectly conscious. We endeavoured to carry him up, but he could not bear it, and we were therefore obliged to convey him into the 'Royal Saloon' and leave him there. There he lies, and a young and delicate lady is with him, who appears to be his daughter, and who weeps and laments incessantly, making one's very heart ache. By her means the miners were first called to where he lay; but how she got there, in the deep darkness, God only knows. See! we are

now in the 'Duke of Dalecarlia,' and yonder, in front of us, is the 'Royal Saloon'."

A strong but dismal light streamed upon Nordenwall when he stepped into the "Royal Saloon," one of the largest cavities of the mine. Mining lads stood there with flaming torches, surrounding at a short distance, a group upon which the eyes of all were directed. A man lay stretched upon the earth, evidently struck by the hand of death, although not disfigured; and by his side a maiden was kneeling, to whom his words and looks were directed. Of these words we heard the following:—

"I did not purpose it; I could not purpose it when I saw thee. But an invisible hand—God's judgment—precipitated me!"

When Nordenwall entered, the eyes of the dying man turned to him, and he said with a bitter expression—

"What has Gustavus Nordenwall to do with Julius Wolf? What will the fortunate of the unfortunate?"

"It is an unfortunate man who here comes to his brother!" Nordenwall replied tranquilly and solemnly. "Innocently I robbed thee of the delight of thy life;—innocently hast thou destroyed mine. I come from—the death-bed of my wife!"

Julius Wolf rose nearly upright at these words. "Is she dead?" shrieked he, "then—then have I killed her! That was still wanting;—now is my measure full. Priest! avoid me!" exclaimed he wildly. "What do you want with me? quit me! I require you not. I know my sins and their punishment."

Nordenwall advanced nearer.

"Dost thou also know God's power? Have you measured the depths of his mercy?" said he, with a voice and with a look which did not seem to belong to this earth.

Wolf had already sunk backwards. His countenance changed; he silently raised his folded hands to heaven, and directed an inquiring look at Nordenwall.

Nordenwall bent down to him, placed his head close beside him, to speak lightly to him and to hear his answer. His countenance, serious and pitiful, beamed brighter and brighter; and when he arose, he stood like an apostle of love and consolation before the contrite, dying man, and imparted to him life's most comforting symbol.

The miners sang in gentle chorus—

"Thou Lamb of God which bearest the sins of the world!"

A breath of the peace which the world cannot bestow diffused itself like a gentle light over the countenance of the dying man. The tears of the maiden no longer flowed; the stings and pains of death were transformed into a divine life, a heavenly hope.

The priest pronounced the blessing over father and child.

Shortly the lips of the daughter were fixed upon the eternally cold ones of the father.

"Blessed are they who sleep!" said Nordenwall gently, whilst supporting his oppressed head with his hand, he contemplated the features of the deceased. He then inclined still lower, encompassed the half-conscious girl with his arms, and bore her away with him.

A GLANCE INTO THE FUTURE.

Again renewed
 He again beholds
 The earth from the sea
 Rising in glory.
 He sees rivers flow,
 And his pinions the eagle
 Bearing aloft.

It is thus that in cloud-enveloped antiquity the wise Valan chants the rising of the world from its final contest. And, God be praised, this rising of which he sings—this renewal—this fresh blossoming—this reviving of the wings of life, this do we also see—we who still loiter in the “shadow of life”—in many a brilliant revelation of nature in the life of the heart, of the thoughts, and of society. It is for us both a hint and a prophecy.

We here sketch rapidly, with evanescent lines, a slight reflection of it in the history of the man and of the child, whom we just quit enveloped in mourning and encompassed by the shadow of death. As they clung now closely together, thus did they continue still more intimately and affectionately to cling together. His heart, his life, his house were revived in freshness and warmth through her. A more beautiful union than that which combined this father and this daughter cannot be conceived. Subsequently, when he reposed within the earth of Mora by the side of his beloved wife, who had preceded him, towards

whom he never ceased to feel a longing desire, Siri kissed the sward upon their grave and quitted Mora, to join a happy couple, Olof and Walborg, in their house, at the Iron Works of Westanfors. She resided here with them as a beloved and loving sister. She attended the sick of the iron works and the mines; she adopted helpless orphans, and thereby obtained a widely extended and beneficent sphere of action. These, and her intercourse with nature and with her dear friends and their children, and her internal thoughts and sentiments, make her happy in its most emphatic sense. Ever hearty, ever pleased, an eternal summer appears to beam over her, or, as if a mystic fire were kindled at her heart, and which prevents her getting old or exhausted, and keeps age from stamping its wrinkles on her brow. Thus goes she onwards: and her progress through life is easy. Her animated and kindly glance does not diverge from its goal. And whilst she thus wanders on like one of those “who go through the valley of tears and there produce fountains,” the strange and beautiful tones of her flute are often heard through the woods—tones of the emancipating song of the spirits of nature which she heard in her earliest youth—or her clear voice sings a “God’s peace” to Dalecarlia, in the hearty words of the ancient Dalecarlian song, and to which her grateful heart responds.

“God! strengthen and cheer up the people who dwell
 On the banks, on the heights of DALOM.”



THE SLAVE POISONS THE PRINCESS.

THE BONDMAID.

BY

FREDRIKA BREMER.



THE BONDMAID.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

AXEL AND ANNA;

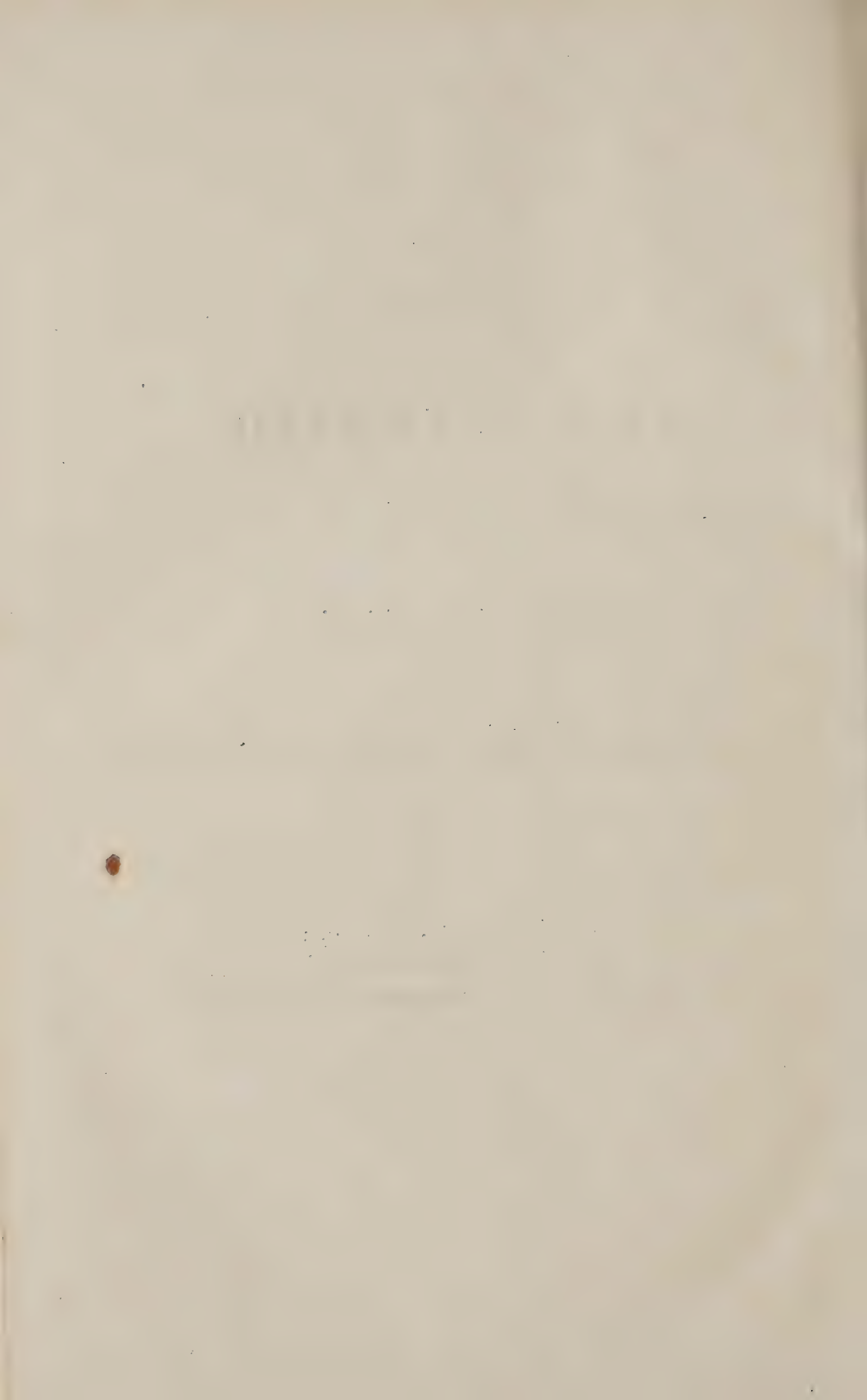
OR,

A CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN TWO STORIES OF THE SAME HOUSE.



BY FREDRIKA BREMER.

AUTHORESS OF 'STRIFE AND PEACE,' 'THE NEIGHBOURS,' 'THE H—— FAMILY,' ETC.



THE BONDMAID.

FRID, a Princess betrothed to king Dag.
KUMBA, } Slaves.
FEIMA, }

GRINGERDA, a Sorcerer.
A LJUS-ALF. Light-Alf, or Spirit of Light.
A SVART-ALF. Black-Alf.

Scene is laid in a woody mountain region. The castle of a Viking rises among the cliffs. On one side is the sea, on the other a flower-garden.

PART FIRST.

SCENE I.—*Flower Garden.* FEIMA is tying up the flowers to their supports. KUMBA waters them.

Frid. How clear and lovely is this early morning! Amid the grass still gleams the honey-dew, shed from the branches of the sacred tree,* over whose spreading boughs the Nornas pour the waters from the holy well of Urda. Gently upon the flowers and leaves of earth descends the heavenly moisture. Bees draw it from the bosom of the flower and offer up to man the precious juice that cheers in health and sickness. How beautiful, how kind are nature's ways! How great the goodness of the gods, who made this earth for man like a full honey-cup!

* "The principal and most sacred tree of the gods is the Ash-tree Yggdrasill, which is the best and greatest of all trees. Its branches extend over the whole universe, reaching beyond the heavens; its stem bears up the earth; its three roots stretch themselves wide around; one is amongst the gods, another with the Frost-Giants, the third covers Niffelheim. Under this root is the fountain Hvergelmer, from which flow the infernal rivers, and in which lies the serpent king Nethogg, who is continually gnawing at the root. Under that root, which is situated in the land of giants, there is a well in which all wisdom and prudence are hidden, and which belongs to Mimer. Under the root of the Aser is the well of Urda, and it is here that the gods sit in judgment.

"Near Urda's well stands a fair building, from whence issue the three maidens, Urda, (the past,) Varanda, (the present,) and Skulda, (the future). These maidens appoint the time that all men have to live, and are called Nornas. They take water each day from the well and pour it upon the Ash, lest its branches should perish. The dew which falls from Yggdrasill's branches is called honey-dew, and on this bees love to feed."

No account is given of the origin of the Scandinavian Parcae; their existence would seem to be coeval with that of the tree whose life they guarded. Urda had charge of the sacred mead, which conferred the gifts of wisdom and poetry upon those who drank of it. To know the destinies of the universe was given to the Nornas alone; the gods themselves had only dim forebodings of their own fortune, and took frequent counsel of the deities of fate.

Glorious goes forth the sun upon his conquering path! I greet thee, thou enlightener of all spirits! thou in whose fires spirits of light and darkness, joined in love, prepare earth's golden harvest! How all glows, how all rejoices in the light of the Great Father's eye! * The Eternal One is light, is fire. Love too is fire; a deathless flame, sprung from the All-father's breast. Oh sun, thou image of his being! thou warm and glorious as love! adoring do I bend to thee, and ask thee to protect a flame as pure, as powerful as thine. A ray of thine own fire beams from the eye of Dag; still clearer glows the bright flame in his heart; he draws his lineage from the gods themselves.—Protect him, guide him over the wide, stormy sea. Give his path light, give his arm strength and victory! Lead back my hero to his fatherland, to his true bride, and, kneeling by his side, I will devote to thee a better offering, thou glorious lord of day!

[Approaches KUMBA and FEIMA.]

It is well, maidens. The garden is well cared for. The blooming beauty of the plants gladdens the eye and heart. Soon shall king Dag too see it, and reward your care. He sends you here by me, these marks of favour; he will one day bestow yet richer gifts. Take this chain, Feima; it shall adorn thee on thy bridal day. The same sun that shall bless my union with king Dag, shall shine upon thy marriage with the faithful Hreimer. The cottage I have ordered to be built for you is ready. I will that you shall always stay with us. Thou, my Feima, shalt brew the fresh mead for the bridal banquet; and call thou the good Disor to thy aid, that it be clear and sparkling.

Feima. [Kneels and would kiss the feet of *Frid*. *Frid* extends her hand to her.] Great is thy favour, princess. We will live and die for thee. How

* The ancient Scandinavians believed in one eternal and omnipotent Being, to whom they gave the name of All-fader. This Being was never mentioned but with fearful reverence. They ascribed to him no origin, and concerning his nature and attributes they presumed not to conjecture.

fair thy hand is, how white, how soft ! Only king Dag has hands as beautiful as thine.

Frid. More beautiful, Feima, for they are stronger. Kumba, thou art most dear to me of all my handmaidens. From childhood have we been together. Thou shalt be always near me ; take this golden ring.

Kumba. King's daughter, it is not for me.

Frid. I give it to thee.

Kumba. My hand is brown and coarse,—what should these fingers do with golden rings ? Keep thy gift, lady, I ask but for thy favour.

Frid. I keep it then,—but for thy bridal day. I know well that Klur loves thee. Thou wilt not always be so harsh to him. It shall be his to place this ring upon thy finger.

[KUMBA turns away.]

But, Kumba, if thou hast a wish, tell me, that I may grant it. I would have all happy. Ah, see, here blooms a rosebud. Welcome, thou harbinger of highest joy ! “When the first roses bloom I shall be near thee.” Thus wrote king Dag to me. Perhaps when these soft leaves have fully opened, my life's joy too will bloom. Maidens, guard well the tender bud. You shall not have watched over it in vain. Kumba, in an hour, I shall need thee to attend me to the bath.

Kumba. Thou shalt find me ready.

Frid. Once more, guard well my rosebud.

SCENE II.

KUMBA, FEIMA.

Feima. How good she is !

Kumba. She is happy.

Feima. How stately and beautiful she is ! Well is she worthy of a great king's love. Kumba, what dost thou ?—thou tearest the bud she bade us cherish !

Kumba. She will have so many others !

Feima. Oh, Kumba, that was ill done ! Should not her lightest wish be law to thee ? Thy mistress, thy benefactress !

Kumba. I am her slave.

Feima. And yet is she so kind, so affable to thee.

Kumba. Upbraid me not ! My heart is sick. How gladly would I die !

Feima. Die ? Wherefore ?

Kumba. I am a slave.

Feima. And had ever daughter of our race a happier lot than thine ? Has not the princess freed thee from all painful toil ? Hast thou not been with her from childhood, and fared far better than her other handmaidens ! Has she not clothed thee better, fed thee better ? Hast thou not had free entrance to the palace halls ? Hast thou not learned there many things slaves are not used to know ?

Kumba. What thou callest good, I count as evil fortune. Why was I not left in the squalid hut, with poverty and toil, to teach myself to bear the wretched lot to which our race is born ? Why must a slave dwell in a king's palace, and learn to compare herself with the noble ? Why must she learn to love the great, the beautiful, when her portion is with deformity and meanness ? Why must she gain knowledge which could only teach her to despair !

Feima. Ah, thy proud heart alone has taught thee this. It is thy haughty spirit that has changed honey into poison.

Kumba. Frid too is proud.—Pride is no fault in her.

Feima. No, for her pride becomes her. Pride is not for us. She is of noble blood, but we are serfs.

Kumba. And yet, Feima, the sagas say, our race springs from a god ; yes, the same god who later was the forefather of the proud race of Jarls. We are the elder born. Why do we creep in the dust, while they have lifted themselves even to the heaven of the gods ?

Feima. That I know not. But well I know it would ill become thee to wear Frid's crown upon thy head, her golden girdle round thy waist, and walk with her proud step.

Kumba. Alas ! I know it well. All that in her is beautiful, were laughable in me. Too truly I am Kumba. But it is even therefore I complain. Why was I thus ?

Feima. I know too that there is much of good, and much of gladness for us, if we but tame our hearts and wishes. Does not the sun shine for us ? Do not the flowers bloom for us, as for kings' daughters ? Have we not huts to shelter, food to nourish us ? May we not, under a good lord's protection, have husband and child, as good, as dear as those of nobles ?

Kumba. Slaves !

Feima. Hreimer is a slave ; yes, his hand is brown and rough, but faithful and strong to labour. His heart is good, and his look tells me how dear I am to him. By his side shall I live happy and free from care ; we love each other, we love our lords, and know that they will never send us forth, or part our children from us. We desire no better lot than to live always in their service.

Kumba. Happy thou !

Feima. The same happiness may be thine, if thou wilt ; Klur loves thee.

Kumba. No, no, speak not of him.

Feima. And, if thou wilt never listen to a lover, what happier lot than this to serve the queenly Frid, to live in princes' halls, and see around thee proud nobles and their stately dames. Ah, that were happiness indeed !

Kumba. Misery !—Feima, far to the north, in those wild wastes, where giants and fierce dragons have their home, there, amid the ice mountains, dwells a race not far above the brutes. Their dress is of the wild beasts' skin, their dwellings, caves and rock-clefts, their speech a brutish sound. And yet, with this wild folk—on these bleak hills, should I be happier than here in a king's daughter's halls.

Feima. Thou wouldst live rather with these wretched outcasts, than here with the good, beautiful Frid ? Thou wouldst rather harbour in their caves, and hunt in their dark woods, than braid her golden hair and bathe her white feet in the silver basin !

Kumba. I would so.

Feima. Strange !—and wherefore ?

Kumba. There I should be free.

Feima. I understand thee not. But why, if so unhappy here, dost thou not ask the princess for thy freedom ? She loves thee and would not deny thy prayer. Why dost thou remain where thou art wretched ?

Kumba. Ask me not.

Feima. Thou art strange. Thou wilt and thou wilt not.

Kumba. Alas ! thus is it. My feet are bound to the earth that scorches them.

Feima. Poor sister ! I pity thee.

Kumba. Well mayst thou ! But the powers who formed the noble and the slave—who gave the one gold and the other dust—of them will I demand, if it was just thus to divide their gifts.

Feima. Kumba, tempt not the gods !

Kumba. These gods who ask man's homage for the useless gift of life—who demand praise and sacrifice for these earth sods, on which we spend our toil, for others—these will I declare unrighteous, selfish beings.

Feima. Cease, oh cease ! It is fearful to listen to thee ; thy eyes flash ; Kumba thou blasphemest !

Kumba. And if, in my despair, I murmur and blaspheme, what then ? Soon—soon—shall I be silent in the mould ; soon shall the blaspheming spirit vanish like a mist-wreath in space, and be as if it had never been. But Valhalla's songs of joy has it never troubled ; thither complaint and murmur never come.—And when, in the Skald's lays, the deeds of the mighty live deathlessly on earth, where then shall be the memorial of the slave ? Where the record of his virtues and his griefs ? Silently, under the weight of toil, he sinks to earth and is forgotten. Where is there justice for the slave, in heaven or on the earth ? In vain were we created !

Feima. That I will not believe. Do not our holy sagas tell us that even for us there is another life ?

Kumba. See you the pale gray cloud that floats over the wasted heath ? See you over the dreary swamp, the mist-wreath borne hither and thither by the wind ? There see you the slave's after-life. See you the sun go forth upon his conquering path, warming and gladdening all with the glow of his inward blessedness ? See you the stars by night, radiant—calm—like throned kings—like blessed spirits in their halls of light ? There see you the deathless life of the hero, of the nobly born. Dark the slave's life on earth ; darker the life beyond the grave. The poor come not to Odin ; the needy find in his wide halls no room. Only to the king, only to the hero who has borne through far lands his blood-dripping sword, open the sounding gates of Valhalla. For him the couch is decked, the goblet crowned, for him the Valkyrior pour the sparkling wine. Heaven's joys are but for the strong, the fortunate of earth.

Feima. It is said though, that even slaves, who come in the train of great heroes, may find room in the glorious Asgaard. For this do kings' slaves kill themselves upon the bodies of their lords.

Kumba. Fools ! Yes, that they may toil for them there as here. Rightly do the Skalds call our race Uslingar ; miserable is our lot here, miserable in the gloomy halls of Hela. Bondage and toil await us there as here. And for those of us who have followed no lordly master upon earth—these no after life awaits—they have lived here in vain.

Feima. Ah, my heart tells me otherwise ; it tells me the gods will not forget the beings they have made.

Kumba. See you the worm in the dust, how the ants torture it and drag it on ? See how it writhes

and struggles ! No, save it not ; though you free this, a thousand still would suffer. Vain are thy struggles, worm ! On, thy tormentors urge thee to the heap, the inglorious deathpile whence no flame shall rise. Soon shalt thou be as nothing.—Were not these worms as we by gods created ? The gods who mark them not, regard not us. Our destinies are like.

Feima. No, I will not believe it. Truly, shall those who have served here in faithfulness, hereafter dwell in peace and joy. Yet were it even so—

Kumba. And were it even so ?

Feima. From dust was I created. The goodness of the gods has given me life. I have seen the sun's beauty, I have enjoyed the earth's fruits, the water's freshness, I have loved.—Should the gods one day withdraw from this dust the life they gave it, still will I bless them, and render up what I received from them, if not without regret, at least without a murmur.

Kumba. Shall I admire thee or despise thee ?

Feima. We are of small account. Then let us in humility acknowledge it. Humility alone gives the soul peace. Lay down thy proud thoughts, Kumba ; humble thyself. See, only stooping canst thou pluck this beautiful flower. Leave the courts of kings, if there thou art not happy ; but go not forth among the wild people. Come to us, my sister ; Hreimer and I will love thee, tend thee, toil for thee. Choose for thyself a home, a mate ; clasp a child to thy bosom. My mother has told me that when she had borne me to the world, the world was light for her ; she would not have changed me for a king's inheritance. See, even the brutes who are so much less than we, how they love, how they rejoice in their young. Be wife and mother, Kumba ; be good and happy.

Kumba. Fate stands beside the cradle and the bier, and no man shall deceive his destiny. I will not bring into this wretched world beings foredoomed to misery.

Feima. Hreimer and I are happy, yet are bondswomen's children.

Kumba. My mother was the slave of queen Gunilda. She was most true to her of all her servants. Toilsome and abject was her lot,—yet would she willingly live on. My father was a free-born man, who deemed it a light matter to forsake the woman who had loved him, the child to whom he had given being. I yet remember well a night—that night has darkened all my after life. A flame rose upward from a funeral pile—rose high even to heaven ; it was the funeral pile of queen Gunilda. My mother was with those who watched the fire. With others, who were tending it with her, she was cast living to the dreadful flames. The queen, they said, needed her servants in the other world. I stood among the people, yet a child, and heard my mother's cries, and saw her fiery death. Fatherless, motherless, then went I forth, alone in the world ; and wandered through the woods, not knowing whither. Then people met me and took me back with them to Atle's court. They said that I had wished to fly from bondage, and led me to the presence of the king. I answered truly all king Atle's questions, and then he bade them scourge me till I bled, to punish, as he said, my want of duty. Thou, Feima, layst then on thy mother's breast ; thou couldst not know the bitter wrongs I suffered.

Feima. But Frid, the beautiful daughter of king Atle's brother, knew them. She asked thee of the king, and, though scarce older than myself, was as a mother to thee. She sought to make amends to thee for all thy suffering.

Kumba. Then went I forth by night and watched the silent stars, the flitting clouds : I asked them of my mother's fate ; I called her name and listened : mournfully the night-wind sighed over the heath—the mist chilled me with its damps—this was my only answer.

Feima. And cannot all the blessings granted to thy youth, make thee forget the terrors of thy childhood years ? And how knowest thou ? Perhaps thy mother's soul lives happy in the sunshine that even now wraps thee in its warm embrace. Oh, that light might shine into thy soul—that life and thy own fate might look brighter to thee ! It is long since thou hast offered to the gods. Come, sister, let us seek the holy spring. Seest thou this silver penny ? King Dag once gave it to me. This will I offer up for thee. Do thou bear thither too some precious gift, that so the gods may favour us and grant our prayer.

Kumba. What would you I should ask ?

Feima. A pious, a contented spirit.

Kumba. Is my heart then so evil ?

Feima. Forgive me, sister, the harsh word—indeed thou art not good.

Kumba. Thou sayst truly. And yet I could be good—would the gods listen to my prayers, Feima, I could be even pious. I too, like Frid, could wish all happy. Seize, torment a bee, and it shall sting thee, and lay poison in the wound ; leave it its wing, its life among the flowers, and it shall draw and give forth only sweets.

Feima. And what then wouldst thou ask the gods to grant thee ?

Kumba. Beauty, high birth, wealth and a hero's love ; room in the halls of Odin after death, for me and for my race.

Feima. Kumba thou ravest—thy words are wild. Sister, I pity thee—thy heart is sick. Come, oh, come with me and bathe thy forehead with the holy water ; offer and pray with me in the still morning, before the tumult of the world begins, while yet the faintly whispered prayer can reach the ever listening ear of Heimdall.

Kumba. I will not, sister. The prayers my heart sends up, would make thee tremble—would make the gods reject me. Thou art right, my soul is sick. Go therefore, leave me to myself.

Feima. And what shall I tell the princess when she shall ask me for her rosebud ?

Kumba. Tell her a cold northwind has blighted it.

Feima. Thou wilt not go with me ?

Kumba. No ! once more no ! leave me alone !

Feima. Then will I go alone.—Yet Hreimer gladly will go with me, and pray for our unhappy sister. [Goes.]

SCENE III.

Kumba. Yes, go ! Pray—offer to the rapacious, selfish gods ! I am not child enough for that. Yet she is good and pious—Oh, were I good like her ! Can I be so ? No, for I have more know-

ledge. My eye has pierced deeper into the mysteries of fate. A poison, whose wasting power she cannot know, corrodes my life. "Why not fly ?" she asks me, "Why dost thou not ask thy freedom ?" Unhappy power that binds my soul and will ! Abhorred, adored torment, that bids me strive for what I cannot win ; that urges me to seek what I should shun. Why did I look upon a glory that I could never reach ? Why did I gaze upon the splendours of a day whose brightness had not dawned for me ? Wherefore, grim, terrible fate, didst thou mock me with the light, only to plunge me deeper in my darkness ? Now thy evil work is wrought. My eyes are blinded ; my heart spell-bound ; my soul doomed ; my life given to misery. *Here* is my torture and *here* I must remain. So will the cruel powers. I must—for I must hear his name. If I hear not of him, it is as if the air of heaven were shut from me. Yes I must once more see him, must once more hear his voice ; his eyes' clear light must shine on me once more. Oh, king Dag ! wilt thou remark the bondmaid ? Wilt thou bestow one look, one thought on her, who would so gladly die for thee ? With thy conquering hand, thou dost not scorn to pat the neck of thy proud charger,—but Kumba's touch would soil thee. For Frid, for the king's daughter is thy hand ; for her thy fame, thy love, thy great, proud hero heart. And it must be my part to tend upon her, to deck her out, that she may be more lovely in thy eyes, more blessed in thy love. Still must I look upon her beauty and her joy, and feel the gnawing fangs of envy in my heart. [Pause.]

In the chill, misty Nifelheim rises the spring Hvergelmer. Forth from thence, rivers of poison glide, and in its depths lies the great serpent Nidhogg who gnaws at the root of the world's tree, gnaws, gnaws unceasingly. When I was very young this saga made me shudder. Now is it portion of my daily life. I am this spring, my world is wrapped in mists, worms gnaw my life's tree. [Pause.]

Fearful thoughts rise up in me at times. It has been said that the black Alfs who live at the northern limits of the earth, under the outermost roots of the world's tree, sometimes come forth from their dark dwelling place, and whisper in the ear of man words that may not be breathed in the light of day. They are sent forth by Hela to do her fearful bidding. It is to me, at times, as if an evil spirit's voice rose up in me and prompted me— [Pause.]

Could I but die and thus find rest ! Might the life after death be bright to me ! Might the freed spirit but look down from heaven upon the earth where it has pined and sorrowed ! Could I but know that a compassionate God had for his weary, grief-worn child a home, where after life's hard struggle he might rest and dwell in light and stillness ! Then, oh then, I could indeed submit ; oh then, I could renounce, then— [Weeps.]

But, oh, ye gods, ye have forgotten us, and therefore does my soul rebel against you. Your gifts are lavished on your favoured children, but we must look for nothing at your hands. Nothing ?—for bitterness—for poison. Ye gods ! if from the poison drops that through long years have fallen on my heart, a stream should swell, mighty to blast and kill—the guilt be yours !

SCENE IV.—FRID'S Chamber.

FRID. KUMBA.

Frid. Kumba, braid my hair, and pour on it the perfumed oil king Dag has sent me from the southern land.

Kumba. I obey.

Frid. And, as thou braidest, I would have thee tell me some of the sagas that thou knowest so well. Well, it is said that round the home of Saga the gliding waters murmur, to whose voice the ear of Odin listens willingly. Saddening yet spirit-stirring too are song and saga.

Kumba. Princess wilt then hear the old saga concerning Rig ?*

Frid. Gladly.

Kumba. Heimdall, thus runs the tale, once, roaming through green paths, came to the sea-shore ; he found there a lonely house and entered in. The door was half open ; fire burned on the floor. Within, grown gray with toil, sat Æ and Edda in old work-day clothes. Edda set before him soup in a bowl, and took from the fire thick seed-mixed cakes ; but the chief dainty was the sodden calf. Heimdall, who called himself by the name of Rig, tarried there three days and nights, and went forth on his way. And when nine moons had come and gone, Edda bore a son who was dipped in water, and was called Träl. And the boy grew and throve ; he was of dark colour ; his countenance was ill-favoured ; the skin of his hands was thick and shrivelled ; his back was round ; his heels were long. And there came to the hut a beggar girl ; her nose was flat ; her arms were sun-burnt ; her feet were sore with travel. She was called Trälinna ; she passed with Träl the heavy days, and bore him sons and daughters. It was their work to draw burdens ; to carry wood ; to dress the fields ; to herd swine ; to tend goats ; to cut turf. From these are slaves descended.

And Rig journeyed on further and found in another house another pair. The door stood half open, fire burned on the floor. The man was shaping a tree into a weaver's beam. His beard was trimmed ; his hair cut from his forehead ; he wore a straight shirt confined by a buckle at the throat. The housewife turned a spinning-wheel, drew out thread, and laid it by for cloth. She wore a fillet round her head ; a kerchief round her neck ; a ribbon over her shoulders. This pair were Æfe and Amma. And Rig was received by them, and entertained three days and nights, and then went forth upon his way. And when nine moons had waxed and waned, Amma bore a son, red and blooming, with beaming eyes. He was dipped in water and was called Karl. And the boy grew and throve. He learned to tame oxen ; to fashion tools ; to build houses ; to make wool-cards ; to guide the plough. And to him Snor was led home as his bride. She wore a kirtle of goat's hair ; keys hung from her belt. And they gave one another rings, and built them a house. They had many sons and daughters, and from them are the yeomanry descended.

And Rig journeyed on, and came to a stately hall. The door was shut, and decorated with a ring. He entered. The floor was wide. There

sat *Fader* and *Moder*. Their work was pastime. The husband bended bows ; twisted bow-strings ; polished arrows. The wife stiffened and smoothed her sleeves, and placed a coif upon her head. She wore a jewel on her breast ; a silken kirtle, and blue-dyed linen. Her face was fair ; her neck whiter than the purest snow. *Moder* spread the white cloth on the table, and placed thereon thin, white, wheaten cakes ; silver plates filled with various meats ; bacon and roasted fowls. Wine was poured from cans and embossed goblets. And they drank and talked till the day was done. Rig tarried here also three days and three nights, and went forth upon his way. And when nine moons had waxed and waned, *Moder* became the mother of a son, who was dipped in water and was called Jarl. His hair was light ; his cheeks fresh-coloured ; his eyes keen as those of the young eagle. And he grew and throve ; he twisted bow-strings ; bended bows ; shaped arrows ; threw the spear ; shook the lance ; rode horses ; trained dogs ; drew the sword ; and used himself to swimming. Then came Rig again to the hall ; taught him the Runic letters, and owned him for his son. The young Rig carried war over the mountains ; won victories, and divided goods and lands. He married the daughter of Herse, the delicate, fair, noble Erna. Konr was the youngest of their sons. He strove with his father in Runic lore and vanquished him. Then was it the son's lot to be himself called Rig, and to have learning above all others. From him are kings and nobles derived.

Here ends the saga of Rig.

Frid. Thanks, Kumba ; the saga is beautiful and full of meaning.

Kumba. [*Aside.*] Beautiful ! yes, for her.

Frid. But even as I listened to the tale my thoughts wandered. A dear yet terrible memory rose up before my soul. This day, just three years since, I first beheld king Dag.

Kumba. This day ? Ah, tell me how it was !

Frid. Thou knowest my father's brother, gloomy Atle, had slain the father of king Dag, the great renowned king Ifvar. Thirsting for vengeance on their father's foe, Dag and his brother Ragnar stormed my uncle's castle. Shut up within one of the inner rooms, with my young brother Arild, I listened to the clash of weapons, the shouts of warriors. Arild clenched his little hand in rage. I prayed the gods to spare the infant's life, for he was dear to me as to a mother. Suddenly I heard a cry followed by a loud shout of triumph—"Atle has fallen ! Ragnar has slain Atle !" But soon another cry was heard—"Ragnar is wounded ! Ragnar dies ! Revenge ! Revenge !" And now, with terrible din, the combatants approached my room. The door fell, shivered by a battle-axe. It was not fear that in that hour I felt, but anger and a proud despair. I seized a shield and spear, resolved to die rather than yield myself a prisoner. "Back !" thundered a commanding voice, as the armed men were rushing forward, and gleamed-round by flashing swords as by a thousand lightnings. I saw a man before me—a god he seemed to me.

Kumba. And that was he ?

Frid. Yes, that was he. It was king Dag. "Yield thyself prisoner !" cried he ; my answer was my lance pointed at his breast. My trembling arm was wounded by his sword, and he disarmed me. Bleeding, I sank down at my brother's side,

* This saga is contained in the elder Edda.

and cried, "Mercy for him ! Mercy for the young child !" "Death to the traitor's son !" shouted the champions, and pressed forward. King Dag covered us with his shield and turned against them. "Back !" cried he once more to the furious throng. "The victory is won. We war not with the helpless. Down with weapons !" But a mad rage for blood had seized on Ragnar's followers. They shouted wildly "Blood for blood !" Thou shouldst have seen king Dag. Noble and strong as Thor, he raised his sword in aid of the defenceless. Like lightnings fell the whirling blows among the raging champions. Heaps of the slain were piled around him.

Kumba. The brave, the noble !

Frid. Astonished by his superhuman strength, the furious throng gave ground. Then cried king Dag, "To me, my men ! each true friend follow me !" He raised my brother Arild from the ground, and bade one of his followers bear him in his arms. He took me in his own ; and guarding me with shield and sword, bore me forth safely from the fray. I saw no more. A faintness overpowered my senses ; my eyes closed.

Kumba. But he watched over thee !

Frid. When I reopened them, I found it night ; but night illumined by a fearful glow ; I saw upon a distant shore, a blazing castle ; but soft winds fanned my cheek ; and on, still on, the winged sea-dragon bore me over the dancing waves. Under a purple canopy, my brother Arild stood beside me, and clapped his little hands in childish rapture. Before me, with uncovered head, his godlike features lighted by the flames, knelt Dag, and I—I was his prisoner.

Kumba. Oh blessed lot !

Frid. Yes, his prisoner ; the brave, the noble one had taken my heart captive. I could not, as I would, turn in proud anger from my conqueror. With his strong arm he had disarmed me ; with his love he had sought to win my love ; and when he prayed, as soft, as mild as Baldur ; when, as a suppliant, he besought his captive to share his crown and kingdom, I no more strove to hide my heart from him ; he clasped me to his breast, and called me bride.

Kumba. Thou happy one !

Frid. Yes, I was happy. Days and nights passed by ; life was as a ray of heaven's light to me. All was so beautiful about me. The sea-dragon flew over the blue sea, under the dark blue heaven ; the waves danced cheerily ; the winds sang among sails of purple silk, wrought with rich silver vines. Each day king Dag practised his men in martial sports ; himself exciting them to a fierce, glad daring, while I beheld them from the royal tent. When evening came, and sea and wind were still, then king Dag took his harp and played to me ; and sang that my heart throbbed with rapture. Then the clear stars looked down ; the sea-birds skimmed over the water's foam ; the sea glowed with a wondrous brightness ; and we sailed on as borne on waves of fire. While all adored the hero, the hero worshipped me. Yes, I was happy ; happy amid war's perils.—My father's castle had been burned and plundered. Foes overran the country of king Dag. We had no home. My hero bore me to Upsala's temple ; there to remain in peace, while he drove forth his foes. He came again,

and brought me to this castle ; but left me soon, for he had vowed to celebrate no joyful festival, till he had freed his sister, queen Gudruna, from her unhappy bondage. Here shall I live, guarded by faithful men, and wait his coming from the Saxon land.

Kumba. And should he not come back ?—If he should fall in combat on the foreign shore ?

Frid. No, no, I fear it not. A mighty sorceress, a wise far-seeing Vala, who visited the temple of Upsala, read me his destiny. His course shall be victorious and long. From this adventure he shall come back safe, and rich in spoils and honour.

Kumba. Thou hast seen the glorious temple, the court of the great gods ! Thou hast lived with Diar and Disor. Were they beautiful ? Were they happy ?

Frid. Yes, beautiful and happy. A noble calm, an infinite loftiness, dwells in their mien, and breathes from all their being. Earth's joys and sorrows move them not. High above these they stand, and gaze into the clear heaven of the gods. The high priest's countenance is, as we figure that of Odin, full of all power and mildness. In his majestic presence, all unrest dies ; the stormy heart feels its wild beatings stilled—the troubled spirit finds itself at peace.

Kumba. [*Aside.*] Peace, Ah ! And I—[*Aloud*] And the temple—is it magnificent ?

Frid. Far above all description. The walls are all of gold and precious stones, their splendour lights up the surrounding region. The radiant glories of the temple bear witness to the power of the divinity ; while in the lofty halls, the sacred groves, a deep religious silence, never broken but by the Diar's hymns, invites the soul to holy contemplation. Had I not loved king Dag, I would have given myself to the service of the gods, and passed my life with the Assyrior.

Kumba. [*Aside.*] She chooses between the temple and the throne ; and I—

Frid. When I look back upon those days, emotions strangely sweet and holy, agitate me. Ah, it was beautiful in those temple courts, those lofty halls ! There, pondering the counsels of the gods, moved with slow step, the deeply thoughtful Diar—

Kumba. And didst thou learn their heavenly wisdom ? the knowledge that gives power to calm the waves, to subdue fire, to lighten heavy sorrow ? Didst thou learn the secret of the beginning and end of all things ?

Frid. No, I was yet too young ; my heart too full of the world's outward splendour and of love. My voice was blended in their songs ; I mingled in their nightly dance ; but the deep meaning of their mysteries was hidden from me. They thought me, and with reason, unable to receive it.

Kumba. And what is all the wisdom of the priest, compared with king Dag's love ?

Frid. Thou art right, Kumba ; but had I never known him, I would have chosen, rather than sit on any earthly throne, to live as priestess in the holy temple. Asgaard, even thus they call it, as a foreshadowing of the heavenly Asgaard, the eternal home of God. And beautiful it is to walk on earth before the gods, with prayer and sacrifice, and thus pass upward to their heavenly dwellings.

Kumba. That I can well believe. They sacrifice then in the temple?

Frid. Yes, often. But there are in especial, three yearly feasts of sacrifice which Odin has appointed. They have newly celebrated there the victory sacrifice. This is offered in the spring, when the unbound waters offer a free path to the daring Vikings.

Kumba. Are human victims ever offered there?

Frid. Yes; oftenest slaves and criminals.

Kumba. Slaves and criminals?

Frid. Yes, but sometimes even the noblest life. The victim is led forth arrayed in festive garments. The seat of the gods is sprinkled with his blood; it is even showered down on the assembled people. The smoke that rises from the fire of sacrifice is rich with perfumes, and fills the halls with a sweet-scented vapour. Clear and loud sounds forth the chant—

Kumba. But the victim—makes he no complaint? Do not his cries of agony disturb the holy songs?

Frid. His cries are stifled; or they are lost in the loud songs of praise.

Kumba. Are lost in songs of praise?

Frid. Yes; no discord mars the beauty and majesty of the high festival.—But, *Kumba*, what was that? I hear the trampling of horses, the winding of horns, the raising of the drawbridge. It is a messenger—and of importance. Good *Kumba*, hasten, and bring me tidings quickly—

SCENE V.

Frid. It is a messenger from *Dag*. My heart assures me of it. Oh, how it beats! Be quiet, restless one!—Yet, thou dear trouble! I would not exchange thee for the unruffled calm of the *Assynior*. My king! My *Dag*! to love thee is my life!—But if my heart beats thus with hope of tidings from thee, how shall I look on thee and not die with gladness?

SCENE VI.

FRID. KUMBA.

Kumba. A letter—from—king *Dag*. Below are costly gifts.

Frid. A letter! give it me. Ah, ye dear characters! He comes!—comes soon! Before the next new moon will he be here. Victorious, rich in honour and in spoils, he comes back to his bride, “the ever loved.” Oh, my betrothed! My *Dag*!

Kumba. [*Aside.*] And I?

Frid. I will myself speak with the messenger. I would see the man who has so lately seen my loved one. *Kumba*, go thou and work upon the golden girdle, and be industrious, *Kumba*, that it may soon be ready. I wish to wear it on the king’s return—I shall then see him soon! Oh, happy that I am!

SCENE VII.

Kumba. [*Alone.*] And I? Oh, wherefore was I born? And must I look upon this happy meeting?—I listen to these vows of endless truth? Must I adorn her? I help to make her lovely in his

eyes? Thus she commands. Ye deem not, oh ye great! that slaves have human hearts. Ye trample them beneath your feet, and take no heed of their death agonies.—“The victim’s cries are stifled, that they disturb not the high festival.”—Men drag them to the altar, murder them, and drown their death-cries. From the fire, that burns their quivering limbs, rises a delicate perfume for the priests chanting their hymns of praise. Human victims! Slaves! Poor wretches! No help, no pity! They are dragged forth in spite of prayers and struggles. They must.—Terrible destiny! Fearful necessity!—Even for me—and why necessity for me? If I will not, who shall compel? Necessity is only for the weak. The strong give themselves law; constrain the gods themselves. My stature is but mean—my will is mighty—Tremble, sacrificers!

If I should murder *Frid*, put on her dress, and in the twilight of the evening meet king *Dag*?—*Loki* was cunning, and *Loki* had success. I know that his fire burns in my veins. [*She dresses herself in Frid’s garments and places the crown upon her head.*]

In truth a splendid dress! Well may the heart beat proudly under all this pomp. Now am I a princess. [*Surveys herself in a steel mirror.*] Alas, I am not so! My form is low and mean, my eyes are small, my hands are coarse.—Alas, I am a slave! my lot is cast. [*Throws off the dress and stamps on the ground.*] No, I will no longer bear this misery. Snakes rage within me and demand wherewith to still their hunger. This must have an end. Shall I seek the temple, and look on the high priest’s countenance, whose godlike calm can quiet all unrest? No, in his hand I see the bloody knife! The victim falls; the sacrificers sing—and this is godlike calm!

LJUS-ALFS in the air.

Come trustingly to Nature,
As to a mother’s breast,
And let her gentle soothing
Quiet thy soul’s unrest.
Does not her soft air fan thee?
Is not her sun-light thine?
Why, with all gladness round thee,
Does thy sick heart repine?

In all this wealth of beauty
Thou hast a daughter’s share;
The world holds no unloved one,
There is no orphan there.
As the fair earth is circled
By the clear blue above,
So is all being compassed
By an unchanging love.

Say not, “In blessed quiet
Dwell the Eternal Powers;
Their lofty calm is troubled
By no lament of ours;”
Though to those homes of stillness,
Come no disturbing care,
Though clouds of earthly sadness
May cast no shadow there,

Yet is there love in heaven
Even for the humblest here;
Not unregarded falleth
The meanest victim’s tear.
From those high cloudless regions,
The deathless spirits see
Where for earth’s children dawneth
A bright futurity.

Forth from earth's humblest valley,
 From her proudest mountain height,
 Shall burst the song of welcome,
 Hail to the dawning light !
 Through the dark silent dungeon,
 Through the damp toilsome mine,
 On all the homes of sorrow,
 The gladdening rays shall shine.
 Hope to the long despairing !
 Joy to the long oppressed !
 The broken heart finds healing,
 The weary heart finds rest.

From the earth's pleasant borders
 The Alfs must pass away,
 Their music may not welcome
 The dawning of that day,
 Yet hosts of happy spirits,
 Thronging the halls above,
 Shall tell of man's redemption
 And the All-father's love.

Kumba. [wakes from a deep reverie and says slowly] But perhaps—after these struggles—after this sacrifice—when the last pangs are passed, when the last darkness has closed over him, there shall be light, shall be peace for the victim. Let him but wholly resign himself, be still, adore and die ! I hear sweet voices speak to me of peace and reconciliation. These are perhaps illusions of the fancy. I have had such before.

SVART-ALFS under the earth.

Art thou a slave in spirit
 As thou art slave by birth ?
 Why dost thou doubt and waver,
 Weak daughter of the earth ?
 Let the gods' favoured children
 Sport in the glad sunshine ;
 Be light and hope their portion—
 Vengeance and night are thine !
 Theirs is the bliss of loving ;
 Be thine the joys of hate ;
 No prayer—but proud defiance !
 The brave command their fate.

Kumba. Yes, it was an illusion. Familiar voices rise from out the depths, upbraiding me. Despicable is the still complaining, still hesitating soul—despicable will I not be. I know what I will do. Yonder, among the cliffs, upon the desolate shore, which wanderers dread, and which the seaman shuns, there dwells a giant woman, renowned for various knowledge, and skilled in all the mysteries of Seid.* To her will I betake myself, will give her all that I possess most precious, that she may use her magic arts for me, and give my spirit rest. Already does the thought revive my soul.—They say that snakes and wolves

* The Scandinavians believed in two kinds of sorcery, one of which was called Galldur, and was to be effected chiefly by means of runes and songs engraved upon the bark of trees. The second kind was called Seid. This consisted in the preparation of certain soups and ointments, of which the ingredients varied according to the effects to be produced. They consisted chiefly of the heart and blood of serpents and wolves, of dew, of various herbs, &c.; runes were likewise thrown into the cauldron. It was generally believed that persons eating of the heart of certain animals, became possessed of the qualities peculiar to those animals. Thus the heart of the snake was thought to bestow cunning, that of the wolf ferocity, and so forth. Loke himself is said to have lost his original nature and to have become treacherous and cruel after eating the heart of a witch.

are her companions—I fear them not. I have known those that rage within.

SCENE VIII.

Frid. [Alone, stands at a window.] What a storm ! The night is terrible ! In vain have I sought rest upon my couch. — The sea-mew's shrieks rise shrill above the rushing of the waves. Ran's* fearful daughters, with their white streaming locks, wander from cliff to cliff, seeking some human heart to clasp to their cold bosoms. How they rage and foam ! the terrible ! Fearfully flash forth the blue lightnings from the rolling clouds ! Oh, ye friendly powers who wish man's good, watch over my beloved ! Lead him home, conqueror of storms and waves. King Dag is of a god-descended race—so is his bride. Oh, guard us, bless us both !

[Pause.]

Is it the darkness of the night that casts this gloom upon me, or is it the shadow of some coming evil ? My soul is troubled with a strange disquiet. Dark thoughts rise up in me, like black Alfs from the earth. Frid was not used to be thus weak and fearful. She has not shrunk before the thunders of war ; and when the winter nights were dark and threatening, then thought she on king Dag and all was light. Why, therefore, now, when he is no more distant, now when each moment brings him nearer to me, when I so soon shall look in his clear eyes, why now this secret fear, this tremor in my heart ?

The scene is dark and fearful. A watch-light burns upon the desolate shore—I know there are unfriendly spirits, who seek to injure man ; but can a miserable covetous witch work evil to a son of Balder † ? Shall such a fear disturb a hero's bride ?

[Pause.]

What a strange power is this that moves itself in space, so mighty to destroy ? And that small star, so mild, so faint, like one imploring meekly, for whom do its pale rays shine through the gloomy night ? Why is its light so unlike to the sun's in splendour ?—in influence on the heart ?—How it contends for life with the black clouds !—Now it is

* Ran was the wife of Gymer, or Aegir, the god of the sea. She was the cause of all shipwrecks. The souls of those who were lost at sea were supposed to become subject to her. The billows were her daughters. A similar superstition still prevails in some parts of Sweden, where the malice of Ran and the power which she acquired over those who perished in her dominions, are yet ascribed to the mermaid.

† Balder was the second son of Odin and Frigga. He was the noblest and gentlest of the Scandinavian divinities ; the beloved of gods and men. He exceeded all beings in wisdom and eloquence ; his gracefulness and beauty were such that light was said to beam forth from him as he moved. His palace was Breidablik,—the wide-shining,—and here nothing mean or unholy could enter. His death is the principal event in the mythological poems of the Scandinavians, and was regarded as the prognostic of the destruction of the universe, and the downfall of the gods themselves.

The seventh month of the Scandinavian year, including the period from the twenty-first of May to the summer solstice, was consecrated to Balder. After this time the days become shorter, the nights are lengthened, and this ascendancy of darkness over light is typified in the death of Balder by the agency of the blind god Hodur.

lost in darkness.—Strange world ! strange, fearful depth !—

I have been very happy. I have walked forth in life as in the glow of a bright sunshine. When for a moment the night threatened me, then dawned a clearer day.—May not the night be closing round me now !—Perhaps henceforth my way must lie through darkness.

I have thought little upon life. The happy only feel, they do not think. I have enjoyed, and I have blest the gods. But all are not so fortunate as I. To many life has few joys, to many—none. How looks the world to these ? How deem they of the goodness of the gods ?

Thoughts rise in me that I have never known before. Are not the gifts of fortune strangely apportioned here ?—The deities of fate water the world's tree with life-giving streams, but the drops fall unequally. Ah, but the fresh, green richly-watered boughs should bend themselves over the dry neglected branches, and share with them the precious moisture. Such surely must have been the will of the good gods, and it shall be Frid's joy to follow it. And if one day my hour shall come, my hour to suffer—What is this vision ?—What horrible form rides on the pale moon-beam ? Black and small is it, like a son of Hela. Is it one of the imps, children of Loki and of Angeboda ?—or is it the creation of my fancy ?—No, it comes nearer, it is no illusion. Speak, frightful one ! Whence art thou ? What wouldst thou ?

Swart-alf. From beneath the earth, I come—I come a messenger to thee.

Frid. To me ? Wherefore ?

Swart-alf. Sorrow awaits thee. Death threatens thee !

Frid. Death ! Ah, no, I will not die !

Swart-alf. Death is near thee !

Frid. No, no, I fear thee not. Forth, dark spirit, forth ! I fear thee not, I am of a god-descended race.

Swart-alf. Hela summons thee to her gloomy dwelling. [*Vanishes.*]

Frid. No, no, I will not ! Forth !—What frost is in my veins ! Kumba !

SCENE IX.

FRID. KUMBA.

Kumba. Princess ?

Frid. Kumba, I am sick. No, look not so pale, it will pass off. Is he gone, the frightful one ? Seest thou aught, Kumba !—there in the moon-light ?

Kumba. I see nothing but the shadow of thy head. See it thyself.

Frid. It was an ill dream—a fearful dream ; it has shaken me deeply. Give me to drink, Kumba.

Kumba. Take this draught, princess, it shall give thee strength.

Frid. Thanks, I have need of it. How thy hand trembles. The draught was good. Thanks, Kumba.

Kumba. [*After a long pause.*] Dost thou feel thyself better ?

Frid. Yes, I am better. I am calmer now. Go to thy bed again, good Kumba. I too will sleep, and seek to forget that dream—good night.

Kumba. Good night. [*Goes.*]

Frid. I will try to sleep. I will no longer think upon that frightful vision. It was but an illusion, a shadow of the night. It will fade before the light of day—I will sleep—I will sleep.

PART SECOND.

SCENE I.—*Flower-garden. Evening.*

KUMBA. FEIMA.

Kumba. Thou weapest, Feima—Wherefore ?

Feima. Canst thou ask ? Is not the princess sick ? sick even to death ? Does not her step each day grow weaker, her cheek paler ? Do we not see the trace of bitter tears upon the face that used to glow with smiles ? Is not her voice, too, weak and broken ?

Kumba. And dost thou weep for this ?

Feima. Yes, I weep, I must weep that the beautiful, the divinely good, must go forth from the earth, that Hreimer and I will miss our beloved mistress, that the young king shall come and find his fair bride faded. How desolate will the rose-garden be when we no longer see the princess there, no longer hear her voice, and see her lovely face, queen over all the flowers. Oh, but it was a feast to me only to look on her.

Kumba. Thou didst call her divinely good ; why didst thou so ?

Feima. Is she not so ? Would she not make all happy ?

Kumba. She takes from her rich treasure a few grains of gold dust, and scatters them around her. Who would not so ? What did she ever bear, what did she ever suffer for another ? Would she, even with a finger, touch the burden under which thou sinkest ? Would the proud princess stoop to aid thy toil ?

Feima. Kumba, thou talkest idly—Could one descended of the gods do this ?

Kumba. And wherefore not ? Is not goodness, is not mercy godlike ?

Feima. Yes, but the high gods and their children may not toil like slaves. It is not meet for them. Each one has his own lot.

Kumba. And even therefore will I not serve thy gods. They are too high to waste their cares on us. The god to whom my spirit shall bow down must be of other sort.

Feima. What god couldst thou serve ?

Kumba. He shall be born beneath a lowly roof ; he shall share all our sorrows, bear our burdens ; his friends shall be among the poor and needy. He shall, like us, endure reproach and shame, like us shall be contemned by the mighty ! and

sharing all the fortunes of the slave, guiltless shall meet the shameful death of guilt. But after death he shall return in glory, and thus he shall declare unto his own; I have known all your needs, have borne your burdens, and have become acquainted with your griefs, that ye too might continue to the end, that your hearts faint not in the day of trouble. In the All-father's heaven are many homes, and there he hath ordained a place for you. There shall the weary rest them from their toil; the heavy-laden lay the burden down; there shall be no more death nor pain nor sorrow; but in untroubled peace, in undimmed brightness, ye shall abide throughout eternity.

And he shall utter many words of power, at which the great ones of the earth shall tremble. Behold! the proud brought low, the lowly raised; The poor man stands erect before his lord; the slave demands his birthright as a man. Fear is upon the tyrants! Glorious! Glorious!

Feima. What spirit speaks from thee? Foam stands on thy white lips. Thy words, how fearfully they move me! Kumba, sister, they thrill me, yet I understand them not.

Kumba. That I do believe.

Feima. But this I do understand, that she is good who made my heart light with her friendly words, who had a cottage built for me and Hreimer. I know that I would rather bear a double load, than have the smallest burden laid on her. When she commands me, and I do her bidding, I feel it must be so, that it is best for both.

Kumba. In soul as by birth a slave! Live on in the dust!

Feima. I will so, Kumba. Yet shall it not disturb my peace, nor hinder me from trusting in the gods. I go now to intreat them for the princess, to pray them that they give her back to life, to the young king, to us. Blessed may he be who shall stay her sickness, who shall turn from her the cold hand of Hela! But curses be on him who works her harm! And if it be a human hand, be it accursed! May Nifelheim's cold poisons drop ever on the traitor's heart! May no more gladness be for him on earth!

Kumba. Sister, speak not thus!

Feima. Yes, I will speak thus: I will wish evil to the hand that would work evil to the good. But I will not yet despair, I will offer up this chain for her. It was from her I had it; for her then will I offer it, to appease the unfriendly powers.

SCENE II.

Kumba [Alone.] Blessing, cursing, all is alike to me and moves my heart no more than the faint evening breeze the ash tree's leaves. Thus has it been with me since I ate of the she-wolf's heart in the old witch's cave. From that hour my heart was stern and cold. The rage, the maddening torment in my bosom ceased. Only the thirst for vengeance was not stilled—I have had strength to give to the proud princess the poison-draught the giant woman mingled. Since then my soul has lain as in a trance. I think it sleeps—sleeps deeply—Shall it ever wake? *[Pause.]*

Frid's dying. Now is her bright course closed.

Now does she share the fate of other mortals, and learn what suffering is. Now shall she never meet king Dag's embrace. Her stateliness, her pride, her beauty,—all shall wither, moulder. No longer shall she walk in light and gladness, as if to mock my mean and joyless life—I shall have rest—Rest?—thou didst promise it, powerful, dark Grimgerda, but still in my soul's depths a dark disquiet lurks. I thirsted for her tears, I thought that they might cool the fever of my soul. I hungered for her groans, her agonies.—This might perhaps come of the she-wolf's heart.—I was not once so cruel.—And yet,—could it be now undone, could I in Urda's sacred fountain wash myself pure from guilt; could I but innocent go forth and die!—But it is now too late. Away, then, coward thought! It is too late. I cannot now go back; then forward, forward into night! I cannot now be reconciled with heaven. On, then, to the abyss!

Frid comes. Now will I mark her feeble step, wan cheek, and failing glance. Bear thyself proudly now, king's daughter; boast now of love, of glory!—I will conceal myself behind this hedge of roses, and so, unseen, listen to her complaints. They shall be sweeter to me than the song of nightingales.

SCENE III.

Frid. This is the hour in which all nature weeps the death of Balder. Now every tree and leaf and flower is bathed in quiet tears; the stars themselves are dim with sadness. Now is nature weak, her heart is open; now, perhaps, she may have feeling for a mortal's sorrows, may hear my prayer, and give my sufferings ease.

[She leans thoughtfully against a tree.]

He died, the good, slain by a crafty foe, and in that hour the flame of peace was quenched, and Discord lighted up her blazing torch. Sorrow and tears then found a home on earth. Before, it was not so; the gods walked gladly through her blooming valleys; in love did they create the race of man. But then came Jettemör and stirred up strife, and fearful monsters rose from out the depths, unknown on earth before.

I marked it not till now,—the pain that wastes me, opens my eyes to the world's suffering. What is there good, what is there pure in life? Does not the Midgaard serpent, Jormungandur* inclose the earth with his venomous circle? Are not the roots of the world's tree gnawed by the Serpent-king!—Is not a worm hid in each human breast, in every flower's bosom? It sleeps awhile; the flower sends forth its sweets, the mortal smiles. It wakes at length, comes forth to light, and stings; the flower withers and the mortal dies.

Even my hour is come; my hour to suffer. Since that night when the Alf came upon his fearful errand, some hidden evil has consumed my life. My days and nights are passed in restless

* Jormungandur was the offspring of Loke and Angerbode (messenger of evil). Odin, having been warned that this monster would one day be the cause of much evil, cast Jormungandur into the ocean, where he grew to such a size, that he wound himself about the whole earth. There he was to remain, waiting his revenge at the great day of the destruction of the universe.

pain. My eyes are dim, my lips are parched, my weak limbs fail, all my life's strength dies out.

Oh, Dag! oh, my beloved! how will it be with thee when thou shalt find thy bride thus wasted to a fading shadow? When—perhaps—but no—that were too terrible! Die without seeing thee! That were eternal misery!—Oh, no, the fates are not so cruel. Does not the heaven of the great father compass me, so clear and mild? Is not all nature round about me, tearful and full of gentleness? Why should I then despair? May I not hope yet to win back my life? May not this suffering be a trial sent but to make me better and more thankful? I will bow down before the powers of nature, and ask them for their help; great is my suffering, great is my need of healing.

Oh, ye kind powers who dwell in the green trees! Powerful the juices that the sun distils into your friendly bosoms. Proudly ye stand against the storm and winter, but in your arms the young birds find a home, and in the shade of your protecting branches the weary traveller hath leave to rest. Hear me now, gentle beings, hear my complaint, my prayer! Suffering consumes my life; pain bows me down, untimely, to the grave. Answer, oh answer! Have you the strength that shall renew my strength? Have you the life that shall revive my life!

Spirits of the trees. We have it not.

Frid. Beings that lurk within the bosom of the flowers, that look so gladly up to meet the light, ye whom I have tended, loved, caressed! tell me, kind spirits, can ye succour me?

Flower Spirits [gently and sadly.] We cannot.

Frid. Pale dwarfs, who dwell within the cliffs and stones, to you I turn and pray; pray even with tears, for, ah, my pain is great! Even ye weep the death of Balder; some goodness then must dwell within your breasts. Deny me not; give help, give healing!

Dwarfs [harshly.] No!

Frid. Everywhere denied! Nature has cast me off; Almighty Father, wilt thou too reject me? Even to thy heaven I dare to lift mine eyes, and pray thee for the life that was thy gift. Dost thou not look with love upon the earth, and on the beings that thy will created? Is not the evening sky bright with the radiance of thy countenance? All-father, hear my prayer! Grant me to live! Let me, at least, once more see my betrothed! oh, if thou hear my prayer, grant me a sign; let a star fall, let a breeze stir the grove.

Silent all! The grove is still; the glow of evening fades; gloom gathers round me.—Even here denied! Denied or else unheard. But this alone is certain—I must die! [Withdraws slowly.]

Kumba [comes forth.] Glorious! she has entreated, has besought like me; like me she is unheard. Now are we equal, princess! Thanks for this hour of triumph, mighty sorceress!

SCENE IV.

Frid [lies upon a couch. It is twilight.] Long, weary hours, how heavily ye pass! And not one yields a moment of repose or of forgetfulness. Worms gnaw and fret yet deeper my life's tree. Hresvelger, thou devourer of the dead, who sittest at the northern verge of heaven, and wavest thy

black wings, I feel their cold wind fanning me. Oh I am sick, sick even to my soul.—And Dag is from me!

I die; I leave the friendly earth; I leave my chosen one. No more shall I be gladdened by his look, no more shall I be guided by his hand.—How shall it be with me?—They tell of heavenly dwellings, whither the noble and the just shall come, when they have passed through Hela's gloomy portals. What are these dwellings! Shall my home be there? Shall I at any time see Dag again? Shall I still love when death has chilled my heart! Oh, how uncertain, pale, and fearful all in this dim land of shadows! I die.—I feel how my life ebbs.—Shall I go hence into eternal night! And is all here, love, duty, sorrow, patience, is all in vain? Oh, bitter, bitter thought!

Eternal Father, no, it cannot be! Yet will I hope, will yet have faith in thee. Thou art the author of the sun—of love. Thou must be good even as thou art great. Maker! before thy will I bow my head. Father! I bless thee even in my pain. Though my tears fall, they fall not to upbraid thee. Forgive my weakness, I complain no more. I have loved thee, and put my trust in thee; still will I love and trust thee; in my love I shall find strength to meet my destiny.

How peaceful is it now within my breast! I breathe more lightly; mild airs fan my brow. It is as if the breath of life passed over it. How light it is!

[A radiant Ljus-alf seen at the foot of FRID's couch.]

What is this vision? my eyes are dazzled.

[She covers her eyes with her hands, after some time uncovers them.]

Art thou still there? Beautiful, bright vision, thy radiance is as the splendour of the sun, thy aspect mild as that of the spring heaven. Who art thou? Whence?

Ljus-alf. My home is in the regions of the air. My office is to minister to man.

Frid. Oh then, thou comest hither, the messenger of light and joy to me. Thou hast brought with thee some of Iduna's apples,* by whose power the gods renew their youth. Thou comest to give me back to happiness. Why else art thou so mild, so radiant? The gods have sent thee here to end this bitter proof, to give me back my Dag.—Why are thy mild eyes sorrowful? Why is thy clear light dimmed? Ah, radiant, gentle being! with thy rays kindle in this failing breast the glow of life once more.

Ljus-alf. [mournfully.] Daughter of man, I cannot!

Frid. Thou canst not? Art thou not sent, then, by the friendly powers, to gladden and restore?

Ljus-alf. To console. To make thy death less bitter.

Frid. I must die, then?

Ljus-alf. The Nornas have decreed it.

Frid. The deities of fate! The fearful, unrelenting! How have I angered them? Why do they will my death?

*Iduna was the wife of Bragi, the god of eloquence and poetry. She had in her charge the apples of immortality, of which the gods used to eat when they found their strength decaying, and were immediately restored to youth and vigour.

Ljus-alf. Daughter of earth, I know not. To us is given to know the will of the eternal powers; we share not in their councils.

Frid. Wherefore then come to me? Why by awaking hope anew, awake new sorrow? Leave me! Can I not die without thee? Leave me, thy light is harmful.

[*The LJUS-ALF withdraws to a distant part of the chamber and remains there with a faint glimmer.*]

Frid. Is he gone? I was too hasty. Oh, how weak I am! And he came hither to console me. But see I not his friendly light yet gleaming, faintly, yonder? Oh, come again, thou beautiful, kind being! forgive a mortal's weakness. Come back, console me, give my spirit strength!

[*The LJUS-ALF returns surrounded by a faint light.*]

Frid. I know that thou art good. I feel that I may let thee look upon my heart. Within short space I have endured much sorrow, and, through my own pain, have I learned to know the griefs that mortals suffer. At times it seems to me that there is nothing good upon the earth. I even doubt the goodness of the gods;—doubt if the life they gave have any worth; for is not all here transient and uncertain? Does not all bloom to fade? Are not all born to die?

Ljus-alf. Doth not the clear blue of the unchanging heaven, circle the changeful earth? Thus doth the great All-father, within the heaven of his steadfast love, compass the universe.

Frid. And Discord too has made her home on earth. And ancient sagas tell of deadly strife, by which the earth shall one day be laid waste, when gods and men, sharing a common doom, shall sink in darkness.

Ljus-alf. They shall arise in glory. ONE GOD, powerful and wise and good, shall govern all. Evil shall cease from earth; the gentle Balder shall make his home in her green vales once more. Daughter of man! the path of life is rough, but it leads through atonement unto peace. The day will come, when heaven and earth shall meet; when gods and men, as in the early time, shall walk together in the vales of Ida.*

Frid. But the souls that have gone hence before this final day!—While the powers strive, while the worlds sink and rise, where shall the long departed have their home?

Ljus-alf. The Eternal Father hath for his children many a pleasant home. Fairest of all is Gimla. There, in a city brighter than the sun, shall dwell the just, the truthful among men.

Frid. Is there a home for me? Shall the high Gimla be my dwelling place?

Ljus-alf. Daughter of man, I cannot tell thee this. Many are mortal homes; many the heavenly. Frigga perhaps may summon thee to Vingolf, to dwell among the blest Assynior. Thou wilt, perhaps, be of the chosen maidens, who share with

Gefion her radiant palace. But though I know not of thy future home, this, in the name of the great gods, I promise,—life after death!

Frid. Oh, tell me, tell me;—of all my cares this is the heaviest—shall the grave sever me from Dag? Shall I not, after death, look on the face of my beloved again?

Ljus-alf. Is thy soul strong in love?

Frid. Parted from him, life has no worth for me. To give him deathless life, gladly could I renounce it.

Ljus-alf. Rejoice, then, earth-born maiden! Thy love is powerful even over death.—Death has no power to part thee from the loved one.

Frid. Good and all-powerful gods!—What hast thou said?

Ljus-alf. Thou shalt be after death his guardian spirit,* and guide him through the chances of this life. It shall be thine to turn each danger from him, to warn him of the foe that seeks his harm. It shall be thine to visit him in dreams, and whisper him of thy undying truth. When, weary from the fight, he lays him down, thou shalt be near him in the song bird's shape, and with thy music soothe him to rest. Or, as a rose, thou shalt breathe perfume for him, and in the pleasant odours tell thy love. Or, should some traitor lie in wait for him, thou shalt assume his likeness, and the foe, casting his lance at thee, shall pierce the air.—Thou weepst!

Frid. Tears of joy! How sweet thy words are, spirit of the air! No longer doth the hour seem fearful to me, that shall divide me from this earthly life, since I can follow thee, my Dag! can serve thee, far better than, than in this mortal form. But Ljus-alf, tell me farther; how shall it be when his last hour shall come?

Ljus-alf. Thou, his Fylgia, shalt guide thy hero to a hero's death. Passing from battle and from victory, the land of shades will have no gloom for him, for thou wilt meet him there.

Frid. Pleasant but fearful are thy words. A strange fear thrills me; dim seems my life in the pale land of shadows.—Yet doth love live there, and in the spirits' world I shall behold my Dag. But after this blest meeting must he leave me? May I not follow him to Odin's halls? May I not sit beside him at the board, and fill his goblet with the sparkling wine?

Ljus-alf. Mortal, inquire no more! No further can I answer. Deep are the councils of the eternal powers, and lesser spirits may not fathom them. Within the breast of the Almighty, lies many a hidden mystery. Many a marvel of beauty, power, and love, yet unconceived, but by the eternal mind, shall one day be revealed.

Frid. And the life that shall be kindled in the heavenly home—shall this too fail?—Shall there be death in heaven?

Ljus-alf. This the gods know. We know not.

Frid. Bright are the visions thou hast brought before me, spirit of light! but shadows compass them.—My soul is sorrowful.

Ljus-alf. Grieve not, oh child of earth, but bow thee to the will of the All-powerful. Seek not to pierce the sacred mysteries, that mortal may not

* "A new earth, fairer and more verdant than the other will arise out of the sea; from which the grain will shoot forth of itself. Vidar and Valf will survive the general destruction, and dwell upon the plain Ida, where Asgaard lay before. Thither also will repair Magne and Mode, taking Mjolner with them. Balder and Hodur will return from Hela, and these gods will sit together and talk over the events of past times." *Edda.*

* The Scandinavians believed in the existence of tutular divinities whom they called Fylgior (following spirits). They had the power of taking different shapes at pleasure.

scan. Content thee with the light the gods vouch safe thee ; adoring, trusting, sink on the bosom of Eternal Love. [Vanishes.]

SCENE V.—*A wild, rocky region.*

Kumba. Where am I ? I have wandered from the path. About me flit the phantoms of the night, above me thunder the avengers.—It is so dark without me and within,—so stifling ! Air ! Light ! [Thunder and lightning. A tree near KUMBA falls. She starts aside, and supports herself against a rock.]

What was that ? Only a tree that fell before the lightning. Why do I tremble ? Why do I shrink back ? Is not this wild uprooting known to me ? Does not a fiercer night-storm rage within me ?

[Pause.]

Why is all now so calm, so silent ? This stillness is a pain to me.—Why do the pale stars gleam thus fearfully ?—The sky is clouded ;—can they look through the clouds ? What rides there upon the back of the dark cliff ?—Only a cloud ;—only a thunder-cloud.—The stars shine out !—good !—I am tired with wandering. I have been going as in a magic circle.—I must have rest.

[KUMBA leans against a rock, and speaks more calmly.]

This is the hour when the wastes teem with life ; when monstrous shapes, born of the midnight, seek the homes of man. The moon, the wizard's sun, lends its pale rays to light them on their path. There, on her winged dragon, rides forth Mara, who stifled Vanland in his quiet sleep : from the black swamps rise Dwalin's dwarfish daughters ; and the small imps come tottering from their holes. They come to waken pain, to stir up thoughts of evil in the breasts of those who linger near their haunts. They bring disquiet, and I ask for rest.—I seek the sorceress, her who has deceived me. I will compel her yet to keep her promise. But it is dark ;—how shall I find the path ? who shall direct me. [A sudden gust of wind.] Ha, Whirlwind, her familiar. This tells me the witch is not far off. [Another gust of wind.] Again ! I come, Gringerda ! [Thunder and lightning.]

Why dost thou shudder, tree, that thy roots tremble ! Why is there a sound of moaning through the woods ? The scared dwarfs seek their lurking places, trembling before the thunder of the mighty ones. Cowardly beings ! Though the cold drops stand on my brow, I shrink not, creep not hence like you.—Send forth thy lightnings, father Thor, thou angry ruler of the clouds ! Since, after death I am to be thy bondsman, it is but meet that thou shouldst serve me now, and light me on my way with thy keen-glancing fires.

SCENE VI.—*A mountain cavern. Within glows a red fire. A cauldron stands upon the fire ; three adders hang over it from whose mouth fall drops of poison. GRINGERDA stirs the cauldron, muttering low and making mystic signs. Black Alfs, evil Disor and Small Trolls move restlessly about the cave. Two wolves guard the entrance.*

SMALL TROLL.

Hark ! a rustling noise I hear !
Mortal steps are drawing near.

Up Trolls ! a woman comes this way !
Now we will have sport and play ;
We will mock her, we will tease her ,
As she passes let us seize her.

Gringerda. Peace, noisy pack ? To your posts ! What is it to you that I have guests ? If you cease not your clamour, you shall be changed to stones, as it has chanced to some of you already. Back to your holes, I say. Here, stupefy yourselves with the poison steam, and then sleep till I call you. Only my chosen spirits may remain with me. [The Little Trolls shrink back terrified. Four shadowy figures of frightful aspect remain with the Sorceress. GRINGERDA strikes the ground with her wand. The wolves lie down, and KUMBA remains standing in the entrance.] Stop there, presumptuous mortal, I know thee !

Kumba. Dost thou know Kumba, the daughter of the slave ? Thou knowest then that thou mayst chain her foot, but not her will or tongue.

Gringerda. Perhaps even these if I would. But I would not—Come near. Why art thou here ?

Kumba. To bid thee, sorceress, to keep thy word.

Gringerda. What ? Thou art discourteous.

Kumba. Give me rest ! Thou didst promise rest ; thou hast deceived me !

Gringerda. Not so loud ! Thou wilt wake my little ones who sleep.

Kumba. They sleep ! I sleep no more !

Gringerda. What is wanting to thee ?

Kumba. Everything ! Oh, Gringerda, if thou hast human feelings in thy breast, feel for my need and help me. The strength thou gavest has left me ; the calm that for a time I felt, is gone ; A grief consumes me more torturing than that I knew before my crime. I shrink from the sun's light ; I tremble at the rustling of the leaves. No sleep visits my eyelids, no tear cools them. And when I look on her whom I have murdered, on her who daily wastes away before me, my heart is pierced as by a poisoned arrow. This arrow is remorse. It is remorse that brings me now to thee. This deed must be undone. Gringerda, thou that didst work the ill, must know the cure. I ask of thee the means to stay the poison ; the means to give the princess back her life.

Gringerda. Check the swift arrow in its flight, or bid the stream flow backward to its source ! The deed once wrought can never be undone ; and the strong soul never disowns its work.

Kumba. Thou canst not save her, then ?

Gringerda. Cannot, because I will not. Because the daughters of the iron forest* know neither fear nor wavering.

Kumba. Could gold or jewels buy the princess's safety ?

Gringerda. I love gold ; yet I will not lie to thee. Gold cannot save her. She must die.

Kumba. It is then certain. She must die. And I—I am accursed.

Gringerda. Poor child !

* (Iron forest.) Jernvidi was an enchanted forest in Utgard. It was the dwelling-place of giant witches, who had power to raise storms, and used to entice mortals into their power in order to destroy them. The trees of this forest were of iron ; it was subject to the rule of an old giant, who sat immovably fixed in a bending position. From these witches, the sorcerers, male and female were descended.

Kumba. Thou canst pity me? thou hast a heart, then. Gringerda, show me kindness! Oh, I have suffered much. Hast thou known suffering? Knowest thou the grief that wears away the heart?

Gringerda. I understand thee, and I feel for thee. Here, my poor child, take food and strengthen thee, then will we talk together.

Kumba. No, I cannot eat.

Gringerda. Such meat is seldom offered. It can give wisdom and strength to those who eat of it.

Kumba. Give me rest!—Give me the goblet of forgetfulness!

Gringerda. This draught only the dead may drink.

Kumba. Then give me death! Let one of thy snakes sting me.

Gringerda. Snakes sting not their own kind.

Kumba. Thy words are sharper than their stings. But I forgive thee all. Give me but death! death and forgetfulness!

Gringerda. Those only can forget who have done nothing worthy of remembrance; no great deed, good or evil.

Kumba. Alas, forgetfulness is not for me! But there is a sleep, a trance, a state between life and death, in which we know neither day nor night, nor cloud, nor sunshine; know only that we would not wake. May not this sleep be mine?

Gringerda. Thou askest what belongs to higher spirits. Thou, a slave's daughter, art not worthy of it.

Kumba. This is denied me too. Keep thy word, then, in any way thou canst. I bought thy promise dearly, let it not be for nothing. Rest thou hast promised me. And thou shalt keep thy word, or by Nastrond I swear—

Gringerda. Silence, base slave! Darest thou threaten me! Creep like a worm in the dust before my feet, or wolves shall rend thee—snakes shall sting thee. Fall down and pray for pardon, or—

Kumba. Or what? Think'st thou to frighten me, Gringerda? The sun's pure light may fright me; the spirits whispering in the grove may make me tremble, but thee I fear not. What tortures hast thou in thy power, keener than those that I have felt already? Bid thy wolves rend me, I will laugh at them. But in my death hour thou shalt fear me, witch! What should I dread from thee? What can I lose?—Thou hast thy power, thy treasures. Therefore tremble! I feel a strength within my tortured breast greater than thine. Tremble before the curse, that in my last hour, my pale lips shall utter!

Gringerda. [aside.] Ha, strength, great strength? It shall serve greater cunning. [Aloud.] *Kumba,* why this childish insolence! Why would you anger her who pities and would serve you? Be calm, be humble; I can help you, and I will.

Kumba. Ah, tell me how. Forgive me my impatience. I am calm now and humble. Speak, on speak!

Gringerda. All thy soul's torment comes from this, that thou hast stopped half-way. Free thyself from thy miserable bondage—fully!

Kumba. Speak more plainly.

Gringerda. Enter my service fully and for ever. The first work I shall give thee to accomplish, shall ratify our compact.

Kumba. And my reward?

Gringerda. Thou shalt win great power in this

earthly life, and, in the other life, still greater power to work harm to the mighty of the earth. Thou shalt be there one of my chosen ones, even as the powerful Disor thou hast seen about me.

Kumba. Have they peace?

Gringerda. Observe them.

Kumba. I see no sorrow in their aspect. At times it is as if a smile moved on their ghastly lips, but there is no joy in it. Of some the countenance is fixed and rigid, as if about to change itself to stone.

Gringerda. Thou seest them in their twilight dress; their night cloaks in which they journey to the mortal world. They do not always look thus dull and joyless; when I will, they shine forth in bright festive garments; and at a sign from me splendour surrounds us exceeding that of Upsal's temple. Behold!

[The Witch waves her wand and the cave seems for a moment dazzling with gold. The Sorceress and the Disor appear in splendid dresses with crowns upon their heads.]

Gringerda. What think'st thou?

Kumba. It is splendid. [Aside.] But they are none the more beautiful for this.

Gringerda. What say'st thou?

Kumba. It is splendid.

Gringerda. Ay, thou mayst well think so. Thou hast seen nothing like this among the boasting Jarls.

[Waves her wand, the light vanishes.]

Kumba. Yet it seemed to me, the gold was red like glowing fire; I thought I saw lizards and spiders creeping among the dazzling gems.

Gringerda. Because thy eyes are unused to such splendour, and therefore does it seem to thee like spider's webs. But gold and jewels are not all we have here. We have our mirth too, and, believe me, this cave has seen right merry sports. Here we know nothing of remorse or care. We eat and drink, sleep when we will, and dance and make merry to our hearts' content. But thou shalt see.

[GRINGERDA blows on her horn. Black Alfis, Dwarfs, and Small Trolls swarm forth and join in a wild dance.]

Kumba [Aside.] Is this mirth? No, it is madness. [Aloud to a Small Troll who would force her to join the dance.] Away, monster! Off, odious Troll! I have no mind for your vile mirth. Gringerda, stop the hateful revelry!

Gringerda. It is not so easy to stop them, when they are once warm for the dance. We must have cold water. [Strikes the rock with her wand; a stream of water gushes out over the dancing Trolls, who run off howling, and creep back to their holes. The Witch laughs.] These sports charm thee not, because thou art still unwonted to them. But ask my little ones if they find the dance wearisome. When thou hast been a little time among us, thou wilt be as merry as they. [Kumba sighs.] Well, slave's daughter! have you a mind in my service, —to be free?

Kumba [bitterly.] As one of these?

Gringerda. No, even more free. *Kumba,* I mean well by thee; I have great things in view for thee. I see in thee a greater strength than I have found in most of those about me; I will charge thee with a work no meaner spirit could perform. If thou fulfil it, as I shall direct thee, so shall all trouble leave my soul for ever; nor only this; but I will hold thee as my daughter; thou

shalt share my treasures; thy power to bring destruction on the high, to rule the low, shall equal mine. Thou shalt share my dwelling, and when thou wilt, thou shalt transform it to a splendid palace, and deck thyself—

Kumba. Be brief! what is the price that I must pay for peace!

Grimgerda. Hear and mark well my words. In the strong castle, on the other side the water, there dwells a Jarl named Harald Sigurdson.

Kumba. I know him. A brave nobleman. A friend to the king Dag.

Grimgerda. I hate him. And yet more I hate his wife, the haughty Herborg.

Kumba. Well!

Grimgerda. They have a child; a boy of three years old; his parents' highest joy.

Kumba. Often have I borne the sweet infant in my arms.

Grimgerda. This infant thou must kill.

Kumba. I? A little child!

Grimgerda. And when its heart's blood cools—drink it!

Kumba. Horrible!

Grimgerda. This alone can cure for ever thy soul's sickness.

Kumba. No, I cannot!

Grimgerda. Thus only canst thou win my friendship, and share my treasures and my power. Thus only can the daughter of the slave become a free and happy being.

Kumba. The gods defend me!

Grimgerda. Think'st thou the gods take thought for such as thou?—But I can understand thy horror, Kumba. Nature shrinks back from unaccustomed deeds. But this divides the great souls from the mean, that they have power to conquer nature's weakness.

Kumba. I will not! Let it be with me as it may. I will not!

Grimgerda. Thou wilt not? that we will see. Thou goest not hence alive, till thou hast sworn to do it.

Kumba. Thy wolves may tear me, but I will not do it. Driven by wild passion I have sought to still my hate; but, a soft, innocent child, that never wronged me!—No, I am not yet so fallen. Thanks, sorceress! thou hast given me back my strength. I can defy thee and despise thy offers.

Grimgerda. What, art thou proud even of thy cowardice? Go, wretch! Thou art not worthy to be near the sorceress. Go, pigmy, and remain a slave!

Kumba. Better even so, than to be such as thou art.

Grimgerda. Wretch! and wouldst thou exalt thyself above me? Thou, base, cowardly murderess, who hadst not strength to withstand evil, nor courage to be resolute in crime! Base slave, go hence! My wolves disdain so mean a prey. Go, but take my curse with thee! Still wavering, doubting, trembling, thy life shall wear away in anguish. Thou shalt wither as the thistles wither in the narrow rock-clefts. Thou shalt pine as the hunted wolf pines in the dreary waste. In the after-life thy soul shall float in the chill mists that overhang the fens of Likstrand. Swayed hither and thither by the sluggish wind, vainly shalt thou stretch forth thy shadowy arms, seeking to clasp some being that might love thee. Thy portion shall be abject, lonely wretchedness!

Kumba. Thou tellest me but what I know already. Hast thou no heavier curses, witch?

Grimgerda. Yes; and though it cost me dear, yet will I utter them. Know, then, Kumba, that there is ONE who could have rescued thee; who could have given thee peace even on this earth; who would have borne thy spirit, after death, into eternal light. But him thou didst reject! thou didst thrust from thee thy deliverer, and through all time his image shall pursue thee, reproaching and avenging! See and tremble! [*Grimgerda waves her wand and speaks with effort and with averted head.*]

Thou whom I saw in the pale realm of Hela! Thou on whose face I look not willingly! God, sinless, spotless, the Creator's chosen! Balder the good! I conjure thee to earth! Hither by might of the Dark Powers I summon thee! Here, in the name of everlasting Justice, I charge thee to appear, and work thy vengeance!

[*A bright light appears in the depths of the cave. In the midst is seen the form of a beautiful youth, of mild and majestic aspect. He fixes upon KUMBA a look stern and sorrowful. KUMBA utters a cry of inexpressible anguish, and sinks to the ground with outstretched arms. The light vanishes, and the shrill, scornful laugh of the Witch resounds through the cavern.*]

SCENE VII.—*Frid rests, half reclining, upon a magnificent couch. KUMBA stands at her feet and observes her. The sun is going down.*

Frid. Soon, soon will all be past. Soon will the light of a new world surround me. For the last time I bow my head before thee, thou glorious earthly sun! Thanks that thy rays yet once would warm my bosom! thanks for thy last caress! My life's sun too goes down; but the sweet calm of evening fills my heart; I feel that it is beautiful to die.

Ah, even in death my dim eye seeks the sea, and watches for his sail, and calls him home. But he shall come and find his bride no more.—She has gone forth, but only, oh beloved! that she may follow thee, may serve thee better.

Kumba [*Aside.*] The pangs that rend me pass the pangs of death.

Frid. My soul is reconciled to death. Past is all murmur, all complaint. Mine eye is dim, but all is bright within me.—Death cannot part the loving.—Love is deathless. See! The bright arches of the heavenly bridge!* The waves of the celestial waters play about it. Welcome, thou radiant vision! Thou pointest out the path that I shall tread. Soon shall I come! All-father! I am ready. I am at peace with heaven, at peace with earth.

Kumba [*Aside.*] How her light shines forth! How my night deepens! I no longer hate her. My hatred aims its shaft at my own breast.

Frid. Kumba, my faithful Kumba! Thanks for the love that thou hast ever borne me! Wear thou this gem in memory of me. Be thou free, Kumba; be thou rich and happy!

* The rainbow, (Bifrost,) was the bridge over which the gods passed on their way from heaven to earth. The red colour which is seen in it is a flaming fire, which serves as a defence against the giants. Heimdall, the warden of the gods, had his station upon this bridge, and thence observed all that was passing in the universe.

Kumba. Princess, but one thing do I ask of thee.

Frid. And what?

Kumba. Thy hate!—Thou diest by my hand; by poison that thy slave prepared for thee. Know that she hated thee; that like a snake she stung thee to the heart, and from thy pains drew pleasure.

Frid. All-righteous gods!—Thou, Kumba! Thou didst hate me! Wherefore?

Kumba. For thy good fortune;—for thy beauty's sake;—because of thy betrothal with king Dag, whom I too dared to love;—because the gods' injustice gave thee all, and gave me nothing;—because of the soul-sickness that envy and despair had wrought in me. For these I hated thee; hated, and am avenged.

Frid. Oh, Kumba, thou couldst feel thus to me, when I so loved thee and so trusted thee!

Kumba. I have betrayed thee. I have murdered thee. Hate me then, loathe me!

Frid. Thy hand has given me death. A higher hand has granted deathless life. For my own fate I grieve not; but for thee, unhappy one! my soul is sorrowful. Ere I go hence, take my forgiveness, Kumba!

Kumba. Canst thou forgive me?

Frid. Oh, Kumba, hate no more, so shall thy soul have peace.—Thou hast not wrought me so much evil, Kumba.—Thy soul was sick.—I understand it now. Forgive me that I was so happy near thee, and did not mark thy suffering! Look not so wildly on me. Give me thy hand. Thou wast unhappy, Kumba; this was thy crime.—

Kumba [*Aside.*] Can such goodness be? such boundless love? My heart will break!

Frid. Thy lips move strangely, but I hear no sound.—Dost thou remember yet our childish years? Dost thou remember when thou camest to me, a suffering, ill-used child? These hands did heal thy wounds, these eyes wept over thee. I loved thee from that hour.—And now my soul cannot go hence in peace, if thou do hate me. Some evil spell has bound thy heart, my child; thou couldst not thus have hardened it against me. Come nearer, Kumba, yet once would I weep over thee!

Kumba. Thou hast prevailed!—Behold me at thy feet!—Hear my last prayer!

Frid. My Kumba, speak!

Kumba. Let thy slave die with thee!—Let the same fire from which thy soul shall rise, release my guilty spirit. I would yet serve thee in the land of shades.

Frid. Follow me then in death. The God of gods will then appoint thy lot. It may be, in the after-life, princess and slave shall be but empty names.—Come, join thy soul with mine. Never hast thou been nearer to me.—Together will we

die;—both shall watch over him whom both have loved.

Kumba. These tears! Oh rapture! Let me bathe thy hand with them.

Frid. Yes, bathe my hand with them! They warm my heart. The sea! the sea! Look to the sea!

Kumba. Oh gods! he comes!

Frid. He comes! I thought it was the gleam of his white banner;—but my sight fails.—He comes!

Kumba. Thou wilt not see him. Thou diest. Oh thou must hate me!

Frid. No, I pardon thee. Do thou forgive thyself!

Kumba. Never! thou diest!

Frid. [*her arms outstretched towards the sea.*] I go, I go, but to a brighter world; there, oh my Dag! to meet thee once again! [*Dies.*]

Kumba. Dead! Yes, all is past. Now will I also die! Avenging deities, I wait my doom! She has forgiven, but can ye forgive? To you I render up my guilty spirit: O mighty Thor, accept the sacrifice! Though thy wild winds shall urge my tortured spirit, unresting round the confines of the earth, in silence shall it bear; the doom is just. But, god of storms! thine empire hath an end. The day will come, when to a mightier King, thou shalt resign thy power.—Will He have pity!—Shall not the humble, the repentant soul, at length find rest upon some quiet shore?

[*Sinks at the feet of Frid.*]

CHORUS OF LJUS-ALFS in the distance.

Those on the hill-tops watching,
Shout that the dawn is nigh!
The valleys answer, hailing
The day-spring from on high.
Forth from the gloomy hovel!
Forth from the dungeon's night!
All ye that sit in darkness,
Welcome the blessed light!

No more the dim eye faileth,
Seeking to pierce the shade,
No more the sick heart pineth,
Weary with hope delayed.
To all earth's dreary places,
Tidings of joy are borne;
Deliverance to the captive!
Comfort to them that mourn!

We fade in the blue ether;
Our music dies away;
But other, holier voices,
Shall hail the sacred day.
Once more by heavenly minstrels,
Shall the green earth be trod,
Hymning a world redeemed,
A reconciled God!

AXEL AND ANNA.

BY

FREDRIKA BREMER.



THE DUEL.

AXEL AND ANNA;

OR,

A CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN TWO STORIES OF THE SAME HOUSE.

[This simple but ingenious little story is probably one of the first written by Fredrika Bremer, and is the more interesting on that account, now that she has become so suddenly, but so deservedly popular among us. It is the first in a series of Tales published in the same volume with "Hopes," and "Stockholm Suppers," and bearing date Upsal, 1832, 3rd edition.]

BILLET TO THE PUBLIC.

OBLIGING Public! A book is a traveller through the world, who is usually provided with a letter of recommendation. This is either in the form of a preface, in which the author modestly steps forward and begs for favour, or in some concluding lines, wherein he—recommends himself. If the *book* should recommend itself, it is much the best. Modestly fearing that this may not, in this instance, be the case, we hasten to place a little billet in front, which earnestly requests the considerate kindness of the Swedish public, as well for the little book, as for its inconceivable

AUTHORESS.

AXEL TO ANNA.

LET the February storm still rage against my windows—blow them in—force itself into my room—throw its icy mantle over me, and all else within; let my uncle thunder and scold, the maids quarrel, the parrots scream; it is spring in my heart—the world is a paradise—men all angels, and I am blessed. Anna loves me! O, tell me this once again! Is this, indeed, true? Is it possible! Anna, dost thou love me?

ANNA TO AXEL.

I was at a ball yesterday. I danced—listened to music—heard civil things. Nothing gave me pleasure. Why? Axel was not there! Is not this an answer to thy question, Axel?

Axel, [with a rose.]

Reject it not! the lovely rose!
See thine image, fairest maiden—
An image, too, of love it shows
In its blushing, purple shading.

Yet an image of our love
It shall be to us no longer;
Roses wither—frail they prove,
But true love grows ever stronger.

E'er since Adam's time, my friend,
From each other do they sunder;
Roses the dark earth can send,
But true love's a heavenly wonder.

ANNATO AXEL.

The rose is in water; thy verses rest on my heart; and yet it is not content. What, then, does it wish for? It is now five days that I have

not seen you. If you could persuade your uncle to come to visit us—but I know that that is impossible: therefore rest—rest perturbed spirit.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Oh, that I could cause an earthquake, which should break down the partition walls! That I could stamp through the floor, and come tumbling through to the place where the thoughts of my head and the feelings of my heart are always stationed! These, Anna, are simple possibilities, in comparison to the impossibility of making the self-willed old man move from this place. I have been standing now a whole hour, disputing with him. We must live with the world, while we live in the world. "No." Uncle, you do not look quite well. "No." Uncle, you want a little amusement. "No." To talk politics a little with your pleasant neighbour. "No." Uncle, you will grow into a hermit. "No." Dear uncle—"No." Do, dear uncle—"No, and no, and no!" After I had well considered this string of noes, more inaccessible than the Alps or the Pyrenees, I placed before myself a few questions. Shall I bring on a consumption by vain longing? "No." Or the jaundice by mere vexation? "No." Shall I be my uncle's obedient nephew? "No, that I will not." Shall I make myself happy? "Yes." See Anna? "Yes." Venture the attempt now? "Yes—hurra!"

AXEL TO ANNA.

Do not go out. Shut up the doors. Your Anna has a cold—makes no visits. But now I *shall* and *will* see you. I know *when* I will do. I will go and take my stand in the street.

opposite to your window. And if you do not come to the window, I shall stand there till I am turned into stone.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Now in the rain? I forbid that. Do you not see how the rain pours down.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Wet as a sea-god, but happy as—I myself, for no one is happier, I sit down again in my chamber, writing to you upon a thick piece of paper, on which I was to transcribe something. But I am satisfied with everything; I have seen you; and now I find everything beautiful, even my uncle's style. How charming you are, Anna! You have really more resemblance to the Crown Princess than any one else, without which likeness no one can be pretty now. She has large, heavenly blue eyes; thine are rather smaller, but they are of the same celestial blue; she, indeed, has dark brown hair, and thou, light brown; but the form of the little head, the enchanting little head, is precisely the same; and if I only think of your little nose—like hers, delicately formed, small, bewitching—O, then I am in an ecstasy!

ANNA TO AXEL.

But I am not at all in an ecstasy. I am not at all pleased. I am displeased—troubled. You have certainly been chilled—will take cold—have a catarrh—a fever—perhaps die. To stand a whole hour in the cold and the pouring rain! Axel, I cannot forgive you.

AXEL TO ANNA.

We are coming to visit you, toward night; we are coming to make a call—my dearest uncle, and his most obedient nephew. God bless the old man for the heavenly thought! Be careful above all things, that the hall door is not shut, so that we can get in far enough unobserved, to make it impossible to dismiss us with the everlasting falsehood, "My mistress is not at home."

Cold! catarrh! Yes, I sneeze and cough, but it is with impatience: I have a fever, but it is a fever of joy.

AXEL TO ANNA.

I would die with vexation. Did not Mr. P., the everlasting, intolerable Mr. P. come in, just as we were going out? My uncle turns back, I gnash my teeth. Mr. P. sits down, and I double up my fist. "We were just going, I began (God knows in what a tone), going out to pay a visit, you must?"—"We must put it out of our thoughts," says the uncle, interrupting his nephew's discourse, "it must be made at another time." Another time! I slam the doors so violently, that Mr. P. springs up from his chair. Oh, uff!!!

ANNA TO AXEL.

A remedy for catarrh and fever.

Drink three glasses of cold water successively. N. B. One in each quarter of an hour. Meanwhile walk three times backward and forward in the room. N. B. Take only one step in a minute, and repeat at each step:

Be good and true,
And patient too.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Miserable remedy. It does no good. I have thought of one for myself. Send me a lock of your hair. I will lay it to my lips, to my fore-

head, to my eyes, upon my heart. Oh, do not refuse it to me! If you do, I shall be quite seriously ill. One lock of hair, kind Anna, only one!

AXEL TO ANNA, (*half an hour later*).

One lock of hair! Can you indeed be so cruel as to deny it to me? See—I am upon my knees, begging for it.

AXEL TO ANNA, (*half an hour later*).

One lock of hair—one lock of hair—one lock of hair!!

AXEL TO ANNA, (*a quarter of an hour later*).

I humbly beg your pardon, that I have so often been troublesome to you. This shall certainly be the last time, if not—shall I have a lock of hair, or not?

ANNA TO AXEL.

Here it is, troublesome, impatient man! I submit a little sketch of a dialogue with my aunt, carried on in the evening by the light of two dim, sleepy candles.

Aunt. Men are tyrants.

Myself. Yes, I know they are.

Aunt. Despots, who by force or flattery always have their own way.

Myself. Yes, yes, it is too true.

Aunt. Never marry, my child.

Myself. Now, God forbid, dear aunt.

Good night, Axel.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Command me, Anna, to stay six whole hours under your window in a pelting rain; command me to go twenty miles for a flower that you want; command me to remain fourteen days on my knees before you; command me to have *all* my hair shaved off to stuff a pillow for you; command me at the next ball to waltz eight times in succession with that ship of the line, Madame N.; command, beautiful tyrant—I obey. Above all, order me to come in every evening to snuff your candles. Their dull light seems to have a darkening influence on thy otherwise very bright mind.

ANNA TO AXEL.

I command you to stand at the house-door, or to walk before the house, to-day, between twelve and one o'clock. You can greet as at that time, and see my new bonnet which my cousin, Lieutenant Emilius Papperto, pronounces exceedingly becoming.

AXEL TO ANNA.

The bonnet is very unbecoming. The crown is too large, the fore-part too small. Your face looks as round and large as a full moon out of it. Make a present of the hat, I entreat you, to Lieutenant Papperto, and let him wear it himself, as a mark of his good taste.

If you will stand at the window this afternoon, you will see me ride past on my new horse, my beautiful Hercules, which I received as a present from my uncle. I am much pleased with the horse, for the five charming Miss Mullitons declared (when I paid my respects to them to-day), that they never saw so handsome a creature.

ANNA TO AXEL.

If the beauty of a horse consists in his having clumsy legs, a large neck, a thick head, long ears, and in galloping like a cow, then Hercules is cer-

tainly handsome—uncommonly handsome. If my advice would be taken, I should beg Mr. Axel W. to make a present of him to the five charming Miss Mullitons, and to solicit them, as a proof of their good taste, to make use of him themselves.

AXEL TO ANNA.

If Mademoiselle Anna L. were more gentle and less sharp, it would suit her better.

ANNA TO AXEL.

If Mr. Axel W. should think of making a call to-day in the lower story, I must herewith inform him that *the ladies are not at home*.

AXEL TO ANNA.

If Miss Anna L. thinks that Mr. Axel W. had any such thought in his head, I herewith inform her that she is *much mistaken*.

AXEL TO ANNA, (two days later).

Anna's birthday. I rode twenty-four miles very early this morning to get this bouquet from Baron R.'s hot-house; which, I hope, Anna L. will not be so cruel as to reject.

AXEL TO ANNA.

I hope that you will accept the nosegay. It is not certainly remarkably pretty, but it is difficult to get flowers at this time of year.

AXEL TO ANNA.

I have not slept a wink for three nights. I really believe that creature Hercules, which I have ridden for several days, jolts too much. I have been speaking to-day with Francis Kunninger, who will rid me of the creature, although probably for not more than half the sum which he cost. But I will not make any question about that, so that I can but dispose of him.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Anna!!!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Axel!!! I have burned up my new bonnet. I think my aunt will receive visitors again this evening; that is, should any *old* gentleman come; *young* gentlemen she cannot endure. I think, however, that if a young one should slip in behind the old one, it would not have a bad effect.

AXEL TO ANNA.

My angel, what a happy combination of circumstances. Your aunt receives visits, and my excellent uncle intends to pay one this very evening. He is brushing the dust from his clothes with an energy for which I could kiss him.

He has determined beforehand to make the acquaintance to-day, because he has remarked, that his servant-man is making court to your aunt's house-maid, and that, he says, he will put an end to.

I have given the old gentleman various rules for his manners. I have told him that it is now the universal custom for gentlemen to kiss the ladies' hands. He said that this was a foolish custom. I find it a very wise one. Oh, Anna, I can then kiss your hand once again—your hand—O, joy!

Should any Mr. P. come now, I would beat him to death.

AXEL TO ANNA.

I would give a million years for one evening such as the last.

Anna, you looked like an angel with your flow-

ing ringlets, and your white dress—and an angel, a good angel, fit to be worshipped, wast thou to me: you made me the happiest being who breathes the breath of life. How happy I am, and how happy must you be, to make me so! O, gracious God! what heavenly hours do we not pass on this earth with which so much fault is found. Little did my good uncle and your dear aunt dream that while they were on the sofa labouring by the light of a lamp to break off an engagement, we were forming another in the twilight by the window. I am like another man now that I feel your ring upon my finger. My Anna! My Anna! O, what a good and noble being must I not become!

AXEL TO ANNA.

How clear the sky is, how fresh the air! I wanted to breathe freer; happiness oppressed me. I went out, almost danced through the street; sang aloud, made every body stare at me, and had a desire to embrace every one I met. There is a blessedness in my heart which might make half a world happy. Anna, how do I love thee!

ANNA TO AXEL.

I, too, am inexpressibly happy. *Men* certainly love more ardently, but is their love better, more faithful? Axel, we will perhaps try that for ourselves. I, too, feel myself better and nobler. I will become good, gentle, true; in a word, a truly lovely woman, that I may make Axel happy. I think of this now, whether I am walking, standing, sitting, playing, singing, or reading; so that nothing is done as it should be, and at the right time. "What is the matter with you child?" asked my aunt; "I believe you have got a fever, your eyes shine so—have you a headache?" "I rather feel something about my heart," I answered. I must take immediately a good dose of the Prince's or Hoffman's drops. You laugh? so do I.

AXEL TO ANNA.

"What has happened to you, you booby, why are you so absent?" my excellent uncle said to me, yesterday. "Why do you write in this manner? paper upside down, pen upside down? Young man, I believe you are upside down yourself!" "Ah! uncle—my uncle, were you ever in love?" "In love, young man? Yes, and then I considered how I was to get married!" "Yes, that is what I am thinking of too." "Thinking of too! Have you then anything to live upon? Let's see, twelve shillings to make a wedding with; twelve shillings to set up house-keeping, twelve shillings and God's mercy to live upon all the rest of your life. Well, I congratulate you: sunshine for dinner, and moonshine for supper, see how fat you will grow upon that!"

Fatal when persons to whom nature has decreed even a common understanding, will undertake to be witty! Fatal that it should pop into his head to reckon up that thirty-six shillings.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Did you see the poor woman with her children on the opposite side of the street? How miserable she was! I cannot assist them, I have nothing now; but you?

AXEL TO ANNA.

I have just received the money for Hercules, and more than I expected. What use have I for a horse? I can walk well enough! I hasten away!

AXEL TO ANNA, (*a day after*).

They are assisted not for the moment, but, as I hope, for ever. They have house-room, clothes, food, work; they are able and willing to work. I do not speak of their joy, which was so excessive, that it resembled grief. I begged them to bless you. I am truly happy at heart!

ANNA TO AXEL.

A basket full of flowers and fruit, and at the bottom of it five strings of Scotch pearls, was presented to me this morning by a little girl whom I did not know. "From whom?" She did not know, she had only received the order to bring them to me. Axel, they were sent by you; I am sure of it. Axel, Axel! such presents from you, who have so little for yourself! I cannot accept them.

AXEL TO ANNA.

If you wish to throw me into a nervous fever, say no to me. Dear Anna, your receiving this little present is my reward (*mine* do you hear), mine for having wandered about the whole day rather like a ghost than a man, (out of pure philanthropy, without having eaten a morsel as large as the head of a pin,) and to finish the whole, having been obliged to listen at supper to a dry domestic lecture from my uncle.

Be perfectly easy about my finances. And the money for Hercules—should not that be made of some use? I have more besides. I can set up housekeeping, my lady.

ANNA TO AXEL.

To preserve you from a nervous fever, I will receive your presents this once. But make me no more, I beg you; at least not for a long time.

AXEL TO ANNA.

When will the time come, the blessed time, when I shall have a right to give thee everything, and when thou shalt no longer have a right to say no! When will the time come when I shall no longer be obliged to use the pen to express my feelings? When shall I talk with thee—when shall I see thee again?

This is for me the Gordian knot, which I in vain try to untie. I have the greatest desire to do like Alexander, and to cut it through at once by an elopement. I have found, after many fruitless attempts, the impossibility of coming to you in a common and natural manner. Now I have the most desperate enterprises in my head. You have heard of the story of the ingenious man, who set the house on fire in order to get at his mistress. What do you think of him?

ANNA TO AXEL.

That he was, is, and will be, an incendiary; and that I regard all such persons with the greatest horror.

AXEL TO ANNA.

To set a ladder up against a window, and to fly up and down the same on the wings of love, has such an entirely thievish aspect—but Anna, to make a visit in an air-balloon has not happened, I believe, since the time of that Turk who, according to the Persian story, visited his fair one under the name of Mahomet. It is not an impossibility; and, indeed, I find nothing impossible but to live longer without seeing you.

ANNA TO AXEL.

To all heathenish visitors, whether they come on ladders, or in air-balloons, I am not at home. I declare that I will not even recognise, much less love such a one.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Why do you never show yourself at the window? why do you never go out? why do you receive no visitors? why do you always keep yourself so enviously shut up? is it on my account?

ANNA TO AXEL.

Best Axel, my aunt is very ill, and you know it; I wont leave her an instant. It is with the greatest difficulty that I can slip away even to write to you, and to beg you, for God's sake, neither to burn us up, nor attempt climbing into the window. Do you imagine that between dropping medicine and looking at prescriptions, I can feel in very good spirits? But the only thing which I can do—the only thing that *you* must do, is to be quiet and wait our time.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Be quiet! You might as well say so to the tempest which now shakes the whole house, and which I cannot help wishing may blow it down, if it would at the same time, with a breath from the spirit of love, cast you into my arms. Anna, you must not take what I say, so literally—I am at war with my fate, and I will subdue it, cost what it will.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Men have not, truly, the hearts of leopards and tigers in their breasts, my Anna! Do you think, that if we should disclose our love to our relations, that they would not permit us to see each other now and then? Anna, thou art my sun, the light of my eyes. If you hide yourself any longer, it will be midnight darkness all around me.

Shall we make the attempt? We have so little to lose by it—so much to gain. Say yes.

ANNA TO AXEL.

You are in the right, Axel; we must make the trial. Yow shall first speak to your uncle, and when I have heard what he says, I shall have more courage to speak to my aunt. She is now somewhat better.

AXEL TO ANNA.

"You shall speak to your uncle." This is very easily said—but *done*: ah, that is something quite different. You must know, my uncle is a man who has a peculiar disposition, and peculiar—very peculiar eyes. These he can fix upon one in such a way, that the poor fellow's words would stick in his throat to all eternity, who should begin to say something to him which he did not like; and after this, a storm breaks out, which cannot be compared to any in Sweden, but to those hurricanes which rage in the West India islands. Nevertheless, I will make myself a cloak of Job's patience and Solomon's wisdom, and venture the trial.

ANNA TO AXEL.

No, no! beware! If you think it will displease him, and have not courage enough—it is better, then, to put the whole attempt out of our heads.

AXEL TO ANNA.

That, too, is very easily said; but before I come to such a conclusion, may tempests, seven times

worse than that which I am about to defy, blow me to atoms. Farewell, I am now armed for the combat, and—I go!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Wait, Axel, wait! Ah, my good friend, I fear it is too hasty a step. They certainly cannot give their consent. We are, besides, both of us still so young.

AXEL TO ANNA.

I have entered my two-and-twentieth year; I was one-and-twenty last autumn, and am, therefore, of age. You are already full seventeen.

ANNA TO AXEL.

That is true—and, perhaps, we are old enough. But alas! Axel, this is the least of it. I see before us a thousand impossibilities. They cannot—our relations, certainly, cannot give their consent to a union between us. We have nothing yet, my friend! You have no office, no money; I am likewise quite destitute of property. It would be—it is, indeed, quite foolish to wish to marry in such untoward circumstances. Let us wait, my friend, and consider well, before we venture on a step which, as I now begin to fear, may separate us for ever.

AXEL TO ANNA.

I shall soon get myself an office.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Wait, then, till that time.

AXEL TO ANNA.

As you choose. I cannot but admire your patience—your prudent foresight.

ANNA TO AXEL.

You are not displeased, however?

AXEL TO ANNA.

Yes.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Why, best Axel, why?

AXEL TO ANNA.

Ah, nonsense!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Axel, you make me really unhappy.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Do not absent yourself, mademoiselle, to write unmeaning lines. Lieutenant Papperto may become impatient. I saw him go in to you more than half an hour ago.

ANNA TO AXEL.

If Lieutenant Emilius Papperto comes to see my aunt, and she chooses to receive him, I cannot turn him out. My good Axel, do not be uneasy!

AXEL TO ANNA.

Ah, do not be uneasy! I do not intend to shoot, drown, poison, or hang myself. Oh, I am not uneasy—I am as tranquil as you; I am only thinking what sort of a waistcoat, whether a red or a green one is becoming to the features of a happy lover. I acknowledge that nature has not endowed me with a red and white porcelain countenance like that of Lieutenant Papperto; and ladies, who find that handsome, might not like a brown and rough complexion so well. But there are some ladies, thank fortune, who can put up with a face of the latter description. I am now going to the Mullitons. Betty Mulliton is really a charming girl.

ANNA TO AXEL.

I congratulate you. If you have not yet come to a decision on the subject of the vest, I beg you to make use of one enveloped in the parcel I send with this, which I have embroidered for you—or rather, which I have bought for you—for every stitch has cost me so much of my night's rest. I think it will be quite becoming to a brown and rough complexion. My compliments to Betty Mulliton!

ANNA TO AXEL.

For heaven's sake, Axel, what is the matter? They have been opening a vein! You are ill! I am almost so myself from anxiety. Axel, Axel, how wild and unreasonable you are!

AXEL TO ANNA.

With somewhat cooler blood, and a rather easier mind, I hasten to say a word to you, which in my childhood was forced from my lips with blows; to avoid which I have since fought duels, and which I now long to utter at thy feet, my Anna, angel of patience and goodness, and this word is—forgive, O forgive!

ANNA TO AXEL.

The Doctor, I hear, has forbidden you to talk, and ordered you for some days to be quiet and tranquil. Be obedient, my best Axel, and show by this that you love me.

Do not even think about anything unpleasant, I constitute myself your invisible nurse; I go to seat myself at your bed-side in my white dress and with my bright curls, which you liked me so well in the other day. You must not see me. I will draw the green curtain between us. You must sleep, and I will sing a little lullaby for you. Hear—or rather do not hear but sleep!

"Youthful Axel is my love,"

Anna sung with accents sighing!

"Ah!" she said, "the time is flying,
Why should he so jealous prove?

"If he so hard and jealous prove,
Now he is a lover merely,
Can we hope to live so cheerly,
When man and wife to live and love.

"Shall I murmur every day,
And scold me every morning;
All our talk be strife and scolding,
Were not this a charming way?

"Axel, sure I love thee well,
But if we such folly cherish
Better let our union perish,
And now say our last farewell."

ANNA TO ANNA.

Axel heard young Anna's song,
Would not interrupt her singing,
The wild notes so sweetly ringing,
Though it were a little long.

Then sung he with manly voice,
"Jealous feelings wouldst thou stifle,
With my love oh never trifle,
And in thine I'll still rejoice.

"And better still, to cheer my life,
From me taking all repining,
Blessed peace within me shining,
Sweetest Anna, be my wife!"

ANNA TO AXEL.

Anna heard young Axel's song,
Bold enough she thought it truly;

"But," she said, "I'll answer duly
To your words before 'tis long."

AXEL TO ANNA.

Not so, good Anna ; not so, but this way.

Anna took the counsel home,
Ending thus the foolish strife ;
To good husband a good wife
Very soon she did become.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Well, just as you will. We must not contradict sick people. Take now and then a small teaspoonful of this apple-jelly, which I send you, and which I prepared for you. It will do you good.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Anna, I am melancholy. The birds sing before my window, and build nests under the roof. I am forced to lie in bed. The only amusement I have is scolding the doctor and breaking his phials to pieces, which contain no healing for me.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Amuse yourself rather with reading in the little book which I send you. There is in it much which is good and true. Often, when I have been dejected, and everything has looked dark around me—when all the strings of my soul were untuned, I have found that reading a good book would harmonize them again ; and I have thought, while I listened to their gentle melody—

Though billows rise and fall in constant motion
Beneath our Bark upon life's restless flood ;
We lose not hope strong in the heart's devotion,
We lose not hope, for God is wise and good.

And if now for hours the storm is raging,
Nights of darkness, all in gloom should shroud ;
An instant wait, the tempest's power assuaging,
The gentle breeze clears off the veiling cloud.

And now the shore, so green and fair appearing,
Invites the sailor from the tranquil sea ;
He grateful sees—and boldly, surely steering,
He sings with gladness—Good and wise is He !

AXEL TO ANNA.

That is he ! that is he ! and thou art an angel, Anna. But the spirit of melancholy has got possession of me to-day, body and soul. I am thinking now, or rather I am murmuring, too much to be able to read. A fatal collection of dark and dismal imaginations surround me in my solitude, like spectres starting up from black Tartarus. How are you getting on, Anna, with your severe and exacting aunt, who will not open her doors to respectable young men ? Are you to sit by her side, year in and year out ; dry up like her, grow blear-eyed, as she has (what wonder, if you see no one but her), and catch her cough too ?

What will become of me, with this uncle of mine, who keeps me transcribing his thoughts and recollections till my own become confused ? What—tell me what ?

ANNA TO AXEL.

Let what will become of us, only let us not be unworthy—ungrateful beings. Axel, thou must never speak in such a way of my aunt again. She has her less amiable qualities, but she has good ones also, and she means to do well by me, I am quite sure. Rather than make sport of her infirmities, I would have them all myself. Your

uncle, Axel, has done you much good, as you have yourself told me.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Oh, they are doubtless both of them angels—real angels of light, but who permit us to sit in deep darkness. I am sick and out of humour.

ANNA TO AXEL.

And I am so happy to-day. I have such bright hopes ! Whence come they, and what are they ? Hear ! I went to church yesterday. The air was cool, the wind high. My aunt did not wish me to go. I begged and prayed, until the "No, my dear child," was changed into the "Well : go, then, if you must, little obstinate thing !" which sounded very musically in my ears.

For whom I prayed with my whole heart in the church, you can easily guess. I prayed as trustingly, from the depths of my soul, as any child can pray to a tender father. When I arose, full of deep devotion, to sing the heavenly Hallelujah, with the congregation, a bright sunbeam was shining through the window upon Westin's* glorious altar-piece. The Angels of Faith, Hope, and Love, kneeling around the arisen Saviour, stood out at once in such living—such supernatural beauty, that they seemed as if they were opening their lips and singing their song of praise. There sprang up at once in my heart, powerfully and clearly, the inward conviction—all will yet be right ! and indescribably moved, I bowed myself, to receive for both of us the solemn blessing. Axel, all shall yet be well.

AXEL TO ANNA.

For thy sake, my Anna, angel of light, and through thee, I shall be blessed.

I, too, have to-day only joyful feelings in my soul—only bright hopes—old and good acquaintances, who were again heartily welcome. I have been up and sitting at the window—have been tasting your delicious apple-jelly, and seeing how the clear March sun was melting the icy frost, which the cold night had deposited upon our neighbour's slated roof. Thereupon I reasoned in this manner. As the light and the warmth of Heaven melt away the nightly frosts, so shall a better light shine through the dark, frosty mist, which hovers around the perspective of our happiness. I looked so long and so hopefully at the influence of the sun, that, at last, I fancied I could see perfectly the form and likeness of my own nose, imaged by the victorious rays of the sun, in the melting ice. A little farther on, close to the chimney, I perceived with transport the image of thy white, gracefully-arched brow, which was modestly withdrawing itself from the kisses of the sun. Oh ! Anna, I must show you, some time or other, how pretty it looked ; I will enact the sun.

ANNA TO AXEL.

I assure you that I have not the least curiosity about it. You are sitting up again, then ? How glad I am to hear it. Let anything, ever so unpleasant, happen to me to-day (in case it does not concern you), I promise to laugh at it.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Ha, ha ! ha, ha ! Do you know what I am

*A distinguished living artist of Sweden.—[Note, by the German Translator.]

laughing at? At myself, my angel. I have such good hopes and anticipations, that I should find it perfectly natural if some good friend should suddenly enter the room and say to me, "Axel, you have become a millionaire." I think, too, that it would not astonish me, if some small cupids should float in at the window, bringing the poor lover certain talismans, by means of which he could acquire all the goods of fortune; nor should I stretch open my mouth very wide, if the roof of my chamber should suddenly open, and a shower of gold rain in. Everything seems possible to me to-day; nothing would surprise me. I have opened my windows and doors to welcome my visitors; and, while I am walking backward and forward in my room, laughing as I go, I cast an inquiring look now and then at the roof above me.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Curse—the luck! I beg your pardon, but I am in a very bad humour. I was obliged to shut up the doors and windows: I became cold and stiff in all my limbs, with the draught of air. Nobody came. And, instead of raising my eyes to the roof, I have been examining the floor with the greatest exactness, so that, after a minute scrutiny, I can assure you that the man who laid it must have been a mere bungler; for not one of the boards is like another in breadth or thickness. I must go out, now, and breathe the air. I am well. I am determined to be well. My uncle and the doctor may say what they will.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Anna, Anna, my Anna! Good Anna, excellent Anna, angelic Anna! Anna, my Anna, my bride, my wife, sing, dance, huzza, Victoria!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Axel, Axel, inconceivable Axel! What is the matter with you? What has happened to you?

AXEL TO ANNA.

I have an office! I have an office! He came—the excellent friend, the angel from Heaven—in at the open door. I came near throwing him down, as I was going out. Oh, what a friend! He wishes to transfer to me the office which has been offered to him, with the salary that belongs to it, as he does not require it for himself. He is rich. He has made me so, too. Oh! show me now a happier mortal than I am; a lover, who—perhaps, however—if he should be already married. But I will be so very soon—if thou wilt, my Anna. Oh, Anna!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Good Axel, is it possible? Is it, indeed, true? I can scarcely believe it; I cannot comprehend it. And, my good friend, shall we, indeed, be happy?

AXEL TO ANNA.

We shall be so. My whole life shall be devoted entirely to thy happiness, and thine shall always be mine—as it is now. We can marry now, whenever we will. I have an honourable occupation. The salary is not great, to be sure, but it will be enough for us. The conveniences of life are wanted principally by old people, who are no longer capable of enjoying the pleasures of the heart. When one can no longer love or be loved, then, indeed, it is good to sleep; and occasionally, on a

soft couch, to dream that one is happy. We, my Anna, who in life's May can gather its fairest flowers—we will enjoy our felicity awake, and be happy, even if we are poor—yes, even if we must go without everything. Do you remember, with what emotion we read once, in the twilight, of that married pair who, after living together five-and-twenty years, felt themselves so inexpressibly happy! Oh, my Anna, do you remember it?

ANNA TO AXEL.

Indeed, dear Axel, I do—not.

AXEL TO ANNA.

In the company of a friend, Mr. L. and his wife were walking through a wood; there they encountered some Gipsies, in the most wretched condition. L.'s friend pitied these poor creatures, to whom all the physical evils of human nature seemed to be assigned. "Well," said Mr. L., "if, in order to pass my life with *her* (his wife), I must be subjected to such deprivations as these, I would have gone about begging these last thirty years, and we should have been very happy, after all." "Ah, yes," exclaimed his wife; "even then we should have been the happiest of human beings."

What words, my Anna, what words! They were uttered under England's sky. Let us be worthy to say them one day under that of Sweden.

ANNA TO AXEL.

For Heaven's sake, my best Axel, you do not mean so? I do not quite understand the drift of your remarks, but I must confess to you that starving, freezing, and begging, do not seem very pleasant to me. What do you really mean? I will never be a Gipsy, that I am determined, were it only on account of their terribly dark skins.

AXEL TO ANNA.

It is not necessary either. Nothing shall hinder my wife from being snow-white, as well in her person as her clothes.

Oh, my beloved Anna, throw not down my beautiful temple of happiness, with miserable worldly calculations! Let us be happy, not for others, but for ourselves! If you will, we can certainly be so. My salary is small, to be sure, as I have already told you; a mere nothing, compared with what I should like to offer you. Three hundred rix dollars is our yearly income. It is certainly small—very small; but your prudent house-keeping, my frugality and order, will make each penny a pound. Man requires so little merely to live—life itself is so short too. With small property there is less to care for; the fewer cares, the less sorrow and constraint.

With but little ballast, the boat easily passes over the rising and the sinking billow. Let us jump in courageously; the wind is favourable, the shores covered with flowers, the sky free from clouds, and before us moves the bright star of love, which guides us to our haven. I am at present too much excited; by and by, I shall unfold my plans to you.

ANNA TO AXEL.

My good Axel, zephyrs seldom blow over the sea of life—these wild tempests rage. I am much afraid, your unballasted jolly-boat will be upset with the first blast of wind.

AXEL TO ANNA.

If one is timid, and—yes—if one loses one's balance at the first gust of wind. But away with comparisons! They only confuse one; I will come directly to the point.

I have (as you know) a small estate near town. It is small certainly, quite small, and scarcely worth three hundred dollars; but we can live there very comfortably. A roof over their heads was all that our forefathers required, when they built their houses. And what a hardy and hearty race they were! We are smaller, and we have more. Our little temple of happiness has two rooms and a kitchen—a blooming potato-field surrounds it; but a garden, where the first fruit-trees and the most beautiful flowers flourish, will change the little place into a real paradise. A little hen-house—Anna, I will not forgive you if you laugh.

ANNA TO AXEL.

I certainly do not laugh, my best Axel!

AXEL TO ANNA.

A little hen-coop, I was going to say, is there also, and its pretty occupants will afford us both pleasure and comfort.

As to our internal arrangements—away with luxury and that injurious superfluity which has made my country poor! Away false ideas about what is suitable, what is expedient, what is genteel; contemptible prejudices, which are constantly repeated from one to another: "One must do as others do," away with you! To ye I turn simple maxims, the glory of former times, moderation and thriftiness, the doctrines of our ancestors; be ye welcome, and bear rule in my quiet home. A wooden bench seems soft, when one sits upon it at the side of one's beloved; and a basin of milk; a single simple dish, placed on the table by thy hand, at which a friend will not refuse to take his place—a friend who knows how to value what is offered by honest hearts. Oh, what a festival! Kings, emperors, invite me to your golden halls! Proudly and contemptuously will Anna's happy husband answer, no! Oh, my sweet Anna, in that small earthly paradise, how quickly will our days pass by! Hand in hand will we wander through life, and at last we will quit it serenely in each other's arms. But forgive, I did not mean to disturb thee: do not weep, my Anna!

ANNA TO AXEL.

I certainly do not weep, my best Axel.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Our clothes should be simple, as our food, as our whole life. You must always be dressed in white; for then you are like an angel. I shall cultivate the garden myself; dig, rake, plant, water, with your help, on the days that I am not occupied with my business in town. In the house, my ever busy, careful little wife shall rule and order everything just as she pleases. When I return from my labours in the field, or from town, your harp and your voice shall place me in heaven; or we will eat together our simple meal, seasoned by our good appetites and cheerful spirits. In the evening, when the great world go yawning in search of pleasure, where it is never found; at supper parties, where they suffer a moral repletion, or at balls, where they dance as if to earn their bread—

in the evenings, we will read together Tegner's poems, Cooper's and Walter Scott's romances; and enjoy, while we are improving our minds, all the pleasures which genius can furnish for the feelings and the imagination. We must not neglect the theatre: for the sake of seeing Almlof* play, we shall be willing to go without eating and sleeping. We will then often go to the theatre. You must have one little maid-servant, certainly; for it would not do for you to burn your hands and face by cooking at the fire. Besides, when I am in the house, you must be always at my side. Oh, Anna! tell me, shall we not be inexpressibly happy?

ANNA TO AXEL.

I hope so, certainly, my good friend; but whether exactly in the manner which you have imagined, I doubt. I fear that you are precisely the person who is least fitted for a simple pastoral life; besides this, I find some inconsistency in your ideas. Do you recollect, how much money you told me once your uncle gave you yearly?

AXEL TO ANNA.

Deuce take—I do not swear, I recollect myself now. Just three hundred dollars, the very same sum as my future salary—and this was always expended at the year's end. But Anna, my angel, when I am once married, you shall see what a difference—I shall then be extraordinarily prudent; I shall look after every penny.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Very pleasant that for your wife! Gladly, my best Axel, will I look after every penny, and make it go as far as possible; but with all this, I am afraid, if we follow your plan, we shall be constantly coming nearer to a gipsy-life. Do you remember, that you take three cups of coffee every morning—and when you were with us, one evening, I observed that you had no objection to a very large quantity of tea-cakes and biscuits with your three cups of tea.

AXEL TO ANNA.

I will take water-gruel for my breakfast from this time, every morning, and drink beer-posset every evening—soaking my home-made bread in it, if you think that the baker's rolls are too dear. You are right. We should from patriotism deny ourselves the use of all those foreign articles, which our native land will not furnish.

Well, Anna, we will take (a year from this month) a bowl of water-gruel every morning—every evening a can of beer-posset in our little paradise. This is much better, besides, for the health and the complexion, than the miserable tea and coffee apparatus. And even if they tasted like rhubarb and Jesuit's bark—

What Hebe Anna pours for me,
Shall all for Axel nectar be,

ANNA TO AXEL.

It is only with great difficulty that I can swallow water-gruel, and beer-posset is my special aversion.

AXEL TO ANNA.

She who fears to share a bowl of water-gruel with me, despises certainly all the rest (and this I have seen plainly enough from the beginning), the

* Almlof, the best tragic actor on the Stockholm stage.
—[Remarks of the German translator.]

very little that I can offer her—my heart, my hand. It is true, this is all very little. I was a fool to be so presumptuous as to imagine : but I begin to see my mistake !

ANNA TO AXEL.

If I do not exactly like water-gruel and beer-posset, that does not hinder me from being quite content with a little cold milk morning and evening, instead of coffee and tea. Yes, a bowl of cold milk and a bit of household bread, will suit me very well. This is all I require.

ANNA TO AXEL.

The little neat house over the garden (which is to be) I find extremely pleasant ; but yet, dear Axel, in your affectionate distribution of duties, you have appropriated to me a sufficiently extended sphere of action. I enumerate with some solicitude all my future avocations. Always to be dressed in white, and to dig in the garden ; to put the house in order, to sweep, to spin, to weave ; to cook with the help of a young servant-girl, to play on the harp and sing, to take care of everything in the house, and to be always at your side when you are at home (which I hope will be the case the principal part of every day) ; to feed the hens, to go to the theatre, to read romances with you, in a word, to be six or seven persons at once. My good Axel, you and many others with you, who require too much of their wives, must have patience with them in future.

ANNA TO AXEL, (a day later).

I am afraid that you are displeased, Axel ; but this time, my good friend, you are certainly a little in the wrong. You know that it is my dearest wish to share with you the joys and sorrows of life. For thy sake only, I desire that its joys may outweigh its sorrows ; and your description of our future gives me small hopes of this. You look through a golden-coloured glass, which presents objects to you neither truly nor purely. I shall always speak the truth to you, Axel.

(ANNA TO AXEL, a day later).

Nevertheless, if it were possible, and if your uncle and my aunt would consent, I certainly would not say no. We are still young ; we can work. Only we must put out of our thoughts the dressing always in white, music, the theatre, and the agreeable and profitable reading ; which would take too much of our time in such narrow circumstances.

ANNA TO AXEL.

After all, water-gruel does not taste so badly, and I drank beer-posset last evening cheerfully. It does not taste remarkably well, to be sure, but it may do so in time.

AXEL TO ANNA.

My Anna, angel of goodness ; thou shalt never do or eat the least thing, for which you have not a decided inclination. I should deserve to live upon bread and water, if I would have it otherwise. Do you see, my angel, it was not just plain earnest with the wooden bench, the one dish at dinner, and the little serving-maiden. I have been speculating somewhat, you must know, upon my uncle. He will certainly help us a little, were it only for the sake of appearances, when he sees that we help ourselves so well. My uncle is far from

being hard-hearted ; he loves me, besides, very well : I am quite sure of it.

ANNA TO AXEL.

My aunt is kind too, sometimes, and loves me dearly in her own way, I am certain ; she has given me many proofs of it. It is possible that she too may do something for us.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Anna, we will speak to our affectionate relatives ; shall we not ? We will tell them everything. If they should say no, then, Anna, I have your promise ; you are already mine before God, and mine thou must remain : men shall not separate us ! But we will rather try to induce human beings to be human.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Yes, Axel, let us try to soften *their* hearts against whose will and commands we neither could or should act. Yes—let us try.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Well, then ! To-morrow.

ANNA TO AXEL.

To-morrow !

AXEL TO ANNA, (a day later).

My dear uncle is rather peevish this morning. The coffee was cold, and the news in the Gazette did not please him. The rulers behave stupidly, he said. I shall take care how I do the like. I must wait yet a few hours.

ANNA TO AXEL.

My dear aunt is also in a bad humour. She has mislaid a piece of money, and broken a bottle of rose-water ; but you would have thought it was I who had done the mischief. I shall not venture to say a word to her for three hours at least.

AXEL TO ANNA.

The whole forenoon has my uncle been thundering about politics. Russia and Turkey have come upon the carpet alternately. I have been listening with inexhaustible patience, and saying, "Yes, no, so much the better, dear uncle, or so much the worse, uncle ;" everything which would suit the old gentleman's notions. What good did it all do ? He got more and more angry, turned toward me, seemed to see in my person a representative of the Turkish nation, became quite furious—so that I, for fear of being beaten instead of the Sublime Porte, was forced to make a hasty retreat through the door. I am vexed about my wasted forenoon.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Five times have I opened my lips this morning to begin my little discourse ; five times have I closed them again. It would certainly have been in vain to have asked anything of my aunt, who has been sitting on the corner of the sofa with her lips pressed together, and her stern eyes looking like a living no ! But this afternoon !

AXEL TO ANNA.

Now the old man is fixed, he shall not escape me again. He is having his afternoon nap. I will take care that he does not go out, and that no one comes in to him, until I have said to him, "I love Anna ; I must have her for my wife, or I die !"

ANNA TO AXEL.

Axel, how my heart beats! My aunt, too, is having her afternoon nap! When she wakes up I will speak to her; but she must not wake up too soon, for then she will not be in a good humour. Hush, puss! do not mew so! there is the cream for my coffee, eat it and be still! Ah, there buzzes a great fly—perhaps it will light upon her nose—no, my good angel has guided it somewhere else! Good; she is sleeping quietly. But she will wake up some time or other, and I will speak! I tremble while I write it.

Axel, how my heart beats! I can hear it beat! It is terrible! Do you feel so too, Axel?

AXEL TO ANNA.

My heart beats certainly louder and quicker than the pendulum of a clock; but I wish, though it should pain me ever so much, that it would beat as hard as a blacksmith's hammer, so that it might waken my excellent uncle, who, for the mere purpose of tormenting me, still keeps on sleeping. Nothing is so intolerable as suspense, as living in uncertainty—all prepared to speak. I have been coughing, singing, making all sorts of noises before his door, all in vain; every time I go to listen I have the vexation of hearing him snore. If he had not fastened his door, one could go in and tumble over the sofa, or find some other agreeable manner of waking up the sleeper. But now there is nothing for it but to rave. I have a great mind to set my curtains on fire, so that the fire-rattle may be sounded before his windows.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Do not be wild, Axel; commit no extravagance. My aunt, too, is still asleep, or seems to be so; for, whenever I have been to look close at her, I have seen her close hastily her open eyes. She certainly must have remarked that I was waiting for her to wake up, to say something to her. Is your uncle still sleeping?

AXEL TO ANNA.

Now, and for ever! This long deep-drawn breathing seems, as it were, to breathe the air away from me; it seems to me as if I were in a close damp cellar. Does your aunt still affect to be asleep.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Just as before. What shall I do?

AXEL TO ANNA.

Good heavens! At last he was waked up, and slipped out of the house like a mouse who was afraid of the cat. I heard a little noise at his door; as I was running to see what it was, I heard at the foot of the stairs a clip-clap of galoshes going out of the door with all haste. I ran after him, calling out, "Uncle, uncle! I have got something to say to you, uncle!" "To-morrow is a day, too!" he answered, without turning round. I am in despair. He must have guessed something.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Ah, Axel, my aunt still pretends to be sleeping. It is now late in the evening, the worst time of the twenty-four hours with her, to make a confession in. It must be then for her, as your uncle said, to-morrow! Ah! I feel as if I had gained something by this delay!

AXEL TO ANNA.

A day of fruitless painful waiting, a sleepless night; yes, this is all I have gained. But to-morrow!!!

AXEL TO ANNA, (at midnight).

I cannot sleep. Anna, I have gloomy forebodings—to-morrow will bring us nothing good. I have now a not inconsiderable sum of money in my hands, I have gold—but little or much, that is not to the purpose. Anna should—if we were—but that will be the best spoken of, when fate has decided for us.

I believe, dear Anna, that the hour of midnight shows me spectres. Anna, I feel deeply, that if you are not to be at my side, my whole life will be a spectre for ever; that is, a frightful nothing!

The clock strikes one, Anna. That stroke is for us. We are one. We have bound ourselves together in life's morning hour. I know that nothing can separate us. Why then do I write so mournfully? Wherefore am I so sad?

How slowly do the hours of the night pass by! Thinking of you, writing to you. I try to give wings to the minutes. Now, when all is so quiet and still around me, I hear the more distinctly the beating of the storm within me. I cannot conceive how everything can be so quiet, so still, so dead—is it not the world—are there not men here? are no passions alive in their breasts? Do I alone live? and have I collected within myself all the unquiet spirits which have fled from the hearts of others? My gentle Anna, I feel that it is over a tempestuous sea, that thy mild spirit must breathe. But then, indeed, all shall be peace

I have sought for peace in vain! separated from thee I shall never find it. The swift beating of my heart, and each stroke an emotion, how does it stretch out the minutes to eternity! And all around me is so quiet! Hear! the church-clock strikes two—will not anything awake them? is there no pain, no love, no desire, which will raise its voice in the night? All is quiet—I alone am awake. Ah! now I hear the watchman's cry—but with what indifference he announces to the world—that the judgment is coming!

It is morning. The world is awaking—I am no longer so solitary! It is day in my soul too. I am at peace. The hour is come. It is—now!

ANNA TO AXEL.

I have received what you wrote for me last night. Axel, could you think that you only were awake? Did you not hear the beating of my heart? O, how strange, that a mixture of wood, straw, and mortar, which makes a floor for you and a roof for me, should prevent the hearts of two human beings from hearing each other! Ah, if this now were only a little further off—I tremble!

AXEL TO ANNA.

I still hope, adored, beloved Anna! nothing is lost yet. In the morning, while my uncle was drinking his coffee, I took courage, prayed to God, thought of Anna; drew a long breath, and went in to him. "My good uncle!" I began quietly

and firmly. "My good nephew," he answered, "what is wanted of *my good uncle*?" "My uncle's—kindness." "Well, what then—my kindness?" "I wish—I have"—"I wish—I have—now that is really excellent!" [The old gentleman always had a fatal habit of saying my words over after me; this makes what one says sound stupid.] "Dear uncle—I am in love!" "In love—yes, I have seen that plain enough in your sallow complexion these six months past; that is the colour of love." "Uncle—the weal or woe of my whole life depends on a single word. Oh, my best uncle the"—Now came in a man, whom I wished in the black mountains, with a newspaper. "My boy," said my uncle, "come in again a few hours hence, and we will talk about the matter. Now, I must cast a glance upon the situation of affairs between Turkey and Russia." I was not exactly in the mood for waiting; I took up the newspapers, thrust them into my pocket, saying, in a determined manner: "Uncle, you must hear me first." He put his fingers in his ears, stretched out his eyes, fixing them, like two claws, upon me, and cried out: "Not a word, not a word! Give me the newspapers this moment, or I never will hear a word from you!" He screamed—I screamed louder! at last I was forced to give way, like a gentle west wind to the northern tempest. My uncle was pleasant again, and I went away, for he would neither hear nor understand me while his eyes were fixed upon the precious paragraphs. Soon an hour will have passed. Then, one more, and I go. O my Anna, my only!

AXEL TO ANNA.

Turkey and Russia, Russia and Turkey! what are they, and their interests, for me? Straws—bits of paper—and for their sakes I must sit here, as in a heated oven. Ah! now Anna!

AXEL TO ANNA.

It is over! all is lost—not a spark of hope remains to us. I cannot see what I write.

ANNA TO AXEL.

The same for me. I got an absolute no—and so harshly expressed! O Axel, now I feel, for the first time, how inexpressibly I love thee!

AXEL TO ANNA.

To humble me! to threaten me! "Absurd"—"ridiculous." To threaten to send me away—to send *me* away! Ah, he does not know me!

ANNA TO AXEL.

My aunt proposes to have me married soon, but not to you; "to a person," she says, "who owns a house, an equipage, and who is, besides, an excellent man." I cannot help laughing. Axel, I have told her, either you or no one!

AXEL TO ANNA.

Anna, let us fly! fly from those tyrants who wish to destroy our happiness. The earth is wide—a little corner can be found in it for us. All men are not barbarians. *Thou art mine!* I conjure you—I entreat you, to follow me. More of this to-morrow; hold yourself ready—my decision is irrevocable—we will elope.

ANNA TO AXEL.

No, Axel, it would be wrong. Axel, recollect yourself. Axel, my friend, my beloved—compose yourself, for my sake!

AXEL TO ANNA.

Meet me this evening, between ten and eleven, at the door which leads into the narrow lane. Be tranquil—all is prepared; I have money. You are under my protection—you go with me; your duty is simple—to follow me. Between ten and eleven o'clock.

ANNA TO AXEL.

No, Axel! that would be wrong—it would be foolish. We should sin against the laws of God and man, merely to throw ourselves into misery. I love thee above all things; but I ought not, and I will not, blindly follow and obey thee, when thou dost not walk in the right and good path. And were there no other obstacle, this is enough for me—my aunt is old and infirm; she has only me; I will not so desert her. Axel, recollect yourself—I beg, I entreat you!

AXEL TO ANNA.

It is, then, you—you, who will not, who refuse, who break—you, whom I believed *my own*! Anna, Anna! is it me or thyself thou wouldst deceive? That rich, that honourable man—is it he who causes you to despise me and my poverty? Is he not with thee at this moment? he—that man—that hateful Emilius? Answer me, Anna.

ANNA TO AXEL.

I cannot answer such a question. Axel, I love and pity you. Axel, be a man, who is worthy to be everything to a woman; be strong for her sake; be pure in thought, as in feeling. O Axel, my only, my beloved friend, be my support and my example in this painful hour. Give me the example of resignation—not to a blind and cruel fate, but to the will of an All-Wise Father, under whose protection we go through life, however dark it may seem to us.

Have patience—we are yet so young; let us wait; let us be patient—all may yet come right.

AXEL TO ANNA.

You are very tranquil—quite prudent—very patient—very content. I understand it, Anna, Anna!

ANNA TO AXEL.

What should I say to tranquillize you—to make you content. I love you, Axel, tenderly—but, for this very reason, I desire to be worthy of you. Does that woman ever retain the respect of her lover, who blindly gives way to his passion?

Suppose, Axel, you were a few years older than you are—that you were old (that may seem natural enough, for when one is unhappy, or suffering, the minutes are long, and bring the experience of years); imagine to yourself that I was your daughter; what would you then say to me? Would you not admonish me thus: throw not away, for the sake of a momentary enjoyment, the whole happiness, for life, of thyself and thy friend. Be quiet—wait your time; that is often the most prudent, indeed, the only thing which can be done. He whom you love so deeply, so truly, will, at a future time, do you justice, for having been willing to suffer with him and for him, rather than by a less pure thought, by an action—by a sin against duty, to stain a heart which is devoted to him—to him and duty.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Not a word from thee, my Axel! canst thou

still be displeased with me? Yes, Axel, I am patient, for I am resigned—but happy—alas, that is passed away! Will you not say one affectionate word to me? I require it so much!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Axel, Axel, what wild dreams must be raging now in thy soul! Axel, pray! Dost thou remember at whose words the rising waves were stilled! "And it was still." Pray unto him.

ANNA TO AXEL.

O, my God, I am indescribably wretched! Axel, could I only see you for a few minutes! How unhappy must you be! Axel, how much are you to blame, if you doubt—if you can for an instant forget, if you are willing to forget, that Anna loves you.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Do you know, Axel, what a woman's love is? Do you know what she says with the words, *I love thee*? Listen, Axel! Thy life is mine, thy virtue my glory; thy sorrows, thy joys are mine; thy strength my support, thy courage my hope; but thy fall, thy shame—my death!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Axel, Axel, I know it; you have stayed out three whole nights. I have listened; your foot has not, during this time, stepped across the floor of your room. I saw you yesterday evening from the window; your glance was wild, your whole manner disturbed, your step uncertain. Where were you going, Axel? Oh, go not away from me! only on the road of patience and of duty canst thou find Anna. Axel, Axel, come again!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Axel, come back! I cannot—I will not lose thee. Listen to me! See, I weep, my tears moisten the paper; see them—they dim my eyes—my Axel come again!

ANNA TO AXEL.

I will not reproach thee; fear not a word that thou art not willing to hear—not a look that thou art not willing to see. I am now thy friend, thy mistress—in future, perhaps, thy wife. Axel, remember this—once to be your wife!

AXEL TO ANNA.

Never—never—never!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Upon thy breast will I lean and pray. For my sake forgive yourself! Whatever you may have done, my Axel, *I love thee still!* *Thine I am, thine I shall remain!*

AXEL TO ANNA.

Never—never more! I am unworthy of thee, Anna! I have forgotten—forgotten everything: thee, myself, God! I have gambled! I have lost all that I had—more than I had—the property of others. I must flee from my country. Lean not upon my breast—it is an abyss; take not my hand—it is bloody. Farewell! Die, poor child, if thou canst; I—cannot die!

AXEL TO ANNA.

I had hardened myself against all thy tenderness: had left thy letters unopened. Now I have opened them, in order to let still a few more drops of fire fall upon the glowing flame of my despair,

that I might lose my senses if it were possible. It was quite otherwise. Now thy sweet words force themselves gently and soothingly into my heart, as the evening dew into the parched earth.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Anna, thou shalt not despair of me. I will not despair of myself. I have sinned deeply. I must suffer and atone for it. What caused me to fall? I do not know. Despair—jealousy—hell!

AXEL TO ANNA.

You do not say a word to me! But am I indeed worthy of it? Can, then, the pure angels of heaven speak to the children of iniquity?

To-morrow night I shall depart from here. A letter will inform my uncle of the whole. He will not refuse his forgiveness to his unhappy—his exiled nephew! Forgiveness? that is the most that I have now to hope for. Forgiveness! what a word! how blessed to be forgiven! I have asked my uncle to disinherit me, and to pay my debts. I fear that he will not do the latter. Anna, in my folly I borrowed a considerable sum from a friend, who is not rich, but who has a wife and several small children. He loved me—he trusted me; he gave me his all; I deceived him. I lost at play the food and clothes of his helpless children. Now, could I but pay it with my blood! Remorse is tearing my heart with his tiger claws! what does this profit him?

AXEL TO ANNA.

I have sinned deeply. I deserve heavy punishment. I will accuse myself to you; I must do so. I knew that I was sinning, and yet I sinned. It is all over—my peace is destroyed—the time is passed in which I knew not remorse. In despair at my losses, I called out my unfortunate opponent. I wounded him dangerously—almost fatally. He was carried home to his mother—his aged mother! He was her darling—her only child; perhaps she will die—well for her!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Axel, pray! Let us pray!

AXEL TO ANNA.

I cannot—not now! I see him—her—the hungry children—their father! Oh! what have I become!

It is better now with me. Pray for me, Anna! I believe in the efficacy of intercession. I am not worthy. Thou art very good!

To-morrow night I shall go away! I will go to Germany—to northern Germany. I will offer my services; some occupation will be found for me.

AXEL TO ANNA.

My eyes burn, sleep flies from them—that is not strange; if I could weep—but that would be too good for me. I have something at my heart which oppresses—which consumes—it is the sting of conscience. Anna, if thou couldst lay thy hand upon my breast—but do I deserve any alleviation?

ANNA TO AXEL.

Here, Axel, take these drops of opium, they will give thee sleep and rest. Anna prays for thee—Anna weeps over thee—Anna loves thee.

AXEL TO ANNA.

I have a little sister, too, a little suffering child,

whom my father committed to my care when on his death-bed. I send you her address; if you can, go to her—tell her that her poor brother is—tell her that he is dead. The ring which I inclose, will, if it is sold, bring enough to pay a few months' board for her, en pension. If I can, I will send her more, but through you. Thanks, good, holy angel, for what you have sent me. To-night, after a few hours, I shall depart from thee!

AXEL TO ANNA.

After a few hours I shall depart. Some clothes which I have sold have procured me the means.

Anna, thou hast been my guardian angel. I, too, have been able to pray. I am tranquil, resigned; I shall suffer and be forgiven; I will again hope in myself. You have not renounced me—God will forgive me. I will live to be worthy of it.

I must now take leave of you—of you—that is, of happiness, and of every thing which makes life dear to me. But it is all my own fault. In this solemn hour, when I am about to bid you a long, perhaps an eternal farewell, I will lay open to you my whole soul. What I shall say to you is the truth; it shall be thy consolation, it shall give thee peace at a time when Axel shall be far distant from thee.

I believe in God, the merciful, the all-wise, and ever-present. I am a Christian in belief: that my actions may in future testify to my faith, let us both pray to him who giveth strength!

I believe that thou, my Anna, lovest me; and that wherever upon the earth my uncertain destiny may cast me, one heart will feel with me, one mind send its thoughts after me. Delightful consciousness of an angel's presence!

Preservingly shall this firm faith be united in my heart with the memory of my failings—of my sins; it shall strengthen me against temptation, and make of me that better being whom Anna will love.

AXEL TO ANNA, (*half an hour afterwards*).

I have not yet begged you to forgive me, and I have done you so much wrong; Axel, weak and impetuous, was not worthy of thee, Anna. Forgive him, however; in *one* thing he was strong—in his love, and that will live in his breast to his last breath. Forgive him all thy tears—see, mine are falling—welcome ye companions of misfortune—bathe her feet! Tears of remorse, of tenderness, of pain, and of joy—fall, fall, that ye may win forgiveness!

The lock of thy hair—may I retain it? I will wear it on my heart; and a stranger, wandering alone through the wide world, I shall still have something by me which will speak to me of an angel which was mine.

Was mine—now no longer! I have one word to say—it is hard! Anna, thou art free! I have no longer any right to thy hand.

Axel's honour is stained, Anna is free! I send back thy ring.

Now it is all done!

At 11 o'clock.

The hour has come. I have been standing at the window and looking at the sky. The stars shine bright—bright as on that evening—do you remember it? when we exchanged rings, looked

up to heaven, and were blessed as angels. The evening star then shone down upon us mildly and brightly. Now and then, Anna, when sad remembrances of past hours are not unwelcome to thee, look upon that star and think of Axel. Often in solitary nights will his eyes be fixed upon it, whether in joy or sorrow.

The minutes hasten away. May God bless thee, my Anna; may his angels watch over thee!

Sweden shall one day, God willing, receive again a worthier son.

O, my country! may I find in thy earth which bore my cradle, a grave, a grave over which Anna shall shed a tear.

My youth, my joy, my country, my Anna—ah! to all, to all, farewell!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Axel, my best Axel, go not away to-night! Go not to-night, I beg you on my knees. Stay yet one day. To-morrow night thou shalt go, if, meanwhile, things are not changed for thee. I—ah, I dare not awaken hopes, which may, perhaps, be disappointed; but, perhaps—oh, Axel, perhaps we may find means to pay your debts. Wait one day—Anna entreats thee.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Wherefore delay; what you hope is impossible. Ah, you know not what it is to wait when all is woe; it is, as if in the death-struggle one should yet linger. And wherefore, for the sake of an impossibility! I have gone through all—must I suffer again the painful feeling—take leave yet again! But you desire it!

AXEL TO ANNA.

Why do you not write? The hours pass by so slowly. I suffer much, but it does me good to think thou hast willed it.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Not a word from thee! What can that mean? It is already evening—a wild and stormy evening—Anna, in my spirit it is more wild. Write me one tranquillizing word!

AXEL TO ANNA.

My spirit is so restless, so wretched; I have suffered so much, I suffer so much still. All wild tormenting spirits are so near me! Oh, fear to call them up! Anna, say one word to me!

AXEL TO ANNA.

And yet I will, I must seek for peace from thee. Thou canst not escape from me. Yes, I feel it, thou mightst kill me: I should kiss the dagger and trust thee still.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Lieutenant Papperto is with you! How can he go so often where I cannot possibly obtain entrance? and so late, too! Why is he with you? Is it he who is to pay my debts; or, perhaps, he and you together? I am, indeed, much moved!

AXEL TO ANNA.

Anna, I trust thee—yes, I trust thee, although—but I am unhappy, in despair; tell me what are you doing—what do you intend?

AXEL TO ANNA.

I have heard that Lieutenant Papperto has

resigned in thy favour a considerable estate, which was left to you both by a near relation—by a relation, God knows who. I hear that you embraced Lieutenant Papperto, rested in his arms—upon his breast. I have heard that you are betrothed to each other. A gossiping friend has hastened to give me the information. Is it true, Anna? Death and torments? is it true?

AXEL TO ANNA.

Anna, if thou art so—if thou hast given me up—thou—what will then become of me, Anna? In whom shall I ever confide again?

AXEL TO ANNA.

Thy silence answers me. It is then so! Ah, woman, woman! Serpent, monster! Oh, what can I say—where find an expression? Where shall I find words to express my thoughts? Dreadful payment for my faults—payment with a distracted spirit. Now I shall depart enriched with new experience. The night has come; the hour has come, hurra! Welcome, stormy wind, which greets my brow fraternally, and dances upon my nightly road! Yes, nightly—nightly—nightly! Farewell, Anna, I leave thee—I pity thee!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Axel, Axel, wait! Ah, forgive—I could not write sooner. The clearest light all at once in the midst of the deepest darkness—it was too much. I could not bear it. Emilius is a noble being. I have embraced him, but for your sake. I cannot tell you any more now. I am thine, Axel, thine!

ANNA TO AXEL.

I am quite ill. O, I never thought that happiness would be so hard to bear. I could not sustain it. And we are rich. Lieutenant Papperto will write us—will persuade our relatives. L., whom you wounded, will recover; your debts shall be paid; all shall be well! Poor Axel, how I have pitied thee! Forgive me all thy anxiety, thy despair. I was not able to give thee an explanation, such as you wanted and required.

ANNA TO AXEL, (*a day afterwards*).

My illness increases, but I am in perfect possession of my senses. I draw down my bed-curtains, say that I wish to sleep, and write to thee. I fear that it will be illegible. If I die—if I die, yet I can and will bequeath to thee my property. With a portion of it you shall pay your debts—with the rest make yourself happy—and another—but—never play again, Axel; never again.

ANNA TO AXEL, (*the next day*).

Collect yourself wholly, my friend; I have, perhaps, but a day more to live. Axel, do not give way to despair. I shall never forsake you. Thou shalt not go through the world alone, whether in sorrow or in joy. Anna will follow thee invisibly, faithfully, as when she wore thy ring—a child of heaven, but her Axel's bride. Shall, then, two souls which have once found each other, be ever separated by anything—two flames which have once ascended together, shall they ever burn separately, each for itself? Oh, no! My spirit shall hover near thee, go with thee, follow thee everywhere; thou shalt feel it near thee, light as a breath of spring, or as the fragrance of a flower,

or as an embrace—a kiss—pure and mild as a moonbeam. When thou feelest thyself good—strong—or when thou feelest thyself happy, or comforted, or hopeful, or even tranquil—believe, then, thy Anna is near thee!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Now I know, now I understand, that glorious picture which moved me so much. The Angels of Faith, of Hope, and Love, near a grave, enlightened by the divine Son of God. It was for thee, my Axel. From that silent grave, where Anna soon shall rest, will these three show thee the way to that home where she will await thee.

ANNA TO AXEL.

My ideas begin to be confused. A few more words to thee, my Axel—though I do not quite know whether I have not already written them. My property I have already bequeathed to you. I could do so legally and justly. You shall pay your debts with a portion of it.

My Axel, never play any more! With the rest you shall make yourself happy—and others. If you should marry, be a good husband!

Not impatient—not jealous—not a gambler.

A wife suffers so much from these faults. It is wrong and cruel to torment one who expects her whole happiness from thee.

Be kind to the poor—be unjust to no one—never fight a duel—blood calls for blood—fear God—think of Anna!

AXEL TO ANNA.

I will tell you beforehand what I am going to do, so that you may be prepared, and not alarmed at it. I am coming in to see you! I shall beat down the hall-door—all the doors, if they are closed—knock every one down who shall attempt to hold me back—go in and sit down by your side, so that with the strength of a despair, which shall bring fate on my side, and conquer even death itself, I may retain thine angelic soul within thine angelic body. I follow these lines.

AXEL TO ANNA.

I came to thee, Anna, wild with speechless despair—saw thee, became tranquil, and learned to pray. I saw thee almost ready to leave me, for that better home which is so well known to thee, but from which I was shut out—and yet I could pray! Thou art given back to me—to the earth and to me—and now, angel of Heaven, teach me to pray and to give thanks!

AXEL TO ANNA, (*a day afterwards*).

They will not allow me to stay with you; they say you must be kept quiet. Yes, my Anna, I acknowledge that my nature has no resemblance to the west wind; but it shall become more and more gentle. Thy last letter, my Anna, shall always rest upon my heart. It shall work there, like a talisman, against everything evil, and in favour of everything good. I have embraced Emilius as my benefactor and friend. We went together to-day to L., my antagonist, and the victim of my wrath. He is entirely out of danger. I turned to his mother, with the hard word *pardon* (which, unfortunately, I have become quite accustomed to), and L. and I, taking each other's hands, made a promise to play no more.

AXEL TO ANNA.

By the kindness of the noble-minded Emilius, my debts are already paid. O, I am not worthy of my happiness! It weighs upon me—it almost weighs me down. If I could be a real Trappist for a year, wear a hair shirt, scourge myself a little every day, lie upon nails, walk about in silence, with my eyes cast down, not see the sky, dig my own grave—then, I think, I should get a little more courage to be happy after all.

I said so just now to Emilius, in the fulness of my heart. He laughed, and asked whether, as a beginning of my penance, I would consent not to see Anna for a month. It would be just as well to bury me at once! Anna, thou art my life, my all. The severity of the life of La Trappe is nothing—all bodily martyrdom, mere child's play—but, not to see you—ah, that is martyrdom—that is death.

AXEL TO ANNA.

I wish I could draw away the time with my breath, and thereby hasten the hour when I may see thee again; and yet I enjoy, drop by drop, this time—each moment of which gives to thee more health, more strength. Fear not my presence, my sweet Anna; I will be still, quiet, regular as the pendulum of your clock, if I may only count the minutes in your presence. I wish to see what they give to thee—how they take care of thee. Do not take any more medicine; it does no good, when one is getting well; it only hurts the teeth, and causes one to make wry faces. Take nothing but what you like, whatever they may say to you.

Wait, and wait, and wait for ever! Ye good people, who recommend patience so quietly and perpetually; and tell you to wait, and to be still. Heaven must, in its anger, have put so much earth into your composition, that you cannot even form an idea of fire and air. Your barometer, which always stands at the high and monotonous level of steady fine weather, has nothing in common with that which is constantly rising and falling in feeling hearts—from quietness to storms—from sunshine to rain. God bless you, good people! I am a trial to your very souls.

AXEL TO ANNA.

It is you, Anna, whom I have to thank that I no longer suffer this oppressive sorrow—this accusing conscience. It is you who have made all right again. Fear not then, my Anna, that, although the consequences of my faults—they were rather crimes—through God's mercy were so soon obliterated; fear not that their remembrance will ever be extinguished in my soul. I shall never forget them—I will remind myself every hour how earnestly I should endeavour to forget what I once was. My gentle Anna, you only shall forget.

ANNA TO AXEL.

I can again hold the pen! Can again write to Axel—my own Axel. You must not come to me yet. I am too weak still. To see you again with the full consciousness, with the entire perception of our happiness—for this I am yet too weak.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Thanks, Axel, for the flowers, for the fruit, and

for all you have sent me—my room looks like a beautiful garden. My aunt, to be sure, is not quite pleased with the transformation, but she does not trust herself to say a word against it. She has such a panic of terror since the day that you lifted her up from the threshold of the door of my chamber, seated her on the top of the book-shelves, and bade her “be quiet!” that she does not venture to touch anything that comes from you. She seems to be afraid that some electric spark will flash out from any inanimate thing which you have touched. For my part, I find the flowers so beautiful, the fruits so delicious, that I see myself surrounded with them with the greatest delight, although they come from the wild impetuous Axel. Axel, we have really been unjust toward our relatives. We were ready to throw ourselves into misery. They wished to hinder us. Were they so much in the wrong? They were perhaps too harsh, but their intention was good.

AXEL TO ANNA.

You are not so well to-day, Rosina tells me—the perfume of the flowers was too strong. O, then, I am the bird of ill omen! Throw them all out of the windows and break the flower-pots—let it be done this moment—otherwise I shall come and do it myself. Anna, shall I? Anna, let me come!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Out of compassion for the heads of the passers-by, and from justice to the innocent flower-pots themselves, they shall not be thrown out of the windows into the streets; but only carried from my room into another, to which I will soon go to meet my Axel, when I am strong enough to do it. You must not come to me again. Meanwhile, be perfectly easy about me. I am now well again.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Now God be praised! That is all that I can say. Ought you not, perhaps, to take some strengthening medicine? Ask the Doctor, best Anna; or would it be better that I should talk with him when he comes from thee, the happy mortal!

ANNA TO AXEL.

I should like just to see whether you know me again Axel, when we meet again. I am entirely altered by my sickness. Meagre, pale, with sunken eyes and cheeks. No longer pretty—not the least like the Crown Princess.

AXEL TO ANNA.

See Anna! I imagine I shall see you lame, your eyes small and squinting like those of your aunt; your nose flattened, your teeth black, your hands green, your hair red, your feet large. I imagine that this is now my Anna; that she has become so through my fault; my Anna, with her angelic heart, her heavenly goodness; and at the feet of this Anna I long—I burn with impatience to throw myself, in order to say to her: “Anna, I am unworthy of thee, but I love thee inexpressibly; reject me not! despise me not! love me for the sake of my devotion; be poor again, but be mine, and, as a mendicant Gypsy, I will still thank Heaven every day of my life for a felicity whose excess I am not able to bear!”

ANNA TO AXEL.

O enthusiast ! Thy wings, I fear, will not carry thee far. Nevertheless be easy, thou shalt not be tried so severely ; Anna is no longer pretty, but she does not look so. But Axel, when will you be less violent, less eccentric, more reasonable ?

AXEL TO ANNA.

When you are my wife—when I see and hear thee every day—when I am always with thee. But what I wrote last was nothing extravagant, nothing enthusiastic ; it was my heart's inmost, truest feeling.

ANNA TO AXEL.

O the inexpressibly delightful spring air ! I enjoy it through the open window, sitting among your flowers. The sun penetrates me with new warmth ; the birds twitter among the budding trees of the terrace ; all is beautiful, wild, and glorious. If there is a feeling upon earth which is delightful, elevating ; which calls forth tones of peace and joy, it is that which we experience after hours of pain and sickness, when we return again to life ; and to a life in which only spring breezes, spring flowers meet us. How still is everything about us—how open to gladness, how disposed for goodness ! I have to-day lived such beautiful, princely hours, and I have thanked their all-good Giver. To-morrow Axel, I expect you ; to-morrow, at noon.

AXEL TO ANNA.

To-morrow ! I can say no more. It is everything to me—to-morrow !

ANNA TO AXEL.

We will be still and quiet, Axel. We were children before ; we are older now—we have suffered, let us not forget it. Like storms, which clear the air, are the passions for pure souls, when they cease their violence ; let them be so for us. Axel, we will be serene, bright, pure and peaceful, as this beautiful spring-day.

To-day at noon, Axel ! I have put aside the most beautiful of the China oranges, to eat with you.

You shall see too, how well your flowers have been taken care of. To water and cherish them has been the first use I have made of my returning strength.

AXEL TO ANNA.

I have seen thee ! I have not been able to write for several hours. Now it is evening—dark, silent, quiet—now I am more still. But I am conscious of only one thing—I have seen thee !

AXEL TO ANNA.

Anna, thou art heavenly good—angelically beautiful ! Oh, thou hast nothing earthly about thee ! Thy love, Anna ! Oh, how art thou everything for me !

AXEL TO ANNA.

How charming you were in your simple, white dress ! Always dress so, Anna ! White does not become every body, but this colour seems made for your snow-white innocence. As you sat in that various coloured flower-world, so simple, so white, so inexpressibly beautiful, you seemed to me a pure angel, whose elevated humility should be worshipped by all the splendours of the earth.

For an instant a veil seemed to fall before my eyes ; I took this for a cloud which hovered over you, and believed for one wild minute, that you would flee to that land which is high above the clouds. At thy knees, with thy hands in mine, my lips to thine, I awoke—saw thee—saw myself, saw the earth—no, the heavens !

AXEL TO ANNA.

I can hardly accustom myself to my happiness : it is so sudden, so great, so undeserved. It surprises me every morning almost as an earthquake would. And I must repeat Anna's sweet name fifty times, before my heart's tempestuous beating becomes more calm.

Now I must see Emilius, and tell him that he is an angel. I will go to him. Ah, he is just coming to me !

AXEL TO ANNA.

A house bought, and furnished—house-keeping all provided for—my affairs arranged, the publication to-day—wedding in eight days ! Emilius ! who art thou ? “Art thou an angel—a god ?” “I am Anna's lover !” “Ah, horror ! that thou must not be !” “I will be your common friend.” “Thou shalt never come into my house !” “No, I shall not, or—not at present—I am going away.” “But you are coming again !” “When I am married ; farewell, Axel ! be worthy of Anna, be happy !”

This Emilius—and—and I ! Anna, how like you this Emilius ?

ANNA TO AXEL.

He is better, nobler than Axel, but Axel only do I love—so unreasonable, so inexplicable is the human heart—so weak is mine. Do you blame me for this, Axel ?

AXEL TO ANNA.

Anna, reconcile me to myself. I am not worthy of thee—I can never be so.

ANNA TO AXEL.

I love thee, and shall be thy wife in a few days, who expects from thee her whole support—her whole happiness.

Thy little sister shall come to us. I will be her mother.

AXEL TO ANNA.

If the angels of heaven should determine to make a man good and wise, by loading him with blessings, I will bet ten to one that they will succeed.

I shall write to thee no more, Anna—I shall be always with thee.

Billets remind me only of closed doors, of jealousy, of doubts and desperation ; and away with closed doors, with black despair, black jealousy, and with every thing black—yes, even with ink—away with it ! May it never be wanted again between my wife and me !

ANNA TO AXEL.

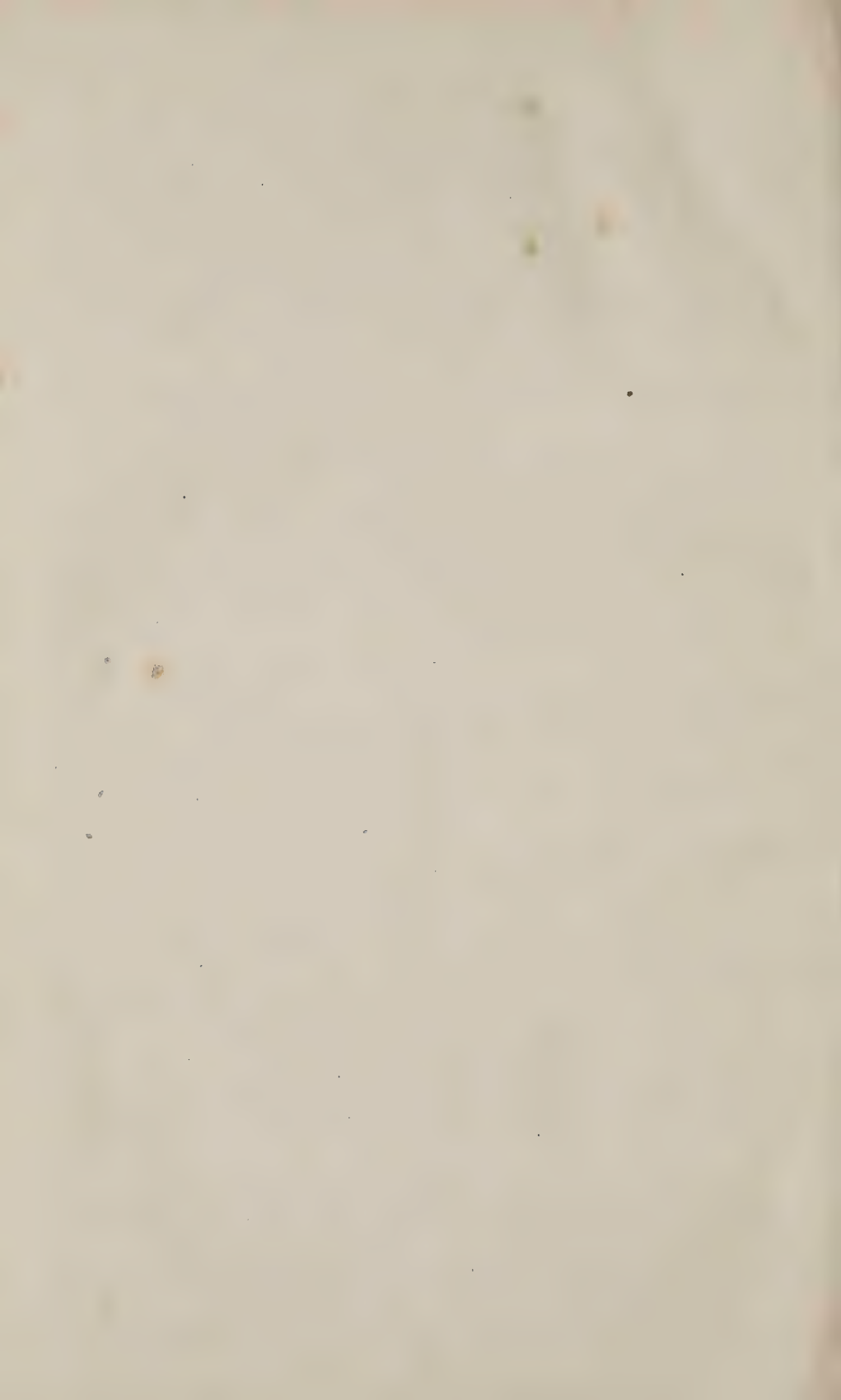
Amen !

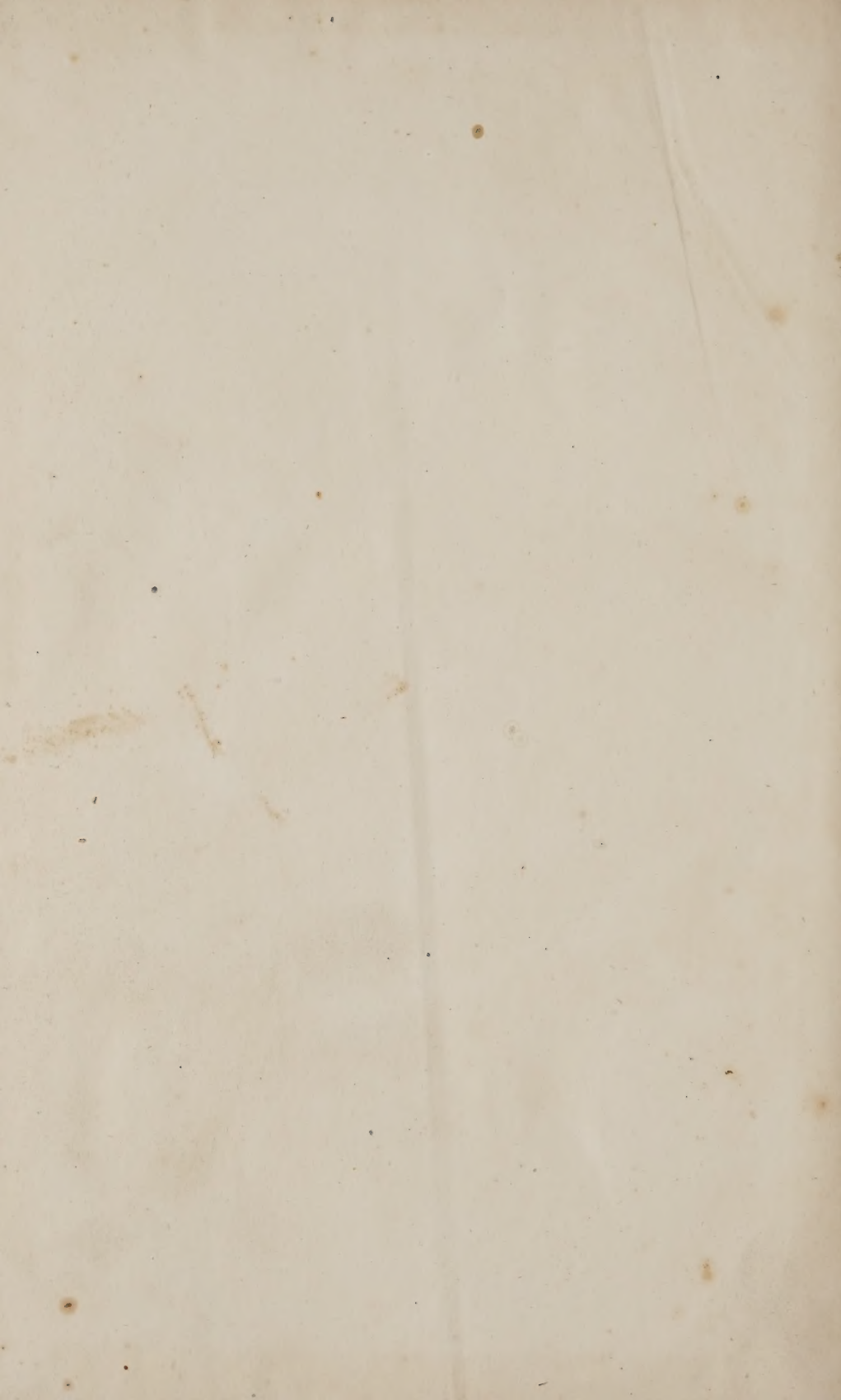
JANET TO HER SISTER ULLA.

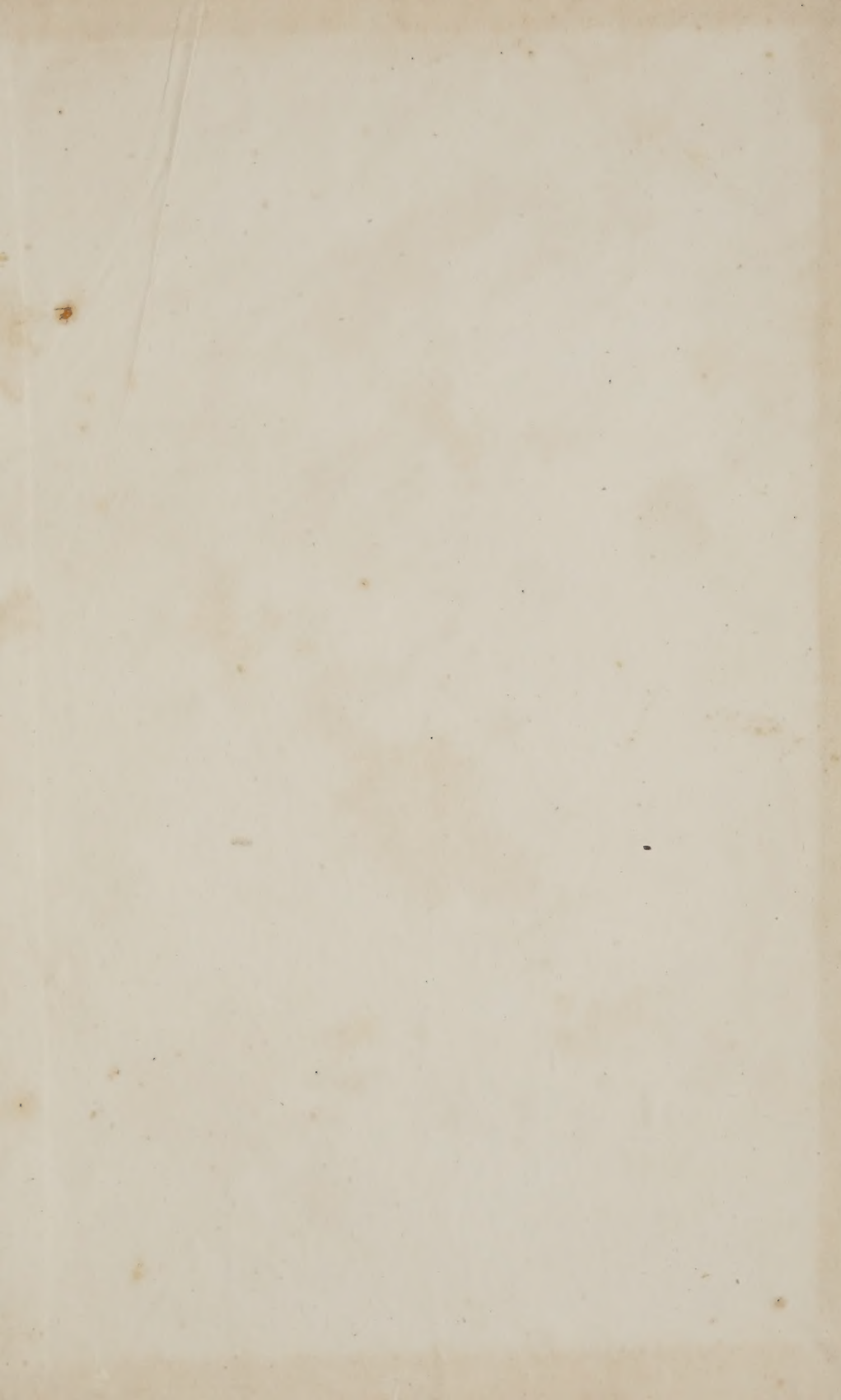
You must know, dear Ulla, the correspondence, as they call it, is now at an end. This whole spring have I been running up and down stairs with small bits of paper, with writing on them, which they call billets, between a young gentleman and a young lady. And I always had at the same time

a pair of boots or shoes in my hand, which I was to clean, and I looked as innocent as my bottle of blacking. And do you know, for every billet which I delivered in the right time and place, there crept one, two or three shillings, and sometimes whole dollars into my pocket. Sometimes I had a few sound boxes on the ear from the young gentleman, who was beyond measure passionate; and he did it just because I had no billet, when he thought I ought to have one, namely, from the young lady. To pay for this, however, I had a plaster afterwards of a twelve shilling piece, so

that I would willingly have had more. How many billets there were taken altogether, is more than my poor head can reckon up. The amount of it is, that I have laid up thirty-six dollars; that I am going to leave this expensive city of Stockholm, which costs more in bread and butter than the whole stomach is worth; that I am going back to Smaland, to buy a cottage for my mother, and to sit down there with her in peace, after all my trouble. I have no service here to perform. The correspondence is at an end. The lady and gentleman are married. God bless you.







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